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THE CENTURY

VOLUME CIII

NEW SERIES: VOLUME LXXXI
NOVEMBER, 1921, TO APRIL, 1922

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ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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VOL. CIII
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NOVEMBER, 1921, to APRIL, 1922

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THE
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NOVEMBER
1921

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 103 *November*, 1921 No. 1

The Opinions of A.E.

By R. C. FELD

Frontispiece by WILLIAM

A THING to which I most looked forward in my visit to Ireland was talking with A.E. (George W. Russell) and getting from him a formal interview on the poetry of Ireland in rebellion. I should have known better than to expect a formal interview from any one in Ireland, least of all from A.E., most certainly so after stepping foot on the side-cars of Dublin. There is nothing formal about Dublin. Formality is the last thing that will be allowed to cross the channel, and when that comes knocking at their gates, the Irish will go down, fighting to the last man to prevent its invasion.

I knocked at the door of the room next to the top floor of Plunkett House where I was told A.E. edited his paper, "The Irish Homestead." Nobody answered, so I walked in. I had learned that much of Irish custom. In a corner of the room, at a desk near the window, sat a woman reading copy. I shut the door behind me with a bang. She did n't hear me. I coughed raucously. She did not hear me. Then I walked up to her and said, "Hello." She looked up, startled. I apologized for my intrusion. She waved the apology aside.

"Have you been here long?" she asked. "I did n't hear you come in. I am a little deaf. No, I am quite deaf. My name is Susan Mitchell. I am A.E.'s secretary."

In America the word secretary covers a multitude of sins in human form, ranging from the girl who is supposed to file your letters, and loses them, to the Vassar graduate who wants to discuss the new woman with your visitors. In England and Ireland it means something entirely different. I have n't yet discovered the exact definition, but one thing I have learned, and that is when a person tells you he or she is a secretary, you are to come back with the question, "What have you written and when was it published?"

In that Susan Mitchell is not extraordinary. In wit, in humor, in intellect, in human warmth, she is. Besides several small volumes of poetry, she has written a life of George Moore that is a gem. How true it is and how well it hits the target at which it is aimed can be told in one succinct sentence of Miss Mitchell's:

"He used to call me Susan before I wrote it; he calls me Mitchell now."

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Some day, soon, America ought to invite Susan Mitchell to come over and tell us the things we want to know about Moore, about A.E., about Yeats, Synge, St. John Ervine, about all the Irish men of letters, in fact, whom she knows the way we do our next-door neighbors. The comparison is bad; the way we know the people we work with and fret with is better.

A.E., I was told, was in County Wicklow on his vacation, painting. Nobody knew when he would return; most probably before the week was over. He always came back in the middle of his vacation, Susan Mitchell said. That was the way he did things. He needed a rest and never took it; he needed clothes and never bought them. His best coat was all rags, with the pockets burned out by his pipes. Instead of putting his arms through the sleeves, as any sane man would do to keep the wind and rain from his back, he slings it cape-wise over his shoulders, and very often lets it slip behind him in the dust and mud. He is careless, stupid about himself and his requirements, untidy, but—

"Ah, well, he 's A.E., and that 's all there 's to it. You can't be cross with him. He is a child."

A person could get not a little idea of A.E., poet, painter, mystic, economist, from the appearance of the room. The walls, originally papered in dark tan, had been used as huge canvasses. On them were painted immense pictures of whimsical and mystic woodland scenes. Over the mantlepiece sat two half-clad figures, with their bare limbs carelessly thrown out beyond the sides of the marble shelf beneath them. One could almost hear the pipes of Pan held to the lips of one of them.

In the midst of this sylvan setting was the furniture of the room, if such it can be called. It consisted of an old table, an old couch, an arm-chair, one or two plain chairs, also old, and two desks. The floor was bare. Both desks were piled high and untidily with sheafs of dusty paper, books, manuscript, circulars of nondescript appearance, and topped with a vast, dirty blotter, which vainly sought anchorage on the mountainous surface on which it rested. Some idea of what that desk looks like can be gained from the following comment made upon it by a friend of A.E.'s:

"I am certain that if a slice were cut out of the mass of material on A.E.'s desk, going from the top right down to the bottom, provided of course, one could get a knife long enough, a very good history of Ireland could be compiled."

"But how does the man write?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Ah, that is indeed a sight worth seeing. He writes on the blotter on top of the mass of material, and as the blotter slips over the hills and valleys of the topography of his desk, he follows it. Never does he finish an article or a poem in the same writing position that he began it."

§ 2

There was much of interest in the room of A.E. and much that Susan Mitchell told me. What was most important to me then, however, was the fact that she could tell me definitely when he would return if I came in to see her after my visit to Belfast. I forthwith went to Belfast to see the "show" of his Majesty opening the Ulster Parliament, which nobody wanted and nobody understood, and

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took the earliest possible train back to Dublin. The train left Belfast at seven-thirty in the morning, which meant that I had to get up at five, for I was staying in a suburb, a number of miles away from the station. So disagreeable is the thought of early rising to me that getting up at five means not sleeping at all, but drowsing and waking in nervous, enervating spasms. All of this is said in explanation of my state of mind, nerves, and temper on arriving at Dublin at eleven the next morning. I went straight to Susan Mitchell. She looked at me and grinned.

"You poor child! You look as though you had just come from Belfast. Cheer up; you are in Dublin now. A.E. won't be back for a couple of days. Sir Horace Plunkett is coming here at three to take you out to Kilteragh, where you will talk Irish politics and where you may hear something more definite about A.E.'s plans. Now suppose you go out and get something to eat and come back here and rest. I sha'n't talk to you, nor will you talk to me. I am reading page proof for next week's "Homestead."

I did as I was told,—I was too weary to think of anything better to do,—and came back, about an hour later, heavy and sick with lack of sleep. Again Susan Mitchell grinned.

"The way of the pilgrim is hard, is n't it? Ah, well, it 's worth it." One must visit Ireland before one can appreciate the amount of expression which can be put into the words "Ah, well." "No, I won't talk to you," she went on. "I have n't time to. You have at least two hours before Sir Horace comes. Take off your hat and shoes, sit down in the arm-chair here, —it 's creaky, but comfortable,—put your feet on this chair, and go to sleep." She went to the closet in the corner of the room while I sleepily followed the amazing instructions. From its depths she brought forth an old, dusty tweed coat.

"This looks old and dusty," she said, "but it is n't. Not as old and dusty as it looks, anyway. It 's A.E.'s best. I am going to tuck it around your feet to keep you warm." She did, in steamer-rug fashion.

"Now go to sleep," was her last admonition. "I sha'n't hear you if you snore. I am deaf, you know."

My qualms that this was not the correct procedure for an editorial office fell from me in the face of Susan Mitchell's total indifference to my presence from the moment she turned her back on me. Dim memories of my own American newspaper office notwithstanding, I fell asleep, my shoes reposing on the floor at one side of the chair, my hat on the table on the other. I awoke about two hours later to find Susan Mitchell standing over me.

"Sir Horace was here ten minutes ago, and will be back for you at three-thirty. Don't move yet. You have another half-hour to sleep in. He won't mind seeing you this way." It never dawned on Susan Mitchell that I might have some misgivings about being seen by Sir Horace in stocking feet and disheveled hair. I never could learn from her whether the mischief had already been done. She did n't think the subject worthy of thought. She was above it, Funny Susan Mitchell! For only one day later, when in preparation of A.E.'s home-coming she had cleaned some the shelves behind his desk, how disappointed and crestfallen she looked

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when, catching me off my guard, she asked what I thought of her job, and I had dazedly answered, surveying the book-littered wall, "Which are the shelves you cleaned?"

The next time I opened the door on the floor next to the top in Plunkett House, three days later, it was not Susan Mitchell who rose from behind the recesses of the desk, but A.E. himself. I knew him from the pictures I had seen of him in the homes of people I had visited in Dublin.

It is hard to describe A.E. The upper part of his face looks like that of a smiling faun; his eyes are young and clear, and his hair falls over his forehead like that of a careless child. It looked damp, like that of a boy who had been running. The lower half of his face is the strange feature of A.E. It is bearded in a way unusually attractive—attractive not in the sense of being becoming or handsome or beautiful, but attractive in the sense that its effect is compelling. His beard is brown and long, somewhat wavy, and cut square across the botton. "Druidic" is the only word I can think of to describe it. Or perhaps it is not his beard alone that is attractive or druidic, but the effect of it completing the picture of a face whose eyes, forehead, mouth, and expression are exceedingly young. It is not hard to understand the pictures and poetry of A.E. after one has seen him, and certainly inexpressibly easy after one has heard him.

He pulled out the arm-chair for me, the one I had slept in. He placed his chair next to the mantelpiece and sat down under the feet of the piping figure. He drew up his heels under him until they rested on one of the rungs. I told him what I had come for, and he began at once to tell me what I wanted, simply and directly, the way one might answer a request to pass the butter at the table.

§ 3

There was definite movement in Irish poetry to-day, he said, growing out of the rebellion of arms and of spirit under which the country was living, but it was hard to say which were the figures who were caught in it. It was hard, especially, to say which were the younger figures who were awakening to the call of poetry, even as they were awakening to the call of nationality, because of the danger which surrounded national prominence of any kind. The leaders of song of the future, he pointed out, were the leaders of battle of to-day. Those whom the outside world knew—James Stephens, Austin Clarke, and Synge—were still, perhaps, the greatest names in modern Irish verse. All of these, he said, owed their strength to the fact that they had cast off their English heritage and stood to-day robed in the colors of an ancient Ireland, which was once again coming into the glory that had been hers.

"These poets," he said, "have stood up bravely, strongly, fearlessly; have stripped themselves naked of everything tinged with alien tradition and influence. They have gone to the waters of Irish legend and story and have bathed in its warmth. They have washed the grit of foreign sands from their hair and eyes, and have arisen new-born, with new vision, and a spirit steeped in the poetry of Gaelic lore. In the lakes of wisdom of the land of sorrows and ineffable beauty they have found everlasting youth. The gift that is theirs is power."

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"Druid, druid, druid," was the one word that kept going through my mind as A.E. sat there talking. Men in America do not talk that way. I think they would be ashamed to; or perhaps they can't. The voice of A.E. went on in the strangely fascinating woodland timbre which is his:

"Take James Stephens. He was beautiful in his expression in the first birth of his youth; it was I who stood godfather to his first volume of poetry. But the beauty and the color and the magic went from him in time. He was aping and imitating when he should have been creating. He was not himself, and he was not Ireland. He was an Irish plant trying to live on the soil of English poetry. There is nothing but death in such an effort.

"And then came truth and inspiration to him. Humbly and reverently, he turned to the deep, many-colored waters of Gaelic legend and let them flow over his tired body. Like a lost child, tired of its wanderings, he gave himself up to their soothing and caressing depths and let them have their will of him. When he arose, renewed in spirit and rejuvenated in power, he was a disciple no longer of gods that were false, but a prophet of gods that were true—true because they were made of the heart and the mind of him and of those who had lived before him. To-day James Stephens is doing work that will live. Right now he is translating the Gaelic legends of the Red Branch. These will appear in five volumes. I have seen part of the finished work, and much of it is beautiful.

"Take also John Synge and Austin Clarke. At the beginning of their lives as poets both wrote verse that was not only English in language, but English in form and expression. Synge, indeed, tried to imitate Shelley, and I think he would have succeeded greatly had he gone along on that path. But his success would have been that of the imitative craftsman and not that of the master. Vision was given him to see clearly, and he cast the lesser gift from him. With the spirit of worship in his heart he went to a group of Gaelic islands, learned the Gaelic language, and buried himself in the myth and legend of the people, whom he made his friends. When he came forth again he was the poet of power and of beauty you know him to be. So is it true of Austin Clarke.

"The sorrows and the strivings of these men have not been in vain. To-day the younger poets of Ireland, those who will be the poets of the future, knowing the tale of travail of those who have gone before them, go direct to the waters of Gaelic story and bathe therein. Everything written in Ireland to-day shows unmistakable signs of the taking of the ritual.

"Just now all the young men of Ireland are engaged in fighting a battle for national freedom. It is the Gaelic soul awakened; it is seven hundred years of dreams that have not perished, that is fighting that battle. When once peace descends upon this land, the Gaelic soul that will be free and the dreams that are not dead will seek expression in more beautiful form. They will live in the poetry of the new nation.

"You ask whether they will write in the Gaelic. I think not. They do not need to. The language does n't matter. It is the spirit, the form, the inspiration. Take this of James Stephens. It is English, but the sound of it, the heart of it, the rhythm of it, are Gaelic. Listen and tell me whether a

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bard of old might not have intoned these words over a singing lyre:

"It may be on a quiet mountain-top,
Or in a valley folded among hills,
You take your path, and often you will stop
To hear the pleasant chatter of the rills,
The piping of a wind in branches green,
The murmuring of a widely lifted spray
As long boughs swing;
And hear the twittering
Of drowsy birds when the great sun is seen
Climbing the steep horizon to the day."

I had often been told that poetry should be recited in an ordinary speaking voice. I should like the people who say that to hear A.E. He does not recite. He chants in a low, gentle monotone that sounds like the rippling of water over stones. When he speaks, everything vanishes but his voice, and that for all the world might be coming from some rocky altar in an ancient land. While that voice goes on, you are more than ever certain that A.E. is not of this century, but belongs to the years when mystic rites were performed on stone columns under open skies.

A.E. went on:

"It is not in poetry alone that Ireland is being reborn. It is in the drama as well. One of the most hopeful signs of the literary movement is the success its playwrights are having. Yeats, St. John Ervine, Lennox Robinson, are perhaps the three foremost in the poetic group. Ireland as yet has no novelist. That will come in the future, I am sure. Strangely enough, the steps of modern literary history in Ireland have been poet, playwright, with the third to come—novelist. Our poets have become playwrights; I am certain our playwrights will become novelists. You ask whether that is the usual evolution of the novelist. I do not know. I can only speak for Ireland. That is what is happening here."

I asked A.E. what he thought of American poetry. I wonder whether what he said will be as startling to the readers of this as it was to me.

"Your American poets are very good. They have a real feeling for poetry. I like your Walt Whitman, I like your Emerson; I used to like your Poe when I was younger, but not so much to-day. The mechanical effort of his verse grates on my ear. The repetition of 'bells, bells, bells' seems artificial and unreal."

Walt Whitman, Emerson, and Poe. This, then, was the American trilogy of poets known to the Irish. I pressed the point. I asked A.E. definitely did he not think we had any good modern poets.

"Yes," he repeated. "Most assuredly I think Whitman, Emerson, and Poe loom large as men of strength."

It suddenly came to me that I should have remembered, perhaps, that, compared with a tradition of centuries, men who have died within the last fifty years might well be considered modern. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that surely some of our living poets were doing work that was fine and that A.E. might know of them. I asked him the question point blank.

"Oh, that," he answered. "Ah, yes; most assuredly. I have seen some of the poetry in your magazines, and it is very good. It shows fine promise. I do not remember the names, but the poetic feeling is there, especially in the younger people. I cannot say the same for your older

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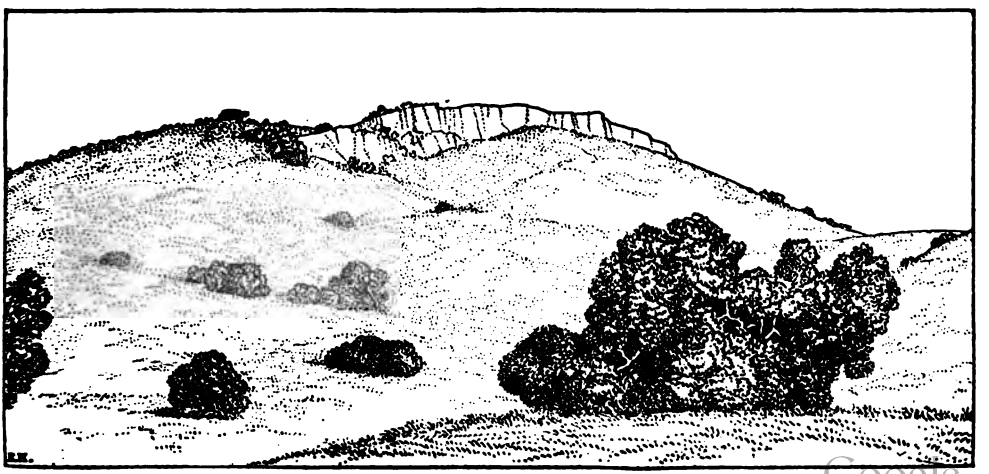
living poets. Not believing that *vers libre* as such is a form of poetry, I can not like your Amy Lowell. Not agreeing that the workman or the drunkard is a subject for poetry, I can not like your Edgar Lee Masters.

"Those, I think, are the only ones I know by name of your contemporary poets. And here, perhaps, I might make one criticism of American poetry of the kind written by these people. Much of it is perfect in technic, but lacking in feeling. It is woven entirely out of the brain and not at all of the soul. It is an example of efficient workmanship, but it is not a spontaneous outburst of genius. I might admire a poem of that kind within four walls; I could not enjoy it in the fields. It does not call to the beauty within me; it calls to the craftsman. That is not poetry.

"Greatly akin to that is my criticism of your subject matter. You write about the workman and machines and mills. You seem to lose the depth and the glory of the wonders of creation. The fault may be with me, I confess. I see no beauty in a Pennell etching of a smoke-stack; I see much that is wonderful and stirring in a Corot. This criticism is not meant to be unkind; it is simply that you are different, and I do not understand. Perhaps the difference lies in the fact that America is young and Ireland is beautifully old. You have mechanical endeavor; we have suffering and tradition. Who is to say which has touched the fount of poetry? One can only hazard an opinion, and that opinion must needs be governed by prejudice."

Susan Mitchell, who had tactfully absented herself for an hour, now returned. A.E. bade me good-by and returned to his work, the editing of his magazine, the outside cover of which was emblazoned with the words, "Butter, Cheese, Eggs." "The Irish Homestead" is the official organ of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, or, more simply, the farmers' coöperative movement in Ireland. It is A.E., the foremost Irish economist, who publishes that. A look into its pages gives not a few glimpses of A.E. the poet, the painter, and the mystic. When, five minutes later, I took my leave of Susan Mitchell, he was absentmindedly chasing his manuscript across the uneven course taken by his temperamental blotter.



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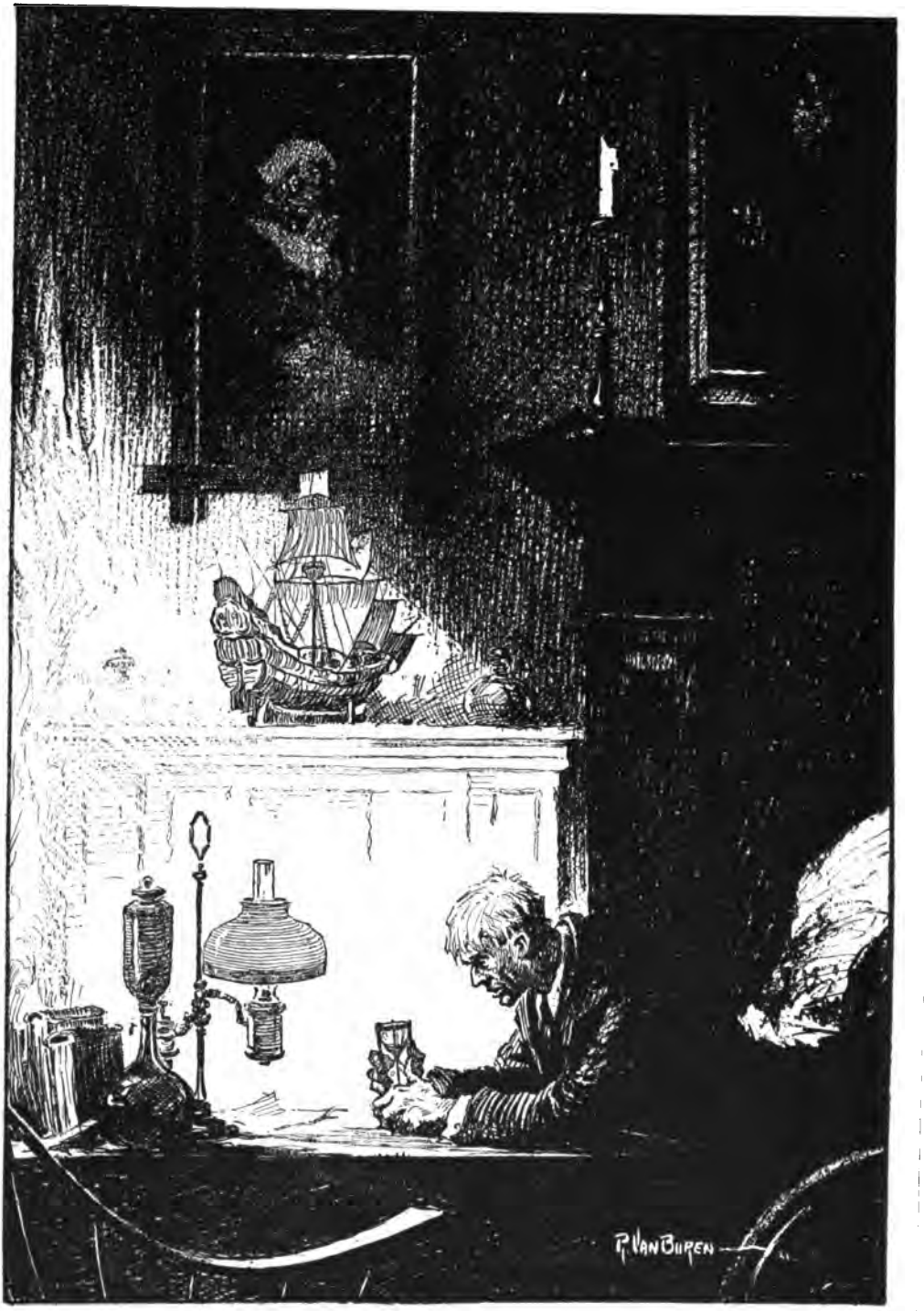

"He never removed his attention from the thread of red sand trickling from bulb to bulb"

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The Man They Pitied

By M. L. C. Pickthall

Drawings by R. L. Van Buren

The room was a very comfortable one. It looked out on a pleasant garden. Butterflies, emblems of souls, sometimes rose from the flowers and fluttered about the windows. But these were screened by strong, neat netting, so the butterflies could n't get in, but the scent of sprinkled grass and mignonette could.

Everything in the room was rigidly neat. A brass ash-tray containing three half-smoked cigarettes exactly balanced the clock on the shelf. On a small table in one window was a half-finished piece of wood-carving. On a desk in the other window was a half-written letter. It was also so still that at first one would have taken it to be empty.

At a large table in the middle of the room, however, an old man was sitting. He sat quite motionless, holding between his two feeble, slender hands an hour-glass. He never removed his attention from the thread of red sand trickling from bulb to bulb, nor did he ever let it run entirely through before he reversed the bulbs.

The door was a few inches ajar. Outside it, in the next room, sat a young man and a girl. With impatient, yet pitiful, eyes, they watched the man inside while *he* watched the hour-glass.

§ 2

Musa had found the horse at the appointed place, and now was in the saddle, waiting. He had not moved for an hour, or changed his eastward stare through the light that flooded the desert like an intolerable, bright sea. Rising out of this sea were bare hills the color of baked brick. Above them he could just discern the deeper-red walls of a naked city, so burned with light that at this hour even the lewdness was fired out of it, and it lay on the red height like a wanton's bones.

Behind Musa an old Roman arch rose from the sands, the solitary memorial of a strong colony. It gave a narrow strip of black shade. Musa sat so that this shade lay across his horse's loins. He himself, wrapped in a thin camel's-wool burnoose, was in sun. The horse was of a strange sand-color, bay mixed with cream. Man and horse seemed so penetrated with the desert light that without the shadow on the beast's loins, without Musa's dark, sinewy hands on the reins, they would have been invisible.

For an hour the ribbon of shade, which was all Rome had left to give, narrowed. Then Musa saw what he had expected to see. A single black dot detached itself from the hills where the city was, and came imperceptibly toward him.

Another hour the shade narrowed. Musa could now see the black dot to be a horseman galloping furiously, as Ibrahim's messengers were used to go. He wore a white burnoose, and was jaw-

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bound like a corpse. In front of him, on the saddle, was a dark shape. This, too, Musa had expected. He sat quite still, waiting. He did not go to meet the other. He had been told to stand by the arch, and he stood. So Ibrahim's orders were obeyed.

The white rider galloped up to the Roman arch, drew rein before it in a storm of sand. His horse was a black and hard-breathing, but with a dry skin. Musa thought his own better.

The man in white unbound his jaw and spat out dust; then he said hoarsely:

"In the service of God."

"And of Ibrahim, the sheik," answered Musa at once.

He rode forward out of the arch, and the other paced to meet him. When knee touched knee and the horses were alongside, they embraced gravely. Then the stranger raised the shape that he had carried, and gave it into Musa's hands. It was a woman, swathed from feet to head in dark, blue veils.

Musa accepted her weight easily, and stowed her on his own saddle. The other coughed out more sand, saying:

"You have the sheik's orders, Brother?"

"The orders of Ibrahim," assented Musa, courteously, "are the golden slippers on the feet of favor"; but in his heart was a spark of anger that the uncourteous word should have been used to him. "And you, Brother?"

"Yesterday at this hour I received her from a man on a white stallion at the Well of Seventy Palms. I rode with her to the city." He moved his head toward the city on the eastern hills. "At the time of water-drawing I entered, and in the market-place I unveiled her, with the words of Ibrahim, 'As this woman is shamed before you, so am I shamed in the faces of the tribes.' The young men were gathering the horses before I left. It was a strong word." He coughed again. "Now I will rest. The word is with you, Brother."

The stranger in white dismounted, eased his horse of the saddle, and led it to the shade of the arch. Then he dropped down beside it and slept. Musa was already galloping furiously westward, carrying the word of Ibrahim.

The sun stood high now, and it was like riding through fire. No, it was like sharing the flight of a bird through flames. Musa was happy. He had been chosen for this stage for his strength and endurance, just as the horse had been chosen. He had never ridden such a horse. Back in his hawk-head he began to make verses about it:

Allah unloose thee, beautiful one.
If my breath were white barley, I would spread it before thee on a cloth of bright green.
I would tan my skin to make thee a soft bridle,
So that another might ride thee to victory.

Having made his song, he sang it in a high, crooning falsetto. Allah! what a horse! If it had n't been for the weight on the saddle before him, he would have ridden himself and the horse dead with delight.

The desert broke into shallow ways, with outcropping red rock on which the flying feet of the horse briefly sounded. Here and there, in the rocky sides of the ways, were red tombs, with pillared entrances. These were older than

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Rome, older than anything but the sand. They flung thudding echoes briefly as horse and rider whirled by, carting the word of Ibrahim.

All this time the woman in the dark, blue veils had rested silent and still between the hands of Musa. She was only the word of the sheik made flesh. All this time Musa had not spoken with her. Presently, looking at the sun, he saw it to be at the zenith. He said:

"In a little while there will be rest."

She remained silent as before. Only by her warmth and supple participation in the horse's motion could he tell that she lived.

A single gigantic palm grew from the sand ahead, sole survivor of an old oasis. Under it was the white dome of a well that yet held a little water. The horse came here and stood. Musa swung down, and lifted the woman to the sand. He felt his horse's flanks, drew water, warmed it in the sun, then gave him to drink. He drank himself, with thanks to the Compassionate; then gave the woman water, and she drank from a silver cup that she drew from her veils.

Musa saw her hand, with a silver ring on the thumb. He became aware of her as a personality for the first time. She was mystery; she had, in her dark shroudings, the cool and attraction of shadow. Another song came into his head:

I have seen antelope-does in the desert
Drinking at dawn golden water from
the bath of a dead queen,
And I have seen the young Night,
In violet *shintayan* and silver anklets,
drinking from a star.

He said to her:

"I would see thy face."

"Servant of Ibrahim," she answered, "it is only the face of a slave."

She had seated herself under the palm-tree, and was sifting from hand to hand such fine threads of red sand as men use to measure time in a glass. Musa looked at her. He would not show her his curiosity. He said gravely:

"It must be a fair face to make your tongue so bold."

"It is only the tongue of a slave."

Musa said shrewdly:

"But I think it was not so always. How long since thou was a free woman?"

"A long time. And thou? How long since thou wast a free man?"

Musa's eyes burned at the insult. He trembled with rage. Then he remembered and laughed.

"A long time." Melancholy of his race, as bitter as the desert, descended on him. "A long time since I was little lord of one tent."

Soon they were rested, and the horse

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renewed his swallow flight westward into the furnace of the day. Now they were human, one to the other.

Long had the single palm vanished behind them when Musa suddenly asked:

"What do men call thee?"

"In life, Arissa."

"In life?"

"I count this death, though I am a slave."

Presently Musa said slowly:

"I am glad I have not seen thy face, for it comes to me that if I had seen it, by the grave of the prophet, it would be hard to unveil it before others."

"It is the will of Ibrahim."

"It is the will of Ibrahim," assented Musa, grimly, "but not mine, O Arissa." They rode on.

The sun was burning in his eyes. He saw the land as a flame of gold, and nothing else until the woman turned and touched his arm.

"What is it?"

"There are some who would like the word of Ibrahim to go unsaid."

Five armed horsemen were galloping over the ridge of a sand-hill toward Musa. Since they were not any of Ibrahim's men, they must be enemies of Ibrahim. Two had far outstripped the rest. Musa smiled fiercely, and checked a little his horse.

One rider, a young man on a bay, with green velvet saddle-bags, was in the lead of all. He came straight at Musa, who seemed to wait for him as if in doubt. Then at the right moment Musa swung the woman down. Her feet took the sand lightly; she stood like a still shadow in her veils. Musa lifted himself in his stirrups; with a yell, in one electric instant, he fired with his will the will of the sand-red horse. The beast responded with a leap like that of a leopard. Together as one fierce creature they swept down to meet the other rider.

It seemed they must crash together. But while they were yet a hand's-breadth apart, Musa swerved, passing

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the other closely in full flight. As he passed his sword flashed from under his burnoose; once. The young man tossed his arms, cried shrilly upon God, and pitched redly into the sand.

Musa turned to ride back to Arissa, to meet the attack of the second horseman.

But the second, seeing the fate of the first, had not followed. Instead, he had swooped like a hawk on the woman. Musa saw him stoop from the saddle at a flying gallop and snatch her up. He looked back at Musa, yelling, and put his horse to the slope down which he had just ridden, down which the other three riders were rushing to meet him.

Musa was swept as if by flame. He crouched low on the neck of the red horse, crying him on the chase. No scourge or spur he used but the scourge of his wild spirit, the spur of his untamed heart. As kin to kin, the horse answered. They followed Arissa. And to follow her seemed to be following death, for the men would be four to one.

"Allah!" cries Musa, suddenly.

The slave-woman had been clinging to the man who had taken her as to a deliverer. Now Musa saw her shake herself free and fall, or throw herself, from the horse. She rolled over and over in the sand. The rider was swinging strangely in the saddle; the horse faltered, swerved this way and that, as though hands only half-conscious sawed at his bit. He was now running in circles. Low and lower sagged his rider. The horse plunged, stopped. It was a dead man who slid from that stained saddle and lay on the desert. The horse stood over him, gazing with wild, large eyes at Musa. Between him and Musa Arissa had risen from the sand and was running toward Musa.

At utmost speed Musa swept down upon her. He circled her in his flight, without a word, leaning low with outcurved arm. And like a bird she seemed to rise, to cast herself into that arm. He raised her until she rested, pressed against his side and thigh. Never had he so rejoiced in his strength as then. They fled westward. Behind them lay the two dead, the two riderless horses; and in an hour all pursuit had died away.

Then Musa pulled in the horse; he settled Arissa in her old place. His sinewy hands shook as he touched her and felt her warm and throbbing under her veils. He said in a low voice:

"That was the stroke of a free woman!"

She answered, with a fierce laugh:

"It was his own dagger killed him."

"Perhaps he would have freed you. At least he would have freed you from the will of Ibrahim, and from me. Thought you of that?"

There was no answer. Musa's eyes burned. Happiness as savage and sudden as the desert's death rose in him. Swiftly must the desert-children lay hold of happiness, eagerly must they drink of the wells by the way. Arissa said more timidly than he had ever heard her speak:

"Where now, Servant of Ibrahim?"

"To the City of Sweet Grapes. To fulfil all the will of Ibrahim."

She lay dumb and passive between his hands. They rode westward—westward into the furnace of the sinking sun.

They came to the City of Sweet Grapes while the women yet drew water from its wells; but the gates were closed. Musa beat on them with

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the hilt of his sword, and an old watchman looked from the wicket. Seeing Musa, he said:

"Whose man are you, and is the word peace or war?"

"I am from Ibrahim ibn Zohair, lord of twenty deserts and of a thousand and three sweet wells; the word is from him, and it is a word of war."

So they opened the gates with fear. And Musa paced in, and rode between thickening crowd to the market-place. The people pressed about him, but they were silent; for they saw his face and the darkened sword in his hand, and they were afraid. All the narrow ways of the city were full of the sunsetting, and it bathed Musa in fire. It seemed that he rode through the bazaars wrapped in a golden cloak, on a golden horse, bearing the young night on his saddle-bow.

Musa drew rein by the stand in the market-place where the slaves were sold. All round little booths full of sweet grapes in trays made the air thick with a smell of wine. When the place was packed with the men of the city, Musa said:

"Hear the word of Ibrahim, lord of the desert, of the cities of the desert, and of one thousand and three sweet wells."

"We hear."

Musa looked down at them.

"Hear," he said again, "as is the will of Ibrahim, the sheik; but hear with your faces covered."

They gazed up at him. He raised himself high in the stirrups, a man of burning gold on a great gold horse. High he lifted his sword, and that was darkened. High he lifted his voice:

"Cover your eyes!" he cried fiercely, "and hear in darkness! Who looks into the light dies by this sword!"

In a great silence the men of that city covered their eyes with their wide sleeves or the corner of a burnoose.

Then Musa set Arissa high before him on the saddle. She had her back to him, her face was to the market-place. And he reached over her shoulder and drew aside her veils, uncovering her in the light of day; but there was no eye to see, nor did Musa himself see her.

Then he gave the word of Ibrahim.

"As this woman is shamed before you, so am I shamed in the eyes of the desert." But no man saw Arissa's shame, and presently Musa laughed scornfully. "Go," he said; "gather your spears for the service of the slave-maker!"

The sun sank. A great wave of crimson strode over the desert. Musa, riding through the hushed bazaars, rode like a man of blood on a blood-red horse. None spoke to him. In silence he paced out of the gates, holding the slave-woman hard against his breast. The gates shut behind him. The color died from the sky; the desert was hidden in manifold veils of deep blue, like Arissa's. He set the horse to speed again. They went steadily westward. The air on their lips was now water, now fire, but always desire.

After a long while the woman spoke in a very low voice:

"Lord, what now?"

As if he were singing, Musa replies:

"The command of Ibn Zohair, lord of the desert, 'After the woman has been unveiled in the market-place of the City of Sweet Grapes, and the word I gave has been spoken, go thou west until the stars show thee a tomb under an oasis of acacia-trees. Here thou shalt find the next rider who will carry that word.' I go to obey the

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"She was sifting from palm to palm the red dust that is dust of a vanished race"

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command of Ibrahim, O my Heart."

"And that is the rider who will take me from thee?"

"The command," said Musa, "contains nothing of that."

The air was a dark sea. The stars appeared.

"Lord, and then?" whispered Arissa.

"This horse," answered Musa, "will grow tired, carrying two, and Ibrahim mounts his messengers well."

Under stars that marched half-way to their zenith Musa drew up the red horse by a white dome and a dark lace of acacia-leaves, very still. And one who had been sitting in his saddle beneath the trees all the hours of the dew-falling paced his black horse forward, saying:

"In the service of God.

"And of Ibrahim, the sheik."

Horse was alongside horse, knee all but touching knee. They made to embrace. Musa said:

"You have the sheik's orders, Brother?"

"I have them. And thou?"

"I have fulfilled them," said Musa through his teeth, "and am now free." And at the word he smote out and up. With neither word nor cry the man fell. Musa leaned over his horse's shoulder and looked down. He saw a pale huddle of garments, and a dark blot spreading. Since the man was no enemy, he remained to repeat the *Fatha* for him. Then, leaving Arissa to ride the red horse, which was growing tired, he himself mounted the black. He hurled them suddenly to speed. Under the large light of stars they whirled away south.

"Hast thou thought?" cried Arissa, leaning from the red. "Life is sweet to such as thou, O my beloved, and Ibrahim will follow. Though we run to the edge of all deserts, he will follow and find."

"O my beloved," answered Musa, "we shall have that same running on these horses. That is not a little thing. Life is sweet, and we shall have this night."

At midnight they came to a high, red cliff, barring their way. They rode along it. Presently they saw that there was a temple hewn in the rock, having before it great pillars, carved with the stories of a forgotten race.

"Here," said Musa, "you will be safe from the dews, and here these princes of horses may rest."

"It is a place of devils," said Arissa.

"Nay," answered Musa, lover, poet, killer, and free man.

"See, these on the pillars are but men and women, as we are man and woman. And here—see, little dove, in the star-shine—are two who love. By Allah! there is no evil here."

In the Gate of Horus he stabled the horses, giving them fine barley from the saddle-bags, which he spread for them in his burnoose. Returning, he found Arissa seated under the column that told of the life of a dead queen. She was sifting from palm to palm the red dust that is dust of a vanished race.

Trembling, Musa came to her and said, "I love thee."

"I love thee."

Through her veils her eyes seemed to shine on him, stars through a thin cloud. Child of space and sun, of scant growth and burning dust, he caught up the ecstasy of the dark.

"When shall I see thy face? When?"

She was silent a little, and whether she smiled or wept behind her veils he could not know.

"Arissa?"

She lifted a handful of the red

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desert dust. It ran through her fingers, a thin whispering thread.

There was no sound but the beating of Musa's fierce heart, the whispering of the sand.

§ 3

The small old man at the table in the comfortable room with the neatly screened windows watched the last grain of sand drain from one little bulb of the hour-glass into the other. When it was all gone, he smiled. Covering his face with his hands, he laid his head on the table and seemed to rest.

The young man in the other room closed his hand gently around the girl's fingers, nodding his head toward the door.

"Look!" he whispered. "Your grandfather 's asleep now."

The girl turned compassionate eyes on the sagging old figure and stood up.

"He 's just dozed off," she said; "but he hates being interrupted when he 's playing with his hour-glass before he lets all the sand run through. He 'll wake right up when we go in."

"Think of being old and having nothing to do but play with an hour-glass and sleep! There are better things than that in the world." The young man caught the girl to him swiftly, hungrily.

Within the curve of his arm she hesitated in the doorway, feeling a sort of shame of compassion.

"It seems unkind," she said, "to tell him we 're going to be married and flaunt our happiness in his face. He has never had anything. I 've heard that he wanted all his life to go to the East,—he was a great Arabic student, you know,—but he could n't ever afford it. He just studied and studied. What can *he* know of life and romance?"

"Poor fellow!" said the young man. "He might as well never have lived."

He leaned pityingly over the small figure huddled at the table. The old man's lips moved. He smiled beautifully, murmuring, "Arissa."

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The Organized Farmer Steps forth

By Gustavus Myers

HITHERTO in the contest of social forces only two great divisions have been recognized, those representing capital and the organized masses of labor. So fixed in the public mind has this alinement become that the entrance of another great force has hardly been considered, much less thought an imminent reality. That we had a large farming population city-dwellers of course knew, but as it lacked coherence and obtrusive expression, it was given scant attention. Moreover, the belief had become fixed that temperamentally and otherwise farmers were disinclined to submit long to organization, and too detached to effect it successfully on a national scale. Isolated and individualistic, the farmer emphasized his distinctiveness until it was not surprising that the urban inhabitant accepted it as characteristic.

The apparently ephemeral nature of various farmers' uprisings solidified the conviction on the part of urban people that a comprehensive, enduring agrarian organization was next to an impossibility. The Farmers' Alliance, springing into activity in 1875, was strong and influential for a few years in some parts of the United States; then its energies waned and its power declined, until it was finally merged in the People's party, which was a composite affair only partly voicing farmers' demands. After a powerful, but brief agitational, career, the Populist movement passed out of militant being by a process of absorption, chiefly in the Democratic party.

With the submergence of these movements, the farmer seemed to relapse into a disorganized, unprotected state, faced by the two great growing and aggressive organizations of capital and labor, and impotent to rank or cope with either. The Grange maintained a considerable membership, but this, like some other minor farmer associations, has been mainly social and fraternal. Even the advent of the Non-Partizan League a few years ago made no wide-spread impression upon the farmer, for its activities were chiefly centered in the Northwest, and its directing was criticized by farmers' organs as proceeding from men who were not farmers.

Now a great agrarian movement of a wholly different character is asserting itself with enthusiastic vigor. To those unfamiliar with antecedent factors this latest movement may seem a sudden emergence suspiciously like a mushroom growth, though it is by no means to be so classed. Its principles and policy are rooted in prior movements, which, although apparent failures, left lessons guiding the leaders of the present movement.

Both the Farmers' Alliance and the People's party were essentially protesting and political. They declared against such abuses as public-land spoliation and railroad jobbery, they

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favored nationalization of railroads and telegraphs, and they expected, by electing a sufficient number of representatives in Congress and legislatures, to attain their demands. In brief they looked to the law-making bodies as the sole source of relief. And notwithstanding its economic background, the National Non-Partizan League has had the same dominating political aims, hoping, by securing control of legislative functions, to establish state-owned facilities for farmers. The new movement is of a different kind. Its purposes are preëminently economic; instead of relying upon political agencies, it is depending upon its own creative powers.

From the experience of defunct farmers' movements its leaders learned that statute laws cannot change economic laws, and that, to obtain economic advantages, it is indispensable to organize on economic lines. Although not a new principle in organizations of capital and labor, this applied nationally is a new and significant development in farmers' movements.

It is singular that labor organizations should have so long underestimated the capacity of farmers to organize because of past agrarian errors and incapacities. Did not labor go through its own severe schooling? Powerful as the Knights of Labor were for years, they finally disintegrated by reason of the impracticability of their plan of massing men of all vocations into one assembly and their not allowing autonomy for the different trades. It was the wisdom gathered from this disaster that enabled the American Federation of Labor to organize along craft lines with signal success. Worshipers of formulæ are also skeptically declaring that periods of low prices for farm products are always provocative of agrarian agitations, which subside or vanish when prices rise. True as this was of merely protesting movements, the application to an economic movement may be altogether different. High wages or low wages have not disbanded labor organizations, and there seems no logical reason why varying prices should seriously affect the continuity of a farmers' economic organization.

Until now farmers, with few exceptions compared with the whole number, have been content with producing, giving little thought to the business side of marketing their products. In an age of keen economic struggle they saw themselves relegated to be passive instruments, relatively voiceless, while industrial organizations were easily able to disseminate their views and enforce their demands. Consequently, the first requisite taught by the new agrarian movement is that the farmer's salvation must come from himself and that he must have a mighty mouthpiece able at all times to command respect. The activity of the farmer movement is thus moving along two coördinate lines. One is that of establishing a great, strong national organization serving the farmers' interests in general. The other is the creation of special farmers' organizations to solve marketing problems.

§ 2

The first of these purposes has been extensively attained by the American Farm Bureau Federation. Founded only three years ago, it now has the largest membership of any agricultural body ever existing in the United States, having an enrolment of a million and a half members in forty-two

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States. Its leaders are confident that they will get large numbers of more members, and the indications are that they will. For very wisely they have avoided the mistakes that wrecked other farmers' organizations. From the outset they insisted that the federation would not participate in partizan politics, nor would it endeavor to obtain control of the government in any State or in the nation. This policy disarmed fears that the American Farm Bureau Federation might degenerate, as some other farmers' movements had, into a thing of mere political expediency, manipulated by self-seekers. It left every member free to vote as he pleased. By effacing emphasis upon the political feature, it left full latitude for concentrating attention upon the federation's animating principles.

The program of the American Farm Bureau Federation comprises a series of purposes. Realizing that the other social and economic elements have not been properly educated to a sense of the farmer's importance as a producing factor, it seeks to instil in the urban mind a better conception of the farmer's relationship. Inasmuch as for many decades industrial problems have preoccupied the public mind largely to the exclusion of agricultural, it aims to make the fact clear that agriculture is the fundamental industry upon which the other industries depend. Food is the first need of mankind, and the federation seeks to direct attention to the condition and problems of those producing the food. It also purposes to safeguard the interests and promote the legislative needs of the farmer upon all occasions.

From this point its program differs widely from that of any other organization. It ceases to be purely educational and representative and ventures boldly into the realms of economic reconstruction. It aims at nothing less than a recasting of the whole system of distributing agricultural products. This transformation may well signify the beginning of a new epoch; it is, at any rate, a phenomenon of the first magnitude.

Since industrial units were organized into trusts, have they not been able to regulate production, distribution, and prices? Has not organized labor successively increased wages and shortened hours of work? This is what farmers' leaders are asking. Why, they inquire, should not the farmer organize so as to control the distribution of his products? Heretofore, they point out, the farmer is the only producer who has clung to antiquated methods. Lacking proper organization, he has had to throw his products upon the market irrespective of conditions, and this swamping has forced him to take whatever prices were offered. In general he has had no warehouses of his own in which to store his products and no means of financing himself. On the other hand, he has had to contend with powerful, centralized organizations of speculative buyers controlling warehouses and other facilities and adequately financed for their undertakings.

Grain is instanced as an example. Farmers complain that they have been forced to market grain in a haphazard way, holding them down to the minimum of market value. According to C. H. Gustavson, one of the best informed of the farmers' leaders, about seventy-five per cent. of the wheat of American farmers has been marketed within four months after harvest.

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Between the food-producer and the consumer stand intrenched private interests who do the financing, transporting to terminal storage-points, warehousing, conditioning, insuring, and distributing to mills and export trade. Their total charges, farmers' leaders explain, are so heavy that the farmer receives comparatively little return, and often has to face an actual loss.

In the case of other produce the same conditions are cited. Cabbages sold this year in the Rio Grande Valley at ten dollars a ton, were retailed in Dallas, Texas, at the rate of one hundred and ten dollars a ton. Peanuts, sold by Virginia farmers at five cents a pound, were packed and salted in Pennsylvania, and disposed of to consumers elsewhere at seventy-five cents a pound. These are only two of a large number of similar instances given. High freight rates are held partly responsible, but as wide disparities in prices paid and prices charged existed in years when freight rates were much lower than now, the main and abiding cause is laid to exacting middlemen.

The same dissatisfaction is felt by farmers regarding the marketing of live stock. This has recently been selling at pre-war prices, but freight charges are said to be seventy per cent. higher. Commission charges for selling have increased as much or more. The rate charged for selling cattle has increased eighty-five per cent.; for selling hogs, sixty-five per cent.; and for selling sheep, seventy per cent. Yardage charges have increased about fifty per cent. since 1914.

On the other hand, farmers protest that when they buy goods they find that in most cases the production and prices of those goods are effectively controlled by great corporations. A recent comparison of the prices of fourteen leading products needed by farmers showed an increase of one hundred and thirty-eight per cent. over the prices of the same products in 1914. In contrast, the prices of fourteen of the leading products sold by farmers showed very little increase over the 1914 prices.

§ 3

What are some of the consequences of the workings of such a distributive system? This is a question that farmers' organizers are everywhere asking. They point out that Chicago Board of Trade speculators every year deal in "futures" to the extent of eighteen and a half billion bushels of grain, which is more than fifty times the amount actually harvested. At the same time American farmers have recently suffered a loss of probably two and a half billion dollars in price declines in wheat and corn. Farmers say that they do not object to taking their losses in a period of price readjustment, but they remonstrate that their loss is out of all proportion to the much-lesser loss of other producing groups. Cotton-growers are reminded that while fortunes are made by cotton-exchange speculators, considerable numbers of Southern tenant farmers have been dispossessed because of inability to pay rent due to the low price of cotton.

Unlike previous agrarian revolts, the present movement shows little tendency to indulge in denunciation. This is one of the features of method distinguishing it from its predecessors. It sees in the exchanges selfish institutions unconcerned for the public welfare. But some of its exponents

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frankly admit that under the prevailing system they are an economic necessity, and without them the grower of wheat or cotton would be even more than now at the mercy of the middlemen.

But, these leaders contend, once the growers of wheat, cotton, and other supplies organize themselves so that they can control and direct the marketing of even half the crop, erratic exchange fluctuations will cease, and prices will be fixed and stabilized by actual supply and demand. Laws against profiteering and governmental attempts at price regulation will, they believe, always be failures. In farmers organizing to sell their products they see the only real solution. The fundamental, deep-seated trouble, they insist, is with the present price-determining mechanism. They urge that when farmers must sell their corn at a loss for a dollar a bushel and consumers must buy corn-food products on the basis of corn costing two dollars a bushel, it is time for both agricultural and industrial producers to recognize the possible benefits of coöperation.

§ 4

It is this coöperative spirit that is the propelling force of the new agrarian movement. The American Farm Bureau Federation is pledged to the cause, as is another body having strength in certain regions, the Farmers' Union. Through its state and local leaders the federation has been encouraging the establishment of marketing associations, although, while fostering them, it itself does no buying or selling. It holds that this can be better done by separate organizations, having their own autonomy and regulative methods.

The practical model that has strongly appealed to American farmers is what is called the "California Marketing Plan." Its prime requirements are that selling associations must organize by commodity and not by locality, that they must be strictly business and not mere fraternal or sentimental concerns, and that their organization must not be loose, but legally welded. This plan, it is obvious, follows that of successful industrial groups of capitalists who are organized on lines of sameness of product. It also in a sense resembles that of the American Federation of Labor the different member units of which are organized on craft lines. But here the parallel stops, for the principles accompanying this plan are those which only coöperative bodies can practise. Fourteen California coöperative associations, comprising growers of fruit and raisins, have evolved eight basic principles. Summarized by their attorney, Aaron Sapiro, they are:

Because of economic and legal reasons it is essential that coöperative marketing associations should include as members only growers or landlords receiving part of the crops as rent. Thus the membership is reserved to those having products to market. Growers of a commodity are bound to long-term contracts, ranging from three to nine years. This assures certainty of products for disposal, and gives opportunity for gaging and making adequate marketing connections, development of expert financial direction, and justifies proceeding with the building of plants. The revenue from the sale of products of the same grade and quality must be pooled, so that every member receives the same proportionate return. Marketing associations

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must confine themselves to the one function of marketing the products of their members only, leaving buying to separate organizations. Experience has shown that this provision wisely precludes conflict and dissension.

Further principles of the "California Marketing Plan" require a certain control of a particular commodity. This varies from thirty to seventy-five per cent., depending upon the product and marketing conditions. All marketing must be done on thorough business lines by specialists having charge of organization, finance, warehousing, transportation, and other functions. Collective credit must be made use of in order that the grower, in the case of non-perishable products, may receive a substantial payment on delivery of product. This payment is to be made even though a great part of the crop is stored for distribution throughout the marketing year. Finally, all contracts between the associations and growers must be uniform, standard, and enforceable.

But what are the precautions against non-farmers injecting themselves into these associations and manœuvering for control? This is what happened in some farmers' societies in the past. One instance is that of the Wisconsin Society of Equity, powerful in that State a decade ago. A county judge, a packing-plant promoter, and a former railroad man gradually contrived to manipulate its control into their own hands, and it soon became sterilized.

To prevent repetitions of just such experiences, the rules of coöperative marketing associations limit the amount of stock owned individually. They further provide that no shareholder shall have more than one vote. Proxy voting is not allowed. Each association reserves the prior right to buy shares when the owner wishes to sell. There are other rules safeguarding the financial and other business administration. Provision is made for a reserve fund, and all available profits are rebated to members.

These principles and rules have not only been indorsed by coöperators' congresses and meetings in various States, but consistent with them a considerable number of coöperative associations have either been operating or have been recently organized.

The Equity Coöperative Exchange, formed in 1912, handles grain through a farmer-owned elevator, with a capacity of 550,000 bushels, in St. Paul, Minnesota, and in 1916 established in South St. Paul a live-stock department building which has become the headquarters for an aggregation of coöperative marketing as well as buying organizations. In 1912 the Equity Coöperative Exchange was a small affair with less than twenty-three thousand dollars of property; it now owns elevator equipment and real estate valued at more than a million and a quarter dollars, and its total net assets are rated at more than two million dollars.

Farmers have coöperative live-stock commission houses at Kansas City and St. Joseph, Missouri, South Omaha, Nebraska, and Sioux City, Nebraska, all doing a large business. The Nebraska coöperative associations did a business of a hundred million dollars in 1920, the transactions of one association alone, the Farmers' Union Coöperative Live-stock Company, amounted to forty million dollars. One Kansas coöperative association has been operating seven elevators, the same number of coal-yards, four

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stores, and three stations, and in 1920 did a business of nearly two million dollars.

The Cheese Producers' Association of Wisconsin, organized in 1914 to provide a farmer-controlled service, rasised its initial capital of twenty-two thousand dollars by selling stock to farmers. It built a warehouse, and now handles the product of one hundred and thirty factories, with the prospect of adding the output of ninety-eight more factories. The Puyallup Valley Association, a coöperative marketing body of the State of Washington, is doing an annual business of two million dollars. These are some examples of farmer coöperatives in full operation.

§ 5

But it is this year that farmers' marketing coöperatives have had their greatest stimulus. One great enterprise after another has been projected. The Oklahoma Cotton-Growers' Association, after a brief campaign, had by May 1, 1921, enrolled more than thirty-four thousand members, raising four hundred thousand bales of cotton which are to be coöperatively marketed. On about the same date the Mississippi Staple Cotton-Growers' Association had contracts with its members for one hundred and eighty-two thousand bales with which to begin business. In Texas an energetic campaign has been under way to obtain a million bales of cotton for coöperative marketing. Similar movements have been pushed in Georgia, Arkansas, Arizona, and other cotton-growing States.

Virginia and North Carolina peanut-growers have signed contracts for coöperatively marketing fifty per cent. of their crop, and since then ambitious efforts have been made to raise the control to seventy-five per cent. Tobacco-growers in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, and other States have been likewise signing contracts for coöperative marketing. In Virginia alone, by May, 1921, more than ten thousand tobacco-growers had signed.

It was, however, a few months ago that the greatest coöperative enterprise of all was launched. This was a plan prepared by a committee of the American Farm Bureau Federation for the marketing of wheat through a national sales agency. It was adopted at Chicago by more than three hundred delegates, representing the wheat-growers of twenty-three States. The concrete result soon came in the organization of the United States Grain-Growers, Inc. This corporation will operate farmer-owned elevators, warehouses, sales and export corporations. To finance the plan, a farmer-owned subsidiary, the Farmers' Finance Corporation, has been organized with a hundred million dollars capital. It will be entirely controlled by the United States Grain-Growers, Inc.

This body disclaims any intention of attempting to fix prices. Its sole announced objects are to systematize the marketing of crops and to stabilize markets by helping producers hold their crops and market them when conditions are propitious. Grain-selling will be concentrated in the United States Grain-Growers, Inc., the membership and voting control of which is limited to actual grain-growers. Branches will be established at all principal markets. If found desirable, seats on boards of trade will be acquired.

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An innovation regarded of the highest importance will be the providing of a complete system of gathering and interpreting statistics of world conditions affecting supply and demand.

Grain-growing authorities point out that the hazard of changing conditions of world supply and demand is used as an annual excuse for deceiving farmers and depressing market values at harvest-time, when the bulk of grain is sold. Heretofore the American farmer has had no authentic information gathered by his own agencies as to crop conditions in South America and other producing regions. He has had to accept such reports as were given out from other and hostile sources. It is planned to gather this information through farmers' representatives permanently stationed in those countries. This information will be compiled and interpreted by the central agency of the United States Grain-Growers, Inc., and circulated among farmers' local associations in order that they may have reliable data upon which to base their judgment in selling.

The plan further creates a subsidiary warehousing corporation that will supply terminal and district warehouses with clearing and conditioning machinery. Farmers complain that they have been mulcted of enormous sums by private companies falsely classifying the grades of their wheat. An export corporation, also a subsidiary of the United States Grain-Growers, Inc., will find outlets for surplus grain. Existing farmers' elevators will not be replaced or superseded. They will be combined into one great marketing company, which will be able to make the same savings at the terminals that the local elevators have made at their own shipping-points.

The plan makes no attempt to put grain marketing on a nation-wide pooling basis. It simply provides means for the development and extension of pooling as experience proves its adaptability. Members must sign a contract to deliver all surplus grain for a period of five years. All revenue received for grain will, after operating and handling costs are deducted, be apportioned among the growers. The originators of this plan realize keenly that there are many problems in the marketing of grain not applicable to the marketing of other commodities, but they believe that they have embodied the best features of all successful coöperative marketing associations.

Farmers' leaders are confident that coöperation is the equalizing, revivifying force that is fast coming to the rescue of American agriculture. As practical men, however, they have no illusions. They recognize that some phases may need revision. Did not big business enterprises, they ask, have to learn from experience in technical administration?

The leaders also foresee that some of the present ardent enthusiasm may perhaps be temporary, induced by the impetus of the ideal. They expressly warn the over-sanguine that coöperation may in some aspects encounter difficulties. They proclaim the fact that there are still large numbers of farmers to be educated and attached to its principles. Further, they cautiously declare that even if largely successful, coöperation will not end all of the farmers' troubles. But they claim that, even with all these allowances, a coöperative world will be better than one individualistic, and that whatever defects may develop, it is a system more equitable than now exists.

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The Profiteer

By ALBERT KINROSS, *Author of* "THE TRUTH ABOUT VIGNOLLES"

Drawings by ERNEST FUHR

PART I

TO see old Vignolles, vivid and all alert, safe in a big arm-chair again, reposing in my rooms, eloquent and nervous, or thoughtful and sitting at his ease—that was to me one of those rare delights that go with friendship, the slow and cautious friendship of the middle years. He was always himself, and I liked that self most utterly, with never a reservation. I dare say, if you come to analysis, it was because Vignolles did the things that I could do only in dreams, imaginatively. He actually *did* them; while I, when it came to action—I funked them, I suppose. I could see them and the way of them I would have loved to follow, but there were always prudence and the risks.

He had always gone on. If a dream, a course of action, came to him, he followed it, no matter where it led. He did not count the cost. It was the right thing to do, and he did it. The right thing for *him* to do, I should have said. For me it would have been most definitely the wrong thing. I could not have seen it out, or my nerve would have given way. But here he was, tall, spare, and dark despite the gray hair. I dare say this peculiar effect of darkness came from his eyes, singularly dark eyes. They were the eyes of a young man, though he was well, very well, into the fifties.

He had come back to England a week before from somewhere close to the equator. Out East it was, and he had returned there after he had left the army. It was a plantation, or maybe two plantations, where he grew tea and rubber. He had gone straight out to the fountain-head and had come back with a fortune. He was a war profiteer, he declared, of the very worst kind. He 'd taken our money and had n't done a day's work to deserve it. I wonder whether I can tell his story somehow near the way he told it.

"You remember," he said, "I had more or less got settled when the war found us out—upset things, so it seemed; but, as a matter of fact, I 've come through, and it 's made rather a rich man of me. I can't help it; but there it is. I thought I was going to be ruined and all the rest of it. I 'd counted on that; but, of course, one does n't hesitate. You don't know my people? There were quite a good few of us, but I 've only a sister left now. She 's married and pretty well done for; used to be rather a good sort.

"I 'd been what they call a 'rolling stone' for years and years; simply could not help it. I 'd been rather a thorn in the flesh. You see, my people were in commerce, and I was absolutely uncommercial and even unprofessional;

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they 'd have stood something respectable, like doctoring or law. I wanted to see the world and men and cities, and so I roamed and roamed and roamed till I was long past forty instead of making provision for my old age, instead of devoting myself to a wife and family. That 's the proper thing to do if you 're a Vignolles. So my father looked at it, and my grandfather and aunts and uncles. But *they 'd* done all that, and in 1913 or so they were all gone, and they 'd left me a few thousands. Could n't help themselves, it seemed; could n't take it away with them.

"My sister got a good bit, but I got some as well. I put the money into tea and rubber; went in with a fellow called Sutherland, who knew all about it. He was a Scotchman, not very well off, but deuced honest. It 's a jolly life. You ride about on a pony and watch other people work—nice, bronze savages. They enjoy it if you treat 'em well. It 's their life; they 've never known any other. You watch the things grow, you have n't a care in the world, and you 're very happy. At least I was, and so was Sutherland. He had diabetes, poor chap; but if he ate the right kind of food and drank the right kind of drink, he was not much the worse for it. Fact is, it tended to make him the steady, God-fearing kind of chap he was and is.

"We were just on the edge of making a good living and putting money by when the war came and busted up everything. At least so I felt, and so did most of us. I raced home and joined up; you remember, that 's how we found each other. Rather a middle-aged couple!"

And Vignolles paused here and chuckled over the pair of us, and the figure we had cut in uniform, a brace of grizzled subalterns, saluting majors half our age and trying hard to take 'em seriously; and I dare say they were doing the same by us. He resumed·

"Everybody who could stand upright or sit a horse came trooping home. But there was that poor old blighter Sutherland. He had diabetes, and they would n't look at him. You had to take an oath that you were free from 'organic disease'—that 's what they called it—before they 'd let you sail, and there was a doctor who knew all about him. So Sutherland had to stay behind and look after the tea and the rubber. He 'd had five years of it before I turned up again. He was Scotch and honest and shrewd and devilish hard-working, and though I had n't done a stroke or a hand's turn in those five years, I was his partner, and he 'd made a rich man of me. Simply could n't help it. The prices went up and up and up, whether you wanted 'em to or not. The world was in a conspiracy to make the two of us rich.

"That 's what it seems like. I know a dozen men who 've been treated just the same, and scores of others who 've been broke and done in. War 's curious. Even my gifted brother-in-law is n't quite the same success that he used to be. But I 've sold out to Sutherland," my friend concluded. "You see, money 's not much use to a man out there. Here—here in England, I 've a fancy one might do some good with it."

§ 2

And this, more or less, is the way in which my friend Vignolles became a profiteer and put away a roving life and returned to the country of his

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"One looked out from here and found one's wings again"

fathers, where he lived very plainly in a second-rate hotel, and no doubt pondered ways and means of doing "some good with it."

There was a house, to begin with. Vignolles had bought it. One could not well avoid buying a house if one wished to live in one just then. It was not right in London and it was not right in the country; it was exactly on the dividing-line where the one begins and the other ends. It looked out over half a county; a landscape-painter might describe its strange variety and the marvelous great sky that overspread it and made you feel that here was English air. After London one could fill one's lungs here, and fill one's eyes, and empty one's heart of all our dismal struggles and inward-turning thought. One looked out from here and found one's wings again. Maybe we two old buffers only shared an illusion or were blinded by the beauty of that scene. Still, there it was, and it did one's eyes good to look out on it.

The house was rapidly filling with Vignolles purchases; for here he had resolved to make his home. There was a cottage next to the front gate, where lived the gardener. He had belonged to the house and seemed to go with it; and, incidentally, he and his now watched out that no one stole the furniture, books, and pictures, and all the other truck that Vignolles was accumulating.

He was doing it entirely by himself and most methodically. He still kept to his second-rate hotel, and there he would brood for a week upon each room. He had a plan of the place—

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rooms, passages, stairways, landings, lobbies, and what not. He took them one by one, saw them in his mind's eye, and dealt with them like a decorator or an artist; and when he had done with his mental image and set it down on paper, he went out and about in London and ordered and chose the things. He created a dozen interiors. He had all the measurements.

"But it 's all empty," he said, smiling; "the joke 'll begin when I find people to live in it.

"My sister goes round with me at times," he explained, "and tells me how mad I am. But this is only a beginning. When I 'm done—" He did n't finish, but kept us on the edge of anticipations. When he had "done," I inferred, his sister would regard him as a public danger.

The house at last was "done"; but that was only, as he had rightly said, "a beginning." The next step was an effort constructed with his usual care in the seclusion afforded by that very second-rate hotel. In my rooms one evening he produced it, just a slip of paper, and on it I read:

Housekeeper required for gentleman's place near London. War widow with one or two children would be given preference. Replies to Captain V. c/o Smith Hammett and Smith, Solicitors, 14, London Wall, E. C.

It was the first time I had known Vignolles claim the rank wherewith he had passed out of the army.

"I 'm shoving this advertisement into half a dozen papers. It 's the least I can do for 'em, and I 'm rather fond of kids," he explained, "and it 'll mean a home for some good lady."

"It 's certainly an idea," I said; "but why not advertise straight out for a wife and family and be done with it?"

"Oh, I 'm only after the kids. I could give 'em a chance, could n't I? And I 've rather missed that side of life; never had time for it, or even the money, until to-day."

I found the advertisement on the front page of my "Morning Post" the following Friday; I picked up "The Times" at the club on the Saturday, and there it was; and I found it again on Sunday in "The Observer." No wonder that I lost my friend for over a week! I pictured him snowed under, engaged with womenfolk and correspondence. It is not exactly a joke or matter for laughter, but still I chuckled. I could n't have faced it—those widows and those kids. No, I positively could n't.

§ 3

But Vignolles had faced it, and was facing it, and would go on facing it. He dropped in on the ninth day and said:

"I think I 've got 'em. There 's a Mrs. Tyrrell; three kids, one grown up and fending for herself, a boy of ten, and a girl of twelve. I get the two small ones if everything goes well. We 're making one another's acquaintance to begin with."

"And the mother?" I asked, for I was n't quite so deucedly paternal and was more interested in her than in the rest.

"The mother 's all right. Her husband was a gunner regular, and she appreciates the situation. She 's had five years of it with her 'in-laws'; I don't suppose it quite agrees with her. Of course she did n't say anything, but one guesses. I 'm taking the two kids to the zoo to-morrow, and next day

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we 'll have the car and all run down to see my view."

He told me about all sorts of other kids, and how he had dealt with them, with their mothers, and with everything.

"It 's pretty simple," he said; "I go by the letters. When there 's a woman behind 'em, I keep them; when they 're just a lot of words, I chuck 'em away. There were only twenty good ones out of close on two hundred. The ladies were written to, and when I 'd seen them, I asked to see the kids. I judged them by the way they took that side of the question. Twelve fell out on that; seemed to fancy it might be *them* that I was after and that the kids did n't so much matter. It 's a pathetic world." Vignolles, half smiling, half serious, lit a fresh cigarette.

I recall some of his "kids" and a few of his widows, for he had entertained me an entire evening with the story of them, and, no doubt, I had prompted and encouraged this recital, which was all life's business to him at that particular period and phase.

There was one little girl he had rejected owing to her incredible appetite for mutton. It sounds incredible, but he was as positive as he was disgusted.

"The mother was all right," he had said, "seemed a very capable woman otherwise; but an only child, spoiled and restless, and greedy as a little pig, I could n't stand that. She 'd already called me 'uncle,' and sprawled in the best chair without being asked, and suggested that I should buy her a doll and a scooter. It 'll be hats and jeweler's truck ten year's from now, and she 'll exploit the whole race of us if she 's pretty enough, and give us icy kisses for our trouble. I had the two of them to lunch, and that precious child demanded three helpings of mutton—just sat and yelped for them till she got 'em. No, she was n't hungry, but just a little pig; and she looked it, too—a very fat child."

Another of his widows had two daughters, delightful, grown-up girls; and the mother was so charming that one wondered whether nature had made her so or whether it was an art she had acquired. Vignolles lingered over this trio with a certain reluctance, as though it had cost him an effort to part with them; as indeed, it had.

"I invited the lot to dinner—a very good dinner, too," he said. " 'There 's no fool like an old fool'—it 's a quotation from Solomon or some other wise old josser. I kept that sage remark in front of me the whole blissful evening. There was the charming mother, a dangerous creature, though I suspect nothing much to look at in the morning; cross, I imagine, but brightening all day, and toward nightfall positively radiant. There was the engaged girl, who had driven a car in France and was going to marry one of her officers when they could afford it. She wore her hair short, had the freshest, healthiest complexion, and was just like a nice boy. She probably thought me rather an old ass. The other girl was beautiful—just that and nothing more, as though it were her job and she took it very seriously. I loved the very sight of her; but though I may be old and a bit of a fool, I 'm not quite fool enough to live in a house with things like that. A Moslem pasha might manage it; but it 's not done in England by elderly gentlemen unless they 're eager for trouble. I ought to get a medal for resisting that trio. One is flesh and blood sometimes, after all," he added.

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I must omit the others—there were several more—and return to the Mrs. Tyrrell whom he had mentioned in the first instance, with her boy of ten and her girl of twelve, and a second girl who was grown up and out in the world. These seemed to suit his case better than any of the rest, and he seemed to suit theirs very perfectly and fully.

"I like her," he had commented, reverting to Mrs. Tyrrell. "She 's very straightforward and natural. She sees quite plainly what I 'm after, and she 's not thinking of herself at all. One could make a very good friend of her. She 's keen on giving those two kids a chance. Her eighteen-year old girl, the one that 's independent, just went off and found herself a job. Had n't got to be driven—full of pluck and a good head on her. She saw that her mother was not having exactly a rosy time of it, though she is n't the sort that complains. The two of them are something like sisters, and there 's rather a dash of the protective attitude about that girl. She 's somebody's secretary. I call her the secretary-bird; there 's one at the zoo, where I 'm taking the kids to-morrow. They 're quite unspoiled and think me wonderful. Poor little devils, they 'll get a hell of a shock some day when they know the truth!"

But for all his passing off the matter lightly, he could not avoid a burst of confidence where it came to "those two kids." Some people might call it balked paternal instinct; but it was, rather, a fine light that he threw over the three of them, dropping all his disguises at last and speaking as he felt about it—about himself and Mrs. Tyrrell's little boy and girl.

"You see, their mother had never tried for a job before," he had run on, "and she was a bit timid about it; but for their sakes—I guess it is for their sakes a deuced sight more than for her own. She wrote from the house where she was living with her 'in-laws,' and I told her to come up and see me. I 've a sitting-room now in that hotel you so despise. Well, she turned up all right, and she understood me. She was a trifle shy at first, but when she found herself, and we really got to talking and she discovered I was n't so very terrible, she became easier, and I felt that if the kids were all right, she 'd do. I asked her about them next, and she confessed that they were waiting down-stairs for her in the hall. You see, she had n't quite fancied the job of asking, and being interviewed by a man from Lord knows where, and she 'd wanted something to keep up her pluck; and so she 'd brought them along as a kind of body-guard or for company. I don't think she put it quite that way, but one feels these things. It gave her more confidence. And I said, 'Let 's send for them, or I 'll go down myself.'

"I went down, and found them waiting very good on a settee, the girl a bit motherly, being two years the older; the boy a chubby little chap in an Eton suit; thoroughbreds both. They were n't a bit afraid of me, bless them! They looked up when I spoke, and read me and trusted me, and when they do that, it 's difficult to resist. I only had to put out a hand, and they came quite simply, quite naturally, as though we had known one another all our lives.

"'You 're Captain Vignolles,' they said.

"'How did you know?' I answered, and laughed.

"'We knew,' they both answered.

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'Mummy told us about it and read us your letter.'

"It did n't seem strange to them, nothing seemed strange to them. If we 'd only had bread and cheese for lunch, they would n't have minded; and when we drove down to the house and I told them that, if they liked, they could live there, they did n't seem to feel it was strange or wonderful or unpleasant or anything, but just said, 'Yes.' For the world is a queer place to children and they never quite know what 's going to happen next. But whatever happens is very interesting as long as it does n't hurt too much, as long as it does n't over-pain their body or their soul. We 've agreed to do half a dozen things together," he ended, "and if we don't bore one another too much, the Tyrrells are going down to live in that old house."

§ 4

There had been something contradictory in Vignolles's account of his relations with those two children. In one breath they thought him "wonderful," and yet were quite unstirred by the material comforts and other benefits his friendship offered or seemed to promise. I asked him about this, for I could n't well follow it.

"My dear old chump," he responded, "don't you see that it 's *me*, Vignolles, they think wonderful, and that the house and home and all the rest of it are only a house and home. The things money, sordid cash, can buy don't interest them; but to have *me* as a friend, *me* to romp with and to chatter to, they seem to like that, and it 's very new and unexpected. Most of the others were after my money. I had it, and they wanted it, and I don't suppose they thought much further. Yes, even the children seemed to share that taint; had drawn it from whatever home or atmosphere they came from. But these two are free from it, and we can just be friends; and of course I 'm wonderful, because I 'm a grown-up, and because I 'm ready to talk to them quite seriously and listen very seriously to all they have to say. And then they seem to think I 've done things, seen the world, and had adventures. They make discoveries about me every day. Can't help it. We go to the zoo, and they find out that I 've seen eagles, not in cages, but flying in the air and sitting on nests; and that I 've seen elephants and camels in their own countries, and sailed down rivers full of hippos and crocodiles. And Kit 's found out that I once killed a man; I was n't aware of it till he told me. You see, the other fellow was just a Chink who tried to do me in. I did him in instead. It had never occurred to me that I 'd done anything very out of the way till Kit blazed up about it and Eden opened her eyes. No, those two don't care a button about money and the house, but they do love grabbing hold of me and making me confess. I rather let myself go with them," he added, with a curious, shy tenderness, and one could read the love he 'd missed and the gratitude he felt at picking up these crumbs, or, it might be, a banquet, late in middle age.

The two children and he invaded my rooms one afternoon with paper bags of cakes and baker's stuff, and announced that they had come for tea, Vignolles acting as spokesman. That was my own introduction to this new alliance. My rooms are in the Temple, and between them they discovered that I was a Knight Templar and some-

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thing of a successor to the rascals who had fought in the Crusades and who occurred in "Ivanhoe," a book those kids were full of. But all the same they unpacked their cakes and scones, laid the table, and boiled a kettle of water on the gas-stove, and had a regular picnic with me as their sole guest. It was quite an eventful afternoon for all of us.

I caught the three of them together again one chilly afternoon as I was crossing London Bridge. Everybody else was busy and hurried and absorbed; but these three stood quite openly upon the bridge and got in people's way and looked at the gulls and shipping and wharves and water, like travelers lingering over the sights and wonders of a foreign land.

I knew the spot for one of Vignolles's favorite haunts when he had felt lonely and restless, when the call from ocean after ocean had come to him, asking why he had turned deserter. From here one could watch the ships and their broad highway running out to the salt seas and leading to every corner and crevice of that fabulous world wherein for thirty years he had adventured. To-day he was talking it over with these children, and they were as wide-awake and as mystery-lured as he. I could understand then how to them our friend was "wonderful." He had been out there and come back; he had known shipwreck—they had made him own up to it—and seen savage men and cannibals and sharks and whales, and fish that flew in air.

Once or twice he came into me dead beat, tired out with answering questions, with making himself quite small again, with seeing the world through their fresh, happy eyes. But in the main he could hold his own, and enjoyed himself thoroughly, reliving his past with them, finding again old scenes, old faces, old sorrows, old temptations; relieved of trouble, of grossness, of disillusionment, of all the struggles he had known and overcome, the fears, the hauntings. Rosily and through mists he now could see these things, and if he was to hold his two companions, that was the right way. Soon enough they would touch a fuller knowledge. Meanwhile they had made a hero of him; he admitted it.

"Well, somebody has to make a hero of you," he added, laughing; "or else life 's not much fun, now, is it?"

And while all this was going on in London, Mrs. Tyrrell, duly appointed and given a free hand, was occupied with getting servants and making ready for their move into the house.

§ 5

I have never known exactly what were the business arrangements that brought Mrs. Tyrrell and the two children out of Richmond, where they had shared a home with the elder Tyrrells, down to the house that Vignolles had bought and furnished on the edge of the country.

Kit now went to a new school, the best in the district, and wore as the mark of it a sky-blue cap with a yellow cross. Eden, whose real name was Evelyn, but who somehow had slipped into this more appropriate designation, had become one of an establishment the pupils of which wore black straw hats with an embroidered device in brown on the front of a dark-blue ribbon. They rode to school on bicycles, with a satchel slung from their shoulder, and the boy was engrossed in foot-ball, and Eden was great on hockey. I often had week-ends with

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them, and grew to know Mrs. Tyrrell, and Berta, the girl who was out in the world and somebody's secretary; and there were the two "in-laws." Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, senior, we will call them, though perhaps I ought more properly to speak of "the Honorable," for they had that courtesy title, or handle, or whatever it is, being the younger children of persons of distinction long defunct.

Three generations, therefore, of that family were sometimes together under the one roof, and to me it was ever an interesting study to watch them; for I felt it was almost like watching history and the processes of evolution out of hand. Mrs. Tyrrell, it was true, was only a daughter-in-law and not a daughter; but still she might have been. She was entirely of the Tyrrell class and their tradition. Rather a helpless class and a tradition, it occurred to me, aware of a new world marching on.

In addition to his new-found friends, I met Mrs. Carey-Holt, the sister of whom Vignolles had occasionally spoken. And there was her husband, the stock-broker, and young Francis Carey-Holt and Miss Jane Carey-Holt, their offspring. Vignolles did not seem exactly enamoured of his niece and nephew.

"The boy 's too much like a young lady for my taste," he said, discussing them; "had everything done for him—never seems to have put his nose outside of London. Been to all the cinemas and dances all the latest dances; but after that you come to a blank wall. It 's a pity he did n't get roped in for the war; he 'd have traveled, at any rate, and probably been kicked a little."

As for his niece, according to Vignolles, she was quite definitely out to get a husband. That was her purpose in life, and she was n't very particular whom she got so long as he had the right income and was moderately presentable.

"The little devil makes no bones about it," he exclaimed, smiling. "She 's honest, at least, though I tell her she might as well mark herself up for sale openly as do it that way; comes to the same thing. And she answers, 'Uncle, you 're a back number'; and she shakes her head over me and says, 'No wonder you never got on; you never would have done if it had n't been for this old war.' I rather like her in a curious way," he added. "She 's got more stuff in her than the boy and she bullies her father."

Carey-Holt, the stock-broker, I never knew with any intimacy, and it never seemed to me that there was anything to know. I believe he had persuaded himself that he had fallen in love with his wife before he had married her; he went to the City every morning and was engrossed in the ups and downs of his stocks and shares; and he was, I suppose, of some use as a kind of instigator and lubricant. But outside of this he did as everybody else did of his rather narrow acquaintanceship: wore the same clothes, played the same golf, ate the same dinners, sat down to the same rubbers of "auction," and drank and smoked much as his friends. And for doing all this he seemed to get paid a very comfortable income. I often wondered why; but I don't think he ever troubled, except to feel that it was n't large enough and never would be. And yet he was n't conceited. He was rather a heavy, simple kind of fellow, with no particular pre-

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"To-day he was talking it over with these children"

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tensions; but he certainly had an appetite for money, and nothing but money, that knew no bounds.

This, more or less, was the family circle or environment which now beset Vignolles, home from all his wanderings and seemingly at rest and settled down for good within the borders of his native land. He had, of course, his other interests, for he had joined numerous societies—The Officers' Association, Comrades of the Great War, and similar institutions, where he felt that he and his money might be of use. I never saw his name put forward or stuck out in the newspapers,—I think he avoided that as he would a plague, —but in his way he was deep enough in these things, attending committees and shelling out and talking little, though making rather a strong point of common sense. One way and another I heard a good deal about all these affairs. He would discuss them with me, and, of course, as an old "comrade" myself, I took some interest as well. He seemed, however, now to have made his life and settled down to it, what with the children, his home, and a variety of valuable things outside of it. It might all go on smoothly; or, on the other hand, it might be only a new beginning leading to some adventure more turgid and more marked than any that had gone before.

§ 6

I do not know precisely why all those people came to me. I dare say it was because I stood outside their troubles and was not particularly involved in them; but first one came and then another, till I knew exactly what everybody felt and thought and conjectured about everybody else. And of course I listened, though I don't believe that I ever took sides. It seemed to do them good to have it out with somebody, and I being handy and not belonging to any special camp, all of them had it out with me. This is what modern civilization comes to, I suppose—crowds of people living elbow to elbow, and the more they see of one another, the more they dislike one another and pick one another to pieces. The women are the worst offenders, having leisure and, therefore, plenty of time to brood. Well, I 've no doubt they have their grievances. There was Mrs. Carey-Holt, for instance, Vignolles's only sister. She had a lot to say for herself, and I admit that I listened very politely to all she had to say.

As a close friend of their brother and their uncle, Mrs. Carey-Holt and all the Carey-Holts had accepted me. I had been asked to dine, I had played "auction," I had met various gracious members of their "set." I believe that I could have reëstablished myself socially in this new circle had I felt so disposed, and that Carey-Holt voted me "a good fellow." They lived in a big, sprawling house in a good suburb, where the young Carey-Holts took some kind of festive lead, being full of parties and theaters and dances and other interesting matters which filled the house with other young people and led to a deal of discursive talk. Mrs. Carey-Holt seemed to like it, and her husband's chief function was to pay up. I can't say that I took any of these people very seriously till my hostess fairly cornered me one Saturday afternoon. I owed her a call, I remember, and she had said that she was always at home on Saturday afternoons.

Everybody else was out, apparently,

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and we had her own little boudoir to ourselves; for, "You see, I am treating you quite as an old friend," she said, waving me to a chair; and then I inquired after the others, and was told that they were at their Badminton club and that Mr. Carey-Holt was playing golf.

She felt her way, so to speak, before she came to her main point that afternoon, and when she reached the right moment she said genially:

"Don't you think Fred is making rather a fool of himself over those Tyrrells?" as though her brother were some kind of naughty child who must be protected and remonstrated with, and as though, perhaps, she intended the latter job for me in case of need.

"In what way?" I responded, all innocence and seeking information.

"In every way," said she.

"I like Mrs. Tyrrell," I put in blandly.

"But would a woman with any self-respect place herself in that position?"

"It 's a perfectly innocent position, I assure you," I began.

"Yes, we know all about that; but—is it done?" she asked abruptly.

"Since the war," I ventured, "a good many things are done that would not have been done before the war."

"But he might have got some decent woman, even a lady—a single woman. There are lots of them about."

"She 'd have fallen in love with him, a sentimental spinster. They 're the very Dickens," I protested, laughing.

Mrs. Carey-Holt laughed, too; yet for all that she stuck quite grimly to her point.

"But Mrs. Tyrrell, with those two children, is far more dangerous," she resumed; "and there 's a girl of eighteen. Fred seems to have adopted the whole family."

"Well, why not?" I asked lightly. "They 're in a way a comrade of his, they 've been hit pretty hard; and what 's a pension nowadays, with everything costing double? And the old Tyrrells have got only a fixed income that won't stretch. It 's rather lucky they fell in with Fred Vignolles."

I had put it fairly bluntly toward the end. I did n't see that she had much to complain of, with that big house of hers and plenty of servants, and her own money and Carey-Holt's to pay the bills.

"But if Fred had wanted to do something with his money," she persisted, "there 's his own niece and nephew, is n't there? I don't believe in going outside one's own family," she added, "and no more do you."

So that was her point? She was jealous of the Tyrrells, and she wanted Vignolles's money to go to her own brood and not to get frittered away outside.

It was a situation, I suppose, one might have foreseen; yet for all that, I really could n't help blurting out the truth and letting her have it straight.

"When Fred was hard up," I said, "he must have saved you all a lot of trouble."

She laughed at that. She was really pretty decent over it, and she never seemed to bear me any grudge for my candor.

"Of course you 're fond of him," she said, "and like him to have his own way in things; and, then, you 're a selfish old bachelor. But when one 's married, one does think of one's own children. It 's only natural, is n't it?"

She turned the subject after that, but she had made it pretty clear to me

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that Vignolles and his peculiar schemes hardly met with her approval, and that, indeed, Mrs. Tyrrell, and especially the two Tyrrell children, she regarded as obstacles that stood unfairly and unexpectedly in the way of her own far more deserving girl and boy.

And that I imagined was the view taken by all the Carey-Holt family, by young Francis and by Miss Jane, and by the stock-broker himself no less emphatically. But as it was a matter that, to my unbiased mind, concerned my friend and my friend only, I felt that it was certainly not within my province to interfere.

§ 7

I have already said that I liked Mrs. Tyrrell, whose parents called her "Angela," by the way, a name that admirably suited her, as I ventured to think when I first caught it. There was, quite unaffectedly, something angelic about that charming lady, whose age I guessed at a year or two under forty, and whose face and figure were still very much that of a young woman. And she was capable, too, and firm where needed. She ran the house successfully, was clever with the servants, and was not at all obtrusive or inclined to act the "boss." In her place many a good woman might have yielded.

Vignolles, though probably quite unaware and just his natural self, was equally tactful. He looked on, so to speak, rather than played the master in that house and its appurtenances. He had his own den, his own quarters, his own everything. When at home, he would most often invite himself to luncheon with the children and their mother; but at breakfast and at dinner he was alone unless they had people down from London—the older Tyrrells, Berta Tyrrell, the Carey-Holts, or myself, for instance. Outside this small circle, he usually entertained at one or another of his clubs. All this suited Mrs. Tyrrell, and to Vignolles it gave something that, not without reason, he might regard as hard-won anchorage.

My week-ends were very frequently spent amid these surroundings. I liked that Georgian house, so close to London and yet so distant, with its bright gardens and shrubberies, its green meadows, and its avenue of trees. It was not a very big place as places go; but, still, it had a completeness, a variety, which showed that the people who had lived here and were now dispersed had loved it and spent a few of their generations upon its making.

Mrs. Tyrrell loved it, too, and she said so quite openly.

"It 's often hard to believe in all our luck," she remarked to me one Sunday morning as we strolled out of doors. "It 's more like a thing one dreams of than a thing that has happened."

"But Vignolles is like that, exactly like that," I answered, smiling. "Have n't you noticed he always does the things that other people only do in fancy?"

She and I were intimate enough by then to talk with a certain freedom of our host.

"You 've known Mr. Vignolles longer than I have," she replied; "and of course I only know this one thing."

"There are lots of others," I said. "He seems to have lived mainly to be the exception that proves the rule. You 've heard of it?"

"I have—only too often!" She laughed, and then added: "Mrs.

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Carey-Holt, that sister of his, does n't like me. She does n't like any of us. I suppose it 's natural."

"She 'll get over it. She does pretty well as she pleases herself, so why should n't Vignolles?"

"The children are happy here; that 's the main thing," she resumed. "I had often wondered, before this, what was to become of them. You see, we were so very hard up! Everybody decent is hard up nowadays, or almost everybody." She laughed again as she corrected herself. "Of course I 've no wish to be personal."

"What a charming woman!" I thought. "What a very charming woman!"

But all I said aloud was:

"Vignolles made his money only by a fluke," and then I went on to tell her something of his past life and how the miracle of his present affluence had come about.

"It 's strange, is n't it?" she said, when I had ended. "And it might have turned out just the other way."

"He 's keen on doing what he calls 'some good with it'," I replied; "that 's rather fine of him. I believe old Fred

"She and I were intimate enough by then to talk with a certain freedom of our host"

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could live on bread and cheese and a cheap cigarette; he has n't much use for money himself." It seemed to me that I had grown a trifle lyrical and rather enthusiastic about our friend.

"He 's been most good to the children," she answered, smiling, and I think a little amused at me. "And even to Berta," she continued; "takes her out and buys her hats and frocks till she gets quite annoyed with him. I often wonder what Arthur would say if he could come back and see us."

She was speaking of the soldier who had been her husband, the father of the three that Vignolles was concerned with; for even the independent Berta, I now learned, was not outside the urgency he felt to give.

"He 'd be rather relieved, I should fancy, if I 'm any judge," I ventured.

"Yes, I dare say," she answered dubiously; "but perhaps he 'd feel it was n't quite—"

"Quite what?"

"Well, quite the thing for a Tyrrell. And of course Mr. Vignolles, though he 's an angel and all that, he is n't quite—no, I should n't have said that, should I?" And she looked at me so frankly with her clear, blue eyes that I could only smile and think how pretty she was, standing there with the sunlight filling her hair and making it more golden than ever, and her pure complexion, and her beautiful, round figure. And it flashed upon me, as I watched her, that the Arthur who had been her husband had never awakened this woman, had never loved her as she might have been loved, and that that was why she was so like a child to-day despite her own three children and her forty years, or whatever it was.

And of all this she was quite unaware—of her own power as of her own weakness. I admit that at the moment I felt a stress to sail in myself and try what I could make of her. It might have been a passing insurgency or even a passing mood, for one does n't often do these things, now, does one? And just then the children rushed out on us. They had been to the village church with Vignolles, and were come back all zeal and mischief, like two colts liberated and free to kick up their heels. And he, good chap, was happy —as happy as I had ever known him; and looking it, too, as his eyes rested on that delightful place, all green and sunlit, and the two children, and Mrs. Tyrrell and me, standing there, both rather happy as well.

It was a scene, a thing, that he had created, much as an artist creates—a something out of a nothing. And just like that he must have felt, that he had made it and all its implicit happiness; and this, no doubt, was why in his own face I caught a gleam of something that was deeper than satisfaction. With his money he had been able to give the five of us this very perfect moment. Yes, it was indeed a matter to feel deeply and to be more than glad about, just as a painter glows after he has made a beautiful thing, or a writer who has finished a new story.

(The end of the first part of "The Profiteer")

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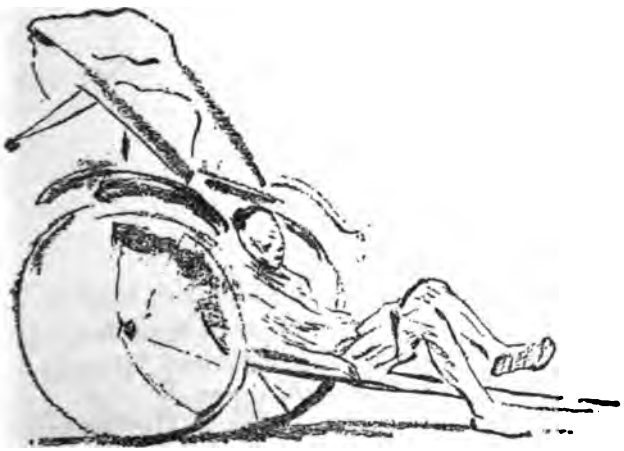
MEN OF HAN

Brush Studies

by

C. Roy Baldridge



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A Shantung Coolie, existing in squalor beyond Occidental conception, unlearned and superstitious - clinging to an idealistic faith in America.

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Trained to fly high over the temple roofs and back to the stick, his bird competes for the altitude record of a Peking alley.

Baldridge
Tsung-Pu-Hutung
1920

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Sketched in a Christian college Sunday school in Hangchow. But his parents still braid his hair like a girl's so that the Devils will not consider it worth their while to molest him.

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A Mancho, of the conquering race who ruled the Chinese till the Republic, with traditional cognomed cheeks and head-dress. She offered to pose for eleven coppers.

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C. H. Roy Baldridge
PEKING

Priest in Lama Temple, of the line of the great Jengis Khan, now dependent on the tourist's cum shaw.

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East Meets West at Washington

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

Decorations from the Chinese

TO one who lives in the Far East the conference of the powers at Washington is almost a last despairing hope.

I have spent recent years in the Far East and have just returned. When I first went there, China was to Americans a distant thing of pagodas and porcelain, a surviving, shadowy memory of a glorious past, a past interesting to us only historically and archæologically; Japan was a lovely decoration on the border of the East. In five years I have seen those misty concepts take shape in the form of tough realities that touch us intimately and make friction with the touch. The Far East has emerged out of romantic remoteness into focus as a new center of world embroilment, China as a battleground, Japan as a potential enemy.

In these years, years in which in the East equally with the West forces have been making with tragic scope and swiftness, Japan has risen to imperial eminence and challenge to white supremacy, one of the three great powers. It has crushed its way to dominance over China, planted one foothold in Siberia, another on the equator, and achieved mastery over all eastern Asia. And by some strange play of circumstance in the issue that has been forced by this reshifting in world balance America has been pushed out as the protagonist of the West against the East.

That issue I have seen steadily intensified by events, and the efforts to compose it fail one by one. The Paris peace conference only complicated it by virtue of the Shan-tung award. The League of Nations, as far as it is concerned, is inoperative. The China consortium, a praiseworthy attempt to neutralize it by an international pooling of interests, is dying of inanition. All have failed. Japan and America stand facing each other on the naked issue. And I have returned now from China with a fixed, fatalistic conviction, rooted in instinct rather than founded on logical processes, that Japan and America in this year of 1921 are moving along the road that England and Germany trod twenty years ago, and that the magnetism of half-understood and wholly misunderstood forces draws them relentlessly to the same destination.

To us, then, of the Far East the Washington conference is more than a diplomatic conversation on disarmament, more even than an attempt to solve certain Pacific "problems." It is an opportunity to avert war—a war that may draw to its flame the whole civilized world, yellow and white. The conference may fail and war yet not come, but the conference is a positive chance to avert it, and if it fails, then war is brought menacingly nearer.

To us also there is a fitness in the heralding of this international assembly

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as a second Paris peace conference. It is equally important. In complexity and scope its tasks are as formidable. Its prime, basic task also is not the solution of specific problems, not the arrangement of boundaries, the redivision of concessions and spheres of influence, or the affixing of definite limits on the number of war-ships afloat, but, just as at Paris, the laying down of a new morality, the making of a new faith. Not Shan-tung, not Yap, not the Twenty-one Demands, has made this situation in the Pacific, but the operation of the old tradition of empires, specially of white empires in non-white territories.

The conference has two different aspects, two distinct issues, rather: limitation of armament and the political status of the Far East. These are interrelated and interweaving in cause and effect, but they demand examination singly to determine their bearing on the whole. The simpler, though the simpler only by comparison, is limitation of armament.

On the desirability in the abstract of a halt in the armament race it is unnecessary to dwell. The arguments both moral and economic are too familiar for analysis. The inescapable end of such races has been written innumerable times in the pages of history in the blood of innumerable peoples. There is no reason to look for a different end to this one. The effect on the already strained economic structure of the world of a progressively increasing expenditure for armies and surface, undersea, and aërial fleets is predictable with mathematical certainty now. Already the race is gathering ominous speed. Japan counters America's 1916 naval program with its eight-and-eight program. In 1928, when the eight-and-eight program is completed, it will have only two capital ships fewer than America, and its ships will be newer. American naval men feel, with considerable justice, and already say with emphasis, that America cannot afford to have its margin of superiority so thinned. There will be another American building program. And so on.

On the practicability in the concrete of armament reduction it is necessary to dwell at greater length. I for one do not hold the prevalent belief that it is contingent upon a previous settlement of political differences. Assume that there be deadlock on all political differences, even that the conference adjourn in complete disagreement and there be left no means of settlement but the bloody decision of war. Even with that granted and a mutual acceptance of war as fated, there is yet the possibility of a mutual restriction on the weapons with which we shall fight.

If the present military strength of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan be represented, just for illustration, as five, four, and three, it will have availed them little if they frantically match new ship with new ship, plane with plane, gas with gas, until they stand at ten, eight, and six, as always happens in armament races. Their relative position in a test of strength by battle will have remained the same. The burdens will have been borne by their taxpayers, and national resources and energy deflected from production to no purpose. True, the whole trend of modern warfare has

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been toward the integration of whole nations as single fighting units. Nations now go to war with whole populations. But it is not a foreordained trend. It is possible of arrest; in fact, it must be arrested if future wars are not to mean virtual extermination. If we cannot yet permanently and irrevocably outlaw war and, on the other hand, are to escape extermination, I do not see any alternative to the knighthood theory of warfare, arbitrarily limiting employment in warfare to definitely specified and mutually agreed upon resources, both human and material.

It may be said that this rests on the assumption that the potential strength of the three powers involved is accurately represented by their present military establishments and that this assumption works to the advantage of Great Britain and the disadvantage of the United States. That is true. It is true that the greater wealth of the United States would enable it to outstrip Great Britian and Japan and that the stratification of the present relative position of the three powers thereby would penalize the United States. But that is not a compellingly decisive consideration. For practical purposes of strategy few unprejudiced persons consider seriously the possibility of a British-American war in the present circumstances of international relations. Few but the professional Anglophobes and the professionally military-minded would seriously advocate our embarking now on a great naval program directed against Great Britain.

This consideration has weight only as it applies to Japan and the United States. The preponderance that America now has at sea over Japan is variously estimated because both powers are building and their programs are not paced alike. But it undoubtedly is not so great as the Japanese say it is and undoubtly it is greater than American "first-navy" advocates admit. Undoubtly, also, it is great enough for American security, provided Japan halts its eight-and-eight program together with the United States. It need be greater only if we contemplate aggressive designs on Japan, and I think only the few Japanophobes among us do. The wider margin of preponderance that we can get by forcing a naval race is not necessary if America abides by its tradition of using its strength only for defense. For Japan America's preponderance is not so serious a cause for concern as the Japanese militarists represent in their appeals for more appropriations. In the first place, it is foredoomed by America's larger population, greater wealth, and higher industrial development. In the second place, it is neutralized by the strategic advantages of Japan's geographical position.

Privately, Japanese naval officers admit this freely enough. In the reception-room of the minister of the navy in Tokio a few months ago this view was put to me with surprising frankness by one of his aides, a captain who had also served on the general staff. By way of disproving belligerent intentions on the part of Japan he was demonstrating to me the security of Japan's position.

"Japan does not particularly need naval equality with the United States,"

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he said. "Only an overwhelming preponderance would constitute an active menace to us. Ten years ago it was different. Then America's military strength was negligible. It was exposed in the Philippines, in Hawaii, even on its own coasts. That was Japan's last chance to inflict any damage on America. But the war changed that. It made America the greatest military power in the world. For Japan to contemplate an offensive strategy in the event of a war now would be courting suicide. Now it must base its strategy on the fundamental principle of a defensive war. But it itself is not particularly menaced. For America also it would be foolish to contemplate an offensive strategy. It has no naval base large enough to fit out a whole fleet for battle nearer Japan than Hawaii, three thousand miles away. The Philippines would be of no use, for we could intercept any fleet on its way there. For your navy to risk battle three thousand miles away from its base after a voyage of three thousand miles against a fleet resting on its own base would be reckless folly unless your fleet were three times as large as ours. In fact, Japan's strategy, if war should come, would be to stay in its home waters, capture the Philippines, and then by playing on American impatience and pride of power seek to lure its fleet over here to combat under disadvantageous conditions that might give us the victory. So long as the proportions between our navies remain as they are now, Japan is not particularly alarmed."

It is practicable, then, I believe, without reference to Far-Eastern problems, to prevent the ruinous consequences that must follow if the new naval race already beginning is allowed to continue. The burden that must rest on the respective peoples can at least be lightened. The political complications that threaten most embarrassment are not those growing out of conflicting national policies, but those growing out of domestic political conditions, those factors that determine the will to disarm. No country is innocent of its jingoist alarmists, its military parties, and its interests that profit by armament manufacture, politically as well as financially. But these are strongest in Japan, and it is from Japan that the most formidable obstruction must come.

Among those who compose the ruling classes of Japan—the elder statesmen, the military clans, and the industrial oligarchy—the desire for the mildest restriction on military programs is negative, and compulsory where it is positive. While I was in Tokio the discussion of a naval truce began to take form as a result of Senator Borah's resolution. I took it up with members of the Hara cabinet, with political leaders, military men, and editors. Nothing that I heard led me to believe that there was a genuine interest in the subject as a practical question. They always told me with little variation in words that they favored a naval truce "in principle but—" The "but" could always be followed through to the admission that they wanted a naval truce after Japan had completed its eight-and-eight program: eight battleships, eight battle-cruisers, and smaller

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craft in proportion. That is, they were willing to stop building when they had built all they had money to pay for. Their attitude was best summed up in the words of Marquis Okuma, spoken with that arch ingenuousness which has enchanted many American notables:

"It is for the strong always to defer to the weak. They can yield without sacrifice of pride or humiliation, because they are strong. For the weak to defer to the strong is to suffer humiliation and imperil themselves, too. You, America, and Great Britain are the strong. It is for you to disarm first and show us the good example."

One might have pressed that analogy embarrassingly to cover the relations of China and Japan, but one does not do that with Okuma. A surviving statesman of the Restoration and thrice premier, he is the Grandest Old Man of Japan, a living legendary figure, institutionalized. One goes to the prophet, and he gives forth wisdom. One does not go disputatiously.

This attitude is not personal or even group refractoriness. It springs from a philosophy of place. Virtually all the men who rule Japan, in or out of office, are militarists by profession or owe their advancement to militarist support. Theirs is a militarism by heredity, and theirs a vested interest in the things of militarism. And men do not decree their own passing.

There is the added complication of the interplay of clan relations. On the whole the rulership of Japan is divided between two clans, Satsuma and Choshu. They are the survivals of the two strongest and most influential clans of the feudal shogunate period. Between them is a vigilant rivalry and sensitive jealousy, and much of the politics of Japan must be interpreted in the light of that rivalry. By a division of perquisites that came early after the abandonment of the shogunate sixty years ago the Choshu was given control of the army, the Satsuma of the navy. Now, any form of armament reduction would mean the weakening of both against the parvenu industrial barons and the commonalty. And since restriction would affect the navy more than the army, it would mean the weakening of Satsuma as against Choshu. The industrial barons must also be given weight in the balance. They are a fast-rising influence in Japanese affairs. Their alliance with the old feudal chieftains now turned militarist and bureaucrat is one of the basic facts in Japanese political life in the last ten years. The five or six powerful trading and manufacturing companies that constitute the industrial and financial oligarchy owe their wealth and influence in a large degree to their connections with the militarist-imperialist elements. To the militarist-imperialist enterprises on the Asiatic continent they look for their financial and commercial expansion. They, too, have a vested interest in the things of militarism.

To move this dead weight of interest there is only one fulcrum, one not too robust. That is public opinion in Japan itself. Uninformed and unorganized and unaware of its power as this is, it has nevertheless begun to make itself felt. The Japanese people have an intimate concern with armaments.

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Forty-nine per cent. of the latest budget is allotted to military expenditure, and the Japanese people, with a low wage-scale and a cost of living proportionately higher than ours, bend under the load of taxation required. With their increasing political consciousness they have begun to groan articulately and menacingly, all the more so because they find moral support in the public speeches of men like Ozaki, once a member of the cabinet, and even in the timorous generalities of the more venturesome section of the press.

No Japanese statesman not of the highest military rank, and therefore not subject to popular check, would dare to come out uncompromisingly in favor of appropriations for military expansion. He might advocate reduction and get into power on that platform, as Okuma did, and then outdo his predecessors in expenditure, and escape the penalty by winning popular favor on some side issue, specially some exploit in foreign affairs that fed the national vanity. Not only Okuma has done that. But no statesman could now declare himself openly and in advance for military expansion and increased taxation, not even with the American bogy painted its fiercest.

If the conference at Washington is conducted with sufficient publicity and the other powers press the issue to the Japanese people, forcing the burden of rejection on the Japanese delegates, I doubt whether they would have the timerity to choose rejection. It would weaken the appeal the Japanese ruling classes have always been able to put before their people, that Japan is encompassed by designing enemies, specially America. But thus to force the issue to the Japanese people convincingly demands not only a genuine desire for limitation of armament on the part of the other powers, but a vigorous and positive faith in it, and solidarity as well. I permit myself a question as to whether those exist.

Given the most promising and satisfactory arrangement possible with respect to future armament, the powers will nevertheless have been dealing with a symptom rather than an organic derangement, with an effect rather than a cause. They will have restricted the evils that flow from war, but they will not have touched the causes that lead to war. These causes have been making since the first white trader put in at a south China port and the first Western gunboat followed to keep him there against the protests of the Chinese—protests voicing a racial instinct, later to be vindicated, that the white man's coming brought evil in its train. The situation that confronts the world now in the Far East is only the cumulative effect of those causes. It is a situation that has been presented before from other parts of the world out of the same causes and that will be presented again from the Far East, the West, the North, and the South until the causes are eradicated—until, in short, the derangement in the organism of international society is cured by the knife.

That, of course, is only another way of saying that what confronts this conference is just what confronted the one at Paris three years ago. It is just

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that I mean to emphasize. Unless that is realized, this conference must of necessity come to naught. Just as, if I may venture an opinion in a controversial sphere, the Paris conference has come to naught. In passing I may point out that had that conference fulfilled the hopes that were built upon it, were there functioning now a real League of Nations instinct with the spirit one hoped would be born out of the war, this conference would not be necessary. This is only another legacy from the death of those hopes.

There is the danger that in this conference also there will be the enunciation of euphonious and euphemistic formulæ without application of them in concrete as a token of good faith. Well, formulæ have been laid down before to cover the Far East. The volumes of recent diplomatic history are thick with treaties guaranteeing China's integrity, and it has become so that Chinese tremble when another guaranty of their integrity is set down by two powers. It unfailingly leads to a new raid on China's integrity.

At the beginning of this century John Hay pronounced the doctrine of the open door for China, which every power publicly embraced. And not a single door to the various national compartments in China has ever been opened, and new ones have been cut and shut. Only a year ago in New York, in the formation of the new consortium, another formula was laid down; namely, that in the future loans to the Chinese Government be made only through the combination of powers constituting the consortium, thus ending the régime of spheres of influence, competition for concessions, and the debauching of the Chinese Government with loans that are merely bribes. And the ink was not dry on the articles of agreement before the signers had begun emasculating it in act. Mr. Ono of the Commercial Bank of Japan is now in Peking offering new loans in exchange for recognition of the utterly corrupt Nishihara loans of 1917 and 1918, and Mr. Takahashi, the Japanese Minister of Finance, has publicly declared Japan's willingness to "save the Chinese treasury" single-handed—in exchange for control, of course. And before I sailed for home from Hong-Kong a few weeks ago British representatives from Hong-Kong had gone to Peking to bring pressure on the Chinese Government for recognition of the Kwangtung Collieries Agreement, a contract made with a group of military bandits and calculated to make the most highly developed province in China a British colony. Where is the pooling of interests, the end of intriguing for concessions, where the consortium?

To give new guaranties, enunciate new principles, establish new formulæ, is alluringly, perilously easy, and as illusory. Why should Japan, since it is Japan whose encroachments have been most sinister in recent years, and since it is Japan that one has most in mind—why should Japan refuse to sign an agreement at Washington in 1921 guaranteeing China's integrity when it has signed a dozen such in as many years, the last one being no more than four years ago in the Lansing-Ishii Agreement? Why should it refuse to sign an agreement pledging the open door and equality of opportunity for all nations trading in China when it

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has signed that agreement a dozen times also? Or any other agreement? And why should any other power refuse when experience gives full assurance that agreements need not embarrass anybody? And what difference is it to China and to the peace of the Far East if they sign any or all of them, in the light of what those agreements mean without the spirit of the signers behind the letter of that which is signed?

While this is being written the agenda for the conference is the subject of diplomatic conversation among the powers. This describes another tangent on which the powers may wander off into nullity. As the mere enunciation of new formulæ is illusory, so also is absorption in what are known as Far-Eastern or Pacific problems. The Far-Eastern situation is more than an accumulation of problems. Wars are never made by specific problems except when specific problems are made the symbol of a struggle originating in conflicting imperial "destinies."

The removal of individual maladjustments and the healing of running sores are indispensable ingredients in any peace prophylaxis, but they are only two ingredients. Shan-tung is such a sore. So long as Japan is permitted to retain the Kiao-chau Peninsula by virtue of the iniquitous award of the Versailles treaty and to maintain its troops at the very capital of Shan-tung, commanding the principal right of way and thus closing an economic stranglehold over a whole quarter of China, there can be no stability in the Far East. So long as Japan persists in exercising sovereignty over south Manchuria and profiting by exactly the same usurpation of monopolistic privileges that it condemned when the Russians were guilty and later fought Russia over, with the sympathy of most of the world, there can be no stability in the Far East.

If Japan continues to subsidize insurrection in Siberia and spread chaos by means of its paid Russian agents while at the same time forcing monopolistic economic rights to all eastern Siberia, there can be no stability in the Far East. If Japan exacts full payment of the pound of flesh for which it forced China to sign the bond in 1915 when the rest of the world was engaged on the battle-fields of Europe, there can be no stability in the Far East. Certainly there can be only confusion and retrogression in China so long as Japan underwrites disorder in China, employs agents to keep the waters muddied, and subtly frustrates every effort by China to put itself on its feet.

The question of the future of Yap is in another category. It is episodic and transitory and, I believe, serious not on its intrinsic merits, but because of the already strained relations between the United States and Japan. The question of the rights of Japanese immigrants in the United States also is in another category. It is serious intrinsically because it creates the background of resentment that makes issues like Yap assume swollen proportions when they would otherwise be routine matters of diplomatic adjustment. Certainly there cannot be amicable relations between Japan and the United States so long as the United States uses its legal right to discrimi-

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nate against its Japanese residents in such a way as to convey the greatest possible insult.

These issues are in themselves of vast importance. Each of them now increases international tension. All of them must be settled. But it is not enough to settle any of them or all of them. Were they by some benign Providence that never watches over international affairs miraculously to be lifted out of the political scene, that still would not be an assurance of peace. For two reasons,

First, the Paris peace conference demonstrated that it was not enough to solve specific problems and remove specific injustices if the conditions that produced those problems and the moral attitudes that created the injustices were unchanged. A power bent on aggression, blocked on one road, lays another. It would be easy for Japan to agree to evacuate Shan-tung and then evacuate it; and every student of Far-Eastern affairs who knows Chinese political conditions intimately knows that Japan could buy it back again in sixty days through its tools among Chinese officialdom lifted back into power by Japanese financial support. It could evacuate Siberia, and then by backing men like Kappel and Simionov, its agents of the moment, obtain concessions to everything in Siberia worth having. The outcry that arose both East and West after the Twenty-one Demands were forced on China in 1915 did compel Japan to abandon its territorial and political aggressions in China, but Japan only changed her strategy to economic penetration, and found the results just as profitable. One problem will only be exchanged for another so long as Japan's objects remain the same; that is, so long as its imperialistic policy dictates the acquirement of hegemony over the East of Asia.

This brings us to the second reason, Japan's imperial policy. Japan indicated clearly enough by its reservations in its acceptance of President Harding's invitation that it does not want to discuss Far-Eastern questions. It does not want to discuss Manchuria or Shan-tung or the manifold gains won by the Twenty-one Demands. It is reluctant to discuss them not so much because it fears the prejudicing of those gains in themselves or because those gains are so invaluable in themselves, but because all of them represent definite steps taken in the last ten years toward what it conceives to be its imperial destiny. By them it won its paramountcy over China and recognition of its paramountcy by the Allies early in the war and later by America in the Lansing-Ishii Agreement. It crystalized the so-called Monroe Doctrine of the Far East. The Japanese variation of that doctrine is that Asia shall be for Asiatics alone as far as the Western hemisphere is concerned, and Asia for the Japanese as far as the Eastern hemisphere is concerned. It cannot relinquish its monopoly in Manchuria, it cannot step out of Siberia, it cannot give back Shan-tung, it cannot cancel the Twenty-one Demands without turning back on its destiny as it conceives its destiny or revising entirely its conception of it. The first no nation ever does willingly; the second it sees no reason to do.

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The whole foreign policy of Japan is based on one fundamental rule of action: eat or be eaten, seize or be seized. The history of its own hemisphere has been its text-book. When it was forcibly dragged out of feudal isolation by America into the nineteenth-century world it found that law in ruthless operation at its doors. It does not believe the law has ever been repealed. It does not believe, in other words, that the white powers have ever renounced their desire to partition China for themselves, and the partitioning of China would mean eventually the gobbling of Japan.

When the World War came, then, and the white powers had their hands tied, Japan's course was clearly mapped out—to forestall them. It pressed the Twenty-one Demands on China and by threat of war secured their acceptance, and then compelled the Allies and America to recognize the "special position" the demands gave. It intrenched itself politically in Peking. It took its grip on the vitals of China through Shan-tung. It mounted its own guard over Siberia. Now, when the war is over and one asks Japanese statesmen and military leaders when Japan will evacuate Shan-tung as it promised, when it will leave Siberia as it promised, when it will take its troops out of Mongolia and off the Chinese Eastern Railway as it promised, one gets an almost stereotyped reply: "Not for the present; it depends on how the international situation unfolds."

By that they mean they will wait to see whether the Western powers have changed their motives in the Far East, whether the battles for spheres of influence will be resumed, whether slices of China will be lopped off periodically as before. And, being hard-headed realists in *Weltpolitik* and looking about the world unblinded by illusions, they are skeptical. When, therefore, now that the war is over, the Western powers have their hands freed again for the grasping and, finding Japan with all the prizes in its own hands, ask it to replace them that they may get their shares—

And not only the irony, but the futility of it. We address the Japanese in the name of the integrity of China and the peace of the Far East. We ask them in the name of the integrity of China and the peace of the Far East to get out of Shan-tung. But how will the integrity of China be made secure and the peace of the Far East be assured if they do get out of Shan-tung, while the British stay on their little mist-wrapped rock off the Southern coast called Hong-Kong, and because they are there, not only demand an exclusive corridor straight through south China to Burma, but obstruct the development of all of south China? When no harbor can be developed on Kwangtung Province proper as natural outlet for the province, when no railway can be laid to tap the resources of a whole belt of provinces, when no mine can be disemboweled of its riches because the heavy hand of British influence reaches out and blocks them? And one hundred million souls are thus held in bondage to the few score tradesmen and money-changers in the rococo mansions on the Hong-Kong peak and the London directors of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank,

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Dodwells, Butterfield, and Swire, Jardine, Matheson, and others of the Far East commercial baronetcies?

In the name of the integrity of China and the peace of the Far East we ask the Japanese to open the door in Manchuria, on the northern borders of China. And how shall the integrity of China be made secure and the peace of the Far East be assured if they do open the door in Manchuria while the French in Indo-China, on the southern borders of China, rule as the ancient satraps ruled, and a Chinese who tries to buy forty pins from an American trader instead of a Frenchmen gets hounded from his ancestral plot, and the American cannot get a box of goods cleared through the customs? The open door! In the French sphere of influence it is not only shut; it is barred and bolted.

In the name of the integrity of China and the peace of the Far East we ask the Japanese to cease making loans to the Peking government in payment for monopolistic trade and development concessions. And how shall the integrity of China be made secure and the peace of the Far East be assured if they do cease making loans, while the Peking Club bar is lined at seven every evening with Britons, Frenchmen, Belgians, Italians, Scandinavians, and even Americans who are kept six thousand miles from their homes for no other purpose than to get monopolistic contracts for aëroplanes, wireless stations, street-car lines, power plants, or chewing-gum?

So the Japanese naturally say to us Americans: Why don't you ask the British to stop playing the dog in the manger at Hong-Kong? Why don't you ask the French to open the door in Indo-China and Yunnan? Why don't you ask the Britons, Frenchmen, Belgians, Italians, Scandinavians, and even Americans to stop snatching concessions in Peking? Why ask only us? What good would it do if we did what you asked? If we got out of Shan-tung and Manchuria and Mongolia and Siberia and stopped intriguing for concessions while the others stay where they are and continue intriguing? It would make little difference to China.

As for us Americans, untainted as our record has been in the Far East, the Japanese are suspicious of us, too, now, as much as of the others. Not Japanese alone are asking why our sudden, avid interest in the Far East, why we have thrown ourselves so precipitately into the breach for China. Not Japanese alone are wondering what our bankers, our government experts, our engineers, our manufacturers' agents, and our hosts of salemen now swarming over China purpose doing and in what spirit.

One other aspect of Japan's imperial policy must be considered. That is the pressure of its increasing population and its need for expansion. It is that aspect the Japanese apologists put forward most in addressing themselves to the West. It has a convincing ring. I believe it, nevertheless, to be of lesser importance. I believe it has had a lesser part in motivating Japan's action and is largely an *ex post facto* explanation of those actions.

Japan has an increasing population and a decreasing food supply; true. It is a singular and significant fact, however, that the Japanese do not expand into

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territories that they have a moral and legal right to occupy. They have not fully settled or developed even their own northernmost island. They have not colonized either Formosa or the southern half of Saghalien, which they own. They have not availed themselves of the opportunities for colonization Korea offers. There they have sent their soldiers and their officials and merchants to the cities, but farmers only on the land already well developed. They have not pioneered, they have not developed anything themselves. It is significant also that the territories coveted by Japan are chosen not with regard for their advantages for colonial settlement, but for their fitness in an imperialistic design. They are chosen with an eye to imperial strategy, not outlet for population.

The increase in Japan's population also demands some analysis. That it is a rapid increase is patent in statistics, but that it cannot be met by Japan's internal development is not so patent. Japan is industrializing rapidly. Industrialism will have two results, one invariable in any society, one peculiar to Japan's own society. It will obviously provide for part of the increase by the larger production made possible by the factory system, and the goods produced will buy food from outside. The British Isles do not produce their food within their own borders, either. Industrialism also will lessen the increase in population.

With industrialism there must inevitably be a change in the form of Japan's society; the change has already begun. The family system as the social unit will give place to the individual man as the unit. The family system, which is really in Japan and China a clan system, necessarily puts a premium on numbers; the greater the numbers, the more the glory reflected on the ancestors. In the individualistic society under the restraints of industrialism numbers are a handicap. The transformation of an agricultural and household-industry state of society into a society organized around the factory system has brought birth-control always. It must bring birth-control.

It is not with any set of isolated problems, then, that the conference at Washington has to deal. These are only the statements of Japan's aggressions of the last few years. And the aggressions are dictated by, and are the outworkings of, Japan's imperial policy. It is with that as a whole that the conference must deal.

Japan's imperial policy, its career of territorial aggrandizement, set apart and regarded by itself, is indefensible. It has been for a decade the disturbing factor in the Far East. It is calculated to produce, and has produced, unrest and disorder from Vladivostok to Hong-Kong. It must continue to do so. Unrevised or unchecked, it will continue to do so. That is a prime fact of contemporary international relations that the world cannot escape.

Japan's imperial policy cannot be set apart and regarded by itself, however. It took its direction from the conditions that confronted Japan in the Far East, and those have been created by the policy of the European powers in the Far East, at least in the past. That at bottom is the problem of the conference at Washington, the one problem, the basic problem.

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Evasion of that problem or failure to solve it will leave us just where we were before President Harding issued his call.

The approach to such a problem, since it deals with intangibles, is almost impossible to survey. For it no agenda can be drafted. It is not feasible to work evolutions in the morals of five nations in two or three months of intermittent sessions. The most that can be done, all that can be done, is to fix by unanimous agreement the goal toward which evolution must tend; to lay down the bases of the new morality that must obtain; to create as many safeguards against infractions of the code as is possible in international relations, and then to let the future reveal whether those who joined in the agreement did so genuinely or not.

The concrete and practical application will be found in the treatment accorded China. The whole world's attitude toward China must make a complete reversal. It must be reversed not only as to future intentions, but as to past actions. A beginning must be made of undoing the wrong that has been done China for three generations.

As much of China's sovereignty must be restored as it is compatible with existing conditions to restore. China must be given full equality in the sight of the law of nations. The treaties made by all the powers with China must be completely revised. The powers jointly must sit with China, preferably at Peking, and together draw up new treaties. The treaties that still determine China's status in the world were signed by China at the point of the gun in the relation of conquered and conqueror. They are not treaties between equals. They are the perpetuation, with the binding force of international law, of the relation of conquered and conqueror, and they work daily injustice on China. Revision of all the treaties simultaneously and with certain provisions prescribed for all has the added advantage of giving Japan no ground for crying that this is all a world conspiracy to deprive it of the fruits of its endeavor. Of course it would be unfair to compel Japan to cancel all the recent treaties and lose its perquisites while the treaties of the other powers remain intact, with all their special privileges.

Without considering internal conditions in China it is possible to unwrite many of the injustices and hindrances inflicted on that country. It is possible, for one thing, to restore at once China's tariff autonomy. China should no longer have to wait for the consent of a dozen or more powers to fix its own tariff rates, which are now compulsorily at a ridiculously low level. The foreign post-offices now functioning in China and drawing revenue away from the needy Chinese treasury should be given up.

A definite date should be set for the relinquishment of the right of extraterritoriality for foreign residents of China, provided China's judicial system has been sufficiently reformed to meet definitely stipulated requirements. Coöperation must at the same time be offered by the powers for the beginning at once of the reform of the judicial system by the establishment of model courts administered by the Chinese under supervision of foreign judges. The maintenance of separate and independent courts by foreign powers on

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Chinese soil and the immunity of foreign residents from Chinese law is a derogation of China's sovereignty as well as a source of injustice to China.

These are, however, relatively minor matters. Much more vital are territorial questions and questions of perquisites by special privilege. It must be laid down absolutely that there shall be no more alienations of Chinese territory, whether in the form of leases, concessions, or settlements. Definite dates must be fixed on which all Chinese soil now held by foreign nations shall revert to China. If necessary, conditions relating to ability to maintain orderly government may be attached, as with extraterritoriality. The spheres of influence must be abolished forthwith and proof given by the granting of a free field to all traders in the British, French, and Japanese spheres. It must be explicitly provided that no grants by China of monopolistic rights to any one power shall be recognized by any other power or be binding on it. It should be agreed as between the powers and China and among the powers themselves that no political loans shall be made by any power to China without the consent of the other powers.

Not till the powers have given proof in deed that they have reversed their previous attitude can the most important question of all, the development of China's resources, be taken up. The building of railways and highways, the reorganization of the currency system, the opening of mines and similar enterprises, are best postponed until that time comes. Then they must be undertaken with international help along the lines plotted by the new consortium. To touch them now is only to imperil China further and start another scramble for concessions. That is why China will have none of the consortium now.

I have made qualifications in the foregoing as to political conditions in China. These, unfortunately, make impossible full reparation to China at this time. It would be an injustice to China no less than to foreign interests in China to make retrocession of all foreign rights at this time. China is now demoralized worse than at any time since the Taiping Rebellion, seventy-five years ago. Its condition is utter chaos. There is no government. The provinces are all virtually independent. It is ruled, or misruled, by a host of bandit military officers. They have looted the treasury and the public revenues until the country's political organs are bankrupt. A saturnalia of corruption is over the country such as can hardly be paralleled. In these circumstances to return the foreign-leased territories and concessions to Chinese control would injure Chinese as much as foreigners. In those territories alone is there security of life and property and can the trade be carried on by which millions live. Much of this condition can be traced to foreign meddling in Chinese affairs, specially by the Japanese, and it is irony that foreign injustices should now prevent foreign restitution. Distinction must be made also between the degenerated China that is of the moment and the entity China that is of all time. That is the Chinese race—a race whose story goes back further

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than that of any other still surviving as a nation, and records a contribution to mankind surpassed by none.

I have suggested some of the measures that can be enacted by the conference as a beginning toward undoing the evils that have been done in the past and laying a foundation for stability and peace in the future. They are measures of lesser importance. Those which are of decisive importance are beyond the enactment of any conference. They are the test of time. The conference may declare that there shall be no more seizures of territory, no more spheres of influence, no more encroachments on China's rights, and the like, but by the spirit in which that is declared will it be determined whether there will be or not. Time only will reveal the spirit.

All of which is not a unique situation in the affairs of men, and is only to say that there is no royal road to peace. There is no road save by the will to peace. The will to peace is no stronger than the sacrifices men stand ready to make for it. If the powers are willing to renounce the advantages that have come to them in the past by aggression in the Far East, they can have peace, and only if they are willing so to renounce. If they are not, they will not have peace. They will continue in the ways of aggression, each driven by competition to go further than the other, Japan driven by habitude and momentum to go further than all, America driven by precedent to stand in Japan's path and block it—until the collision. Naturally, it will be America colliding with Japan. For the powers in conference assembled at Washington it is to choose: renunciation or war; and if renunciation, to give concrete tokens of good faith now and to set down for record compacts by which men may test their good faith in the future. A slender pillar for the shaken peace of the Pacific, I grant, but I know no other. As I said early in this article, we come to Washington, we who rule the world, not to solve problems, but to build a new morality. The conference is a beginning, not an end.

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Birthright[1]

By T. S. Stribling

Drawings by F. Luis Mora

Part II

The brown man turned briskly out into the hot afternoon sunshine, down the mean, semicircular street, where piccaninnies were kicking up clouds of dust. Siner hurried through the dusty area, and presently turned off a by-path that led over the hill, through a glade of cedars, and down to the white village, where he would meet Henry Hooker at the bank.

The glade was gloomy, but warm, for the shade of cedars somehow seems to hold heat. A carpet of needles hushed Siner's footfalls and spread a Sabbatical silence through the grove. The upward path was not smooth, but was broken with outcrops of the same reddish limestone that marked the whole stretch of the Tennessee River. Here and there in the grove were circles eight or ten feet in diameter, brushed perfectly clean of all needles and pebbles and twigs. These places were crap-shooters' circles, where black and white men were accustomed to squat to shoot dice.

Under the big stones on the hillside, Peter also knew, was cached illicit whisky, and at night the boot-leggers carried on a brisk trade among the gamblers. More than that, the glade on the Big Hill was used for still more demoralizing ends. It became a squalid grove of Ashtoreth; but now, in the autumn evening, all the petty obscenities of white and black sloughed away amid the religious implications of the dark green aisles.

The sight of a white boy sitting on an outcrop of limestone with a strap of school-books dropped at his feet rather surprised Peter. The negro looked at the hobbledehoy for several seconds before he recognized in the lanky youth a little Arkwright boy whom he had known and played with in his pre-college days. Now there was such an exaggerated wistfulness in young Arkwright's attitude that Peter was amused. He stopped in the path behind the preoccupied boy.

"Hello, Sam," he called. "What you doing out here? Why are n't you at school to-day?"

The Arkwright boy turned with a start.

"Aw—is that you, Siner?" Before the negro could reply, he added: "Was you on the Harvard foot-ball team, Siner? Guess the white fellows have a pretty gay time in Harvard, don't they, Siner? Geemenettie! but I get tired of this dern town. D' reckon I could make the foot-ball team? Looks like I could if a nigger like you could, Siner."

None of this juvenile outbreak of questions required answers. Peter stood looking at the hobbledehoy without smiling.

"Are n't you going to school?" he asked.

[1] Synopsis of Part I in "Among Our Contributors."

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Arkwright shrugged his shoulders.

"Aw, hell!" he said self-consciously. "We got marched down to the protracted meeting while ago—whole school did. My seat happened to be close to a window. When they all stood up to sing, I crawled out and skipped. Don't mention that, Siner."

"I won't."

"When a fellow goes to college he don't get marched to preaching, does he, Siner?"

"I never did."

"We-e-ll," mused young Sam, doubtfully, "you 're a nigger."

"I never saw any white men marched in, either."

"Oh, hell! I wish I was in college."

"What are you sitting out here thinking about?" inquired Peter of the ingenuous youngster.

"Oh—foot-ball and—women and God and—how to stock cards. You think about ever'thing in the woods. Damn it! I got to git out o' this little jay town. D' reckon I could git in the navy, Siner?"

"Don't see why you could n't, Sam. Have you seen Tump Pack anywhere?"

"Yeh; on Hobbett's corner. Say, is Cissie Dildine at home?"

"I believe she is."

"She cooks for us," explained young Arkwright, "and mammy wants her to come and git supper, too."

The phrase "get supper, too" referred to the custom in Hooker's Bend of negresses cooking only two meals a day at white homes, breakfast and the twelve-o'clock dinner, with a hot supper optional with the mistress.

Peter nodded, and passed on up the path, leaving young Arkwright seated on the ledge of rock, a prey to all the boiling, erratic impulses of adolescence. The negro sensed some of the innumerable difficulties of this white boy's life, and once, as he walked on over the silent needles, he felt an impulse to turn back and talk to young Sam Arkwright, to sit down and try to explain to the youth what he could of this hazardous adventure called life. But then, he reflected, very likely the boy would be offended at a serious talk from a negro. Also he thought that young Arkwright, being white, was really not within the sphere of his ministry. He, Peter Siner, was a worker in the black world of the South. He was part of the black world, which the white South was so meticulous to hide away, to keep out of sight and out of thought. Very well, he would remain out of sight and out of thought.

A certain vague sense of triumph trickled through some obscure corner of Peter's mind. It was so subtle that Peter himself would have been the first, in all good faith, to deny it and to affirm that all his motives were altruistic. Once he looked back through the cedars. He could still see the boy hunched over, chin in his fist, staring at the mat of needles.

As Peter turned the brow of the Big Hill he saw at its eastern foot the village church, a plain brick building with a decaying spire. Its side was perforated by four tall, arched windows. Each was a memorial window of stained glass, which gave it a black look from the outside. As Peter walked down the hill toward the church he heard the confused and somewhat nasal singing of uncultivated white voices.

When he reached Main Street, Peter found the whole business portion virtually deserted. All the stores were closed, and in every show-window stood a printed notice that no business

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would be transacted between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M. during the two weeks of revival then in progress. Beside this notice stood another card, giving the minister's text for the current day. On this particular day it read:

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD
Come hear Rev. E. B. Blackwater's
great Missionary address on
CHRISTIANIZING AFRICA
Eloquent, profound, heart-searching.
Illustrated with slides.

Half a dozen negroes lounged in the sunshine on Hobbett's corner as Peter came up. They were amusing themselves after the fashion of blacks by mock fights, feints, sudden wrestlings. They would seize one another by the head and grind their knuckles into one another's wool. Occasionally, one would leap up and fall into one of those grotesque shuffles called "breakdowns." It all held a certain rawness, an irrepressible juvenility.

As Peter came up, Tump Pack detached himself from the group and gave a pantomime of thrusting. He was clearly reproducing the action which had won for him his military medal. Then suddenly he fell down in the dust and writhed. He was mimicking the death-throes of his four victims with a ghastly realism. His audience howled with mirth at this dumb show of the bayonet-fight and of killing four men. Tump himself got up out of the dust with tears of laughter in his eyes. Peter caught the end of his sentence:

"Sho put it to 'em, black boy. Fo' white men—"

His audience roared again, swayed around, and pounded one another in an excess of mirth.

Siner shouted from across the street two or three times before he caught Tump's attention. The ex-soldier looked around, sobered abruptly.

"Wha' che want, niggah?" His inquiry was not over-cordial.

Peter nodded him across the street.

The heavily built black in khaki hesitated a moment, then started across the street with the dragging feet of a reluctant negro. Peter looked at him as he came up.

"What 's the matter, Tump?" he asked playfully.

"Ain't nuthin' mattah wid me, niggah."

Peter made a guess at Tump's surliness.

"Look here, are you puffed up because Cissie Dildine struck you for a ten?"

Tump's expression changed.

"Is she struck me fuh a ten?"

"Yes; on that school subscription."

"Is dat whut you two niggahs was a-talkin' 'bout ovuh thauh in yo' house?"

"Exactly." Peter showed the list, with Cissie's name on it. "She told me to collect off of you."

Tump brightened up.

"So dat was whut you two niggahs was a-talkin' 'bout ovuh at yo' house." He ran a fist down into his khaki, and drew out three or four one-dollar bills and about a pint of small change. It was the usual crap-shooter's offering. The two negroes sat down on the ramshackle porch of an old jeweler's shop, and Tump began a complicated tally of ten dollars.

By the time he had his dimes, quarters, and nickles in separate stacks, services in the village church were finished, and the congregation came filing up the street. First came the

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school-children, running and chattering, and swinging their books by the straps; then the business men of the hamlet, rather uncomfortable in coats and collars, hurrying back to their stores; finally came the women, surrounding the preacher.

§ 2

Tump and Peter walked on up to the entrance of the Planter's Bank and there awaited Mr. Henry Hooker, the cashier. Presently a skinny man detached himself from the church crowd and came angling across the dirty street toward the bank. Mr. Hooker wore somewhat shabby clothes for a banker; in fact he never could recover from certain personal habits formed during a penurious boyhood. He had a thin hatchet face which just at this moment was shining as if from some inward glow. Although an unhandsome little man, his expression was that of a man at peace with man and God and was pleasant to see. He had been so excited by the minister that he was constrained to say something even to two negroes. So as he unlocked the little one-story bank, he told Tump and Peter that he had been listening to a man who was truly a man of God. He said Blackwater could touch the hardest heart, and, sure enough, Mr. Hooker's rather popped and narrow-set eyes looked as if he had been crying.

All this encomium was given in a high, cracked voice as the cashier opened the door and turned the negroes into the bank. Tump, who stood with his hat off, listening to all the cashier had to say, said he thought so, too.

The shabby interior of the little bank, the shabby little banker, renewed that sense of disillusion that pervaded Peter's home-coming. In Boston the mulatto had done his slight banking business in a white marble structure with tellers of machine-like briskness and neatness.

Mr. Hooker strolled around into his grill-cage; when he was thoroughly ensconced he began business in his high voice.

"You came to see me about that land, Peter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sorry to tell you, Peter, you are not back in time to get the Tomwit place."

Peter came out of his musing over the Boston banks with a sense of bewilderment.

"How 's that? Why, I bought that land—"

"But you paid nothing for your option, Siner."

"I had a clear-cut understanding with Mr. Tomwit—"

Mr. Hooker smiled a smile that brought out sharp wrinkles around the thin nose on his thin face.

"You should have paid him an earnest, Siner, if you wanted to bind your trade. You colored folks are always stumbling over the law."

Peter stared through the grating, not knowing what to do.

"I 'll go see Mr. Tomwit," he said, and started uncertainly for the door.

The cashier's falsetto stopped him.

"No use, Peter. Mr. Tomwit surprised me, too, but no use talking about it. I did n't like to see so important a thing as the education of our colored people held up myself. I 've been thinking about it."

"Especially when I had made a fair square trade," put in Peter, warmly.

"Exactly," squeaked the cashier. "And rather than let your project be delayed, I 'm going to offer you the

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"Mr. Hooker already had the deed and the notes ready to sign"

old Dillihay place at exactly the same price, Peter—eight hundred."

"The Dillihay place?"

"Yes; that 's west of town, and it 's bigger by twenty acres than old man Tomwit's place."

Peter considered the proposition.

"I 'll have to carry this before the Sons and Daughters of Benevolence, Mr. Hooker."

The cashier repeated the smile that bracketed his thin nose in wrinkles.

"That 's with you, but you know what you say goes with the niggers here in town, and, besides, I won't promise how long I 'll hold the Dillihay place. Real estate is brisk around here now. I did n't want to delay a good work on account of not having a location." Mr. Hooker turned away to a big ledger on a breast-high desk, and apparently was about to settle himself to the endless routine of bank work.

Peter knew the Dillihay place well. It lacked the timber of the other tract;

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still, it was fairly desirable. He hesitated before the tarnished grill.

"What do you think about it, Tump?"

"You won't make a mistake in buying," answered the high voice of Mr. Hooker at his ledger.

"I don't think you 'll make no mistake in buyin', Petuh," repeated Tump's bass.

Peter turned back a little uncertainly, and asked how long it would take to fix the new deed. He had a notion of making a flying canvass of the officers of the Sons and Daughters in the interim. He was surprised to find that Mr. Hooker already had the deed and the notes ready to sign in anticipation of Peter's desires. Here the banker brought out the set of papers.

"I 'll take it," decided Peter; "and if the lodge does n't want it, I 'll keep the place myself."

"I like to deal with a man of decision," piped the cashier, a wrinkled smile on his sharp face.

Peter pushed in his bag of collections, then Mr. Hooker signed the deed, and Peter signed the land notes. They exchanged the instruments. Peter received the crisp deed, bound in a blue manuscript cover. It rattled unctiously. To Peter it was his first step toward a second Tuskegee.

The two negroes walked out of the Planter's Bank filled with a sense of well-doing. Tump Pack was openly proud of having been connected, even in a casual way, with the purchase. As he walked down the steps, he turned to Peter.

"Don't guess nobody could git a deed off on you wid stoppahs in it, is they?"

"We don't know any such word as 'stop,' Tump," declared Peter, gaily.

For Peter was gay. The whole incident at the bank was beginning to please him. The meeting of a sudden difficulty, his quick decision—it held the quality of leadership. Napoleon had it.

The two colored men stepped briskly through the afternoon sunshine along the mean village street. Here and there in front of their doorways sat the merchants yawning and talking, or watching pigs root in the piles of waste.

In Peter's heart came a wonderful thought. He would make his industrial institution such a model of neatness that the whole village of Hooker's Bend would catch the spirit. The white people should see that something clean and uplifting could come out of Nigger Town. The two races ought to live for a mutual benefit. It was a fine generous thought.

§ 3

All this musing was brushed away by the sight of old Mr. Tomwit crossing the street from the east side to the livery-stable on the west. That human desire of wanting the person who has wronged you to know that you know your injury moved Peter to hurry his steps and to speak to the old gentleman.

Mr. Tomwit had been a Confederate cavalryman in the Civil War, and there was still a faint breeze and horsiness about him. He was a hammered-down old gentleman, with hair thin, but still jet black, a seamed, sunburned face, and a flattened nose. His voice was always a friendly roar. Now, when he saw Peter turning across the street to meet him, he halted and called out at once:

"Now, Peter, I know what 's the

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matter with you. I did n't do you right."

Peter went closer, not caring to take the whole village into his confidence.

"How came you to turn down my proposition, Mr. Tomwit," he asked, "after we had agreed and drawn up the papers?"

"We-e-ell, I had to do it, Peter," explained the old man, loudly.

"Why, Mr. Tomwit?"

"A white neighbor wanted me to, Peter," boomed the cavalryman.

"Who, Mr. Tomwit?"

"Henry Hooker talked me into it, Peter. It was a mean trick, Peter. I done you wrong." He stood nodding his head and rubbing his flattened nose in an impersonal manner, "Yes, I done you wrong, Peter," he condemned loudly, and looked frankly into Peter's eyes.

The negro was immensely surprised that Henry Hooker had done such a thing. A thought came that perhaps some other Henry Hooker had moved into town during his absence.

"You don't mean the cashier of the bank?"

Old Mr. Tomwit drew out a plug of Black Mule tobacco, set some gapped, discolored teeth into a corner, nodded at Peter silently, as the same time utilizing the nod to tear off a large quid.

"Yeh," he proceeded in a muffled tone, "they ain't but one Henry Hooker; he is the one and only Henry. He said if I sold you my land, you 'd put up a nigger school and bring in so many blackbirds you 'd run me clean off my farm. He said it 'u'd ruin the whole town, a nigger school would."

Peter was deeply astonished.

"Why, he did n't talk that way to me!"

"Nachelly, nachelly," agreed the old cavalryman, dryly. "Henry has a diff'runt way to talk to ever man, Peter."

"In fact," proceeded Peter, "Mr. Hooker sold me the old Dillihay place in lieu of the deal I missed with you."

Old Mr. Tomwit moved his quid in surprise.

"The hell he did!"

"That at least shows he does n't think a negro school would ruin the value of his land. He owns farms all around the Dillihay place."

Old Mr. Tomwit turned his quid over twice and spat thoughtfully.

"That yuh deed in yuh pocket?" He held out his hand for the blue manuscript cover protruding from the mulatto's pocket with the air of a man certain to be obeyed. Peter handed it over. The old gentleman unfolded the deed, then moved it carefully to and from his eyes until the type-writing was adjusted to his focus. He read it slowly, with a movement of his lips and a drooling of tobacco-juice. Finally he finished, remarked, "I be damned!" in a deliberate voice, returned the deed, and proceeded across the street to the livery-stable, which was fronted by an old mulberry-tree, with several chairs under it. In one of these chairs he would sit for the remainder of the day, making an occasional loud remark about the weather or the crops, and watching the horses pass in and out of the stable.

Siner had vaguely enjoyed old Mr. Tomwit's discomfiture over the deed, if it was discomfiture that had moved the old gentleman to his sententious profanity. But the negro did not understand Henry Hooker's action at all. The banker had abused his position of trust as holder of a deed in

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escrow by snapping up the sale himself; then he had sold Peter the Dillihay place. It was a queer shift.

Tump Pack caught his principal's mood with that chameleon-like mental quality all negroes possess.

"Dat Henry Hookah," criticized Tump, "allus wuz a li'l' ol', dried-up snake in de grass."

"He abused his position of trust," said Peter, gloomily; "his motives seem very obscure to me."

"Dat sho am a fine way to put hit," said Tump, admiringly.

"Why do you suppose he bought in the Tomwit tract and sold me the Dillihay place?"

Asked for an opinion, Tump began twiddling his military medal and corrugated the skin on his inch-high brow.

"Now you puts it to me lak dat, Petuh," he answered with importance, "I wondahs if dat gimlet-haided white man ain't put some stoppahs in dat deed he guv you. He mout of."

Such remarks as that from Tump always annoyed Peter. Tump's intellectual method was to talk sense just long enough to gain his companion's ear, and then produce something absurd and quash the tentative interest.

Siner turned away from looking at Tump and said, "Piffle."

Tump was defensive at once.

"'T ain't piffle, eithah. I 's talkin' sense, niggah."

Peter shrugged and walked a little way in silence, but the soldier's nonsense stuck in his brain and worried him. Finally he turned rather irritably.

"Stoppers—what do you mean by stoppers!"

Tump opened his jet eyes and their yellowish whites. "I mean niggah-stoppahs," he reiterated, amazed in his turn.

"Negro-stoppers—" Peter began to laugh sardonically, and abruptly quitted the conversation.

Such rank superiority irritated the soldier to the *n-th* power.

"Look heah, black man, I know I *is* right. Heah, lem me look at that there deed. Maybe I can fin' 'em. I know I sutt'inly is right."

Peter walked on, paying no attention to the request until Tump caught his arm and drew him up short.

"Look heah, niggah," said Tump in a different tone, "I faded dat deed fuh ten iron men, an' I guess I got uh once-ovah comin' fuh muh money."

The soldier was plainly mobilized and ready to attack. To fight Tump, to fight any negro at all, would be Peter's undoing; it would surrender the moral leadership he hoped to gain. Moreover, he had no valid grounds for a disagreement with Tump. He passed over the deed, and the two negroes moved on their way to Nigger Town.

Tump trudged forward with eyes glued to paper, his face puckered in the unaccustomed labor of reading. His thick lips moved at the individual letters, and constructed them bunglingly into syllables and words. He was trying to uncover the verbal camouflage, by which the astute white brushed away all rights of all black men whatsoever.

To Peter there grew up something sadly comical in Tump's efforts. He might well typify all the colored folk of the South, struggling in a web of law and custom they did not understand, misplacing their suspicions, befogged, and fearful. A certain penitence for having been irritated at Tump softened Peter.

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"That 's all right, Tump; there is nothing to find."

At that moment the soldier began to bob his head.

"Eh! eh! eh! W-Wait a minute!" he stammered. "Whut dis? B'liebe I done foun' it! I sho is! Heah she am! Heah 's dis niggah-stoppah, jes lak I tol' ju!" Tump marked a sentence in the guaranty of the deed with a rusty forefinger and looked up at Peter in mixed triumph and accusation.

Peter leaned over the deed, amused. "Let 's see your mare's-nest."

"Well, she is thauh, an' you sho let loose a hundud dollahs of ouah sietie's money, an' got nuthin' fuh hit but a piece uv papah wid a niggah-stoppah on hit!"

Tump's voice was so charged with contempt that Peter looked with a certain uneasiness at his find. He read this sentence switched into the guaranty of the indenture:

"Be it further understood and agreed that no negro, black man, Afro-American, African, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, or any person whatsoever of colored blood or lineage, shall enter upon, seize, hold, occupy, reside upon, till, cultivate, own or possess any part or parcel of said property, or garner, cut, or harvest therefrom, any of the usufruct, timber, or emblements thereof, but shall by these presents be estopped from so doing forever."

Tump Pack drew a shaken, unhappy breath.

"Now I reckon you see what a niggah-stoppah is."

Peter stood in the sunshine, looking at the estoppel clause, his lips agape. Twice he read it over. It held something of the quality of those comprehensive curses that occur in the Old Testament. He moistened his lips and looked at Tump.

"Why, that can't be legal." His voice sounded empty and shallow.

"Legal! 'Fo' God, niggah, whauh you been tuh school all dese yeahs nevuh to heah uv a niggah-stoppah befo'!"

"But—but how can a stroke of the pen, a mere gesture, estop a whole class of American citizens forever?" cried Peter, with a rising voice. "Turn it around. Suppose they had put in a line no white man should own that land. It—it 's empty! I tell you, it 's mere words!"

Tump cut into his diatribe.

"No use talkin' lak dat. Ouah siety thought you was a' aidjucated niggah. We did n't think no white man could put nothin' ovah on you."

"Education!" snapped Siner. "Education is n't supposed to keep you away from shysters!"

"Keep you away f'om 'em!" cried Tump in a scandalized voice. "'Fo' God, niggah, you don' know nuthin'! Of co'se a' aidjucation ain't tuh keep you away f'om shysters; hit 's to mek you one 'uv 'em!"

Peter stood breathing irregularly, looking at his deed. A determination not to be cheated grew up and hardened in Peter's nerves. He refolded his deed with unsteady hands and put it into his pocket, then he turned about, and started back up the village street toward the bank.

Tump stared after him a moment and presently called out:

"Heah, niggah, wha' chu gon' do?" A moment later he repeated to his friend's back. "Look heah, niggah, I 'vise you against anything you 's gon' tuh do, less'n you 's ready to pass in yo' checks." As Peter strode on, Tump

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lifted his voice still higher. "Petuh! Hey, Petuh, I sho 'vise you 'g'inst anything you 's gwine tuh do!"

§ 4

A pulse throbbed in Siner's temples. The wrath of the cozened heated his body. His clothes felt hot. As he strode up the trash-piled street, the white merchants lolling in their doors began smiling. Presently a laugh broke out at one end of the street and was caught up here and there. It was the undying minstrel jest, the comedy of a black face. Dawson Bobbs leaned against the wide brick entrance of the livery-stable, his red face balled into shining convexities by a quizzical smile.

"Hey, Peter," he drawled, winking at old Mr. Tomwit, "been investing in real estate?" and broke into Homeric laughter.

As Peter passed on, the constable dropped casually in behind the brown man and followed him up to the bank.

To Peter Siner the walk up to the bank was an emotional confusion. He had a dim consciousness that voices said things to him along the way and that there was laughter. All this was drowned by desperate thoughts and futile plans to regain his lost money flashing through his head. The cashier would exchange the money for the deed; he would enter suit and carry it to the Supreme Court; he would show the money had not been his, he had had no right to buy; he would beg the cashier. His head seemed to spin around and around.

He climbed the steps into the Planter's Bank and entered the screen-door. The cashier glanced up briefly, but continued busily at his ledger.

Peter walked shakenly to the barred window in the grill.

"Mister Hooker."

"Very busy now, Peter," came the high voice.

"I want to know about this deed."

The banker was nimbly setting down long rows of figures.

"No time to explain deeds, Peter."

"But—but there is a clause in this deed, Mr. Hooker, estopping colored persons from occupying the Dillihay place."

"Precisely. What about it?" Mr. Hooker snapped out his inquiry and looked up suddenly, catching Peter full in the face with his narrow-set eyes. It was the equivalent of a blow.

"According to this, I—I can't establish a school on it."

"You cannot."

"Then what can I do with it!" cried Peter.

"Sell it. You have what lawyers call a cloud on the title. Sell it. I 'll give you ten dollars for your right in it, just to clear up my title."

A queer trembling seized Peter. The little banker turned into a queer, fantastic caricature of a man. His hatchet face, close-set eyes, harsh, straight hair, with his squeaky voice, looked like some prickly, dried-up gnome a man sees in a fever.

At that moment the little wicket-door of the window opened under the pressure of Peter's shoulder. Inside, on the desk lay neat piles of bills in all denominations, ready to be placed in the vault. In a nervous tremor Peter dropped in his blue-covered deed and picked up a hundred-dollar bill.

"I—I won't trade," he gibbered. "It—it was n't my money. Here 's your deed!" Peter was moving away.

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He felt a terrific impulse to run, but he walked.

The banker straightened abruptly.

"Stop there, Peter!" he screeched.

At that moment Dawson Bobbs lounged into the door with his perpetual grin balling up his broad, red face. He had a toothpick in his mouth.

"S'matter?" he asked casually.

"Peter there," said the banker, with a pale, sharp face, "does n't want to stick to his trade. He is just walking off with one of my hundred-dollar bills."

"Sick o' yo' deal, Peter?" inquired Bobbs, smiling and shifting the toothpick. He bit down on it. "Well, wha' che want done, Henry?"

"Oh," hesitated the cashier in a quandary, "nothing, I suppose. Siner was excited; you know how niggers are. We can't afford to send every nigger to the pen that breaks the law." He stood studying Peter out of his close-set eyes. "Here 's your deed, Peter," —he shoved it back under the grill,— "and lem me give you a little friendly advice. I 'd just run an ordinary nigger school if I was you. This higher education don't seem to make a nigger much smarter when he comes back than when he starts out." A faint smile bracketed the thin nose.

Dawson Bobbs roared with sudden appreciation, took the bill from Peter's fingers, and pushed it back under the grill.

The cashier picked up the money, casually. He considered a moment, then reached for a long envelop. As he did so, the incident with Peter evidently passed from his mind, for his hatchet face lighted up as with some inward illumination.

"Bobbs," he said warmly, "that was a great sermon Brother Blackwater preached. It made me want to help according as the Lord has blessed me. Could n't you spare five dollars, Bobbs, to go along with this?"

The constable tried to laugh and wriggle away, but the cashier's eyes kept boring him, and eventually he fished out a five-dollar bill and handed it in. Mr. Hooker placed the two bills in the envelop, sealed and handed it to the constable.

"Jest drop that in the post-office as you go down the street, Bobbs," he directed in his high voice.

Peter caught a glimpse of the typewritten address. It was:

Rev. Lemuel Hardiman,
C/a United Missions,
Katuako Post,
Bahr el Ghazal,
Sudan,
East Africa.

§ 5

The white population of Hooker's Bend was much amused and gratified at the outcome of the Hooker-Siner land deal. Every one agreed that the cashier's chicanery was a droll and highly original turn to give to a negro exclusion clause drawn into a deed. Then, too, it involved several legal points highly congenial to the Hooker's Bend intellect. Could the Sons and Daughters of Benevolence recover their hundred dollars? Could Henry Hooker force them to pay the remaining seven hundred? Could not Siner establish his school on the Dillihay place regardless of the clause, since the cashier would be estopped from obtaining an injunction by his own instrument?

As a matter of fact, the Sons and Daughters of Benevolence sent a com-

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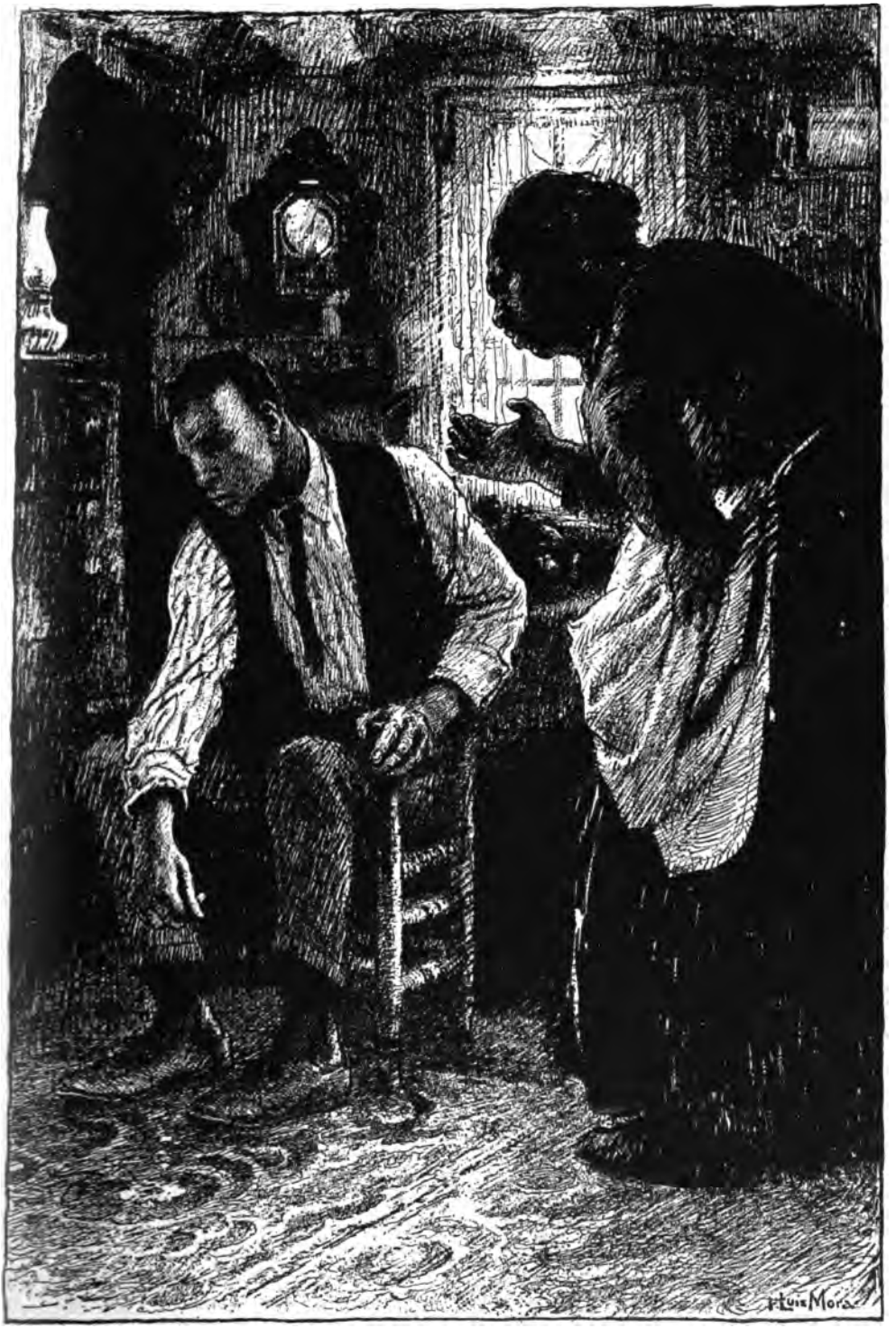

"In the Siner cabin old Caroline Siner berated her boy"

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mittee to wait on Mr. Hooker to see what action he meant to take on the notes that paid for his spurious deed. This brought another harvest of rumors. Street gossip reported that Henry had compromised for this, that, and the other amount, that he would not compromise, that he had persuaded the fool niggers into signing still other instruments. Peter never knew the truth. He was not on the committee.

But high above the legal phase of interest lay the warming fact that Peter Siner, a negro graduate of Harvard, on his first tilt in Hooker's Bend affairs had ridden to a fall. This pleased even the village women, whose minds could not follow the subtle trickeries of legal disputation. The whole affair simply proved what the white village had known all along: you can't educate a nigger. Hooker's Bend warmed with pleasure that half of its population was ineducable.

White sentiment in Hooker's Bend reacted strongly on Nigger Town. Peter Siner's prestige was no more. The cause of higher education for negroes took a mighty slump. Junius Gholston, a negro boy who had intended to go to Nashville to attend Fisk University, reconsidered the matter, packed away his good clothes, put on overalls, and shipped down the river as a roustabout instead.

In the Siner cabin old Caroline Siner berated her boy for his stupidity in ever trading with that low-down, twisting snake in the grass, Henry Hooker. She alternated this with floods of tears. Caroline had no sympathy for her offspring. She said she had thrown away years of self-sacrifice, years of washing, a thousand little comforts her money would have bought, all for nothing, for less than nothing—to ship a fool up North and to ship him back again.

Of all Nigger Town, Caroline was the most unforgiving because Peter had wounded her in her pride. Every other negro in the village felt that genial satisfaction in a great man's downfall that is balm to small souls. But the old mother knew not this consolation. Peter was her proxy. It was she who had fallen.

The only person in Nigger Town who continued amiable to Peter Siner was Cissie Dildine. The octoroon, perhaps, had other criteria by which to judge a man than his success or mishap in dealing with a pettifogger.

Two or three days after the catastrophe Cissie made an excursion to the Siner shack with a plate of cookies. Cissie was careful to place her visit on exactly a normal footing. She brought her little cakes in the rôle of one who saw no evil, spoke no evil, and had heard no evil. But somehow Cissie's visit increased the old woman's wrath. She remained obstinately in the kitchen, and made loud remarks not only audible, but arresting, through the thin partition that separated it from the poor living-room.

Cissie was hardly inside when a voice stated that it hated to see a gal running after a man, trying to bait him with a lot of fum-diddles.

Cissie gave Peter a single wide-eyed glance, and then attempted to ignore the bodiless comment.

"Here are some cookies, Mr. Siner," began the girl, a little nervously. "I thought you and Aunt Carolin'—"

"Yeh, I 'magine dey 's fuh me!" jeered the spectral voice.

"Might like them," concluded the girl, with a little gasp.

"I sutt'inly don't want no light-

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fingered hussy ma'yin' my son," proceeded the voice, "an' de whole Dildine fambly ull bear watchin'."

"Won't you have a seat?" asked Peter, exquisitely uncomfortable.

Cissie handed him her plate in confusion.

"Why, no, Mr. Siner," she hastened in her careful grammar, "I just—ran over to—"

"Tuh fling huhse'f in a niggah's face 'cause he 's been No'th and got made a fool of," boomed the hidden censor.

"I must go now," gasped Cissie.

Peter made a harried gesture.

"Wait—wait till I get my hat."

He put the plate down with a swift glance around for his hat. He found it, and strode to the door, following the girl. The two hurried out into the street, followed by indistinct strictures from the kitchen. Cissie breathed rapidly, with open lips. They moved rapidly along the semicircular street almost with a sense of flight. For some distance they walked in a nervous silence, then Cissie said:

"Your mother certainly hates me, Peter."

"No," said Peter, trying to soften the situation, "it 's me; she 's terribly hurt about—" he nodded toward white town—"that business."

Cissie opened her clear, brown eyes.

"Your own mother turned against you!"

"Oh, she has a right to be," began Peter, defensively. "I ought to have read that deed. It 's amazing I did n't, but I—I really was n't expecting a trick. Mr. Hooker seemed so—so sympathetic—" He came to a lame halt, staring at the dust through which they picked their way.

"Of course you were n't expecting tricks!" cried Cissie, warmly. "The whole thing shows you 're a gentleman used to dealing with gentlemen. But of course these Hooker's Bend negroes will never see that!"

Peter, surprised and grateful, looked at Cissie. Her construction of the swindle was more flattering than any apology he had been able to frame for himself.

"Still, Cissie, I ought to have used the greatest care—"

"I 'm not talking about what you 'ought,'" stated the octoroon, crisply; "I 'm talking about what you are. When it comes to 'ought,' we colored people must get what we can, any way we can. We fight from the bottom."

"One thing is sure, I 've lost my prestige, whatever it was worth."

The girl nodded slowly.

"With the others you have, I suppose."

Peter glanced at Cissie. It was a strong temptation to give the conversation a personal turn, but he continued on the general topic:

"Well, perhaps it 's just as well. My prestige was a bit too flamboyant, Cissie. All I had to do was to mention a plan. The Sons and Daughters did n't even discuss it. They put it right through. That was n't healthy."

They moved along for some distance in silence, when the girl asked:

"What are you going to do now, Peter?"

"Teach, and keep working for that training school," stated Peter, almost belligerently. "You did n't expect a little thing like a hundred dollars to stop me, did you?"

"No-o-o," conceded Cissie, with some reserve of judgment in her tone. Presently she added, "You could do a lot better up North, Peter."

"For whom?"

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"Why, yourself," said the girl, a little surprised.

Siner nodded.

"I thought all that out before I came back here, Cissie. A friend of mine named Farquhar offered me a place with him up in Chicago—a string of garages. You 'd like Farquhar, Cissie. He 's a materialist with an absolutely inexorable brain. I told him I could not take his offer. 'It 's like this,' I argued, 'if every negro with a little ability leaves the South, our people down here will never progress.' Farquhar argued—" Just then Peter saw that Cissie was not attending his discourse. She was walking at his side in a respectful silence. He stopped talking, and presently she smiled and said:

"You have n't noticed my new brooch, Peter." She lifted her hand to her bosom, and twisted the face of the trinket toward him. "You ought not to have made me show it to you after you recommended it yourself." She made a little moue of disappointment.

It was a pretty bit of old gold that complemented the creamy skin. Peter began admiring it at once, and, after negro fashion, rather overstepped the limits white beaux set to their praise.

At the moment the two were passing one of the oddest houses in Nigger Town. It was a two-story cabin built in the shape of a steamboat. A little cupola represented a pilot-house, and two iron chimneys served for smoke-stacks.

This queer building had been built by a negro stevedore out of a deep admiration for the steamboats on which he had made his living. Instead of steps at the front door, this boat-like house had a stage-plank. As Peter strolled down the street with Cissie, admiring her brooch, and suffused with a sense of her warmth and perfume, he happened to glance up, and saw Tump Pack walk down the stage-plank, come out, and wait for them at the gate.

There was something grim in the ex-soldier's face as the two came up, but the aura of the girl prevented Peter from paying much attention to it. As the two passed Tump, Peter had just lifted his hand to his hat when Tump made a quick step out of the gate, in front of them, and swung a furious blow at Peter's head.

Cissie screamed. Siner staggered back with flames dancing before his eyes. The soldier lunged after his toppling man with gorilla-like blows. Hot pains shot through Peter's body. His head roared like a gong. The sunlight danced about him in flashes. The air was full of black fists smashing him, and not five feet away, the bullet head of Tump Pack bobbed this way and that in the rapid shifts of his attack. A stab of pain cut off Peter's breath. At that moment he glimpsed the convexity of Tump's stomach. He dropped-kicked at it with foot-ball desperation. Tump seemed to rise a foot or two in air, turned over, and thudded down on his shoulders in the dust. The soldier made no attempt to rise, but curled up, twisting in agony.

Peter stood in the dust-cloud, wobbly, with roaring head. His open mouth was full of dust. Then he became aware that negroes were running in from every direction, shouting. Their voices whooped out what had happened, who it was, who had licked. Tump Pack's agonized spasms brought howls of mirth from the black fellows. Negro women were in the crowd, grin-

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ning, a little frightened, but curious.

When Peter gradually became able to breathe and could think at all, there was something terrible to him in Tump's silent attack and in this extravagant black mirth over mere suffering. Cissie was gone; had fled, no doubt, at the beginning of the fight.

The prostrate man's tortured abdomen finally allowed him to twist around toward Peter. His eyes were popped, and seemed all yellows and streaked with swollen veins.

"I 'll git ye fuh this," he wheezed, spitting dust. "Yuh did n't fight fair —yuh—"

The black chorus rolled their heads and pounded one another in a gale of merriment.

§ 6

Peter Siner turned away toward his home filled with sick thought. He never realized so clearly the open sore of Nigger Town life and its great need of healing, yet this would further bar him from any constructive work. There would be no discrimination in the scandal. He, Peter Siner, would be grouped with the boot-leggers and crap-shooters and women-chasers who filled Nigger Town with their brawls. As a matter of simple fact, he had been fighting with another negro over a woman. That he was subjected to an attack without warning or cause would never become a factor in the analysis.

Two of Peter's teeth were loose; his left jaw was swelling; his head throbbed.

When Siner reached home, his mother met him at the door. Thanks to the swiftness with which gossip spreads among black folk, she had already heard of the fight, and incidentally had formed her judgment of the matter. Now she looked at her son's swelling face in exasperation.

"I 'cla' 'fo' God, ain't been home a week befo' he 's fightin' ovuh a niggah wench lak a roustabout!"

Peter's head throbbed so he could hardly make out the details of Caroline's face.

"But, Mother," he began defensively, "I—"

"Me sweatin' ovuh de wash-pot," went on the negress, "so 's you could go up Nawth an lea'n a li'l' sense— heah you comes back chasin' a—"

"But, Mother," he begged thickly, "I was simply walking home with Miss Dildine."

"Miss Dildine! Miss Dildine!" exploded the ponderous woman, with an erasing gesture. "If you means dat stuck-up fly-by-night, Cissie Dildine, say so, and don' stan' thauh mouthin' 'Miss Dildine, Miss Dildine'!"

"Mother," asked Peter, thickly through his swelling mouth, "do you want to know what did happen?"

"Done knows. I tol' you to keep away f'om that hussy. She 's a fool about huh bright culluh an' straight haiuh."

"What girl would you be willing for me to go with?" he asked in faint satire.

"Heuh in Niggah Town?"

Peter nodded.

"None at all. No Niggah Town wench a' tall. When you mus' ma'iy, I 'm 'speckin' you tuh go off summuhs an pick yo' gal, lak you went off to pick yo' education." She swung out a thick arm, looked at Peter out of the corner of her eyes, her head tilted to one side, as negresses do when they become dramatically serious.

Next day the Siner-Pack fight was the focus of news interest in Hooker's

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Bend. White mistresses extracted the story from their black maids, and were amused by it, or deprecated Cissie Dildine's morals as the mood moved them. Along Main Street, in front of the village stores, the merchants and hangers-on discussed the affair. The negro men of the village discussed the fight on the street corners, or piled around on cotton-bales down on the wharf. It was for the most part a purely technical discussion of blows and counters and kicks, and of the strange fact that a college education failed to enable Siner utterly to annihilate his adversary.

Jim Pink Staggs, a dapper gentleman of ebony blackness, of pin-stripe flannels, and blue serge coat, altogether a gentleman of many parts, sat on one of the bales and indolently watched an old black crone fishing from a ledge of rocks just a little way below the wharf-boat. Around Jim Pink lounged and sprawled black men and youths, stretching on the cotton-bales like cats in the sunshine.

Jim Pink was discussing Peter.

"I kain't see no use goin' off lak dat an' den comin' back an' lettin' a white man cheat you out'n yo' hide an' taller, an' lettin' a black man beat you up tull you has to kick him in the spivit. Ef a' aidjucation does you any good a' tall, you 'd be boun' to beat de white man at one en' uv de line, an' de black man at de udder. Ef Petuh ain't to be foun' at eider en', whauh is he?"

"Um-m-m, you sho spoke a mouf-ful, Jim Pink!" came an assenting chorus from the bales.

§ 7

Eventually such gossip died away, and took another flurry when a report went abroad that Tump Pack was carrying a pistol and meant to shoot Peter on sight. Then this in turn ceased to be news and of human interest. It clung to Peter's mind longer than to any other person's in Hooker's Bend, and it presented to the brown man a certain problem in casuistry.

Should he accede to Tump Pack's possession of Cissie Dildine and give up seeing the girl? Such a course cut across all his fine-spun theory about women having free choice of their mates. However, the Harvard man could not advocate a socialization of courtship when he himself would be the first beneficiary. The prophet whose finger points selfward is damned. Furthermore, all Nigger Town would side with Tump Pack in such a controversy. It was no uncommon thing for the very negro women to fight over their beaux and husbands. As for any social theory changing this régime, in the first place Nigger Town could n't understand the theory; in the second, it would have no influence if they could. Actions never grow out of theories; theories grow out of actions.

Now, in regard to Cissie Dildine, Peter was not precisely afraid of Tump Pack, but he could not clear his mind of the fact that Tump had been presented with a medal by the Congress of the United States for killing four men. Good sense and a care for his reputation and his skin told Peter to abandon his theory of free courtship for the time being. This meant a resignation of Cissie Dildine; but he told himself he resigned very little. He had no reason to think that Cissie cared a picayune about him.

Peter's work kept him indoors for a number of days following the encounter. He was reviewing some primary-

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school work in order to pass a teacher's examination that would be held in Jonesboro, the county seat, in about three weeks.

To the uninitiated it may seem a weird thing to behold a Harvard graduate stuck down day after day poring over a pile of dog-eared school-books. But when it comes to standing a Wayne County teacher's examination, the specific answers to the specific questions on a dozen old examination slips are worth all the degrees Harvard ever did confer.

So Peter Siner looked up long lists of questions, and attempted to memorize the answers. But the series of missteps he had made since returning to Hooker's Bend besieged his brain and drew his thoughts from his catechism. It seemed strange that in so short a time he should have wandered so far from the course he had set for himself. His career in Nigger Town formed a record of slight mistakes, but their combined force had swung him a long way from the course he had plotted for himself. There was no way to explain. Hooker's Bend would judge him by the sheer surface of his works. What he had meant to do, his dreams and altruisms, they would never surmise. That was the irony of the thing.

Then he thought of Cissie Dildine, who did understand him. This thought might have been Cissie's cue to enter the stage of Peter's mind. Her oval, creamy face floated between Peter's eyes and the dog-eared primer. He thought of Cissie wistfully, and her lonely fight for good language, good manners, and good taste. There was a pathos about Cissie.

Peter got up from his chair and looked out of his high window into the early afternoon. He had been poring over primers for three days, stuffing the most heterogeneous facts. His head felt thick and slightly feverish. Through his window he saw the side of another negro shack, but by looking at an angle eastward he could see a field yellow with corn, a valley, and, beyond, a hill wooded and glowing with the pageantry of autumn. He thought of Cissie Dildine again, of walking with her among the burning maples and the golden elms. He thought of the restfulness such a walk with Cissie would bring.

As he mused, Peter's soul made one of those sharp liberating movements that occasionally visit a human being. The danger of Tump Pack's jealousy, the loss of his prestige, the necessity of learning the specific answers to the examination-questions, all dropped away from him as trivial and inconsequent. He turned from the window, put away his books and question-slips, picked up his hat, and moved out briskly through his mother's room toward the door.

The old woman must have heard him, for she called to him through the partition, and a moment later her bulky form filled the kitchen entrance. She wiped her hands on her apron and looked at him accusingly.

"Wha you gwine, Son?"

"For a walk."

The old negress tilted her head aslant and looked fixedly at him.

"You 's gwine tuh dat Cissie Dildine's, Petuh."

Peter looked at his mother surprised and rather disconcerted that she had guessed his intentions from his mere footsteps. The young man changed his plans for his walk, and began a diplomatic denial.

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"No, I 'm going to walk by myself. I 'm tired; I 'm played out."

"Tiahed?" repeated his mother, doubtfully. "You ain't done nuthin' but set an' tu'n books an' write on a li'l' piece uh papah."

Peter was vaguely amused in his weariness, but thought that he concealed his mirth from his mother.

"That gets tiresome after a while."

She grunted her skepticism. As Peter moved for the door she warned him:

"Petuh, you knows if Tump Pack sees you, he 's gwine shoot you sho."

"Oh, no he won't; that 's Tump's talk."

"Talk! talk! Wha 's mattuh wid you, Petuh? Dat niggah done got crowned fuh killin' fo' men." She stood staring at him with white eyes. "Now, look heah, Petuh, come uhlong an' eat yo' suppah."

"No, I really need a walk. I won't walk through Nigger Town. I 'll walk out in the woods."

The old negress shifted uncomfortably.

"I jes made some salmon c'oquettes fo' you what 'll spile ef you don' eat 'em now."

"I did n't know you were making croquettes," said Peter, with polite interest.

"Well, I is. I got ta can o' salmon f'om Miss Mollie Brownell which she had opened an' could n't quite use. I doctahed 'em up wid a li'l' vinegah an' sody, an' they ah 'bout as pink as they evuh wuz."

A certain uneasiness and annoyance came over Peter at this persistent use of unwholesome foods.

"Look here, Mother, you 're not using old canned goods that have been left over?"

The old negress stood looking at him in silence, but lost her inviting expression.

"I 've told and told you about using any tainted or impure foods that the white people can't eat."

"Well, whut if you is?"

"If it 's too bad for them, it 's too bad for you."

Caroline made a careless gesture.

"Good Lawd, boy, I does n't 'speck tuh eat whut 's good fuh me. All I says is, 'Grub, keep me uhlive.' Ef you do that, you done a good day's wuk."

Peter was disgusted and shocked at his mother's flippancy. Modern colleges are atheistic, but they do exalt three gods, food, cleanliness, and exercise. Now here was Peter's mother blaspheming one of his trinity.

"I wish you 'd let me know when you want anything, Mother. I 'll get it fresh for you." His words were filial enough, but his tone carried its irritation.

The old negress turned back to the kitchen.

"Huh, boy, you been fotch up on lef'-ovahs," she said, and disappeared through the door.

(The end of the second part of "Birthright")

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Paul's Wife

By Robert Frost

Drawings by James Chapin

Foreword

The lumberjacks of our logging-camps have created, by the grace of primitive imagination, a mythical hero—Paul. Sometimes he is called Paul Bunyon, sometimes by other names; but he is always Paul.

The Paul legend is authentic American folk-lore still in the making. Just when and where the stories originated no one knows. We know only that in Maine, in Canada, in Michigan, and in Oregon tales of Paul's valor are told around bunk-house stoves on winter nights, and that with the telling the legend grows.

The Paul of lumberjack fancy is a hero of unlimited strength, unequaled daring, and a facility for accomplishing the seemingly impossible by clever and highly original methods. Nothing is too difficult for Paul. Say that anything is impossible, and the lumberjack replies, "Paul could do it—easy."

In the following pages Robert Frost tells the story of how Paul found a wife and lost her.

—The Editor.

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Paul's Wife

To drive Paul out of any lumber-camp
All that was needed was to say to him,
"How is the wife, Paul?" and he 'd disappear.
Some said it was because he had no wife
And hated to be twitted on the subject.
Others because he 'd come within a day
Or so of having one and then been jilted.
Others because he 'd had one once, a good one,
Who 'd run away with some one else and left him.
And others still because he had one now
He only had to be reminded of;
He was all duty to her in a minute;
He had to run right off to look her up,
As if to say: "That 's so, how *is* my wife?
I hope she is n't getting into mischief."
No one was anxious to get rid of Paul.
He 'd been the hero of the mountain camps
Ever since, just to show them, he had slipped
The bark of a whole tamarack off whole,
As clean as boys do off a willow twig
To make a willow whistle on a Sunday
In April by subsiding meadow brooks.
They seemed to ask him just to see him go,
"How is the wife, Paul?" and he always went.
He never stopped to murder any one
Who asked the question. He just disappeared,
Nobody knew in what direction,
Although it was n't usually long
Before they heard of him in some new camp
The same Paul at the same old feats of logging.
The question everywhere was, Why should Paul
Object to being asked a civil question—
A man you could say almost anything to
Short of a fighting word? You have the answers.
And there was one more not so fair to Paul:
That Paul had married a wife not his equal.

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Paul was ashamed of her. To match a hero,
She would have had to be a heroine;
Instead of which she was some half-breed squaw.
But if the story Murphy told was true,
She was n't any one to be ashamed of.

You know, Paul could do wonders. Every one 's
Heard how he thrashed the horses on a load
That would n't budge until they simply stretched
Their rawhide harness from the load to camp.
Paul told the boss the load would be all right.
"The sun will bring your load in," and it did—
By shrinking the rawhide to natural length.
That 's what is called a stretcher. But I guess
The one about his jumping so 's to land
With both his feet at once against the ceiling,
And then land safely, right side up again,
Back on the floor is fact or pretty near fact.
Well, this is such a yarn. Paul sawed his wife
Out of a white-pine log. Murphy was there,
And, as you might say, saw the lady born.
Paul worked at anything in lumbering.
He 'd been hard at it taking boards away
For I forget—the last ambitious sawyer
To want to find out if he could n't pile
The lumber on Paul till Paul begged for mercy.
They 'd sliced the first slab off a big butt log,
And the sawyer had slammed the carriage back
To slam end on again against the saw-teeth.
To judge them by the way they caught themselves
When they saw what had happened to the log,
They must have had a guilty expectation
Something was going to go with their slam-banging.
Something had left a long black streak of grease
On the new wood the whole length of the log
Except perhaps a foot at either end.
But when Paul put his finger in the grease,
It was n't grease at all, but a long slot.
The log was hollow. They were sawing pine.
"First time I ever saw a hollow pine.
That comes of having Paul around the place.
Take it to hell for me," the sawyer said.

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Every one had to have a look at it,
And tell Paul what he ought to do about it.
(They treated it as his.) "You take a jack-knife
And spread the opening, and you 've got a dugout
All dug to go a-fishing in." To Paul
The hollow looked too sound and clean and empty
Ever to have housed birds or beasts or bees.
There was no entrance for them to get in by.
It looked to him like some new kind of hollow
He thought he 'd *better* take his jack-knife to.
So after work that evening he came back
And let enough light into it by cutting
To see if it was empty. He made out in there
A slender length of pith—or was it pith?
It might have been the skin a snake had cast
And left stood up on end inside the tree
The hundred years the tree must have been growing.
More cutting, and he had this in both hands,
And looking from it to the pond near by,
Paul wondered how it would respond to water.
Not a breeze stirred, but just the breath of air
He made in walking slowly to the beach
Blew it once off his hands and almost broke it.
He laid it at the edge, where it could drink.
At the first drink it rustled and grew limp;
At the next drink it grew invisible.
Paul dragged the shallows for it with his fingers,
And thought it must have melted. It was gone.
And then beyond the open water, dim with midges
Where the log drive lay pressed against the boom,
It slowly rose a person, rose a girl,
Her wet hair heavy on her like a helmet,
Who, leaning on a log, looked back at Paul.
And that made Paul in turn look back
To see if it was any one behind him
That she was looking at instead of him.
(Murphy had been there watching all the time,
(But from a shed where neither of them could see him.)
There was a moment of suspense in birth,
When the girl seemed too water-logged to live,
Before she caught her first breath with a gasp
And laughed. Then she climbed slowly to her feet

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And walked off, talking to herself or Paul,
Across the logs like backs of alligators,
Paul taking after her around the pond.
Next evening Murphy and some other fellows
Got drunk and tracked the pair up Catamount,
From the bare top of which there is a view
To other hills across a kettle valley.
And there, well after dark, let Murphy tell it,
They saw Paul and his creature keeping house.
It was the only glimpse that any one
Has had of Paul and her since Murphy saw them
Falling in love across the twilight mill-pond.
More than a mile across the wilderness
They sat together half-way up a cliff
In a small niche let into it, the girl
Brightly, as if a star played on the place,
Paul darkly, like her shadow. All the light
Was from the girl herself, though not a star,
As was apparent from what happened next.
All those great ruffians put their throats together
And let out a loud yell, and threw a bottle
As a brute tribute of respect to beauty.
Of course the bottle fell short by a mile.
But the shout reached the girl and put her light out.
She went out like a fire-fly, and that was all.
So there were witnesses that Paul was married,
And not to any one to be ashamed of.
Every one had been wrong in judging Paul.
Murphy told me Paul put on all those airs
About his wife to keep her to himself.
Paul was what 's called a terrible possessor:
Owning a wife with him meant owning her.
She was n't anybody else's business
Either to praise her or so much as name her,
And he 'd thank people not to think of her.
Murphy's idea was that a man like Paul
Would n't be spoken to about a wife
In any way the world knew how to speak in.

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The Amazing Armistice

Inside Story of the Premature Peace Report

By Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

I QUOTE from the New York "Globe" of November 8, 1918:

"French troops resumed their advance along the whole front this a. m."

To-day's report of military operations quoted above is the best commentary on the greatest and most cruel hoax in the history of journalism, which yesterday deluded not only New York City but every city and town in the country into a delirium of joy by a spurious report from Paris to the effect that an armistice had been effected between Germany and the Allies and that hostilities had ceased.

It will not be difficult to recall that astounding November 7, when an allegedly unemotional nation indulged in a demonstration of universal and hysterical gladness such as the Parisian boulevards have yet to equal.

The inside story of how that historic occurrence came to pass has not, I believe, ever been told, due doubtless to the fact that even to this day scarcely a handful of persons are acquainted with the facts. Following immediately after the event, there were a number of erroneous and incomplete explanations in the press, soon lost sight of in the excitement of real armistice days, and never again revived. I feel, therefore, that the lapse of time has served to mellow interest in the affair and to warrant my somewhat retrospective narrative. Perhaps what I am able to tell has actually some proper place in the voluminous history of America's war-time.

I trust I may be pardoned a brief explanation of my humble place in the proceedings. For a few months prior to November 7, 1918, I had been the army intelligence officer of the military port area based on Brest.

My duties, in addition to the major one of conducting counter-espionage activities within the base, called for the reception and care of newspaper correspondents who came to Brest. The reason for this attention was principally one of courtesy, for, although the intelligence section of the general staff is charged by army regulations with the supervision of war correspondents, the base-intelligence officers had nothing to do with the censoring of press reports. This task was cared for by a special censorship branch of the intelligence section, having officers at Chaumont and Paris, and it is important to bear in mind that although Brest is the seat of the French cables and the despatching-point of all messages to the States, no message of importance could pass by its local censor that had not been approved by the Paris censors.

When, therefore, shortly after the arrival of the *rapide* from Paris at nine o'clock on the morning of Novem-

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ber 7, Roy W. Howard's entrance into Brest was signaled by my *gare control*,[1] I expected to see him shortly thereafter. Most newspaper men made a point of reporting promptly at the office of the local "I. O." in order to hear if any news had broken locally, and to be facilitated generally in getting around and seeing things and people.

I had heard of, but had never met, Howard. I knew him to be president of the United Press, an important news association which serves a host of papers all over the world, principally in America. Furthermore, intelligence instructions as to the status of all correspondents in France, which included their standing in the profession and the degree of attention to which they were entitled wherever they went, graded Howard among the highest. Hence I looked forward to the call of some one who approached the exalted ranking of "distinguished visitor," a class of ambulatory and privileged beings who, having shaken hands with the commander-in-chief, frequently felt justified in emulating the manners of a German top-sergeant by demanding the attention and services of any junior officer.

§ 2

It was accordingly a matter for surprise and gratification when Howard strolled in casually shortly before noon and disclosed himself to be what we in the army were wont to call a "regular guy." (There is no higher form of decoration in the army short of the Congressional Medal.) Still in his early thirties, or seemingly so, Howard was the typical newspaper man, genial, natural in manner, and alert. Slight of build, with something of the college boy still lurking behind his little brush mustache, and with a breezy manner that dispelled formality, Howard perched on the edge of my desk and in short order made me glad he had come.

He immediately laid the groundwork for the historic occurrence that was to take place within a few hours by his expressed desire to effect a change in the transportation plans that had been made for him in Paris.

"I 'm due to sail at two this afternoon on some ark that takes two weeks getting home," he lamented. "I 'd like to make better speed if possible. Want to catch President Wilson in time to come over here again in his party."

The man knew even then that the President was coming. I sensed something of what goes to make the successful newspaper man.

By telephone I learned that the S. S. *Leviathan* was due to sail the following morning. As she made the trip across in six days or so, Howard could save a week by waiting a day. Accordingly, arrangements were made to shift him from the sailing-list of the one ship to that of the other.

That done, we discussed ways and means of his killing time advantageously, and Howard, inspired by some mischievous fate, decided that he would like to meet Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commander of the American navy in French waters, whose headquarters were in Brest.

I suggested strolling around to naval headquarters, which were near by, and we left my office about noon, it then being not quite seven A. M. in the land across the sea that little suspected what had started to brew for it.

As we turned from the rue du

[1] Intelligence operators in civilian clothes posted at all important railroad depots to report the arrival of any one who might interest the "I. O."

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Château into the old public square, Place du Président Wilson, we paused before the office of Brest's daily newspaper, "La Dépêche," to examine the bulletin, and saw that the Germans had evinced a desire to quit and that their plenipotentiaries were reported to be coming across the lines to sue for an armistice. A small, excited crowd was discussing the tidings and waiting eagerly around for more. Oddly enough, a rumor was seeping through it to the effect that an armistice had already been signed, and Howard told me that he had heard the same thing when he came in at the station that morning.

The sight of "La Dépêche" office inspired Howard to pay it a visit, due to his company having relations with it that I was soon to hear about. We walked inside and stopped first at the telegraph room, which was nearest the door, and Howard entered animatedly into conversation with the operator on duty in a French that was as utilitarian as it was full of gestures. I gradually gathered a fact that was to have tremendous bearing later on.

It seems that, apart from our own signal lines, there were only two ways of communicating by telegraph between Paris and Brest. One was by the regular wires of the public telegraph service; the other was by the private wire of "La Dépêche." Users of the public service—and this included correspondents sending their communications through to be cabled to the States from Brest—had to wait their turn, a matter usually of several hours, and the United Press had scored a brilliant "beat" by getting the consent of "La Dépêche" to share its special wire, thereby avoiding delays in transmission to Brest and being able to gain the cables ahead of its competitors.

Thus the system by which United Press communications went through from Paris was as follows: first, it would pass through the necessary censorship, then it would be put on the private "Dépêche" wire and sent to Brest. It is highly important to note that the receiving-instrument in "La Dépêche" office was of the ticker-tape variety commonly used throughout France, being a machine which typewrites its own messages on paper ribbon. When the United Press communications were ticked off in "La Dépêche" office by the sending operator in Paris, the tape recording the message was cut up, pasted on the usual telegraph form, sent by messenger across the *place* to the post-and-telegraph office, and filed for the cables. Long practice had accustomed the Brest cable censors to recognize these United Press messages, and, in view of their having already been censored in Paris, to accord them prompt transmission without further censoring. As will be seen, this habitual treatment of Paris-"Dépêche" telegrams had great bearing on, and is largely accountable for, what is to follow.

After Howard had given greetings and *remerciements* to everybody on "La Dépêche" staff, we went along to naval headquarters. I thought that Howard would be able to see the admiral at once, as the latter was almost always in his office and exceedingly easy to "get to." He was one of that small, but eminently successful, group of service executives who, despite the stature of their war tasks, seemed always able to see any one and for any length of time. Admiral Wilson was at the time directing all transport and

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fighting activities in French waters, which included, of course, the delicate destroyer operations against enemy submarines and the command of all naval personnel in France. His was a job of enormous responsibility and required an inordinate amount of wakeful attention. But there was about him at no time any of that suggestion of rush and over-exertion common to the smaller man with far fewer cares. The navy knew that the meanest-grade fireman could reach the admiral's ear as easily as a congressman, perhaps easier.

But fate was still having its bizarre way. The admiral was out, and his aide, Ensign Sellards, made an appointment with Howard for four o'clock that afternoon. On such slender threads as this does history hang! Had the admiral been in when we called, and Howard had spent half an hour or so with him at that time instead of later in the day, the famous armistice celebration of November 7 would never have occurred.

By the time I had shown Howard a few of Brest's sights (nothing much to see) and we had lunched at the Navy Club, it was after two o'clock. I then took him back to his hostelry, the Continental, where he had been lucky enough to find quarters, the place being packed to the roof with congressional "visiting committees," known unpleasantly in the army as "joy-riders," Y.M.C.A. workers, French *demi-mondaines*, hordes of quartermaster officers and naval paymasters, a few stray doughboys on special pass, an assortment of "Swiss" salesmen of considerable interest to my department, and an occasional, very occasional, Frenchman, bearing an apologetic air for seeming to intrude on so happy an American family. Then, having my day's work still before me, I left, cautioning Howard to be punctual at the naval office if he craved the admiral's love and respect.

§ 3

At four-thirty or thereabout, as I sat at my desk mulling over some reports, I heard a great shout go up somewhere in the general direction of the Place du Président Wilson. Exuberant behavior of all sorts being more the rule than the exception of the Yankee-burdened Brest of those days, I paid no attention to the racket; but shortly afterward one of my men entered with the report that official news had been given out to the effect that an armistice had been signed and the fighting had ended at the front. Had been given out, what more, by *naval headquarters!*

Astounded at the suddenness with which truth had been given to the odd rumor that had hovered over Brest all day, I started inquiries that quickly disclosed what had occurred. It was not for some time that I located Howard, who, with Major Cook of General Harries's staff, was going from one official bureau to another in his endeavor to procure additional information. From him I learned that the armistice tidings had been pronounced official by Admiral Wilson and that Howard had sent a cable to the United States saying that the war was over.

If the news was true, Howard probably had scored the biggest news beat of history. And from Howard's recital of the facts there seemed to be no question of the news being authentic. Back in my office, he told me what had happened, beginning by tossing on my desk a copy of his message to the States.

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It was addressed to the United Press office in New York City and read:

Urgent. Armistice allies Germans signed 11 smorning hostilities ceased two safternoon.

It was signed "Howard-Simms." Simms was the United Press man in Paris. Apparently Howard wanted to let him share the glory of his "beat." Where and how the latter had arisen so suddenly in Brest, several hundred miles from the front, I could not imagine. I looked up wonderingly and heard the story.

Promptly at four o'clock Howard had been presented to Admiral Wilson. They had been chatting a while when the admiral remarked that he had just received a message which might possibly interest Howard, and handed it to him for his perusal. Howard beheld an official telegram, signed by Commander Jackson of Admiral Wilson's office in Paris and naval attaché at our Paris embassy. It said:

Armistice signed this morning at 11 all hostilities ceased at 2 P. M. to-day.

Howard was amazed. So the war *had* ended! Rather suddenly, perhaps, but none the less surely. There could not possibly be any doubt about it. Any question as to the authenticity of the report that might have arisen in the minds of the two men was justifiably dismissed by a consideration of the telegram's source. Naval officials are scarcely given to making so flatly the report of a highly important fact unless it is based on truth; much less so to the commanding naval officer in France, whose receipt thereof might entitle him to believe that submarine warfare had likewise terminated and that his destroyers might relax their vigilance. It was incredible that, however surprising, the message might be fallacious.

No other official source, French or American, appeared to have the great news, and, desirous that the people of Brest learn of it, Admiral Wilson despatched an orderly to bulletin the tidings in the public square, where the naval band happened to be giving its weekly concert.

The tiny spark of news set a flame that within ten minutes had spread like a prairie fire from one end of Brest to the other. Into the streets pressed the people, stunned at first, literally dazed by the victory that had come to France, then gradually opening up into a mad rejoicing as the tragic repression of four terrible years rolled from their hearts. As Howard spoke, the crowds surged outside my windows, laughing, screaming, sobbing, singing. They celebrated, yes, but it was a different sort of celebration to the gay-hearted, happy holiday and madcap carnival into which, thanks to Howard's cable, America was at that very minute plunging.

"My cable will get there in time to catch the afternoon editions," reckoned Howard, measuring the difference in time on his fingers. "There 's a day in history for you!" Actually, the news flashed from Brest to New York in six minutes flat, thereby making special noon editions!

Howard had done what any other skilled newspaper man would have done in similar circumstances. He had seen the opportunity of his lifetime, of any war correspondent's lifetime. Here he was at Brest, the cable point, with hot news just off the official griddle that apparently no one else had, that perhaps had not even

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yet been given to the press in Paris. He could beat every competitor in the business on the biggest news break in history! He could get his message to the States in time for the afternoon editions. The others might not get there until morning.

Admiral Wilson expressed his willingness that Howard should use the report. In company, therefore, with Ensign Sellards to assist him in arranging things, Howard rushed to the *postes*. But desiring to file a typewritten message so there would be no possible misunderstanding or misreading by the French cable operator, Howard dived en route into the nearby telegraph room of "La Dépêche" and demanded a type-writer, explaining hurriedly his reason.

By a further coincidence the telegraph editor undertook to type out Howard's message, and used his own *telegraph instrument* to do so, it being possible to type on the ribbon with the local telegraph key as well as with the transmitting-key in Paris.

Then tearing off the tape, the obliging Frenchman pasted it as usual on a telegraphic form and, lo! the message was clear and ready for immediate filing. What is vastly more important, it looked exactly as though it had been *transmitted from Paris, as were all other United Press messages, and had been censored there!*

§ 4

Looking at it in the light of later reflection, I am convinced that it was this unintended strategy of Howard's that enabled him to get his cable past the local censors. I say "unintended" because it is inconceivable that in the circumstances any man, however alert, could have thought up so extraordinarily clever a devise. Knowing that type of French official as I do, I am convinced that no one in Brest, of whatever exalted rank, could have caused the local French censors to let by so portentous a message without having the O. K. of either the Ministry of War or the Paris censorship office.

I am further convinced that it was the strange combination of circumstances that led to the message's looking as if it came from Paris. It was even signed, thanks to Howard's generosity, by Simms, the man who signed all the messages that came from Paris, and with whose name the Brest censors were familiar as being the stamp of proper procedure. That resulted in its speedy transmission to America's noon editions! And in New York the censor, justifiably concluding that the Brest censor would not have passed so important a piece of news unless it had been first passed by the Paris censor, fell victim to the same fluke, and the damage was done. The general belief that the message had, in fact, come from Paris is further verified by the short extract from the New York "Globe" given above, in which it is stated that the spurious report emanated "from Paris."

It is an extraordinary fact that probably, in view of the above facts, Roy W. Howard was the only man in the world who *could* have sent the message as it was sent or who could have sent it at all. As president of the United Press and in close touch with "La Dépêche," he possessed both the authority and the machinery wherewith to "put the thing across." That he was actually in Brest on that day and in consultation with Admiral Wilson is a coincidence that staggers the imagination.

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Torn between believing and not believing, wanting to be as exultant as the throngs that were sending their songs up to us from the crowded, narrow streets, I was perturbed principally by the silence on the subject of an armistice that my own department had maintained. It seemed impossible that, if the news were true, I would myself not be advised by intelligence headquarters, in order that I might inform the commanding general of the base.

I called the Paris intelligence office by telephone and, to their apparent astonishment, explained what had occurred. No word of any armistice had reached it; nothing more than that enemy plenipotentiaries were expected to meet Marshal Foch that afternoon at five. I requested the Paris "I. O." to get into immediate touch with the French Ministry of War and advise me of consequences as soon as possible.

But seeming set-back did not serve to shake Howard's confidence. On the contrary, it indicated to him that his "beat" was all the bigger. He protested that the news was probably just out, and that the Paris embassy had received it before the "I. O.," a perfectly possible occurrence. And always present was the incredibility of Admiral Wilson's office in Paris imparting such news to him unless it were true. There had been neither uncertainty nor doubt in its words. The armistice "signed," all hostilities "ceased"; nothing equivocal about such expressions as those.

During our luncheon and before the storm had broken, Howard had asked me to dine with him that night, little thinking that he was, in effect, asking me to an "armistice celebration." There was to be no official army celebration of the "victory," inasmuch as General Harries, after telephoning me to ask whether I had had confirmation of the report from Paris or Chaumont, declared that he would refuse to believe it until I did.

At Howard's request I had earlier in the day rounded up a small band of cronies, and six of us gathered around the tiny table that our host had managed to engage at La Brasserie de la Marine, Brest's Delmonico, and that evening a pandemonium of gaiety.

It need hardly be said that some spirit of that same unrestrained emotion that was sweeping through our own home towns at that minute animated our little group. The war *over!* It seemed impossibly, wonderfully true. Only a few weeks back it had seemed as though it would never end. And now here it was—*"finie la guerre!"* The famous doughboy phrase rang out on all sides. The *brasserie* was alive with flags, confetti, and streamers that had leaped suddenly into being from nowhere, and the usual clatter of dishes was replaced by the yells and songs of several hundred unrestrained throats.

Two pretty girls danced recklessly on a narrow table packed tightly against ours, while their Yankee escorts roared a jazz accompaniment. An orchestra played in a far corner—played madly, furiously, but no one heard it. A drunken sailor climbed up on the chandelier, fell off; the world shrieked with laughter. A near-by French officer, turned martial by Moet, *'cent quatre,* exhorted a deaf multitude not to stop the war, and finally fell to weeping on the table-cloth. Everywhere noise, din, madness, a universe gone drunk with a wine that knew no grape. Then came, as it had to come,

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born at the same instant out of an hundred mouths, "La Marseillaise." I can hear it still, that "Marseillaise," twining around my heart like some divine hand, lifting it up and up.

§ 5

Then suddenly came the crash, just as it had to come, out of a sky that was blue and beautiful, out of a sky the horizon clouds of which I had come near to forgetting. I had left word for any wire from Paris to be sent to me immediately. In the midst of a din that was getting louder momentarily, a signal-corps orderly entered the room unnoticed and made for our table. A feeling of chilling apprehension seized me as I grasped and opened the message that was handed to me. I felt Howard's eye on me as I read, and the blood rushed to my head.

The communication was in intelligence code, and the process of translation was slow and fearful. Finally it was done. I had only to read it aloud to that screaming mob about me to be torn to little pieces. The message said:

Armistice report untrue. War Ministry issues absolute denial and declares enemy plenipotentiaries to be still on way through lines. Cannot meet Foch until evening. Wire full details of local hoax immediately.

The message was signed by Major Robertson, my immediate superior at Paris.

I shall draw a swift curtain over the cruel scene of reaction: Howard's white, drawn face as he realized what he had done, as he read in the words I handed him his own doom and that of the United Press; our filing out with him back to the Continental, leaving behind us, undisillusioned, the tragically joyous throngs celebrating a peace that was not a peace—a peace whose morning after would find men still killing one another monotonously, hopelessly, as had every dawn since August, 1914.

A revival of hope, an inability to believe even Robertson's definite words, impelled Howard to go in search of Admiral Wilson. The two of us finally located him dining *en famille* with a French local official, and in answer to the inquiries we sent inside Ensign Sellards came out to tell us that the admiral had heard from Paris that the news he had received that afternoon concerning an armistice had been "premature." Clinging to the faint belief that "premature" meant "true, but not properly released," Howard spent most of the night trying to get information from his own Paris office. When that came, all hope crashed to the ground. "Premature" meant *untrue*. The world collapsed about Howard's ears. The biggest "beat" in the history of journalism had turned cruelly into its biggest "bloomer."

The blackest of black skies cleared considerably for Howard the following morning when Admiral Wilson, every inch the gentleman and the man, took upon his own shoulders complete responsibility for Howard's fateful cable. In the admiral's statement, issued at once to the press, he did not even make mention of the official who had sent, or, at least, whose signature was affixed to the erroneous communication from Paris. To the latter he referred simply as "what appeared to be official and authoritative information."

The career of a lesser man might very well have been marred by this brave assumption of blame, but, then,

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a lesser man would probably not have made it. Not long after the closing of war-days, Admiral Wilson was placed in command of the Atlantic fleet, and just recently has been made commandant of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. So it is seen that he has not suffered in consequence of his courageous protection of Howard, whose journalistic fate, without that protection, would unquestionably have been a severe one.

As it is, it will be remembered that the American press railed against the alleged hoax and called loudly for those responsible to be brought to book. Branded as "either one of the most colossal fakes in history or an inconceivably bad blunder," the newspapers throughout the country dwelt principally on the cruel disappointment to the American people and "especially those having husbands, sons, fathers, and brothers in the bitter fighting at the front." Much emphasis was laid editorially on the fabulous cost of the "fake" to the country, a total running into uncomputable millions and resulting primarily from the fact that work was "knocked off" at noon in virtually every office and plant from coast to coast and not resumed until the following day. The bill for street-cleaning after the celebration in the larger cities presented in itself a staggering total. One New York paper declared that New York's own bill of eighty-five thousand dollars should be presented to Howard for payment!

§ 6

But if the Wilson statement exonerated Howard, as it did and as it should have done, for in my opinion he was somewhat less responsible for the false armistice celebration than the American newspapers who printed his cable as absolute truth despite other conflicting despatches they were in receipt of at the time, who *was* to blame?

It is said that the wire signed by Commander Jackson was based on information telephoned to the American embassy by a person who purported to be speaking officially from the French Ministry of War. Thus in a way we find ourselves face to face with an object of ultimate blame that is as mysterious as it is unknown, for subsequent investigation showed that no one at the ministry had called the embassy that day. There is a possibility, of course, that the embassy's anonymous informant was nothing else than a practical joker. This, however, is scarcely credible. Some other motivating force may very properly be looked for than the mere desire to jest.

I realize that I may regard the matter through spectacles somewhat tinted by many months of service in the counter-espionage section of the army, but, for reasons which I shall expound, it is my belief that the naval office in Paris, Admiral Wilson, Roy Howard, and the entire United States of America were the victims of one or more secret agents of the German Espionage Corps.

It will be recalled that, on the morning of November 7, enemy plenipotentiaries were reported to be coming through the lines to sue for an armistice. It being a principle of the German intelligence system that "fixed operators"—namely, spies on permanent duty at one point—work actively on their own initiative and without orders, taking into consideration the news and needs of the day, it is reasonable to suppose that an intelligent enemy agent in Paris would set

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about doing his utmost on November 7 to create popular desire and demand among the Allied people for the German-sought armistice.

The existence of such an attitude on the part of the people would make for a more certain and swifter cessation of hostilities and an avoidance of the terrible smashing blows that German arms and Germany itself seemed doomed to receive. From a psychological and somewhat typically German point of view the best possible way of making the public *want* an armistice would be to tell them that there *was* an armistice, and let them taste of the joy that would naturally await upon the news.

Had the American people not been rewarded with a real termination of the struggle a short time after their wild celebration of the supposed, it must be believed that the reaction of their disappointment would have been both severe and dangerous to home morale. The "Globe" quotes a prominent citizen as saying on November 7, "It will be a tragedy if this report proves untrue."

A similar effort to stampede the French press into announcing an armistice appears also to have been made. It was impossible, of course, to fool Paris, but St. Nazaire received the rumor, as did Bordeaux, Marseilles, Nice, Lorient, and other French points. It was present in Brest *before* Admiral Wilson's receipt of the message from Paris. London had it, but its press was highly conservative in passing judgment on its credibility, and, with one unimportant exception, did not announce it to the people. Holland and parts of Belgium had it. Possibly, too, many other localities; but I have named all that I know about save Mexico and parts of South America, where the celebration was hilarious, but more probably on the strength of the United Press report. Holland's having the "news" is strongly suggestive of enemy espionage effort.

Thus it would appear that an organized attempt was made to make the Allied nations cherish an armistice which, though not yet existent, was within easy reach if the people wanted it and showed clearly that they wanted it. I should greatly like to see the intelligence reports of our late enemy for November 7, 1918. The scheme is worthy of the German service in both ingenuity and execution, and does credit to the one or more persons who conceived it.

Who knows but what it may have had something to do with accomplishing their purpose? President Wilson cast his important decision for an armistice after he had witnessed the demonstrations of November 7, reliable proof of the country's sentiment, and it is said that Wilsonian pressure was largely, if not entirely, accountable for the granting of an armistice at a time when French and Allied military leaders were preparing to administer to Germany the terrific smashing for which they had built up and to which they were looking forward eagerly, exultantly.

Who knows but what a still fighthearted American people might not have cried loudly for "On to Berlin!" had not the sweet branch of the olive-tree been placed prematurely in their hands and found to be much, very much, to their liking?

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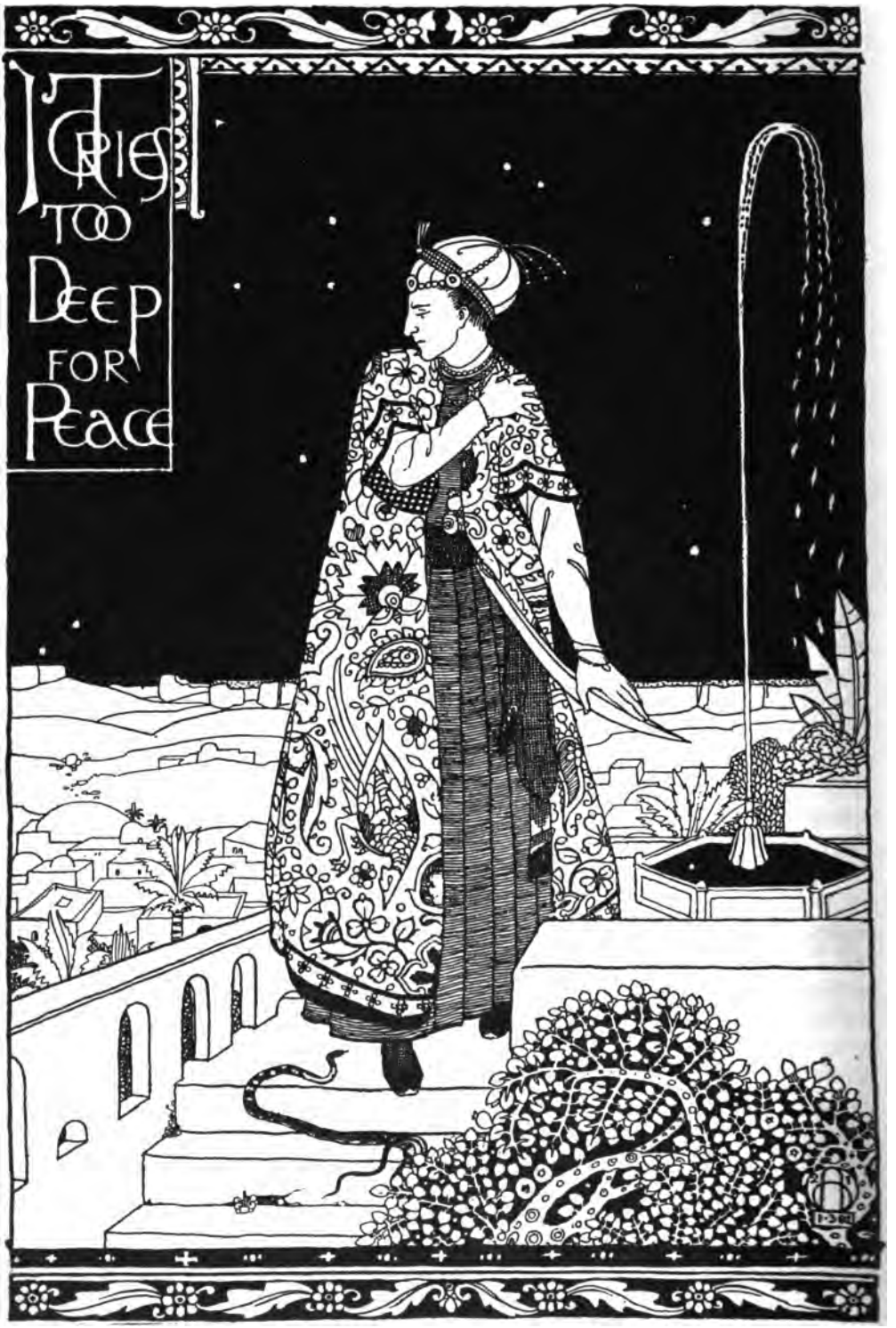

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ORIENTAL NOCTURNE

BY CHARLES ASHLEIGH

There is a jeweled, glancing throng to-night
  In the bazaar. A hundred perfumes wake
My senses, and all drunken is my sight
  With the mad symphony the colors make.

The torches lift their hungry, praying arms
  Of ocher to the deepness of the sky.
With reedy song the Bedouin leader calms
  His nervous, sneering camels, swaying by.

The cloth bleeds color at the merchant's door,
  Strong orange, livid yellow, crying green;
And I would buy from this enchanted store
  Rich vestments fit for some barbaric queen.

Eyes that glance and pass; lips carrying a song;
  Rose behind ear; gleam of a thirsting knife;
Channel of melting forms, carrying me along
  Lost in a glamoured hunger for this impassioned life.

From this high roof I see the desert wait;
  The night has shawled its miles of staring brown—
The desert, deep as pity, still as fate,
  Clawing with deathless talons at the town.

Whispering marvel of roofs washed in the light;
  Quiet and pure, they stretch against the sky.
Carved by the moon in cool, long lines of white,
  Serene and secret, the far houses lie.

Beauty ineffable! Too strong is your will
  Of pregnant stillness. I shall seek the stream
Of color, breath, and voices; I shall kill
  With red encounters this too perfect dream.

Eyes that glance and pass. My vision must not live;
  It cries too deep for peace. Red lips that mutely quest.
Oh, straight as a silver birch, what joy have you to give?
  "Forgetfulness, escape, in the bower of my breast."

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Genius

By Elinor Mordaunt

At first Ben Cohen had been wont to read music as other boys read their penny-dreadfuls, avidly, with the imagined sound like great waves forever a-rush through his soul. In the very beginning it was any music; then for a while Wagner held him. Any Wagnerian concert, any mixed entertainment that included Wagner, and he would tramp for miles, wait for hours, biting cold, sleet, snow, mud, rain, all alike disregarded by that persistence which the very poor must bring to the pursuit of pleasure, the capture of cheap seats.

By the time he first met Jenny Bligh he was clear of Wagner, had glanced a little patronizingly at Beethoven, turned aside and enwrapped himself in the somber splendor of Bach; then harking back with a fresh vision, a sudden sense of the inevitable, had anchored himself in the solemn, wide-stretching harborage of Beethoven.

It was like a return from a long voyage. There was a sense of eternity, a harmony which drew everything to itself, smoothing out the pattern of life. All at once everything was immensely right, with Jenny as an essential and inevitable part of the rightness.

Apart from all this, he was bound by the inarticulateness of his class. His Jewish blood lent him a wider and more picturesque vocabulary than most, and yet it stopped at any discussion of his feelings. We have an idea that what we call the "common people" are more communicative on such subjects than we are; but this is not so. They talk of their physical ailments and sensations, but they are deeply shy upon the subject of their feelings.

Ben himself put none of his feeling for Beethoven into words. He said nothing of Jenny to his mother, either, save as a girl he 'd met, a girl he was going to bring home to tea; but she understood that without any words: that was courting, part of the business of human nature, much like the preparation of meals.

It was odd that his determination to devote his whole musical life to Beethoven, to interpret him as no Englishman had ever done before, should have been synonymous with his scared, heady, and yet absolute determination to marry Jenny Bligh.

Jenny worked in a jam-factory, and there was something of the aroma of ripe fruit about her. She was plumpish and fresh, with very red lips and very bright eyes, reddish-brown, the color of blackberry leaves in autumn, and with hair to match. Her little figure was neat; her small hands, with their square-tipped fingers, were deft and quick in their movements.

Ben saw her like that for the first time, crossing the Lee just below the timber-yard, with its cranes like black notes zigzagging out over the river, which had for once discarded its fog. It was a day of bright blue sky, with immense, rounded, silvery clouds, fresh and clean; with a wind that

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caught up the white apron and billowed it out for the sheer fun of the thing, showing trim ankles, the turn of a plump calf, such as Ben Cohen had never even thought of before, the realization of which was like wine, red, fruity, running through his veins, mounting to his head.

Just over the bridge she stopped to speak to another girl who worked in his own counting-house. As Ben hurried up to pass them before they separated, really see *her*, moving sidewise, with an odd duck of his head, this other girl recognized him, flung him a friendly "Hullo!" and was answered in the same fashion.

As he moved on he heard—was meant to hear, knew from the pitch of the voice that he was meant to hear—her say:

"Clever ain't no word fur it. There ain't no tune as—"

The end of the sentence was lost; but he knew the sort of thing, knew it by heart, had spent his time running away from it. Now, however, he was grateful; more grateful still when he met Miss Ankles again, and she herself, regarding Florry Hines's eulogy as a sort of introduction, smiled, moved on a step, and tossed a "Hullo" over one shoulder.

Ben's thin, olive-tinted face was flushed as he drew forward to her side with his odd stoop, his way of ducking his head and raising his eyes, dark and glowing. He took Jenny's dinner-basket, and she noticed his hands, large and well shaped, with long fingers widened at the tips. Florry had said that he was a "Sheeny," though there was nothing of the Jew about him apart from his coloring, his brilliant, dark eyes, unless it was a sort of inner glow, an ardor curbed by his almost childlike shyness and lack of self-confidence in everything apart from his music; that something at once finer and more cruelly persistent and vital than is to be found in the purely Anglo-Saxon race.

Though Jenny liked what she called "a pretty tune," she knew nothing whatever of music, understood less. Yet almost from that first moment she understood Ben Cohen, realizing him as lover and child; understood him better then, maybe, than she did later on, losing her sureness for a while in the immensity of her own love and longing.

But that was not for some time to come; in the meanwhile she was like a dear little bantam hen with one chick, while Ben himself was content to shelter under her wing; until it grew upon him that, loving her as he did, loving his mother, realizing what it meant to be a mother, in thinking of Jenny herself with a child—his child—in her arms, it was "up to" him to make them proud of him and his music,—without the faintest idea of how proud they were already,—lift the whole weight of care from their shoulders.

The worst of it was that he told them nothing whatever about it. The better sort of men are given to these crab-like ways of appearing to move away from what they intend to move toward. It simply seemed as though he were forgetting them a little, then more and more, elbowing them aside to clear the way for his beloved music.

He had never even thought of his music in the money sense before, but as his love and ambition for the two women grew upon him, he was like a child with a new toy. He would not only make a great name; he would make an immense fortune. His mind

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blinked, dazzled at the very thought. He moved with a new pride, and also, alas! a new remoteness.

His health had broken when he was about seventeen,—his bent shoulders still showed that old drag upon the chest,—and he was away in a sanatorium for a year. When he came back he was cured. It was young Saere, the junior partner in the timber business, who had sent him away; and it was he who, when Ben returned, paid for lessons for him, so that he learned to play as well as read music.

From that time onward he had always stuck to the firm, working in the tally-sheds; and out of his earnings he paid for the use of a room and a piano for practising upon so many hours each week, completely happy and contented.

He had never even thought of leaving the business until he realized his immense love for Jenny and, through her, for his mother, and the necessity for doing something big. What did sacrifice matter? What did it matter being poor, hungry, shabby? What did anything matter just for a while? There was so little he wanted! Meals were a nuisance.

If his mother had not set food before him, he would scarcely have thought of it. But, all the same, he ate it, and money had to be earned by some one or other. His mother had never let him know the actual pinch of poverty; she wore that shoe upon her own foot. He had no more idea than a child of the cost of mere daily necessities, and during the last few years, between his work and hers, they had been comfortable enough.

"We can hang on for a bit," he said when he spoke of leaving the timber-yard; and she answered, almost with triumph, that she had "hung on" well enough before he 'd earned "aught but a licking."

At first she was proud of shouldering anew the entire burden; it made him more entirely hers. He could not do without her; even with Jenny he could not do without her. But she had not been a young woman when Ben was born; she was old now, and tired with that sort of tiredness which accumulates, and which no single night's rest can ever cure.

§ 2

"Hold on until after the concert?" he asked.

"Sorry fur meself if I could n't."

The concert—that was the goal. There was a public hall at Clapton where Ben had chanced on some really good music quite by chance, and this, to his mind, ennobled the Claptonites; there was the place in which to start the revolutionizing of the musical world. Besides,—and here he thought himself very canny, by no means a Jew for nothing,—there were fine old houses at Clapton, and where there were such houses, there must be rich people.

When the date was actually arranged, he practised for the best part of the day. While he was at home he read music; he lived in a maze of music. He never even thought of advertising, collecting his public; he even avoided his old friends and patrons at the timber-yard, overcome by agonies of shyness at the very thought of so much as mentioning his concert. Quite simply, in a way he did not even attempt to explain to himself, he felt that the world of London would scent it from afar. As to paid claques, presentation-tickets, patrons, advance agents, all the booming and flattery, the jam of the powder for an English

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audience, he had no idea of the existence of such things. Beethoven was wonderful, and he had found out wonderful things about him; that was enough.

During those weeks of preparation for the concert his mother worked desperately hard to keep their home together without his earnings, while Jenny helped. At first that had been enough for her, too, to help; but later—

Throughout those long evenings when, already tired from her work in the factory, she had stood sorting, sprinkling, folding, ironing, the two women got to a state where they scarcely dared look at each other; just a passing glance, a hardish stare, but no *looking into*.

If he had but once said, "I can't bear you to work so hard for me," everything would have been different, the fatigue wiped out. But he did n't; he did n't even know they were working for him, working beyond the limit of an ordinary working-woman's working-day, hard enough, in all conscience.

"Men can't be expected to notice things the way we do." That 's what they told themselves; they did not say even this much to each other. But far, far away, out of sight, out of all actual knowledge, was the fear which neither of them would have dared to realize, a vague horror, a sort of ghost: "He does n't care; he 's changed."

Indeed, this is how it appeared. All through that time he wore an odd look of excitement, triumph, pleasure, which lifted him away from himself. There was a sort of lilt in his very step; his eyes shone, his cheeks were flushed. When he cleared a pile of freshly ironed, starched things from the end of a table in order to spread out a score upon it, laid them on the floor, where the cat padded over them with dirty feet, and his mother railed at him, as she still did rail on any subject apart from this of not caring, he glanced up at her with bright, amused eyes, his finger still following the black-and-white tangle of notes, looked at Jenny, and laughed —actually laughed.

"You great oaf!" cried Mrs. Cohen, and could have killed him. Up at four o'clock the next morning, to wash over, starch, and iron, she retched with sick fatigue and something more—that sense of giddiness, of being hit on the head that had oppressed her of late. It was as though that laugh had stuck like a bone in her chest, so sharply that she could scarcely draw breath, had driven all the blood to her head.

Yet that laugh had been full of nothing but triumph, a sort of tender triumph, almost childish delight. He was going to do wonders, open a new world to them.

Manlike, his eyes were fixed upon the future. No two women had ever been loved as they were loved. All this work, this washing and ironing, resembled nothing more than the opening scene in an opera, a sort of prelude for the sake of contrast. They would see. O-o-oh, yes, they would see!

But they were bound in the close-meshed strait-waistcoat of endless toil and petty anxiety. The days and hours heaped in front of them obliterated all possible view of the future.

In the beginning they had been as excited as he was over the thought of the concert. He must wear a rosette; no, a flower in his buttonhole; and white kid gloves. As he moved forward upon the platform, he must bow right and left, and draw off his gloves as he bowed.

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This was Jenny's idea. It was Jenny who made him practise his bows, and it was Jenny who borrowed a dress-suit from a waiter-friend, while it was his mother who "got up" the borrowed shirt to go with it, stiff and shining, who polished his best boots until they looked "near as near like patent."

All this had been done close upon a fortnight before. Jenny was a good girl, but if she, Mrs. Cohen, was not there to see to things, Jenny might fail with a bubble on the shirt-front. No amount of meaning well was of any use in getting-up a stiff shirt as it ought to be got up.

"Better 'ave it all ready, a-case o' anything happening." That was what Mrs. Cohen said to herself, with a dull dread at the back of her mind.

Her face had been oddly flushed of late, with a rather fixed and glassy look about the eyes. Jenny thought of this on her way to the concert alone; for by some ill fate, his nearer vision blurred in that golden maze of the future, Ben had fixed his concert for a Friday.

Friday! Always a bad day, bad in itself, bad for every one, like an east wind; worst of all for a laundress. Not so depressing as a Monday, but hurried, overcrowded, with all the ironing and folding, the packing of the lots, all small, into their separate newspaper parcels—the accumulated fatigue of a whole week. Some demon seemed to possess her clients that week: they had come in with a collar here, a shirt there, an odd pillow-slip, table-cloth, right over Thursday. She was working until after twelve o'clock that night, and so was Jenny, up before dawn the next morning, though no one save herself knew of this.

"Whatever they do, they sha'n't keep me from my Ben's concert." That was what she said, with a vision of motors blocking the road in front of the little hall. But she had been a laundress for the best part of a lifetime before she discovered herself as the mother of a genius, and it had bit into her bone: she could not get finished, and she could not leave the work undone.

"Some one 's got to earn a living," she said, embittered by fatigue, the sweat pouring down her face, beaten to every sensibility, apart from her swollen feet, by the time that Jenny called in for her soon after six. She had longed to go, had never even thought of not going; but by now, apart from her physical pain and weariness, she was alive to only one point—her whole being drawn out to a sort of cone with an eye at the end of it, and far away at the back of her brain, struggling with impenetrable mists, but one thought: if she scorched anything, she would have to replace it.

§ 3

When Jenny found that it was impossible to move her, she made her own way to up Clapton alone; for Ben had to be at the hall early, as there were certain matters to arrange, and he would try over the piano.

Her efforts with Mrs. Cohen had delayed her. She was driven desperate by that cruel malice of inanimate things: every bus and tram was against her, whisking out of sight just as she wanted it, or blocked by slow, crawling carts and lorries. There was a tight, hard pain in her heart, like toothache, round which her whole body gathered, impaled upon it; a sense of desperation.

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Ben had promised to reserve seats for his mother and herself; but had he? Would she find the place blocked by swells with their hard stare, duchesses and such-like, glistening in diamonds? In her mind's eye she saw billows of silk, slabs of black cloth, and shining white shirt-fronts, hundreds and hundreds of them, and Ben bowing to them as she had taught him to bow.

For some time past he had been so far away, so detached that she was haunted by the fear that if she put out a finger to touch him, it might go through him, as though he were a ghost. At times she had caught him, held him to her in a passion of love and longing. But even then, with his head against her heart, his lips, or some pulse or nerve, had moved in a wordless tune, the beat of time.

If only he had still seemed to need her, nothing would have mattered. But he did n't: he needed no one. He seemed so frail, she had made sure that he wanted looking after; but he did n't. A drunkard might have fallen down in the street, needed supporting, exhorting; a bully might come home with a broken head. But it seemed as though Ben were, in reality, for all his air of appeal, sufficient to himself: moving like a steady light through the darkness, unstirred by so much as a breath of wind.

Overcome by anxiety, she got out of the tram too soon. It had begun to rain, a dull, dark night; there was a blur of misty light flooding the pavement a little way ahead. That must be the hall. She was afraid of overshooting the mark. Those trams had such a way of getting going just as one wanted to be out of them!

But the light was nothing more than a cinema, and she had a good quarter of a mile to walk in the wet. The cruel wet! Just like it to be wet on that night of all nights! Even her optimism was gone. She kept on thinking of Mrs. Cohen, her flushed face and oddly glazed eyes, the queer, stiff way in which she moved, held her head. For once she was angry with Ben.

"'Im and his crowds! 'Im an' 'is fine lydies! 'Im an' 'is *motor-cars!*"

After all, she did overshoot her mark. Inquiring for the hall she was told that she had passed it, and was obliged to retrace her steps.

No wonder she had passed it, with all she had expected at the back of her mind! The strip of pavement outside was dark, with not so much as a single taxi in sight; the door was half-shut, the dreary vestibule badly lighted, empty, smelling of damp. The sodden-looking sketch of a man in the pay-box seemed half asleep. He stretched, yawned when she spoke, pushing a strip of pink paper toward her as she gave her name.

"For two." He poked out a long neck and peered round the edge of the box, like a tortoise from its shell.

"The other lydy was n't able ter come ter-night," answered Jenny with dignity, and the beast grinned, displaying a wreckage of broken teeth.

"Ain't what you might call a crowd, anyway," he remarked.

She could have killed him for that. She realized the white face of a clock, but she would not look at it. She was early; that was it. Look how she had hurried! No wonder that she was early. And great ladies were always late; she had learned that from the "Daily Mail" stories.

"Two an' two make four—them too late an' me too early," she said to herself, with a gallant effort after her own

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brisk way of taking things, a surer tap of heels on the stone floor as she turned toward a swing-door to her left. She pushed it open, and was hit in the face by what seemed like a thick, black curtain.

A dim, white-gloved hand was thrust through it and took her ticket.

"Mind you don't fall. No good wasting the lights until they come—if ever they does come," exhorted and explained a voice out of the darkness. For, after all, it was not a curtain, but just darkness.

At first Jenny could see nothing; then little by little it seemed as though different objects crept forward one by one, like wild animals from their lair.

Those white patches, the hands of two white-gloved men, holding sheaves of programs,—she realized one between her own fingers,—whispering together.

There was the platform, the great piano sprawling over it; and, in front of this, rows and rows and rows of empty seats.

She looked behind her. They had argued long over the question of places for herself and his mother. "The very best," was what Ben had said; but they fought against this, fought and conquered, for the best seats meant money.

"What 's a seat more or less, I 'd like to know?"

"Money, all money." Old Mrs. Cohen had been firm upon this point.

Still, there were a great many seats yet farther back, and all empty, a little raised, seeming to push themselves forward with the staring vacuity of an idiot: more seats overhead in a curving balcony, rising above one another as though proud of their emptiness. It would have been impossible to believe that mere vacant places could wear so sinister, as well as foolish, an aspect. An idiot, but a cruel idiot, too; the whole thing one cruel idiot, of the sort that likes to pull legs from flies.

There was a clock there, also. For a long while Jenny would not allow herself to look at it. But something drew her, until it became an unbearable effort to keep her eyes away from it, to look anywhere else; and at last she turned her head, stared, sharply, defiantly, as though daring it.

It was five and twenty minutes to nine. Five and twenty minutes to nine, and the concert was to have begun at eight! Five and twenty minutes to nine, and there was no one there—no one whatever!

The clock's hands dragged themselves on for another five minutes; then one of the men disappeared behind the scene, came back, speaking excitedly, gesticulating with white hands:

"We 're to turn on the light. 'E swears as 'e won't give it up; 'e 's goin' ter play."

"Goin' ter play? Well, I 'll be blowed! Goin' ter play, an' with nothing 'ere but *that!*"

Jenny saw how he jerked his head in her direction. So she was "that," she, Jenny Bligh, and so far gone that she did not even care.

As the lights went up, the hall seemed to swim in a sort of mist: the terra-cotta walls, the heavy curtain at each side of the platform, those awful empty seats!

Jenny spread her skirt wide, catching at the chair at each side of her, stretching out her arms along the backs of them. She had a wild feeling as though it were up to her to spread herself sufficiently to cover them all. She half rose. Perhaps she could hide more of that emptiness if she moved

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nearer to the front: that was her thought.

But, no; she must n't do that. This was the place Ben had chosen for her; she must stay where she was. He might look there, miss her, and imagine that there was nobody at all, that even she had failed him.

If only she could spread herself indefinitely, multiply herself, anything to cover those beastly chairs, sticking out there, grinning, shaming her man!

Then she had a sudden idea of running into the street, entreating the people to come in; was upon her feet for the second time when Ben walked out on the platform.

For once he was not ducking or moving sidewise. He came straight forward, bowed to the front of him, right, and left; drew off his gloves and bowed again. Mingling with her agony of pity, a thrill ran through Jenny Bligh at this. He remembered her teaching; he was hers, hers, hers; after all, hers, more than ever hers.

The borrowed coat, far too big for him, rose in a sort of hood at the back of his neck. As he bowed, something happened to the center stud of his shirt, and it disappeared into an aperture shaped like a dark gourd in the whiteness.

But, for all that, Jenny felt herself overawed by his dignity, as any one would have been. There was something in the man so much greater than his clothes, greater than his conscious, half-childish self.

Jenny's hands were raised to clap, but they dropped into her lap, lay there, as, with a face set like marble, Ben turned and seated himself at the piano. There was a moment's pause, while he stared straight in front of him,—such a pause that a feeling of goose-flesh ran down the back of her arms,—then he began to play.

Jenny had not even glanced at her program,—she would have understood nothing of it if she had,—but it gave the Sonata, *Op.* III as the opening piece.

Ben, however, took no notice of this, but, for some reason he could not have explained, flung himself straight away into the third item, the tremendous "Hammerclavier."

The sounds flooded the hall, swept through it as if it were not there, obliterating time and space. It was as though the heavenly host had descended upon the earth, sweet, wonderful, and yet terrible, with a sweep of pinions, deep-drawn breath—Tubal Cain and his kind, deified and yet human in their immense masculinity and strength.

Jenny Bligh was neither imaginative nor susceptible to sound, but it drew her out of herself. It was like bathing in a sea whose waves overpower one, so that, try as one may to cling to the earth, it slips from beneath one's feet, shamed, beaten. She had a feeling that if it did not stop soon she would die, and would yet die when it did stop. Her heart beat thickly and heavily, her eyes were dim; she was bewildered, lost, and yet exhilarated. It was worse than a raid, she thought, more exciting, more wonderful.

The end left her almost as much exhausted as Ben himself. The sweat was running down his face as he rose from his seat, came forward to the front of the platform, and bowed right and left. Jenny had not clapped,—she would as soon have thought of clapping God with His last trump,—but Ben bowed as though a whole multitude had applauded him.

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By some chance, the only direction in which he did not turn his eyes was the gallery: even then he might not have seen a single figure seated a little to one side—a man with a dark overcoat buttoned up to his chin, who clapped his two thumbs noiselessly together, drawing in his breath with a sort of whistle.

After a moment's pause, Ben turned again to the piano. This time he played the Sonata Pathetique, in C Minor (Op. 13): then the Sonata Waldstein in C Major. Between each he got up, moved forward to the edge of the platform, and bowed.

At the end of the Sonata Op. 3—by rights the first on the program—and the short interval which followed it, he straightened his shoulders with a sort of swagger, utterly unlike himself, swung round to the piano again, and slammed out "God Save the King!"

He played it through to the very end, then rose, bowed from where he stood, stared round at the empty hall, a dreadful, strained, defiant smile stiffening upon his face, and sinking back upon his stool, laid his arms across the key-board, with a crash of notes, burying his head upon them.

§ 4

In a moment Jenny was out of her seat. There were chairs in her way, but she kicked them aside, and scrambled up to the platform; then, catching a sidewise glimpse of the empty seats, bent forward, and shook her fist at them.

"Beasts! Pigs! A-a-a-ah—you!"

The attendants had disappeared, the stranger was lost in the shadows. There was nobody there but themselves; it would not have mattered if there had been. All the lords and ladies, all the swells in the world, would not have mattered. The great empty hall, suddenly friendly, closed, curving, around them.

Jenny dropped upon her knees at Ben's side, and flung her arms about him with little moans of love and pity; slid one hand beneath his cheek, with a muffled roll of notes, raised his head, and pressed it against her heart.

"There, my dear! There, my love! There—there—there!"

She laid her lips to his thick, dark hair in a passion of adoration, loving every lock of it; and then, womanlike, picked a white thread from his black coat; clasped him afresh, with joy and sorrow like runnels of living water pouring through and through her.

"There! there! there! there!"

He was too much of a child to fight against her; all his pride was gone.

"O Jenny! Jenny! Jenny!" he cried; then, in an extremity of innocent anguish, amazement, added: "They did n't come! They don't care, they don't want it! Jenny, they don't want it!"

"Don't you worry about them there blighters, my darling. Selfish pigs! They ain't worth a thought. Don't you worry about them."

"But—Beethoven—"

"Don't you worry about Beethoven neifer. Ain't no better nor he oughter be, taeke my word fur it. Lettin' you in like this 'ere! There—there—there! my dear!"

They clung together, weeping, rocking to and fro.

"Well," said the man in the gallery, "I 'm jiggered!" and crept out softly, stumbling a little because of the damp air, which seemed to get into his eyes and make them smart.

As the lovers came out into the little

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vestibule, clinging to each other, they did not so much as see the stranger, who stood talking to the man in the box-office, but went straight on out into the rain, with their umbrellas unopened in their hands.

"A good thing as the 'All people insists upon payment in advance," remarked the man in the box-office, with a titter.

The other gave him a curious, half-contemptuous glance.

"I 'd like to hear you say that in a year's time."

"Why?"

"Because that chap will be able to buy and sell a place like this a hundred times over by then: Queen's Hall, Albert Hall. I know. It 's my business to know. There 's something about his playing. That *something different* they 're all out for."

It took a long time to get back to Canning Town. Even Jenny had lost her certainty, her grasp of the ways of buses and such things. She felt oddly clear and empty, like a room swept and garnished, with the sense of a ghost in some dim corner of it; physically sapped out.

Ben clung to her. He said very little, but he clung to her with an odd, lost air—the look of a child who has been slapped in the face and cannot understand why.

She was so much smaller, like a diminutive, sturdy steam-tug; and yet if she could have carried him, she would have done so.

As it was, she threw her whole heart and soul into guiding, comforting, thinking of a hundred things at once, her soft mouth folded tight with anxiety: how to prevent him from feeling shamed before his mother, how to keep the trouble away from her, though at the back of her own mind was a feeling —and she had an idea that it would be at the back of old Mrs. Cohen's also—of immense relief, of some load gone, almost as though her child had been through a bad attack of scarlet fever, or something which one does not take twice.

With all this there was the thought of what she would step out and buy for their supper if the fried-fish shop was still open; all she would do and say to cheer them.

As for Ben, the "Hammerclavier" was surging through his brain, carrying the empty hall with it, those rows upon rows of empty seats, swinging them to and fro, so that he felt physically sick, as though he were at sea.

Quite suddenly, as they got out of the last tram, the rain ceased. At the worst it had been a mild night of velvety darkness and soft airs, the reflection from the lamps swimming in a haze of gold across the wet pavement; but now, just as they reached the end of his own street, the black sky opened upon a wide sea of pinkish-amber, and a full moon sailed into sight. At the same moment Ben's sense of anguished bewilderment cleared away, leaving in its place a feeling of incalculable weariness.

To be back in his own home again was all he asked.

"You 'll stay the night at our place, Jenny?"

"Yes; I promised your mother." Her brow knitted, and then cleared again. Ah, well, that was all over: Ben would go back to his regular job again; they would get married; then there would be her money, too. No need for old Mrs. Cohen to do another hand's turn. Plenty of time for her to rest now.

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"Your mother—" As she spoke, Ben remembered for the first time, actively remembered, for of course it was his mother that he meant when he thought of home.

"She was n't there, Jenny! She was n't there!"

"She was very busy, 'ad n't finished 'er work." Something beyond Jenny's will stiffened within her. So he had only just realized it! She tried not to remember, but she could not help it: the flushed face, the glassy eyes, the whole look of a woman beaten, with her back against a wall, condemning Ben by her very silence and desperate courage.

"Work?"

"Yes, work." Jenny snapped it out, hating herself for it, drawing him closer, and yet unable to help it.

"Why—" began Ben, and then stopped, horrified. At last he realized it. Perhaps it ran to him through Jenny's arm, perhaps it was just that he was down on earth again, humble, ductile, seeing other people's lives as they were, not as he meant to make them.

"To-night—working—"

"All night; one the saeme as another."

"But why—" he began again, stopped dead, loosed his own arm, and caught hers. "All this while working like that! She works too hard. Jenny, look here; she works too hard. And I—this damned music! Look here, Jenny, it 's got to stop! I 'll never play a note again; she shall never do a hand's stroke of work again, never, never, not so long as I 'm here to work for her. All my life washing and ironing, ever since I can remember, like—like—the very devil!"

He pulled the girl along with him,

"That was what I was thinking all the time—to make a fortune so that you 'd both have everything you wanted, a big house, servants, motors, silk dresses! And all the time letting you both work yourselves to death! But this is the end; no more of that. To be happy—that 's all that matters—sort of every-day happiness. No more of that beastly washing, ironing. It 's the end of that, anyhow. When I 'm back at the timber-yard—"

He was like a child again, planning; they almost ran down the street.

True! How true! The street door opened straight into the little kitchen. She was not in bed, for the light was still burning; they could see it at each side of the blind, shrunk crooked with steam. There was one step down into the kitchen, but, for all that, the door would not open when they raised the latch and pushed it; it stuck.

"Some of those beastly old clothes!" Ben shoved it, hailing his mother. "Mother! Mother, you 've got something stuck against the door." Odd that she did not come to his help, quick as she always was.

After all, it gave way too suddenly for him altogether to realize the oddness; and he stumbled forward right across the kitchen, seeing nothing until he turned and faced Jenny still standing upon the step, staring downward, with an ashy-white face, wide eyes fixed upon old Mrs. Cohen, who lay there at her feet, resting, incomprehensibly resting.

§ 5

They need not have been so emphatic about it all. "No more beastly washing, no more work," for the whole thing was out of their hands once and for all.

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She had fallen across the doorway, a flat-iron still in her hand, the weapon with which she had fought the world, kept the wolf from that same door, all the strain gone out of her face, a little twisted to the left side, and oddly smiling. One child's pinafore was still unironed; the rest folded, finished.

They raised her between them, laid her upon her own bed. It was Jenny who washed her, wrapped her in clean linen; no one else should touch her. Ben sat by her, with hardly a break, until the day that she was buried, wiped out with self-reproach and grief, desolate as any child, sodden with tears.

He collected all his music into a pile the day of the funeral, gave it to Jenny to put under the copper, a burnt offering.

"If it had n't been for that, she might be here now. I don't want ever to see it again, ever to hear a note of it," he said.

Jenny went back to the house with him after the funeral; she was going to give him his tea, and then return to her own room. In a week they were to be married, and she would be with him for good, looking after him. That evening, before she left, she would set his breakfast, cut his lunch ready for the morrow. By Saturday week they would be settled down to their regular life together. She would not think about his music; she pushed it away at the back of her mind as over and done with; she would not even allow herself the disloyalty of being glad. And yet she was glad, deeply glad, relieved, despite her pride in it, in him, as though it were something unknown, alien, dangerous, like things forbidden.

Two men were waiting at the door of the narrow slip of a house, the tall, thin one, with his overcoat still buttoned up to his chin, and another fat and shining, with a top-hat, black frock-coat, and white spats.

"About that concert—" said the first man.

"We were thinking that if we could persuade you to play—" put in the other.

"There was no one there," interrupted Ben, roughly. His shoulders were bent; his head was dropped forward on his chest, poking sidewise; his eyes were as sullen as a child's.

"I was there," put in the first man, "and, I must say, impressed—"

"Very deeply impressed," added the other. But once again Ben brushed him aside.

"You were there—at my concert!" Jenny, standing a little back, for all three men were crowded upon the tiny doorstep, saw him glance up at the speaker with something luminous shining through the darkness of his face. "At my concert! And you liked it? You liked it?"

"'Like' is scarcely the word."

"We feel that if you could be persuaded to give another concert," put in the stout man, blandly, "and would allow—"

"I shall never play again—never, never," cried Ben, harshly; but this time the other went on imperturbably:

"Allow us to make all arrangements, take all responsibility, boom you, see to the advertising, and all that. We thought if we were to let virtually all the seats for the first concert go in complimentary tickets, get a few good names on the committee,—perhaps a princess or something of that sort as a patroness, —a strong *claque*—"

"Of course, playing Beethoven, playing him as you played him the other

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night—grand, magnificent!" put in the first man, realizing the weariness, the drop to blank indifference in the musician's face. "The 'Hammerclavier,' for instance—"

It was magical. "Oh, yes, yes—that—that!" Ben's eyes widened, his face glowed. He hummed a bar or so. "Was there ever anything like it? My God! was there ever anything like it!"

Jenny, who had the key, squeezed past them at this, and ran through the kitchen to the scullery, where she filled the kettle and put it upon the gas-ring to boil; looked round her for a moment with quick, darting eyes, like a small wild animal at bay in a strange place; then drew a bucketful of water, turned up her sleeves, the skirt of her new black frock, tied on an old apron of Mrs. Cohen's, with a savage jerk of the strings, and, dropping upon her knees, started to scrub the rough stone floors.

"Men! trapsin' in and out, muckin' up a place!"

She could hear the actual murmur of men's voices in the kitchen, and through it all was plain as plain, that "trapsin'" of other men struggling with a long coffin on the steep, narrow stairs.

On and on it went, the agonized remembrance of all that banging, trampling; the swish of her own scrubbing-brush; the voices round the table when old Mrs. Cohen had stood ironing for hours and hours upon end.

Then the door into the scullery was opened. For a moment or so she kept her head obstinately lowered, determined that she *would* not look up. Then, feeling her own unkindness, she raised it and smiled upon Ben, who stood there flushed, glowing, and yet too shame-faced to speak; smiled involuntarily, as one must smile at a child.

"Well?" Smiling, Jennie gazed at him.

"That—that—music stuff—I suppose it 's burnt?" he began, fidgeting from one foot to another, his head bent, ducking sidewise, his shoulder to his ear.

Her glance enwrapped him, smiling, loving, bitter-sweet. Things were not going to be as she had thought: no going out regularly to work, coming home to tea like other men; none of that safe sameness of life. At the back of her calm was a fierce battle; then she rose to her feet, wiped her hands upon her apron, stooped to the cupboard, and drew out a pile of music.

"There you are, my dear. I did n't burn it, 'cause—well, I suppose as I sorter knowed all the time as you d' be wanting it."

Children! Well, one knew where one was with children, real children; but men, that was a different pair of shoes altogether. Something you could never be sure of unless you remembered, always remembered, to *treat* them as though they were grown up, *think* of them as children.

"Now you taeke that an' get along back to yer friends an' yer playin', an' let me get on with my work. It 'll be dark an' tea-time on us afore ever I 've time ter so much as turn round."

"That woman," said the fat, shining man as they moved away down the street, "—hang it all! where in the world are we to get a taxi?—Commonplace little thing, a bit of a drag on him, I should think."

"Don't you believe it, my friend. That 's the sort to give 'em—some un who will sort of dry-nurse 'em, feed 'em, mind 'em. That 's the wife for a genius. The only sort of wife, mark my word for it."

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East Side Sketches

By Elizabeth Olds

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Jackson Street was made famous by Edward Harrigan. The older generation will remember his famous song, "The Mulligan Guards." At that time it was known as Telegraph Row

"Blow, Willy!"
Will he blow?

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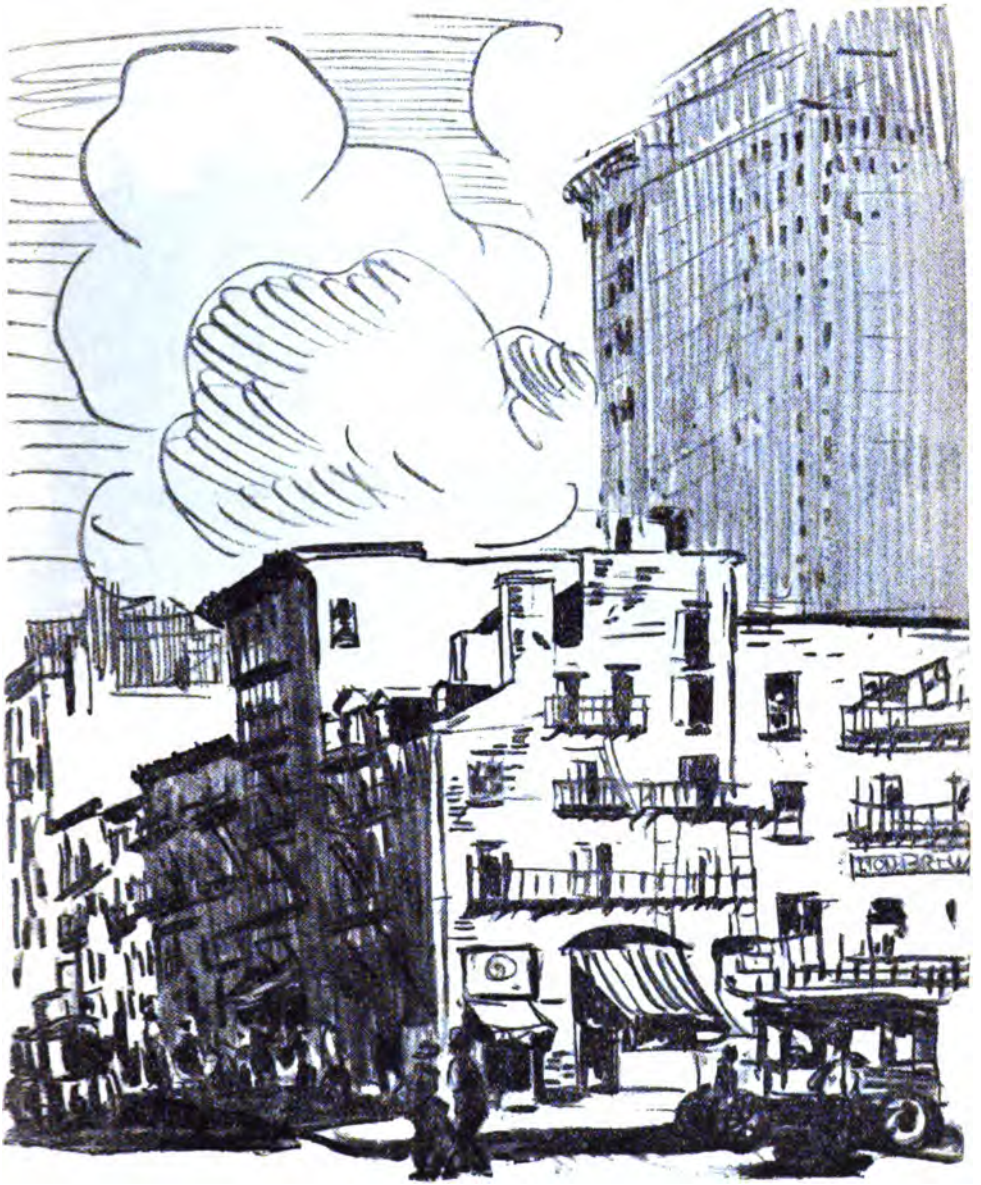

A bit of Warsaw in New York. Polish quarters, Battery Place

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Watt Street and Seventh Avenue, where the fiery poets of Greenwich Village are wont to dampen their ardor with one half of one per cent.

Perhaps you can guess what he thinks of the Government

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Awnings of all colors give an impression of the Orient

The retired policeman and a hot day

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"Peanut Joe"

"The Three Musketeers"

Box-seat park critics.
All bona-fide members of the Hammer Club

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Barriers to Information[1]

Toward a Critique of Public Opinion

By WALTER LIPPMANN, *Author of* "A PREFACE TO POLITICS," *etc.*

THERE is an island in the ocean where in 1914 a few Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans lived. No cable reaches that island, and the British mail-steamer comes only once in sixty days. In September, 1914, it had not yet come, and the islanders were still talking about the latest newspaper, which told about the approaching trial of Mme. Caillaux for the shooting of Gaston Calmette. It was, therefore, with more than usual eagerness that the whole colony assembled at the quay on a day in mid-September to hear from the captain what the verdict had been. They learned that for over six weeks those of them who were English and those of them who were French had been fighting in behalf of the sanctity of treaties against those of them who were Germans. For six strange weeks they had acted as if they were friends, when in fact they were enemies.

But their plight was not so different from that of most of the population of Europe. They had been mistaken for six weeks; on the Continent the interval may have been only six days or six hours. There was an interval. There was a moment when the picture of Europe on which men were conducting their business did not in any way correspond to the Europe which was about to make a jumble of their lives. There was a time for each man when he was still adjusted to an environment that no longer existed. All over the world as late as July 25 men were making goods that they would not be able to ship, buying goods they would not be able to import; careers were being planned, enterprises contemplated, hopes and expectations entertained, all in the belief that the world as known was the world as it was. Men were writing books describing that world. They trusted the picture in their heads. And then over four years later, on a Thursday morning, came the news of the armistice, and people gave vent to their unutterable relief that the slaughter was over. Yet in the five days before the real armistice came, though the end of the war had been celebrated, several thousand young men died on the battlefield.

Looking back, we can see how indirectly we know the environment in which, nevertheless, we live. We can see that the news of it comes to us now fast, now slowly, but that whatever we believe to be a picture of it, we treat as if it were the environment itself. It is harder to remember that about the beliefs upon which we are now acting, but in respect to other peoples and other ages we flatter ourselves that it is easy to see when they

[1] This is the first of a series of papers on public opinion, culled from Mr. Lippmann's forthcoming book on "Public Opinion." The occasional transition paragraphs in brackets are not Mr. Lippmann's, but are inserted by the editor.—THE EDITOR.

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were in deadly earnest about ludicrous pictures of the world. We insist, because of our superior hindsight, that the world as they needed to know it and the world as they did know it were often two quite contradictory things. We can see, too, that while they governed and fought, traded and reformed, in the world as they imagined it to be, they produced results, or failed to produce any, in the world as it was. They started for the Indies and found America. They diagnosed evil and hanged old women. They thought they could grow rich by always selling and never buying. A calif, obeying what he conceived to be the will of Allah, burned the library at Alexandria.

[The problem of public opinion, at least an important aspect of it, is the problem of making the picture of the world we carry about in our heads correspond as accurately as possible to to the world as it is. This means, of course, that we must manage somehow to get adequate and accurate information about the world. We find, however, that many barriers stand between us and such information—barriers that must be examined and understood before we can get far in any study of public opinion.]

§ 2

[One of the most obvious barriers to information is, of course, the various forms of censorship, which we may see working in clearest fashion in war-time.]

The picture of a general presiding at an editorial conference at the most terrible hour of one of the great battles of history seems more like a scene from the "Chocolate Soldier" than a page from life. Yet we know at first hand from the editor of the French communiqués that these conferences were a regular part of the business of war; that in the worst moment of Verdun General Joffre and his cabinet met and argued over the nouns, adjectives, and verbs that were to be printed in the newspapers the next morning. Said M. de Pierrefeu:

> The evening communiqué of the twenty-third [February, 1916] was edited in a dramatic atmosphere. M. Berthelot, director of the Prime Minister's office, had just telephoned by order of the minister asking General Pellé to strengthen the report and to emphasize the proportions of the enemy's attack. It was necessary to prepare the public for the worst outcome in case the affair turned into a catastrophe. This anxiety showed clearly that neither at G. H. Q. nor at the Ministry of War had the Government found reason for confidence. As M. Berthelot spoke, General Pellé made notes. He handed me the paper on which he had written the Government's wishes, together with the order of the day issued by General von Deimling, found on some prisoners, in which it was stated that this attack was the supreme offensive to secure peace. Skilfully used, all this was to demonstrate that Germany was letting loose a gigantic effort, an effort without precedent, and that from its success she hoped for the end of the war. The logic of this was that nobody need be surprised at our withdrawal. When, a half hour later, I went down with my manuscript, I found gathered together in Colonel Claudel's office, he being away, the major-general, General Janin, Colonel Dupont, and Lieutenant-Colonel Renouard. Fearing that I would not succeed in giving the desired impression, General Pellé had himself prepared a proposed communiqué. I read what I had just done. It was found to be too moderate. General Pellé's, on the other hand, seemed too alarming. I had purposely omitted von

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Deimling's order of the day. To put it into the communiqué *would be to break with the formula to which the public was accustomed*, would be to transform it into a kind of pleading. It would seem to say: "How do you suppose we can resist?" There was reason to fear that the public would be distracted by this change of tone and would believe that everything was lost. I explained my reasons and suggested giving Deimling's text to the newspapers in the form of a separate note.

Opinion being divided, General Pellé went to ask General de Castlenau to come and decide finally. The General arrived smiling, quiet and good humored, said a few pleasant words about this new kind of literary council of war, and looked at the texts. He chose the simpler one, gave more weight to the first phrase, inserted the words "as had been anticipated," which supply a reasurring quality, and was flatly against inserting von Deimling's order, but was for transmitting it to the press in a special note. . . . General Joffre that evening read the communiqué carefully and approved it.

Those two or three hundred words would be read all over the world in a few hours. They would paint a picture in men's minds of what was happening on the slopes of Verdun, and in front of that picture people would take heart or despair. The shopkeeper in Brest, the peasant in Lorraine, the deputy in the Palais Bourbon, the editor in Amsterdam or Minneapolis, had to be kept in hope, and yet prepared to accept possible defeat without throwing up his hands. They are told, therefore, that the loss of ground is no surprise to the French command. They are taught to regard the affair as serious, but not strange. Now, as a matter of fact, the French general staff was not fully prepared for the German offensive. Supporting trenches had not been dug, alternative roads had not been built, barbed wire was lacking. But saying that would have aroused images in the heads of civilians that might well have turned a reverse into a disaster. The high command could be disappointed, and yet pull itself together. But the people at home and abroad, full of uncertainties, and with none of the professional man's singleness of purpose, might, on the basis of a complete story, have lost sight of the war in a mêlée of faction and counterfaction about the competence of the officers. Instead, therefore, of letting the public act on all the facts which the generals knew, the authorities presented only certain facts, and these only in such a way as would be most certain to steady the people.

The editor of the French communiqué tells us that as the battle dragged out, his colleagues and he set out to neutralize the pertinacity of the Germans by continual insistence on their terrible losses. It is necessary to remember that at this time, and in fact until late in 1917, the orthodox view of the war for all the Allied peoples was that it would be decided by "attrition." Nobody believed in a war of movement. It was insisted that strategy did not matter, or diplomacy. It was simply a matter of killing Germans. The general public more or less believed the dogma, but it had constantly to be reminded of it in face of spectacular German successes.

Almost no day passed but the communiqué . . . ascribed to the Germans with some appearance of justice heavy losses, extremely heavy, spoke of bloody

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sacrifices, heaps of corpses, hecatombs. Likewise the wireless constantly used the statistics of the intelligence bureau at Verdun, whose chief, Major Cointet, had invented a method of calculating German losses which obviously produced marvelous results. Every fortnight the figures increased a hundred thousand or so. These 300,000, 400,000, 500,000 casualties put out, divided into daily, weekly, monthly losses, repeated in all sorts of ways, produced a striking effect. Our formulæ varied little: "according to prisoners the German losses in the course of the attack have been considerable!" . . . "It is proved that the losses" . . . . "The enemy exhausted by his losses has not renewed the attack." . . . Certain formulæ, later abandoned because they had been overworked, were used each day: "Under our artillery and machine-gun fire". . . . "Mowed down by our artillery and machine-gun fire". . . . Constant repetition impressed the neutrals and Germany itself, and helped to create a bloody background in spite of the denials from Nauen [the German wireless], which tried vainly to destroy the bad effect of this perpetual repetition.

The world has learned to call this propaganda. A group of men who can prevent independent access to the event arrange the news of it to suit their purpose. That the purpose was in this case patriotic does not affect the argument at all. They used their power to make the Allied publics see affairs as they desired them to be seen. The casualty figures of Major Cointet that were spread about the world are of the same order. They were intended to provoke a particular kind of inference; namely, that the war of attrition was going in favor of the French. But the inference is not drawn in the form of argument. It results almost automatically from the creation of a mental picture of endless Germans slaughtered on the hills about Verdun. By putting the dead Germans in the focus of the picture, and by omitting to mention the French dead, a very special view of the battle was built up. It was a view designed to neutralize the effects of German territorial advances and the impression of power which the persistence of the offensive was making. It was also a view that tended to make the public acquiesce in the demoralizing defensive strategy imposed upon the Allied armies. For the public, accustomed to the idea that war consists of great strategic movements, flank attacks, encirclings, and dramatic surrenders, had gradually to forget that picture in favor of the terrible idea that by matching lives the war would be won. Through its control over all news from the front, the general staff substituted a view of the facts that comported with this strategy.

The general staff of an army in the field is so placed that within wide limits it can control what the public will perceive. It controls the selection of correspondents who go to the front, controls their movements at the front, reads and censors their messages from the front, and operates the wires. The Government behind the army, by its command of cables and passports, mails and custom-houses and blockades, increases the control. It emphasizes it by legal power over publishers, over public meetings, and by its secret service. But in the case of an army the control is far from perfect. There is always the enemy's communiqué, which in these days of wireless cannot be kept away from neutrals. Above all, there is the talk of the soldiers, which blows

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back from the front, and is spread about when they are on leave. An army is an unwieldy thing, and that is why the naval or the diplomatic censorship is almost always much more complete. Fewer people know what is going on, and their acts are more easily supervised.

Without some form of censorship, propaganda in the strict form of the word is impossible. In order to conduct a propaganda, there must be some barrier between the public and the event. Access to the real environment must be limited before any one can create a pseudo-environment that he thinks wise or desirable. For while people who have direct access can misconceive what they see, no one else can decide how they shall misconceive it, unless he can decide where they shall look, and at what. The military censorship is the simplest form of barrier, but by no means the most important, because it is known to exist, and is therefore in certain measure agreed to and discounted.

§ 3

[Then there are many "areas of privacy" from which the public gets little, if any, information.]

At different times and for different subjects some men impose and other men accept a particular standard of secrecy. The frontier between what is concealed because publication is not, as the phrase goes, "compatible with the public interest" fades gradually into what is concealed because the facts are believed to be none of the public's business. The notion of what constitutes a person's private affairs is elastic. The amount of a man's fortune is considered a private affair, and careful provision is made in the income-tax law to keep it as private as possible. The sale of a piece of land is not private, but the price may be. Salaries are generally treated as more private than wages, incomes as more private than inheritances. A person's credit-rating is given only a limited circulation. The profits of big corporations are more public than those of small firms. Certain kinds of conversation, between man and wife, lawyer and client, doctor and patient, priest and communicant, are more privileged than others. Directors' meetings are generally private; so are many political conferences. Most of what is said at a cabinet meeting, by an ambassador to the secretary of state, or at private interviews or dinner-tables is private. Many people regard the contract between employer and employee as private. There was a time when the affairs of all corporations were held to be as private as a man's theology is to-day. There was a time before that when his theology was held to be as public a matter as the color of his eyes. Infectious diseases were once as private as the processes of a man's digestion. The history of the notion of privacy would be an entertaining tale. Sometimes the notions violently conflict, as they did when the Bolsheviki published the secret treaties, when Mr. Hughes investigated the life insurance companies, or when somebodys' scandal exudes from the pages of our journal to the front pages of others.

Whether the reasons for privacy are good or bad, the barriers exist. Privacy is insisted upon at all kinds of places in the area of what is called public affairs. It is often very illuminating, therefore, to ask yourself how you got at the facts on which you

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base your opinion. Who actually saw, heard, felt, counted, named the thing about which you have an opinion? Was it the man who told you or the man who told him or some one still further removed? And how much was he permitted to see? When he informs you that France thinks this and that, what part of France did he watch? How was he able to watch it? Where was he when he watched it? What Frenchmen was he permitted to talk to, what newspapers did he read, and where did they learn what they say? You can ask yourself these questions, but you can rarely answer them. They will remind you, however, of the distance which often separates your public opinion from the event with which it deals.

§ 4

While censorship and privacy intercept much information at its source, a very much larger body of fact never reaches the whole public at all or only very slowly. For there are very distinct limits upon the circulation of ideas.

A rough estimate of the effort it takes to reach everybody can be had by considering the Government's propaganda during the war. Remembering that the war had run over two years and a half before America entered it, that millions upon millions of printed pages had been circulated and untold speeches had been delivered, let us turn to Mr. Creel's account of his fight "for the minds of men, for the conquest of their convictions," in order that "the gospel of Americanism" might be carried "to every corner of the globe."

Mr. Creel had to assemble a machinery which included a division of news that issued more than six thousand releases, seventy-five thousand four-minute men who delivered at least seven hundred and fifty-five thousand, one hundred and ninety speeches to an aggregate of over three hundred million people. Boy scouts delivered annotated copies of President Wilson's addresses to the householders of America. Fortnightly periodicals were sent to six hundred thousand teachers. Two hundred thousand lantern-slides were furnished for illustrated lectures. Fourteen hundred and thirty-eight different designs were turned out for posters, window cards, newspaper advertisements, cartoons, seals, and buttons. The chambers of commerce, the churches, fraternal societies, schools, and what not were used as channels of distribution. Yet Mr. Creel's effort, to which I have not begun to do justice, did not include Mr. McAdoo's stupendous organization for the Liberty Loans, Mr. Hoover's far-reaching propaganda about food, or the campaigns of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare Board, not to mention the independent work of patriotic societies, like the League to Enforce Peace, the League of Free Nations Association, the National Security League, or the activity of the publicity bureaus of the Allies and of the submerged nationalities.

Probably this is the largest and the most intensive effort to carry quickly a fairly uniform set of ideas to all the people of a nation. The older proselyting worked more slowly, perhaps more surely, but never so inclusively. Now if it required such extreme measures to reach everybody in time of supreme crisis, what must be the condition of the more normal channels to men's minds? The administration

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was trying, and while the war continued it very largely succeeded, I believe, in creating something that might almost be called one public opinion all over America. But think of the dogged work, the complicated ingenuity, the money and the personnel that were required! Nothing like that exists in time of peace.

§ 5

[Still another barrier to information is found in the fact that the boundaries of social groups and communities are sealed to all but a limited amount of information, or news in the ordinary sense.] There are whole sections, there are vast groups, Ghettoes, enclaves, and classes that hear only vaguely about much that is going on.

They live in grooves, are shut in among their own affairs, barred out of larger affairs, meet few people not of their own sort, read little. Travel and trade, the mails, the wires, and radio, railroads, highways, ships, motor-cars, and, in the coming generation, aëroplanes, are, of course, of the utmost influence on the circulation of ideas. Each of these affects the supply and the quality of information and opinion in a most intricate way. Each is itself affected by technical, by economic, by political conditions. Every time a government relaxes the passport ceremonies, the customs inspection, every time a new railway or a new port is opened, a new shipping line established, every time rates go up or down, the mails move faster or more slowly, the cables are uncensored and made less expensive, highways built, widened, or improved, the circulation of ideas is influenced. Tariff schedules and subsidies affect the direction of commercial enterprise, and therefore the nature of human contacts. It may well happen, as it did, for example, in the case of Salem, Massachusetts, that a change in the art of shipbuilding will reduce a whole city from a center where international influences converge to a genteel provincial town.

It is certainly true that problems arising out of the means of communication are of the utmost importance, and one of the most constructive features of the program of the League of Nations has been the study given to railroad transit and access to the sea. The monopolizing of cables, ports, fuel stations, mountain passes, canals, straits, river-courses, terminals, market-places, means a good deal more than the enrichment of a group of business men or the prestige of a government. It means a barrier upon the exchange of news and opinion. But monopoly is not the only barrier. Cost and available supply are even greater ones, for if the cost of traveling or trading is prohibitive, if the demand for facilities exceeds the supply, the barriers exist even without monopoly.

Income is perhaps the most determining factor in every person's access to the world beyond his neighborhood. With money you can overcome almost every tangible obstacle of communication, you can travel, buy books and periodicals, and bring within the range of your attention almost any known fact of the world. The income of the individual man, the income of the community, determine the amount of communication that is possible. But their ideas determine how that income shall be spent, and that in turn affects in the long run the amount of income they will have. Thus there are lim-

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itations, none the less real because they are often self-imposed and self-indulgent.

The people who spend most of their spare time and spare money on motoring and comparing motor-cars, on bridge whist and post-mortems, on moving-pictures and pot-boilers, talking always to the same people with minute variations on the same old themes—these people cannot really be said to suffer from censorship or secrecy, the high cost or the difficulty of communication. They suffer from anemia, from lack of appetite and curiosity for the human scene. Theirs is no problem of access to the world outside. There are worlds of interest waiting to be explored, ready for them, and they do not enter. They move within a fixed radius of acquaintances according to the law and the gospel of their social set.

§ 6

[The fact that the average man spends only a little time each day in the consideration of public affairs limits seriously the amount of information he can possibly have about the world.]

Naturally, it is possible to make a rough estimate only of the amount of attention people give each day to informing themselves about public affairs. Yet it is interesting that certain estimates agree tolerably well, though they were made at different times, in different places, and by different methods.

A questionnaire was used by Hotchkiss and Franken on 1761 men and women college students in New York City, and answers came from all but a few. Scott used a questionnaire on four thousand prominent business and professional men in Chicago, and received replies from twenty-three hundred. Between seventy and seventy-five per cent. of all those who replied thought they spent a quarter of an hour a day reading newspapers. Only four per cent. of the Chicago group guessed at less than this, and twenty-five per cent. guessed at more. Among the New-Yorkers a little over eight per cent. figured their newspaper reading at less than fifteen minutes, and seventeen and a half at more.

Very few people have an accurate idea of fifteen minutes; therefore the figures are not to be taken literally. Moreover, business men, professional people, and college students are most of them liable to a curious little bias against appearing to spend too much time over the newspapers, and perhaps also to a faint suspicion of a desire to be known as rapid readers. All that the figures can justly be taken to mean is that over three quarters of those in the selected groups rate rather low the attention they give to printed news of the outer world.

These time estimates are fairly well confirmed by a test which is less subjective. Scott asked his Chicagoans how many papers they read every day, and was told that

14 per cent.	read	only	one paper
46	"	"	two papers
21	"	"	three papers
10	"	"	four papers
3	"	"	five papers
2	"	"	six papers
3	"	"	all the papers

(eight at the time of this inquiry).

The two- and three-paper-readers are sixty-seven per cent., which comes fairly close to the seventy-one per

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cent. in Scott's group, who rate themselves at fifteen minutes a day. The omnivorous readers of from four to eight papers coincide roughly with the twenty-five per cent. who rated themselves at more than fifteen minutes.

It is still more difficult to guess how the time is distributed. The college students were asked to name "the five features which interest you most." Just under twenty per cent. voted for "general news," just under fifteen for editorials, just under twelve for "politics," a little over eight for finance, not two years after the armistice a little over six for foreign news, three and a half for local, nearly three for business, and a quarter of one per cent. for news about "labor." A scattering said they were most interested in sports, special articles, the theater, advertisements, cartoons, book reviews, "accuracy," music, "ethical tone," society, brevity, art, stories, shipping, school news, "current news," print. Disregarding these, about sixty-seven and a half per cent. picked as the most interesting features news and opinion that dealt with public affairs.

This was a mixed college group. The girls professed greater interest than the boys in general news, foreign news, local news, politics, editorials, the theater, music, art, stories, cartoons, advertisements, and "ethical tone." The boys, on the other hand, were more absorbed in finance, sports, business page, "accuracy," and "brevity." These discriminations correspond a little too closely with the ideals of what is cultivated and moral, manly and decisive, not to make one suspect the utter objectivity of the replies.

Yet they agree fairly well with the replies of Scott's Chicago business and professional men. They were asked not what features interested them most, but why they preferred one newspaper to another. Nearly seventy-one per cent. based their conscious preference on local news (17.8 per cent.), or political (15.8 per cent.), or financial (11.3 per cent.), or foreign (9.5 per cent.), or general (7.2 per cent.), or editorials (9 per cent.). The other thirty per cent. decided on grounds not connected with public affairs. They ranged from not quite seven, who decided for ethical tone, down to one twentieth of one per cent. who cared most about humor.

§ 7

The unseen environment is reported to us chiefly by words. These words are transmitted by wire or radio from the reporters to the editors, who fit them into print. Telegraphy is expensive, and the facilities are often limited. Press-service news is therefore usually coded. Thus a despatch which reads:

> Berlin, June 1, Chancellor Wirth told the Reichstag to-day in outlining the Government's programme that "restoration and reconciliation would be the keynote of the new Government's policy." He added that the Cabinet was determined disarmament should be carried out loyally and that disarmament would not be the occasion of the imposition of further penalties by the Allies.

will be cabled in this form:

> Berlin 1. Chancellor Wirth told t Reichstag tdy in outlining the gvts pgn tt qnrestoration & reconciliation wd b the keynote f new gvts policy. qj He added ttt Cabinet ws dtmd disarmament sd b carried out loyally & tt disarmament

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wd n b the ocan f imposition of further penalties bi t alis.

In this item the substance has been culled from a long speech in a foreign tongue, translated, coded, and then decoded. The operators who receive the messages transcribe them as they go along, and I am told that a good operator can write fifteen thousand or even more words per eight-hour day, with half an hour out for lunch and two ten-minute periods for rest.

A few words must often stand for a whole succession of acts, thoughts, feelings, and consequences. We read:

Washington, Dec. 23—A statement charging Japanese military authorities with deeds more "frightful and barbarous" than anything ever alleged to have occurred in Belgium during the war was issued here to-day by the Korean Commission, based, the Commission said, on authentic reports received by it from Manchuria.

Here eye-witnesses, their accuracy unknown, report to the makers of "authentic reports"; they in turn transmit these to a commission five thousand miles away. It prepares a statement, probably much too long for publication, from which a correspondent culls an item of print three and a half inches long. The meaning has to be telescoped in such a way as to permit the reader to judge how much weight to give to the news. He is able to do just that in the example I have quoted.

But it is doubtful whether a supreme master of style could pack all the elements of truth that complete justice would demand into a hundred-word account of what had happened in Korea during the course of several months, for language is by no means a perfect vehicle of meanings. Words, like currency, are turned over and over again, to evoke one set of images to-day, another to-morrow. There is no certainty whatever that the same word will call out exactly the same idea in the reader's mind as it did in the reporter's. Theoretically, if each fact and each relation had a name that was unique, and if every one had agreed on the names, it would be possible to communicate without misunderstanding. In the exact sciences there is an approach to this ideal, and that is part of the reason why, of all forms of world-wide coöperation, scientific inquiry is the most effective.

Men command fewer words than they have ideas to express, and language, as Jean Paul said, is a dictionary of faded metaphors. The journalist who addresses half a million readers of whom he has only a dim picture, the speaker whose words are flashed to remote villages and overseas, cannot hope that his few phrases will carry the whole burden of his meaning. "The words of Lloyd George, badly understood and badly transmitted," said M. Briand to the Chamber of Deputies, "seemed to give the Pan-Germanists the idea that the time had come to start something."

When we use the word "Mexico," what picture does it evoke in a resident of New York? Likely as not it is some composite of sand, cactus, oil-wells, greasers, rum-drinking Indians, testy old cavaliers flourishing whiskers and sovereignty, or perhaps an idyllic peasantry *à la* Jean-Jacques Rousseau assailed by the prospect of smoky industrialism and fighting for the rights of man. What does the word "Japan" evoke? Is it a vague horde of slant-eyed yellow men, surrounded by yellow perils, picture brides, fans,

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Samurai, banzais, art, and cherry-blossoms? Or the word "alien"? According to a group of New England college students, writing in the year 1920, an alien was the following:

A person hostile to this country
A person against the government
A person who is on the opposite side
A native of an unfriendly country
A foreigner at war
A foreigner who tries to do harm to the country he is in
An enemy from a foreign land
A person against a country, etc. . . .

Yet the word alien is an unusually exact legal term, far more exact than words like sovereignty, independence, national honor, rights, defense, aggression, imperialism, capitalism, socialism, about which we readily take sides "for" or "against."

The power to dissociate superficial analogies, attend to differences, and appreciate variety is lucidity of mind. It is a relative faculty. Yet the differences in lucidity are extensive, say as between a newly born infant and a botanist examining a flower. To the infant there is precious little difference between his own toes, his father's watch, the lamp on the table, the moon in the sky, and a nice, bright yellow edition of Guy de Maupassant. To many a member of the Union League Club there is no remarkable difference between a Democrat, a Socialist, an anarchist, and a burglar, while to a highly sophisticated anarchist there is a whole universe of difference between Bakunin, Tolstoy, and Kropotkin.

A man who merely rides in other people's automobiles may not make finer discrimination than between a taxicab and an automobile, but let that same man own a car and drive it, let him, as the psycho-analysts would say, project his libido upon automobiles, and he will describe a difference in carburetors by looking at the rear end of a car a city block away. That is why it is often such a relief when the talk turns from "general topics" to a man's own hobby. It is like turning from the landscape in the parlor to the plowed field outdoors. It is a return to the three dimensional world, after a sojourn in the painter's portrayal of his own emotional response to his own inattentive memory of what he imagines he ought to have seen.

We easily identify, says Ferenczi, two only partly similar things: the child more easily than the adult, the primitive or arrested mind more readily than the mature. When first observed in the child, consciousness seems to be an unmanageable mixture of sensation. The child has no sense of time and almost none of space; it reaches for the chandelier with the same confidence that it reaches for its mother's breast, and at first with almost the same expectation. Only very gradually does function define itself. To complete inexperience this is a coherent and undifferentiated world, in which, as some one has said of a school of philosophers, all facts are born free and equal. Those facts which belong together in the world have not yet been separated from those which happen to lie side by side in the stream of consciouness.

[This, then, is a tracing in brief of a few of the external barriers to information. But after information reaches us, much happens to it, as it passes through our minds, before it becomes the basis of fixed opinion. This will be the concern of a following paper.]

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"Taxis of Fate"

By James Mahoney

Drawings by Florence Howell Barkley

"JUST at that moment," concluded Ventrillon, producing an effect by leaning forward over the little iron table between them at the Closerie des Lilas, "I snatched the revolver from him. And—would you believe me, my friend?—it was not loaded."

Hippolyte subsided with a gasp. "*C'est bizarre,*" he said, blinking his eyes. "It is all there is of the most extraordinary. In fact, such things do not happen." For the thing that Ventrillon had told him was such as could happen only in Paris and seldom happens even there. "And to think that it was not two hours ago! Truly, it is fantastic."

Ventrillon liked Hippolyte Raton. He found him restful. Nothing had ever happened to Hippolyte, and Ventrillon could talk to him for hours about his own adventures without any such irrational interruption as, "That is almost as extraordinary as what happened to me at—*n'importe où.*" Hippolyte was not merely a good listener; he was that rarest of all rare things, an interested listener. All the things for which he longed with every twisted fiber of his queer and thwarted little soul had already happened to Ventrillon. And through the medium of Ventrillon he managed to lead the life of exhilarating and bizarre adventure otherwise denied to him, albeit he led it vicariously and, so to speak, platonically. This made him a very satisfactory friend.

Besides, it must be confessed, Hippolyte lived near the Etoile and always had the price of a beer in the pocket of that coat which was really very well tailored, but somehow never seemed so upon Hippolyte. And Hippolyte liked buying beers at the Closerie des Lilas. He did not get on very well in good society, and his nearest approach to shining there consisted in being trapped into buying dinners at fashionable restaurants. But if one cannot

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become a star of even the *n-th* magnitude by paying for dinners on the right bank of the Seine, one can become an entire constellation in oneself by paying for a beer on the wrong one. Yet even so life is heartbreakingly desolate when one knows its breathless moments only from the lips of another.

Ventrillon lifted his bock to his lips.

"Bah!" he said; "the story was long, and the beer has gone flat."

"Waiter," said Hippolyte, "two bocks, and remove this one." He carefully stacked its saucer upon the others at his side. The price was marked on each, and the stack came to six francs, which is a small price for an evening's entertainment. Now, if one lives near the Etoile, one is not supposed to consider that sort of thing. Nevertheless, one does even if one lives in the avenue du Bois de Boulogne itself.

Although this calculation had for its source his pocket-book, the speech that succeeded it was a cry wrung from his heart.

"Ventri," he said earnestly, "here is what I cannot understand. Why does everything happen to you, and nothing—*nothing*—ever happens to me?"

His voice broke, and he spread his chubby hands, imploringly, palms up, upon the table before him.

"I shall tell you," said Ventrillon, "for I have thought this thing out. Like everything else, it is a question of character. If one is of the character of one to whom adventures arrive, they arrive. If one is not, they do not. *V'là tout!*"

Hippolyte blinked.

"But," he said slowly, "if an adventure arrives, an adventure arrives, no matter what one's character is. That sees itself."

"I shall explain," said Ventrillon. "Everything you do is because you are of the character to do it. You will grant me that?"

"Y-yes," said Hippolyte.

"Also, everything you do leads you toward something, and at the same time it leads you away from something else. That much is clear, is it not?"

"Y-yes, I see that," said Hippolyte.

"Good!" said Ventrillon. "Now, at no moment do you know toward what the act you do is leading you; and *never*—this is the thing of which it is sometimes frightening to think—*never* will you know what it has led you away from. Suppose you find a pin upon the carpet, and you pick it up. Life seems to go on quite as it would have gone on in any case. But—*but*, indeed, how do you know it does? Now listen, for this is a terrible thing to consider. *You will never know what would have happened if you had not picked up that pin.*"

"But," said Hippolyte, "things would not happen simply because I did not pick up a pin."

"How do you know?" cried Ventrillon. "How *can* you know? In fact, you will never know. Because, my friend," he concluded triumphantly, "you picked up the pin."

"I always pick up pins," said Hippolyte.

"Now, you," said Ventrillon, "are of the character to do the things which lead one away from adventure. I am of the character not to do them. And there you are!"

"It is true," considered Hippolyte, resentfully, "that I never do anything very extraordinary. But, then, neither do you. To-night, for example, you were simply going as usual to

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the Closerie des Lilas, and I was simply going as usual to the Closerie des Lilas. But regard me what happened to *you* while I—I was drinking a b-bock!" His voice was almost tearful, and the corners of his mouth sank in a pathetic droop.

"Good!" said Ventrillon. "Now let us demonstrate. Let us call to mind every single act you have performed since sunset, and we shall perceive that, if you had not done it, almost anything might have happened."

"Now let me see," said Hippolyte, puckering his brows; "I 'm not sure that I can remember. First, I dined with the Duloys. But I always dine with the Duloys; at least almost always. It is true that Lucienne is very pretty, but she is engaged, and the fiancé was there. I was forced to talk to Simone, who squints. It appears that I am always forced to talk to Simone. So, you see, I left before the coffee—"

"Because Simone squints?" said Ventrillon. "That is important."

"And, besides," said Hippolyte, "she had a cold in the head. We dined at the Crillon, and I paid before I left; it seems that I always pay. And in the Place de la Concorde the idea came to me that I had nothing to do. It is an idea that frequently comes to me. So I said, 'I shall go and find my friend Ventrillon at the Closerie des Lilas. We shall drink a bock'—"

"You said, 'We shall drink a bock'?" said Ventrillon. "*Sapristi!* that is very important."

"We have drunk six," said Hippolyte. "So I took a taxi, and I said to the conductor, 'To the Closerie des Lilas. But it is understood that I do not pay if the gasolene gives out before we arrive. And close me those windows,' I said, 'for I always catch cold in a draft.' And the conductor said, 'Very well, *bourgeois,*' and closed the windows. Conductors of taxis are no longer polite."

"Stop!" cried Ventrillon. "That is enough. Now let us consider these events. *If* Mademoiselle Simone did not squint, you would not have left before the coffee. *If* you had not said, 'I shall buy my friend Ventrillon a bock'—"

"But there are six, Ventri," protested Hippolyte, indicating the stack of saucers.

"Good!" said Ventrillon. "If you had not said, 'I shall buy my friend Ventrillon six bocks'—"

"But I did not say that," said Hippolyte; "I said—"

"*Good!*" said Ventrillon. "If you had not said whatever you said, you would not have taken a taxi to the Closerie des Lilas. Now consider me this. What—*what* would have happened—if—you—had—*not*—taken that taxi? It is terrifying to think that you will never know."

"But things very frequently happen in taxis," said Hippolyte. "I assure you they do, Ventri. I was reading only yesterday in 'Le Matin'—"

"At any rate, nothing happened in this one," said Ventrillon. "And consider what *might* have happened *if you had not taken it.* Does that not take your breath?"

"I should have walked," said Hippolyte.

§ 2

Now this is exactly what would have happened to Hippolyte if he had not taken a taxi:

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The shortest route which the pedestrian can choose in going from the Place de la Concorde to the Closerie des Lilas is to cross the Seine by the Pont de la Concorde, to follow the boulevard St.-Germain as far as the boulevard Raspail, to follow the boulevard Raspail as far as the rue d'Assas, to follow the rue d'Assas as far as its termination in the carrefour de l'Observatoire, and, *voilà*, you are at the Closerie des Lilas. But you do not go by the rue de Madame.

As the rue de Madame leads from no point in particular to no point in particular, nobody counting upon arriving at any point in particular is likely to take it at all. Also, consisting as it does of monotonous walls of flat, gray houses rising solidly from the pavement on each side, the Street of Madame is not a street likely to attract aimless strollers. Consequently, it is usually deserted by day, and always deserted after the fall of darkness. One might not call it, perhaps, a sinister street, but one would certainly call it a lonely one.

Now, when Hippolyte did not take a taxi in the Place de la Concorde, he crossed the Seine by the Pont de la Concorde, followed the boulevard St.-Germain as far as the boulevard Raspail, and followed the boulevard Raspail as far as the rue de Babylone, which is not as far as the rue d'Assas.

There an interesting thing occurred. The shoe-lace of his right shoe came untied, and he could hear it whipping against his left ankle as he walked.

"Voilà!" he said, "I paid a good franc for that shoe-lace, and now it annoys me like this. I shall remember not to buy that brand again." And at the crossing of the streets he stooped to tie his shoe-lace.

"'You will never know what would have happened if you had not picked up that pin'"

That evening a gentle breeze was blowing down the Street of Babylon, and as Hippolyte stooped, his back was opposed to its current. Caught in the brim of his hat, the breeze lifted it from his head and carried it down this street.

Hippolyte jerked the knot taut and dashed after his hat. Tantalizingly, it rolled ahead, always just out of his reach and getting dustier all the while, until it reached the place known as the Red Cross. There it made a complete circle about him, while he grasped wildly at the surrounding atmosphere. Then it made a sudden leap in the direction of the Street of the Old Pigeon-House; then it rolled for some distance down this street to a point

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where it affixed itself like a sessile mollusk to the door-post of a house.

Hippolyte swept down upon it, almost demolishing it entirely in his desperate effort to catch hold before the breeze could resume control of events. Puffing with his recent exertions and feeling very warm, Hippolyte dusted it as best he could with his pocket-handerchief.

"Forty francs," said Hippolyte, putting the ruin upon his head.

As it would be absurd to retrace so many steps, Hippolyte now considered how best to find his way toward the Closerie des Lilas, and the place in which he stood to consider being the middle of the street, it was draftier far than the interior of any taxi. The quarter was not very good, nor was it very bad, but it was a quarter which Hippolyte did not know.

"However," said he, "I shall take this street to the right, for I believe it will lead me at length into the rue d'Assas."

Hippolyte was correct, for it was the rue de Madame.

In the rue de Madame Hippolyte felt chilly. The street was deserted, and very dark into the bargain, and this is a state of affairs which has been known to produce that effect. "But," thought Hippolyte, "I really believe that I am going to sneeze."

Instead, he did a most extraordinary thing. He turned abruptly to face a dark doorway, and automatically threw up his hands. If it had not been night, one might have observed that his usually rosy face had become dead white.

For some person in that doorway had moved. A dark figure materialized in the shadow, and Hippolyte saw that it was not a man, as he had thought, but a woman. A young woman, in point of fact. Thereupon he ceased to hold his breath, lowered his hands, and placed one of them over his heart, where it could clutch tightly at his pocket-book through the cloth of his coat.

"I—I demand a thousand pardons, monsieur," began the woman in a tremulous voice. "I did not wish to startle you. But as you passed, I could see even in the darkness that you are good and kind. I am in great trouble, monsieur—"

"I am very sorry," said Hippolyte, "but I have no money with me." He knew how to deal with these beggars. He turned on his heel to walk away.

But at that moment something wholly uncontrollable accrued within his nose at a point just above the bridge.

"Oh, my God!" thought Hippolyte, "I *am* going to sneeze!" And sneeze he did, three tremendous spasms in crashing succession.

"Oh, monsieur," cried the woman, running to him, "oh, don't do that, monsieur, I implore you! It was in that way I lost my dear husband. First, it was a cold, the least cold possible, only a sneeze or two, and then it became the Spanish grippe, and it settled in his lungs, and then, monsieur, my poor husband was—dead!" Her voice trembled with the tears she was making a courageous effort to repress.

Her interest in Hippolyte's welfare made her grief only the more touching, but he knew that in these cases one must be cautious. A woman, like the ten of clubs in the fortune, invariably signifies the loss of money.

"But I, madame," he said—"I am prepared. I always carry a little box of aspirin tablets in my coat-pocket." He began to fumble in his pocket. For

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a second it seemed as if he had been paralyzed at a stroke. Then he slapped his hand to his forehead.

"*Nom d'un chien!*" he swore softly, "I remember now that I gave them to that Simone Duloy at the Hôtel Crillon! And, madame, she squints."

"*Mon dieu! mon dieu!*" said the woman, wringing her hands, "if only I knew what to do!" With an effort she reached a decision. "Listen, monsieur," she said, putting her hand gently upon his arm, "there is in the upper left-hand drawer of my writing-desk a box which is not yet half-empty. If you will come inside for a moment, I shall give you a glass of water to take them with—"

Hippolyte looked at her. In the dim light of the stars he saw a white madonna-like face, with parted lips and straining eyebrows, and large dark eyes upturned to look trustingly into his. "I 'll risk it," thought Hippolyte. What follows is the result of passing up a taxi in the Place de la Concorde, tying one's shoe in the rue de Babylone, and sneezing in the rue de Madame.

The room into which the woman led Hippolyte was little different from all other rooms in the cheaper quarters excepting that the furniture may have been a little less shabby, and the double doors which led into a room beyond a little less pockmarked than usual. Hippolyte looked about him, and the decent homeliness of the place reassured him all the more.

"It will not take a moment, monsieur," said the woman, and went out into the hall with an empty glass in her hand.

"She is beautiful," admitted Hippolyte; "but this is an affair of aspirin tablets."

The woman returned.

"'Oh, monsieur,' cried the woman, running to him, 'oh, don't do that'"

"Do you know, monsieur," she said, "that with you in my house I do not for the moment feel so unprotected." She smiled wanly at him and gave him the glass of water. Then she went to look in the drawer of her writing-desk for the aspirin tablets. She found them, and opened the box, from which he selected two.

"Ah, madame," he said, "you are more than kind," and swallowed them with a great gulp of water.

Whereupon the woman burst into heartbreaking tears.

"Oh," she sobbed, "my poor husband! He—he *always* made faces like that when he took medicine, even when he was most ill!"

Hippolyte has never known how it happened, but he now found himself embracing with both arms a beautiful young woman who wept convulsively

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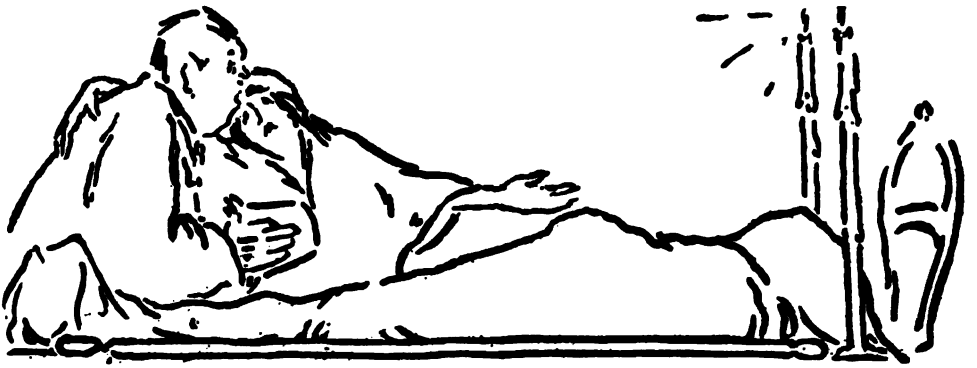

"Before him, . . . lay the corpse"

against his breast. His heart had melted completely away under the flood. "How lucky that *I* am here to soothe her!" he thought.

Presently she struggled from his arms.

"Oh, monsieur!" she cried, "to think that you—*you* would take advantage of me! And in the very house in which my poor husband at this moment lies dead!"

"In this house!" cried Hippolyte, starting away from her. "Name of a dog!"

He began alternately parting and compressing his lips, as if they had gone stickily dry.

She burst into another flood of tears, but Hippolyte no longer desired to comfort her. He desired only to get out of that house.

"And he was so good," she sobbed, "and so brave—and—and so fond of potatoes in oil, which I cooked for him every d-d-day! And I—I loved him, monsieur. And now I shall never cook potatoes in oil for him again! Oh, monsieur, I am in great trouble—the very greatest trouble, for he has left me without a sou to give him decent burial."

Hippolyte glanced apprehensively over his shoulder at nothing at all, opened his pocket-book with panicky fingers, and hurriedly extracted a fifty-franc note. There was something horrible to him in the atmosphere of a house in which a man lay dead.

"Here, madame," he gasped with dry and husky throat—"here are fifty francs. And now I must go."

He was too nervous to notice that she gave a swift glance at the pocket-book, and that those limpid eyes then lost focus for a momentary calculation.

"Oh, no, monsieur," she begged, "give me nothing at all rather than that! Fifty francs would not purchase a funeral of even the sixth class. Do you think I would bury such a man as that without even a lambrequin above the door of the church? Oh, sir, you do me grave injustice!"

Hastily opening his pocket-book again, he made a strategic move toward the door.

"Here is a hundred francs," he said hoarsely, and thrust the note desperately into her hand. "And now you must let me go, for I have promised to drink a bock with my friend Ventrillon at the Closerie des Lilas—"

She moved swiftly to cut off his escape.

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"Monsieur," she accused in a terrible voice, "how could you! You insult me! You must see that I cannot, without the basest ingratitude, spend less than a thousand francs!"

Hippolyte whistled the letter O.

"A thousand francs!" he gasped. "Nom de dieu! I had rather that I had caught cold!"

"Oh, I see what is the matter, sir," she said piteously. "You do not believe me. You think that I am dishonest, and that I am trying to obtain money falsely. Then say it, monsieur —say the ugly word direct, and spare me the humiliation of your hints. Call me liar! Cry it into my face! I am strong; I can endure it." She clutched at her breast as if she would with her own hands bare it to the blade. "Ah, but, no, that is useless; I shall convince you. Come!" She caught his hand, and almost with the strength of frenzy dragged him to the double doors, which she flung wide.

Great drops of cold sweat spurted from the pores of his forehead, and he felt the tendons of his limbs grow slack.

Before him, on a stretcher supported between the seats of two chairs, lay the corpse, with only a white sheet for covering. Two candles, stuck to the chair with blobs of wax, guttered and flickered above the bluish pallor of its face, and two others fluttered with a grisly light near where its feet protruded grotesquely beneath the linen.

In a panic of horror he flung his pocket-book into her hands.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, "I cannot bear it!" and fled incontinently from the room. He dashed down the stairs and into the rue de Madame. There he staggered against the side of the house, and slowly drew the back of his hand across his forehead.

"Two grains of aspirin!" he said. "*Pardieu!* the price has gone up."

All that is what would have happened if Hippolyte had not taken a taxi. As it was, he took a taxi, and it did not happen at all.

§ 3

Now this is what actually did happen to Ventrillon that self-same evening:

At exactly twenty minutes after Hippolyte would have arrived in the rue de Madame if he had not taken a taxi, and about two hours before he poured the tale of what follows into the eager ears of Hippolyte at the Closerie des Lilas, Ventrillon walked up that same gray old street on his way to that very café. In a clear, beautiful baritone he was singing without words, "E lucevan le stelle," from the last act of "Tosca," and becoming quite pleasantly melancholy from the effects of his own music.

Suddenly he stopped short and took off his hat before a dark doorway.

"*Bonsoir*, madame," he said into it; "I perceive that you are regarding the moon."

"Oh, no, sir," said a sad, weary voice from the shadow of the doorway; "there is no moon."

"And I thought all the while that there was," said Ventrillon. "That, madame, is what it is to have the romantic temperament."

"Ah, yes," said the woman in the doorway, "and that is also what it is to have the light heart. But I, monsieur, shall never have the light heart again; for I am in trouble, monsieur, very great trouble. Even now I was waiting for some one to pass whom I might ask to help me. I was glad you spoke, for even in the dark I could see that you are good and kind—"

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"And even in the dark," said Ventrillon, "I can see a tear which glistens out of place in those fine eyes. What is the matter, pray, dear madame?"

She hesitated a moment while she timidly inspected him.

"I—I should not like for people to see us talking together in the street," she began uncertainly; "but if—if you could come in quickly where nobody can see—"

"I could do anything for those fine eyes," said Ventrillon, impudently.

"Oh, I have been too bold!" said the woman, covering her face in her hands. "One can trust no man."

"Respect my youth, madame," said Ventrillon, seriously; "I assure you that no person has yet known harm from me."

The woman raised her face again.

"I think," she said after peering for a space into his eyes, "that I believe you."

And she opened the door behind her.

In the *pétrole* lamplight Ventrillon saw that she was very beautiful, and he thought of photographs he had seen of Mademoiselle Lantelme. He saw the woman's lips quiver as she gathered strength to speak.

"I believe I am going to weep," thought Ventrillon.

"Monsieur," she said at last, "yesterday the kindest, the tenderest, the noblest man in all the world—died." She could scarcely continue further, and began to sob into her handkerchief. "Of the Spanish grippe, monsieur, which settled in his lungs."

"Your husband, madame?" said Ventrillon, gouging something from his right eye with his knuckle, only to find that his left required attention also.

The woman collected herself with an effort.

"Yes, monsieur," she said; "You have divined it. My husband. And I loved him, monsieur; I loved him as no woman has ever loved before."

"I have read that somewhere," thought Ventrillon, "but it makes me weep all the same."

"But he has left me without a sou to give him decent burial," said the woman.

"S-o-o, money?" thought Ventrillon. "That strikes an entirely different chord. But surely none could be safer than I." He thrust his hands into his empty pockets.

For an interval she could do nothing but sob, and Ventrillon spoke not. Then she said:

"So you see, monsieur, I must ask some one to help me—"

"Dear madame," said Ventrillon, earnestly, "even if you were a Tibetan polyandrist and had fifty husbands, I should adore helping you bury them all; but, as it happens, I have not a sou."

"Oh," she cried, "you do not believe me! I see that you do not believe me! Then why did you not say it? Why do you not tell me that I lie? That I could bear, but not this!"

"Your surmise, madame, is correct," said Ventrillon. "I do not believe a single word which has passed those exquisite lips in the course of our all too brief acquaintance. But in your acting I believe as I do in all great art. Hence my tears."

"Then *look!*" she cried in a terrible voice, and flung wide the double doors.

The body lay straight and still beneath its covering sheet, and the candles cast pale shadows, which flickered and fled strangely upon that blue-

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white mask of death. The effect was ghastly, and Ventrillon shivered.

"Wonderful!" he thought. "But how he can remain so completely motionless is a thing which I cannot understand. I wonder if he really is her husband. In these cases one never knows."

"Now," said the woman, "do you not experience a lively regret for your doubts of me?"

"Truly, madame," said Ventrillon, "I experience instead a lively desire to tickle this young gentleman in the ribs. I believe I might effect a miracle and raise the dead."

"No!" she cried, "no! You will not dare! It is sacrilege!"

"Do not attempt to prevent me," said Ventrillon, and, striding quickly through the double doors, he grasped the shoulder of the body and shook it vigorously.

"'*Nom de dieu de dieu de dieu!*' swore Ventrillon, softly"

"Get up from there, old fellow!" he cried. "I 've heard of this trick before."

The body slid sickeningly from the stretcher and, stiff and unresponsive, bumped with a grisly thud to the floor. Two of the candles tottered, luckily extinguishing themselves as they fell.

"Thunder of God!" cried Ventrillon, hoarsely. Unable even to cover his eyes with his hands, he stood horrified and aghast at what he had done.

"Now, *pardieu!*" screamed the woman, "you *will* pay! Thou camel! *Voyou! Saligaud!* That cheek will never look natural again. It is impossible to mend it! Oh, why did I ever allow this species of housebreaker into my house!"

Horrible to say, a thick, triangular chunk of the cheek lay upon the carpet, and a gaping black hole was all too visible in the face of the corpse.

"*Nom de dieu de dieu de dieu!*" swore Ventrillon, softly, and stooped to touch the fragment gingerly with the ends of his fingers. "Wax! *Pardieu!*"

"Yes it is wax," cried the woman, shrilly, "and not a finer piece was in all Tussaud's. It is simply that it became a little worn in the dusting, and the management was ready to discard it. But that was barely noticeable. Now a great hole like that, when my husband brought it all the way from London at great expense! Oh, you 'll pay! You won't leave here until you do. And a present to my husband it was. You see, it has sentimental value also. And now you have broken it! The parting gift of the management of Tussaud's waxworks to my husband before he went to war! The souvenir

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of his happy days as faithful caretaker! Oh, you need not think you will leave without paying for breakage! You 'll pay!" It seemed as if her tirade would never end.

"*Poiasse!*" cried Ventrillon, employing an epithet so terrible that it exists in no dictionary and has no meaning whatever. "Let me pass!"

She flung herself against the hall door, and confronted him with her arms outspread against it.

"You force me to violence," said Ventrillon, and caught one of her wrists in a frightful grip.

"Antoine!" shrieked the woman. "*Antoine!*"

Ventrillon turned to face a man who sprang through the double doors from another room, and found a revolver leveled at his eyes.

"How dare you!" thundered the man. "How dare you attack my widow!"

Ventrillon became gray-white, but he drew himself firmly erect. "Let me tell you, my friend," he said, speaking with the terrible calm of great fear, "that you will get just as much from me living as when I am dead, for I have not a sou. Shoot!"

That was the last speech in the world which the man who held the revolver had expected. His hand began to waver uncertainly, and it was plain that he knew not what to do. But the rest of it we have already heard Ventrillon tell Hippolyte while the beer was going flat at the Closerie des Lilas.

Nevertheless, he did not tell that when he reached the street again he said, "I hope that Hippolyte Raton will be at the Closerie des Lilas, for he will buy me a beer, and the good God knows that I am thirsty."

In fact, his mouth was parching.

Ventrillon gazed pityingly at his friend across the table between them.

"You would have walked," he said. "O, Hippolyte, you do not understand these things. And you say that your life is dull. Listen to me, Hippolyte, my friend; the life of any man is the most thrilling thing in all the world. Only consider into what abysses you might have sunk, to what pinnacles you might have soared, if upon a certain day, instead of shaving, you had gone unshaved; or, instead of taking a clean handkerchief, you had left it in the *armoire*. Never will you know what peril you have escaped by salting your egg at luncheon instead of leaving it unsalted. O, Hippolyte, Hippolyte, if you had not taken a taxi, you say you would have walked. No wonder you consider that your life is dull. But now it is long past midnight, and we are almost alone. Let us hail a taxi, and you can go by the rue Jacob and leave me at my door. It is not far out of your way—"

Hippolyte sprang to his feet.

"No, Ventri," he cried, his little eyes aflame with inspiration; "no, this time I shall *not* take a taxi!"

"Then I shall have to walk home," said Ventrillon, "unless, perhaps—I wonder if you could spare me a five-franc note?"

"Willingly," said Hippolyte, and Ventrillon watched him with sinking heart as he counted past all notes of a larger denomination until he found one little blue one of the amount specified. Ventrillon accepted it gracefully and went away to find a taxi, while Hippolyte paid a sleepy waiter the amount of the stack of saucers.

Now this is what happened to Hippolyte when he did not take a taxi:

He followed the rue d'Assas as far

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as the boulevard Raspail, and the shoe-lace of his right shoe came untied.

"*Voilà!*" he said, "I paid a good franc for that shoe-lace, and now it annoys me like this. I shall remember not to buy that make again." And he stooped to tie the shoe-lace.

He followed the boulevard Raspail as far as the boulevard St.-Germain. The early morning air was chill, and at the boulevard St.-Germain he sneezed —three tremendous spasms in crashing succession.

"I must be catching cold," he said, and fumbled in his coat-pocket for his box of aspirin tablets, which he always carried. For a second it seemed as if he had been paralyzed at a stroke. Then he slapped his forehead. "*Nom d'un chien!*" he swore softly, "I remember now. I gave them to that Simone Duloy at the Hôtel Crillon, and, *bon dieu*, how she squints!"

§ 5

The next morning, dressed in a quilted dressing-gown of satin, Hippolyte, with watering eyes and a very red nose, was eating his roll and coffee, managing to snatch a few items of news from "Le Matin" between mouthfuls. Suddenly his arm was arrested and immobilized in the act of carrying his cup to his lips. He set the cup down and began to read:

EXTRAORDINARY AND BIZARRE ADVENTURE OF AN ARTIST IN A TAXI-CAB.

Early this morning as M. Odillon Ventrillon, an artist, was going in a taxi-cab from the Café Closerie des Lilas to his place of residence in the Rue Jacob—

The paper grew blank before the eyes of Hippolyte, and a groan of despair escaped from his open mouth.

"And all that habbened to me," he said, "was a gold in the head!" Then he roused himself to action, and with a mighty effort flung that copy of "Le Matin" to the floor. "*Nom de dieu de dieu de dieu!*" he swore in his great wrath, "And it was I who baid for that taxi!"

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World Politics *versus* Disarmament

By Herbert Adams Gibbons

At President Harding's invitation, the first international conference on disarmament will meet in Washington this autumn. The third anniversary of the armistice which ended the World War is considered by promoters of the conference as auspicious for the initial meeting, because it commemorates the victory in a war fought to bestow upon the world the blessings of a durable peace. President Harding is so confident of the success of the scheme he is fathering that he has proclaimed beforehand a result different from that of Paris. The peace conference did not bring us peace, but the disarmament conference will bring us disarmament. Mr. Harding's optimism is based upon the attitude of public opinion.

None would say that there is anything in Mr. Harding's background or in his nature or in his mentality that would make him like his predecessor. Yet at the very beginning of his administration, when face to face with the problem of world coöperation, Mr. Harding deceives himself as Mr. Wilson deceived himself. Thinking that he is the voice of the people, whose will is irresistible, Mr. Harding cries, "Disarmament!" as Mr. Wilson cried, "League of Nations!" He holds up before a weary world a goal that is the heart's desire, and prophesies that he will lead us to it; but of ways and means of reaching it he says nothing. Public opinion is not aware of the obstacles to disarmament, which might be overcome if openly discussed; of the sacrifices each nation would have to make, which might be agreed to if we were prepared for them. The preliminary negotiations are being carried on in the deepest secrecy, according to the discredited diplomatic usage which has always failed. When November 11 arrives, unless a miracle occurs, the statesmen will open their discussions at Washington with no hope of reaching a favorable result, knowing that agreement is impossible, and each trying to save his face with his own electorate.

Most of the enthusiasts boosting the Washington conference are the same men and women who supported the Versailles League of Nations. Their generous idealism makes them magnify the end to a total forgetfulness of the means of attaining it.

What shall it profit the world if the European statesmen who made the Treaty of Versailles come with their Japanese colleagues to Washington on the third anniversary of an armistice which is not yet peace? Nothing. Their discussions will do the cause of world peace positive harm. The British and French and Japanese will, out of the mouths of these spokesmen, make any promise of disarmament contingent upon our promise to underwrite all their gains under the Versailles and other treaties and to consent to all their dual and tripartite agreements among themselves; the

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Italians will insist upon sharing the booty and upon a raw-materials agreement; and the Chinese will ask for what the Japanese do not intend to give.

The Washington conference may bring reduction of armaments. The probability is that we shall date from November 11, 1921, the beginning of the popular idea that war with Japan is inevitable, and the revival of the speculation as to a Russo-Germano-Japanese alliance, with the concomitant question of the advisability of an American understanding with Great Britain and France.

§ 2

The first reason why the disarmament conference is doomed to failure is the same as the first reason of the failure of the Versailles League of Nations. No conference is international, and can expect to make decisions which will be respected, which excludes Germany and Russia. This is not a matter for emotional hysteria or for the play of hatred or dislike or repugnance. It is a matter of common sense. Our opinion of Germany's rôle in the World War and what we think of Bolshevism do not make Germany and Russia any the less the two strongest countries in Europe.

A League of Nations, to be workable and have world authority, must admit Russia and Germany on a footing of equality. The provision of the covenant, making the five "principal Allied and Associated Powers" permanent members of the council of the league, and providing for a minority of four elected members of the council from all the other nations, killed the league as a world organization before it was formed. It is against human nature and the teaching of history to suppose that Russia and Germany will consider the conference of Paris and its league as settling for all time the inferiority of the Russian and German races among the nations of Europe. Although Italy was among the victors and has a permanent seat in international conferences as now constituted, her position economically is not unlike that of Germany. Without sources of raw material to draw upon independently and not mistress in her own seas, Italy is beginning to look upon the league as bondage, and upon the disarmament conference as a plot to betray her into waiving her right to emerge from bondage as other nations have done.

It is easy enough to argue that Russia is in chaos and Germany in Coventry and that neither nation has a government which we can trust. It is easy enough also to give the excuse that if Russia and Germany were invited, France would not come; and the more simple-minded will point out that Russia and Germany do not deserve to be invited. Well and good. But do arguments and explanations change the fact that whatever the other nations decide to do at Washington, the decisions cannot take force until Russia and Germany agree to them? And is it to be expected that Russia and Germany will agree to maintain the status quo of 1921, manifestly unfavorable to themselves? Lenine and Trotzky and famine are passing events in Russia, and Marshal Foch on the Rhine is a passing event in Germany. Ten years after Paris was in the throes of the Terror, Napoleon crowned himself in Notre Dame, and eight years after Napoleon, ensconced in Berlin, disarmed the Prussians, he fled from Paris to escape a

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Prussian army. Can the jailers of more than two hundred million Russians and Germans lay down their arms?

But we are in an age when arms are no longer necessary for coercion, we are told. Germany will be boycotted if she attempts to evade the Versailles obligations, and Russia is already at our mercy, brought to her knees by the blockade. Now that it has been tested during the last three years, there is no longer excuse for holding this doctrine. Great Britain's treaty with Krassin, which, for personal, political, and economic considerations, broke the Entente solid front against Russia, demonstrates how little faith can be put in the adoption of common economic measures against a recalcitrant country. Great Britain and Italy, as well as the small neutrals, are once more as keen for German trade as they were before the war, and they refuse to cut off their noses to spite their faces and to enforce treaties in the practicability and wisdom of which their faith has been shaken.

And then there is the boomerang effect of cutting off great nations from trade relations. They suffer, but do not you suffer also? The strain is hard on them; is it any less hard on you? Let the August number of the National City Bank letter to its clients speak, with no fear of being thought an organ of Bolshevist propaganda. Says the National City Bank:

> The loss of the Russian market has seriously affected European industries, and that it even affects the United States unfavorably is a striking illustration of how a disturbance of industry in one country will disturb it in many. The prostration of Russia relieves the American wheat grower of competition, but has closed a great market for cotton goods and all manufactures. The industrial depression which results affects the sale of cotton all over Europe. . . . The loss of the Russian market has affected India seriously, because Russia consumed about 25 per cent. of all the tea grown in the world. Tea has had a calamitous fall, and the ability of India to buy cotton goods affects the ability of Manchester to buy American cotton.

And so it goes on for a page to show how the world is linked together by common interests to such an extent that the seemingly easy and bloodless expedient of using an economic boycott instead of an army and navy costs more than war and develops rickets and pellagra on both sides of the blockade.

§ 3

The success of the conference is as badly compromised by the invitations extended to France, Italy, and China as it is by the omission of invitations to Germany and Russia. This brings up the question of the agenda. What does the conference purpose to discuss?

Had President Harding seized the occasion of the expiration of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to invite Japan and Great Britain to confer with the United States on the possibility of reducing naval armaments and regulating the distribution of war-ships, a working agreement might have been reached without serious difficulty or delay. All three countries have reasons for not wanting to come into conflict, and even to avoid the appearance of building against one another; all three countries are looking for a way to cut down their post-bellum budgets and remove war taxes; and public opinion in Great Britain, Japan, and the United States

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would have aided the statesmen in coming to decisions within this strictly limited field. By taking into account the distribution of ships rather than number, and agreeing upon the size and cruising radius of fleets, Japan and the United States could have been reassured about each other's pacific intentions, and Great Britain could have policed her empire without denying the principle of equality of sea-power, upon which the United States insists.

But why France and Italy and China? And if these three, why not, too, Brazil and Argentina and Chile? Italy's interest in Pacific Ocean naval arrangements are infinitesimal: Chile's are her whole life. The balance of power between Great Britain and the United States in the Atlantic interests Brazil and Argentina as much as France. But Italy, if naval armaments alone are discussed, is bound to take a stand not to the liking of either France or Great Britain in the Mediterranean. China can say nothing about naval bases without arousing the suspicion of Great Britain, France, and Japan against the United States.

On the other hand, if the object of inviting the three powers who are not serious naval rivals of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States was to open the question of land armaments simultaneously, President Harding has on his hands a new conference of Paris, with all its questions reopened and buzzing like hornets around his devoted head.

France will not listen to any proposals for the disarmament of her own armies and those of Poland, which she controls, unless Great Britain and the United States form an alliance with France to keep Germany territorially where the Treaty of Versailles put her, and to aid in the collection of the very last penny of the German indemnity France will insist that the United States join in the task of making Germany disarm. France will ask that Mr. Harding present to the Senate for immediate ratification the arms agreement already signed by our representatives at St.-Germain on September 10, 1919. According to this agreement, the contracting parties bind themselves not to sell and to take every possible step to prevent the introduction to certain specified countries of arms received as booty or on their hands after the war. The countries are those which Great Britain and France control politically. The agreement was conceived as a means of getting the rest of the world to connive in keeping African and Asiatic countries in subjection to their European masters and exploiters. The right of asserting and defending our independence we prize above all things. In this right the civil liberties of Anglo-Saxondom rest. But we shall be asked—we have already been asked—to deny it to others.

Italy's naval and military policies are complicated. As Italy is a growing country, with narrow frontiers, and is becoming highly industrialized, she feels the need of colonies, raw materials, African and Asiatic markets with special privileges such as Great Britain and France enjoy. She fears the Slavs as France fears the Germans, and is hardly ready to trust luck in the future by agreeing cheerfully to limit her armies. On sea Italy aims for the domination of the Mediterranean, and considers it a legitimate aspiration. Judged by the standards other powers set for themselves, Italy's geographical position makes her ambition on the sea reasonable. Both for strategic and

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economic reasons Italy thinks she needs Tunisia. Italy hopes also to get Malta in the course of time, and she has no intention of allowing the British to gain title to Constantinople. All these questions will be in the minds of her negotiators at Washington. They will not sign away their hopes, but they will keep them strictly under cover, and bring out for trading purposes only the demand, already made at Geneva, for pooling the world's raw materials in a way that will enable Italy to get her share without having to pay tribute to Great Britain and France.

The invitation to China was graceful, but impolitic, if the object of the conference is to talk about disarmament. We are either going to back China, which we have never done, or we are going to let China down, which we have always done.

§ 4

With the exception of the dilemma in regard to China, our fears concerning the composition of the conference and its agenda are met with the answer that the State Department has clearly indicated its intention of steering clear of moot European and colonial questions in which the United States has no direct interest. We long for world peace, and are willing to give sound advice to Europe; but have not the aspirate quadrumvirate of the new administration, Harding, Hughes, Hoover, and Harvey solemnly assured us that we are not to be involved in the Treaty of Versailles and the Geneva League? France and Poland and Germany, Italy and the Mediterranean, the Entente policies in the Near East and Africa—we are interested in these problems because the loans we have made and the trade we hope to get demand a speedy restoration of economic equilibrium in Europe and no discrimination against American capital, goods, and shipping in Near-Eastern and African markets. But we are not *vitally* interested, which means that the disarmament policy of the United States will not be affected one way or the other by European and Entente colonial affairs. It is intimated that naval disarmament is the immediate issue, and that the only great international problem which the conference will have to solve before agreement on limitation of navies can be reached is what the newspapers are calling "the problem of the Pacific."

It all becomes as clear as mud. China has no navy, but she cannot, in view of the traditional friendship of the United States for China, be left out of a conference which is bound to affect directly and radically her destinies. We appoint ourselves the advocates of Russia's interests. Great Britain will come to an understanding before the conference with Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. With France and Italy looking on, and Great Britain shrugging her shoulders and pointing apologetically to the force of public opinion in her Pacific dominions, the United States will find herself forced into the advocacy of measures that will make our naval shipyards and arsenals hum. The British Foreign Office and the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs have the Pacific problem all arranged. We refused to underwrite Entente imperialism in the Near East. Very well. Under the guise of bearing the white man's burden in the Pacific and saving China from Japan, the United States is chosen for the rôle of saving Asiatic

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markets for Great Britain and France and of relieving Great Britain of the cost of defending Australia, New Zealand, and Canada.

Amazing as it may seem to the reader who has thought of the Washington conference as a step toward world peace, what I write here is not fancy or conjecture. The Washington conference will be a conflict between world politics and disarmament, with Japan the victim and the United States the goat, unless the statesmen of Japan and the United States come to a mutual understanding before the conference as to how to checkmate the Old-World diplomats. Propagandists and jingoes are filling the magazines and newspapers with Japan in Shan-tung, Japan in Saghalin, Japan in Korea, Japan in Manchuria, Japan in eastern Siberia, Japan in Vladivostok, and Japan in the Pacific Islands. By her aggression against China and Russia, by her penetration of the Pacific, by her desire to send emigrants everywhere, Japan is threatening the world's peace. If Japan refuses to assent to a disarmament proposal, shall we not regard her as a second Germany at a second Hague, wrecking the hopes of the world?

§ 5

The title of countries to possessions and political and economic privileges beyond their own natural ethnographic limits is acquired by force and maintained by force. The strong have taken what they wanted and held it against all comers. The world's colonizing areas and raw materials and markets are held and exploited by nations whose navies and armies have been the winners in duels with other European powers. When the Japanese were compelled by threat of bombardment to open their country to Caucasian missionaries and traders, they alone of all Oriental peoples had the wit and the ability to study and imitate our methods. In the beginning we did not intimidate them, we did not bluff them. We are not going to intimidate them and bluff them now.

If the United States attempts at Washington to make the limitation of armaments agreement contingent upon unilateral sacrifices on the part of Japan, the efforts of our statesmen will be indefensible morally, historically, economically; foolish politically; and will lead to a new war, prejudicial to our own interests, to pull others' chestnuts out of the fire for them.

In the matter of Shan-tung we say we are the friends of China; of Vladivostok and Saghalin the friends of Russia; of Korea the friends of the oppressed Koreans. But if we are honestly friends of China, and eager to make China mistress in her own house, why do we stop at Shan-tung and Manchuria? The only way to secure the open door in China and put China on the path of progress is to espouse her cause against all nations, and prove to the Japanese that we are not playing favorites, and to the Chinese that we are real friends, by insisting that *all* the powers, not Japan alone, retire from fortified footholds on the Chinese coast, from spheres of influence, from concessions involving an impairment of Chinese sovereignty, from control of posts and customs, and restore to China the bits of territory stolen by force. This would put China, not Russia, in Vladivostok and Manchuria, and remove Great Britain from Wei-hai-wei and Hong-Kong, and France from her grip on Yunnan. Great

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Britain would waive her pretensions to exclusive concession privileges in the Yangste Valley. It is as much to the interests of China and international justice and to the interest of the United States to see European nations get out of China as to prevent Japan from penetrating China.

I shall go further. Any attempt on the part of the United States to defend China by barring Japan alone from exclusive privileges in China, while tacitly accepting those acquired in the same manner by Great Britain and France, will bring us into war with Japan for the maintenance of a Far-Eastern status quo which is to our commercial disadvantage.

Unless it is our deliberate intention to stick pins into Japan until she is goaded into fighting us, or to block Japan's legitimate (as legitimate as ours, at least, but perhaps "natural" is a better word to use) effort to secure colonizing areas and exclusive markets until ramming a cork in an overflowing bottle causes the bottle to burst and the expelled cork to hit us in the eye, we must take a different tack with the Japanese delegates on November 11 concerning Saghalin and eastern Siberia from that indicated in our State Department notes. If one takes the trouble to look at the map and then into the history of Saghalin, he will realize that the possession of this island has been a source of conflict between Japan and Russia since 1807, and that Russia's title is not a bit better than that of Japan historically and a thousand times less strong from the point of view of geography. And what interest have we in interfering between Japan and Russia in the question of eastern Siberia? In ordinary circumstances this policy would be dubious. In view of our present relations to Russia it is fatuous.

Japan's encroachments upon the sovereignty of China are deplorable and inexcusable, but no less deplorable and less inexcusable than those of the European powers. Why should we have two weights and two measures? But if we are told that "this is a practical and not an ideal world" and that "we must deal with realities," which means the acceptance as *faits accomplis*, not subject to revision of other crimes than those of Japan, we are still on solid, horse-sense ground in protesting against playing Great Britain and France as favorites in the Far East against Japan. Whether the closing of the open door in our faces by Japan is more harmful to American capital and trade in the Far East than by Great Britain and France is debatable, but there can be no question of the advisability of viewing Japan's excess population problem with sympathy and of considering Japan's need of access to raw materials and foreign markets on terms as favorable as those enjoyed all over the world by certain European nations, especially the industrial island of Great Britain. Is it wise to interfere with Japan in Manchuria, Shan-tung, and eastern Siberia?

I am speaking of advisability and wisdom, of course, with the professed object of the disarmament conference in mind, which is disarmament.

§ 6

If the treaties made at Paris in 1919 and the continuation conferences of the last two years are an indication of the state of mind of Entente statesmen toward disarmament and a durable world peace, it is certain that they welcome the Washington conference

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only as the return of the prodigal son to the fold.

Into their minds and ours, however, will come the thought of what they owe to us, ten billions in hard cash, on which American taxpayers are paying the interest for them. In 1919 they allowed us to have the League of Nations, a wonderful concession to American public opinion, in the Treaty of Versailles in return for all the tangible booty reserved for themselves. Now they may think in 1921 that they can graciously exchange the promise to disarm (a little), a measure far more to their advantage than our own, against our remission of the war debts.

Perhaps they can. What a weapon we have in our hands for the good of the world if only a master mind arises at Washington to use it! Japan has gone into China because the European powers were there. The servitude of China *vis-à-vis* the European powers is due to the money China owes them. And the story of China during the last fifty years is that of other weak nations the world over. Loans, defaulting interest, intervention, resistance to intervention, fighting, imposition of indemnities, more loans to pay the indemnities, control of customs with the fixing of duties not in the hands of the powerless state, enormous concessions mortgaging the future of the debtor state granted for a song or nothing, and then the scramble of rival powers to secure the exploitation of weak peoples for themselves and shut other powers out—this is world politics, the real cause of wars, and the formidable enemy to the success of President Harding's conference.

Our way out is for President Harding to propose a book transfer of all Chinese indebtedness to Europe to the American Government, and write off similar amounts in favor of the countries transferring their Chinese credits to us. Then we shall be able to give back to China the keys of her own house, and prove to Japan that we are playing no favorites in our open-door policy in the Far East. When Great Britain and France have thus made restitution to China, a restitution for which we really pay the price, they can join us with clean hands to say to Japan, "Let us all do the square thing by China and play fair with one another as well as with her."

This use of our European credits may seem idealistic and naïve to some of my readers. When I propose the extension of the principle to Persia and Egypt and other weaker states tottering under the burden of, handicapped in their evolution to self-government by, huge sums owed to European countries the interest on which leaves them impoverished each year, you shake your head and call me a dreamer. But why am I more idealistic and naïve than the man who proposes that we wipe out the war loans, with no *quid pro quo* for ourselves or for humanity? Emancipating China and other weaker states from European exploitation in this way is to the distinct interest of the United States economically. From the point of view of international relations it is a great step forward to a durable world peace.

But suppose the European delegates refuse? In that case, we have a demonstration of the fact that the world is no more ready for a beginning of disarmament in 1921 than it was for a League of Nations in 1919.

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Finding Forbidden Capital

By Gertrude Mathews Shelby

A MODIFIED credit system could transform the world in five years," confidently state C. H. Douglas and A. R. Orage in that forward-looking little volume on "Credit-Power and Democracy."

That exciting prophecy cannot seem unsubstantial to those who have already seen the marvels of constructive accomplishment obtained through the coöperative banks of Scandinavia, Germany, Italy, India, or, for that matter, even our neighboring province, Quebec. After seeing, none can doubt the saving power of a credit generated from faith, dependent upon continuous industry and controlled through collective intelligence.

Credit in the United States has become highly centralized, commanded too strictly for private advantage, granted too liberally to those who already possess solid assets. To decentralize that control gradually, to offer credit at low rates for socially approved purposes to those who can give earnest of character, is to present a dynamic inducement to men which might rationally liberate transforming energies now stifled.

Attempts by workers to retain control of money which heretofore flowed without question into the hands of private bankers invite interpretation. It is significant that associations of honest, poor, but enlightened, workers, prompted, the modern psychologist would say, by that "inferiority complex" which results in the "will to power," have proved that they possess the common sense and responsibility required to make a success of banking for themselves.

Their "complex" has already spelled a power small, yet almost magical. These men have already created at least the nucleus of a system of American people's banks. Two hundred credit unions now show assets of more than five million dollars. Massachusetts boasts of seventy-one of these coöperative savings and loan associations. In 1920 they virtually doubled their membership and assets, the capital reaching four million dollars and the number of members 24,000. New Hampshire has one bank in Manchester with seven hundred thousand dollars in assets. Rhode Island has several small, but strong, coöperative banks. New York and New Jersey have a number. Thirty-three North Carolina credit unions are serving farmers, black as well as white. Finally, the already great Coöperative National Bank of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, opened in November, 1920, at Cleveland, showed in June assets of eight million dollars. The latter, in my opinion, is rather a copartnership than a coöperative concern.

§ 2

Just what is a coöperative bank? A mutual, "non-profit" organization

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which aims through pooling the small savings of many to secure the "unearned increment of association" and to employ their moneys toward gaining control of all their economic affairs.

Coöperative banking is a new game for America. Depositors must be stock-holders. Shares are often as low as five dollars, and may be paid for in instalments. Interest on them is usually limited to the legal rate. The first requirements for membership are our old copy-book friends, honesty and industry, for loans are frequently made on personal surety. Applying, any member must state to the bank's credit committee the purpose for which he will use the sum. If the proposal is provident or reproductive, he will be required to get the signature of from one to three fellow-members. If he can do so, he will get the money without other collateral. He finds himself possessed of a new working asset.

Since these associations lack the usually all-important object of "making money" for their stock-holders, they can afford to devote themselves to business that commercial banks consider unprofitable. They make short-time loans of small amounts at an ordinary rate of interest their special business. The distinguishing feature of coöperative management is that each man shall possess only one vote, no matter how many shares of stock he holds. Officers are elected, bonded, and not permitted to borrow. Usually they receive no salary.

Never shall I forget when I first hunted out a certain credit union in a small Massachusetts city. At the end of the search I entered a long room where four humble tailors sat at their machines, silhouetted against the blazing light of the windows. The third one proved to be the treasurer of the bank. The others were members, and from time to time used funds to purchase their cloths. Those four tailors became symbolic to me of the steady working power which creates savings to build a community loan service.

Later I found credit unions in railroad shops, factories, presbyteries, department stores, wholesale millinery establishments, public offices, in neat, two-room box-like buildings, like that at Central Falls, Rhode Island, or handsome stone structures, like that owned by the million-dollar Finnish bank in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Quite as often as not, a young bank was entirely destitute of plate-glass, shiny brass fittings, or teller's grilled cubicles. It did its work over the desk of some one's office and shared the use of his safe.

Mind you, deposits are not necessarily less safeguarded because the impressive steel-fortress effect is lacking. The sort of people who make genuine coöperatives succeed may even show nobility in their responsibility for common funds. There was the manager of the Chelsea Credit Union, who kept the collective assets in a safe in his store, above which he lived. In the middle of one night several years ago fire routed him out. He had time to save nothing. Yet he went back into the burning store. Not stopping to get anything of his own, he secured the union's money and papers. He himself was "cleaned out," but every cent of coöperative assets was accounted for.

The fact that there has been virtually no loss in the ten years of operation in Massachusetts is sufficient

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evidence that under proper restriction these banks are safe. That is why Mr. Thorndyke, Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts, at first opposed to them, declared as he left office that in that State alone there should be fifteen hundred.

§ 3

Their money rises from two sources: little private hoards, those old teapot accounts which total up great sums held perpetually out of circulation, and from new habits of thrift. Usually, therefore, they do not compete with ordinary banks. A certain belief is engendered by these new, unpretentious, sincere "banks of the people."

Why else should a sensible woman carry fifteen hundred dollars in savings to a middle-aged clerk in a department store in Worcester to re-deposit that night in the credit union, made up mostly of Catholics, of which he chanced to be the trustworthy treasurer? Why else should a number of these banks show a steady monthly increase in deposits in 1921, when neighboring savings-banks report more withdrawls than money coming in? Why else should credit unions like that in the telephone company in Boston, with branches elsewhere through the State, develop a completely new spirit of thrift, and accumulate a hundred thousand dollars in a little more than a year?

The answer is that credit unions are the people's own. Formerly, the telephone company kept a lawyer on their pay-roll busy all the time dealing with sharks and instalment houses who garnisheed the wages of employees. Since the workers have formed their own union, this lawyer is out of a job. Girl operators or men employees who must seasonally buy clothing, purchase furniture, or need a sum to complete an insurance payment, to cite three familiar needs, may borrow from the union, pay five or six per cent. instead of exorbitant interest, and save their self-respect. The credit union's surplus becoming more than could profitably be employed in approved loans, a coöperative store of a new type was opened. Almost the entire stock was "on consignment" from manufacturers or wholesalers, at prices somewhat below the market.

The loans made by unions are frequently in miniature, like those of ordinary banks. The corner storekeeper wants to secure a discount, the artisan money to swing a contract which transforms him into an employer, the married couple a flexible, cheap loan to build a home. In the beginning the man who is in the grip of the money-lender uses the credit union to be helped out. When people's banks become established, the loan-shark disappears.

Generally, the man who can borrow two thousand dollars at an ordinary bank does not need this service, but poorer men in every calling avail themselves of it. They prove the general lack of credit. A young doctor made a loan to equip his office with an X-Ray. The owner of certain Turkish baths secured four hundred dollars to improve his plant. A washerwoman borrowed fifty dollars to buy her coal for the winter. A carter, well known to the membership in his country community, lost his horse. Knowing his reliability and steady employment, there was no undue risk in providing him with money to buy another. A young man borrowed the tuition for his last term at dental school. On

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graduation he entered the army, and repaid the sum promptly.

One roofer in a New England town borrowed five hundred dollars on personal surety to use in improving his business. Because these banks are not operating primarily for profit, the borrower is permitted to return any part of the loan without waiting for the expiration of the note. This roofer regularly paid back ten dollars a week, thereby saving himself a considerable amount of interest. He repeatedly renewed the loan until in five years he had built himself up to a considerable prosperity. Nowhere else could he at first have obtained capital without security. Later he saw that a non-profit service in whose control he had a voice was a splendid new strength.

There was Strunsky, who kept a news-stand. An accident occurred; his leg was amputated. When he came out of the hospital he faced bills for periodicals, forty-five, thirty-five, ten, and five dollars in separate accounts. It was not a great sum, but his creditors "were not bankers." The share he owned in the credit union was the only asset he had.

He applied for a hundred-dollar loan. The credit committee decided that the loss of his leg had not debarred him from his business or maimed his character. His creditors were kindly enough disposed actually to put their signatures on his note. The union paid their bills, and the boy regained his old trade. The loan cost him only seven per cent. for the time he borrowed the money. The bank did not suffer. Certainly the community was richer.

Mortgage business has built up the Finnish Union at Fitchburg, the *Into*, to almost a million dollars of assets. Its principal loans are made on first mortgages on homes. The credit union, insisting on rigid living up to obligations, can still afford not only to charge a low rate, but to take human exigencies into full account, adjusting repayment sums in each particular case. *Into* also holds mortgages on the buildings occupied by the group of flourishing coöperative stores. A neighboring credit union, by making extremely careful investigation, finds that it can negotiate without loss second-mortgage loans up to eighty per cent. of the value of the property.

§ 4

Finding credit is almost like finding motor-power in despised boot-straps. Perhaps the greatest lack of small farmers is short-time loans. Farm-mortgage credit is plentiful, but there has been no established service from which to obtain essential small amounts, periodically necessary. Therefore the Massachusetts Credit Union Association is educating Grange members to the usefulness of unions. What the Carmel Credit Union in North Carolina has done during six months in 1920 illustrates their service. It made loans of about $5500, averaging $230 to each borrower, for the following purposes: fertilizer, feed and food, new cows, labor, farm implements, and milk trucks, to hold cotton, to help establish a community hospital, and to meet a need at the agricultural college.

Credit unions are not all equally admirable. Now and then a board of directors completely fails to grasp the spirit of coöperative banking. Frequently credit unions fail to expand because too little surplus is devoted to

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reserves, members being over-anxious to receive dividends.

"Another trouble," remarked one able commentator, a keen, red-haired Jew, "is that all the Catholics want to save, and all the Hebrews want to borrow. Strike an average, let the Jews borrow what the Christians save, and we would make astonishing headway."

Labor, apparently because of a prejudice against community undertakings, has not yet devoted itself to building credit unions. Douglas and Orage point out the fallacy of their generally great prejudice against capital, confused with "capitalism." Certain groups in America some time ago perceived their mistake with regard to the power that control of money gives. The result is that we have already a number of mutual trade-union savings and loan associations acknowledgedly for the service of wage-workers, one in Seattle, another in Superior, Wisconsin, and a full-fledged bank in Washington, D. C.

The Seattle bank has two hundred thousand dollars in capital and has provided funds for working-class ventures. The Superior bank opened with the sum of eleven dollars and has acquired assets of more than a hundred thousand. Although not coöperative, like the *Into*, these two have made important loans to consumers' coöperative stores, bakeries, and dairies.

The Machinists' Union Bank in Washington is almost purely an industrial credit institution. It financed the purchase of a marine repair-shop in Norfolk, which was operated by strikers in 1921. The Machinists', at least, faces grave limitations. Since it does not belong to the Federal Reserve System, it touches no "ultimate reservoir of credit" and may be subjected to the whims of old banking groups. Labor's, or producers', banks do decentralize credit, but they differ technically and in spirit from real coöperatives. They exist to make profit for workers and tend to keep up price levels. Banks with a syndicalist bias can scarcely work to the same public advantage as non-profit agencies controlled by consumers who are locally organized to include, in time, every reputable person who desires to belong. The true coöperative aims primarily at lowering costs, at spreading rather than expanding credits, at intensifying community life.

Douglas insists that, in the inevitable evolution of a democratic financial system, credit and prices must, of course, be controlled by the "community"; that is, by public policy. The real struggle ahead of the world, he declares, is whether the power to issue credit, and thereby to affect prices, shall be lodged in the hands of producers or consumers. He maintains that consumers as such must retain this power. "The consumer is not only to give orders, but to see that they are obeyed, and to remove unsuitable or wilfully recalcitrant persons from the aristocracy of production to the democracy of consumption." Measured by this yard-stick, credit unions are on the proper principle.

§ 5

One labor bank in the country has many merits, the Coöperative National in Cleveland, already an institution of magnitude. National banks cannot be strictly coöperative, because by law each share of stock carries with it a vote; but the financial engineer of the new institution, W. F. McCaleb,

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an able banking reformer, and Mr. Warren S. Stone, Grand Chief of the Locomotive Engineers and president of the bank, conceived the idea of a limited-dividend institution in which the equity of depositors should be fully recognized.

Started with a million-dollars capital, oversubscribed by $360,000, it began life as a member of the Federal Reserve System, with all that means concerning the safeguards for deposits and the privileges of credits. On purchasing shares each stock-holder, who must be a member of the brotherhood, signed an agreement that dividends shall not exceed ten per cent. and that earnings, after expansion of the service and reserves have been provided, shall be divided *pro rata* among depositors. Primarily, it was a copartnership plan, radical, considering that national banks often pay several hundred per cent. dividends.

The brotherhood's business alone virtually warranted founding a bank. Aside from its immense "defense funds," it disburses four million dollars a year in its fraternal insurance and other operations.

At the outset the Coöperative National announced an innovation besides its limited dividend on shares: that interest would be paid on all savings left on deposit thirty days. Local banks attempted to discourage them, objecting that the plan would prove too costly and too troublesome. The well-known rule of savings-banks is to pay interest on amounts deposited during the first ten days of each quarter. Savings entered the eleventh day draw no interest until the completion of the second quarter. If the accounts are withdrawn just before the end of the second, the bank may have the money over five months without paying a cent of interest. Depositors are thereby encouraged to leave their savings undisturbed at the bank's disposal.

Because depositors were literally copartners in its business, the Coöperative was not dissuaded. At once six large savings-banks in Cleveland followed suit, lest they should see the bulk of their deposits attracted to the new industrial institution. With amusing unanimity they tacitly admitted that for some seventy years they had been pocketing interest which belonged to depositors, annually some hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Coöperative also proved that the much-talked-of difficulty of computing interest monthly on savings accounts could be so reduced by the aid of mechanical devices that figuring it up daily involves only half the time of one competent woman.

Deposits poured in from all corners of the country and Canada. At the end of seven months the bank reached its eight million assets. Furthermore, the money had been so astutely managed and the overhead kept so low that stock-holders and depositors were already assured a dividend on the first year's operations. Usually a national bank feels satisfied to "break even." Over three thousand persons had savings accounts, a smaller number commercial balances. The trust and fiduciary departments showed a tidy business.

Cleveland naturally began to talk a great deal about this bank. It made loans upon usual security in the same manner as other institutions, but organized farmers were able to secure moneys on warehouse receipts. Organized labor got loans on mortgage

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security. As for ordinary borrowers, the president "had ideas" about the purposes of loans.

His decisions were considered quixotic. For example, a man applied for a loan of sixty-five hundred dollars for a poor widow. The security offered was easily worth twenty-five thousand. The bank was ready to let him have the money at seven per cent., but in drawing up the papers it was discovered that he was charging the widow ten.

"How 's that?" demanded the president.

"Added my commission of three per cent.," was the answer.

"You can't have our money," decided the president. "If that woman wants the loan, she can come here and get it herself at seven per cent."

"But what are the three hundred of us fellows engaged in this kind of business in Cleveland going to do?" protested the money-middleman. "Do you mean to say that this bank is not going to work with us?"

"We don't have to make a profit at the expense of people in trouble," laconically replied the head of the bank.

Social intention is a factor in all decisions. A landlord also applied for a loan to remodel his house. He explained he could double the rent of his tenants. The application was refused.

"Why?" the landlord demanded angrily.

"That 's rent profiteering. This bank is n't lending for that business."

The landlord drew himself up haughtily.

"I guess I don't want to do business with you," he remarked.

"The other side of that is that we don't want to do business with you," retorted the president.

As strict on credit as the usual bank, the Coöperative on occasion has accepted personal security quite outside the ordinary field. A teacher long in Cleveland applied for a loan of several hundred dollars. She had no security. On inquiry, Mr. Stone found that both her sisters, with excellent reputations for probity, were working. They were not property-holders, but on their signatures the loan was granted. The money was duly paid back. As she closed the transaction, the teacher, extremely grateful, asked Mr. Stone:

"I want to know something. What did you loan that money on?"

"On character," he replied.

"I 'll bring you a thousand depositors for that."

"Ten will do," he answered, smiling. And in time such friends bring hundreds.

There was something "queer," of course, about the new Coöperative National. Not one or two, but *seven*, bank inspectors descended in a body last February to ferret out its dark secrets.

Why seven bank examiners at once?

The president welcomed them all, and detailed seven members of the bank's staff, one to stand behind each inspector as he counted the securities. Mr. Stone actually spent fifteen years as the human brain of a locomotive, leaving it at fifty to become grand chief. He has just become a banker, but he displays the caution which marks the breed.

"If there is anything wrong," he remarked pleasantly, "I want to be the first to know it." The examiners gave it a hundred per cent. rating.

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We have no higher class of labor than these responsible, determined men in the cabs of locomotives. To them the traveling public intrusts its life and its inland commerce. Feeling that some evil might still befall so promising a beginning, I pressed an obvious question.

"What is to prevent persons who wish to gain control from buying up the bank's stock?"

"In applying for shares," replied Mr. McCaleb, "each purchaser promises in writing that if he ever desires to dispose of his holdings, he will first offer them to a purchasing committee, created by the board of directors of the bank, at a price to be determined by the book value of the stock ascertained from the capital surplus and undivided profits. No paper will ever go on the market. Virtually no chance exists of any outsider gaining even a voice, let alone control."

"Could it not be attacked through its demand obligations?"

"It could not be successfully raided, inasmuch as it has to-day in its hands cash and credits far in excess of every dollar of demand or time obligations. It expects to continue in this liquid condition. Besides that, the brotherhood owns several millions of bonds and has several million dollars in cash, which, if need be, could be brought to the support of the bank. Its position is well nigh invulnerable. It could not be menaced by legal restraint, inasmuch as the laws which command it are the same laws which command the other eight thousand odd national banks. A change in the national law which might affect it adversely would do the same thing to them."

Possible sources of danger remain, such as arbitrary dissolution or improbable weakening of the brotherhood itself; court injunctions that prevent unions from utilizing their own funds; possible levies; legislation contrary to collective bargaining, which might, of course, deeply affect any union in the land, even this one. But without the loss of all the rights labor has fought for in the last hundred years, it is unlikely that this extraordinary achievement will be jeopardized by industrial conditions.

§ 6

If depositors appreciate their new equity in the Coöperative National's profits, it is even probable that the general public may come to see in prevalent use the present "revolutionary innovation" of limited-dividend credit service. Just as Cleveland has found it advisable to follow suit with the thirty-day interest period, so financiers generally may discover that they are more or less obliged to answer the challenge thus laid down, and compete for business on the same terms.

A New York banker visiting Cleveland, hearing the buzz of interest in the engineers' successful attempt to mobilize their own credits, remarked with indulgent condescension to Mr. Stone:

"We fellows down in New York are inclined to be very good to you fellows out here."

"You 've got that wrong," quietly replied the amazing Mr. Stone. "We little fellows out here are mighty good to let you fellows down there live at all."

Money, like water, does not run up hill unless forced by artificial power. Under our present artificial credit system, Wall Street commands surplus much of which should be locally

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employed. The brotherhood is planning conservation at the head sources. It will encourage the opening of credit unions at the eight hundred railroad division points. The little upland reservoirs of credit will naturally feed the big pool.

Democratically and economically, it is of foremost importance that we should have more credit unions and such modifications of service as this great labor bank offers. Only thirteen States authorize coöperative banks, although several more, among them Nebraska, are acting on bills. Federal legislation is proposed. Henry W. Wolff, the international authority on people's banks, deplores the American requirement that every depositor must hold stock. Freedom to accept deposits from all comers partly accounts for the fact that in Europe people's banks have grown into a mighty system, with several billions of assets. While legislatively encouraging financial democracy, the dynamic heart of economic power, why not extend credit unions' powers to accept deposits? Our safeguards through inspection are certainly stiff enough to warrant that leeway.

Coöperation rests primarily upon a permeating voluntarism; its ways are the ways of peace. The transformation which the world is already realizing through the multiplication of coöperative banks is not destructive change. It is the gradual conversion of one community after another to the belief that mutual benefit is the ultimate individual benefit, the substitution of a remarkably direct method for one which, in its deification of profit, has overlooked necessary services.

Your Sunlit Way

By JEANNETTE MARKS

Should one thought cry against me in your heart,
I could not rise from death, saying, "Love, my place
Is by your living side; ghostly, I touch
Your precious hands, I kiss your lovely face."

I would not have you shrink to feel me near
Or claim, despite your will, what once was mine,
Was ours in God-flung vow, passionate, dear
By night, by day, companioned or apart.

Not mine to snare your liberty, to cage
Your sunlit way. Yet, wish me gone, I leap
From light, I plunge to find amen and shroud
In death, this time for love's eternal sleep.

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"The Presentation in the Temple"

By Rembrandt

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Wisdom Buildeth Her House

By DONN BYRNE, *Author of* "MESSER MARCO POLO," ETC.

Drawings by C. B. FALLS

WHILST her great train was picking its way carefully from the mountain-tops of Abyssinia, eight thousand treacherous feet of height, to the littoral of the Red Sea, the slim brown queen had experienced only impatience. In the cool quietness of her mountain home it had seemed the most natural thing in the world to arise and visit the young king of the Jews. On every step of the long journey downhill it had seemed natural. In her own country it seemed right she should do as she had chosen. But now they had left Abyssinia, left the great tropical forests with the gigantic candelabra trees, left the arid cactus-covered plains, left the pleasant green valleys where water trilled, and the boxwood trees and wild roses and water cress grew, and had come to arid Ailet by the Red Sea. And here were great stretches of sand and mimosa, here half-naked, cunning black men, here a heat like a pall, here the brooding mystery of Egypt, that knows all things and is silent to questioning.

A different world, and in the different atmosphere there came a faltering, a waver into the heart of Balkis. Was she a fool? For two miles her royal train stretched. First, the fighting men in their short white robes, graceful, powerful as cats; then the line of laden camels with tinkling bells; then the great black elephants with their gleaming black skin, their gleaming white tusks, their painted trappings; then the litters of her women; then her own litter; a welter of attendants, bearing the provisions of the journey and the presents she was bringing to Solomon, the young king of the Jews: spices; and gold of Ophir; and large diamonds from the Abyssinian mines; apes—great red-faced baboons that had the strength of ten men, and delicate blue monkeys, pretty as birds; and peacocks that outdid precious stones in the shimmer of their colors; and tusks of ivory, large as the branches of great trees. . . Her heart wavered, and

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for an instant it occurred to her in panic to go back. But if she returned now, she would be dissatisfied all her life, and grow inward, and become maybe hard as a stone, and that was against nature, for all things grow outward, as a tree grows outward, to fill up the empty spaces of Death. . .

"No! no! I shall go on."

Up in the cool mountains decision had seemed so natural, action so easy. But below in humid Egypt subtleties of thought seemed native to the weak Nilotic breeze, and she could see herself as though she were another woman. She could see her orphaned childhood, when the care of all her counselors was to have her gracious and kind, and sweet as a small bird's song. They had instructed her that queens are not made by crowns, but by graciousness and strength and courtesy, so that any beholder might know she was a queen were she dressed in the garments of her humblest slave. And she had grown older into young maidenhood, and wise old heads had helped her govern and take care of her wild mountain folk, and came a few years more and she was twenty-two, and the counselors were too old to counsel, being either querulous old men or dotards living in forgotten days, and Balkis herself had to rule, being queen. To be queen alone would have been simple.

But being queen, she was lonely, and being gracious and just, she was wise, and being wise, questions arose in her like a spring of well water. Thought rose like a hawk and swept in widening gyres, but arrived nowhere. Thought and emotion were with her in the red Afric dawn. Thought and emotion were with her like the flickering lightning and terrible thunder of the Abyssinian hills. Thought and emotion came with blue mountainy twilight. And there was none to share them. None to ask. None to satisfy. Being a queen, there was none she might consort with but kings and queens, and the kings of the states about her were shrewd political men, who could not understand what a young girl felt, and her young womanhood quivering like the jessamy bough. . . Their eyes would be on the riches of Ethiopia; so they were out. . . And the queens of Africa, outside herself, were not queens, but tribal chieftainnesses, half priestess and half prostitute, Amazonian, untutored. . . She could not talk to them.

And so she had decided there was nothing for her to do but to govern justly, to grow old gracefully, to weep a little in private, to find it hard to go asleep of nights, to look forward to Death as a sentry awaits the dawn, until a swart Egyptian trader had brought word of the new king of the Jews, now David was gone. A boy he was, they said, a strange dreaming boy, with none of his father's delight in war, and with a gift of strange inspired wisdom. She was told the story of two women, that were harlots, and how they each claimed a certain child as theirs, and of Solomon's judgment.

"And how old is the young king of the Jews?" Sheba asked.

"Twenty-three or twenty-four."

"A year or so older than I."

And she was told how Hiram, King of Tyre, that shrewd man, was a friend

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to the young prince, and how the arrogant Pharaoh of Egypt conceived it worth his while to make a treaty with him.

"And is he married?"

"No, Sheba, he is not married," the trader vouched. . .

II

The girl in her said: "Go back. They will think you are seeking love. They will think that with your white teeth, your sloe-black eyes, your color of fine bronze, your body, lithe and sleek and graceful as a cat's, you want love from the king of the Jews." And all her face flushed at that thought, and she debated whether she should send for the captain general of the fighting men and tell him to face his troops about and return to her Ethiopia. But the queen in her rose and said: "What care I what they say? Does Sheba need the love of any lowland king, or plead for alliance? Sheba is Sheba, and what Sheba does is Sheba's business." And the woman of her brooded softly: "I will go on. Somewhere there is an answer to all the questions, and if he does n't know the answer, perhaps he can help me find it."

"And perhaps he has questions of his own," she said, "and I can help him answer those." A sad boyhood, she had heard his was, with his father David droning psalms in his latter days, busy at his prayers as a potter at his lathe, calling for mercy for his own soul. . . And his mother, the queen, who had once been wife to Uriah the Hittite, a strange, mad old woman who walked about the palace, gibbering to herself, her face and fingers twisting, all the white beauty that had dazzled David upon the roof of the king's house turned now to an awesome gray rugosity. . . A house of fear, Sheba thought, a house of silence, and she understood how Solomon could have become so wise, for wisdom comes with the quiet tongue. . .

Wisdom he had, according to all reporters, but the wisdom she had heard about was wisdom of the head and of the body. Had he wisdom of the heart? Did he understand why one was now quiet as a well, now turbulent as the sea? Did he understand why peace should come in a soft blue garment, and suddenly irritation rise in angry red? Did he understand what it was that dragged at the heart so, pulling it, it seemed, toward the furthest star? And could he resolve her what she was to do with herself? Govern she must and govern wisely, but outside of that was she always to be so lonely—she who was so young and strong and beautiful? The slave girl with the fatherless baby had more than she, the queen. The housewife grinding the family corn. Each could escape into some one else, had a refuge—all but she, Sheba, the queen. . .

"I must go on."

And so her great and gorgeous train went on through the desert, crunch of camels' pads, shuffle of marching men, thud of lumbering elephants, screaming of peacocks, chattering of apes. . . They passed the shimmering sands, and came to the black high rocks. They passed sluggish Nile, and came to the roaring cataracts. They came to the city of hawks and the city of Venus and the

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city of sacred crocodiles. They came to Thebes with its gigantic figures, each of a single stone. They came into the desert again, steering at night by the stars as mariners do. They came to the great Lake Moeris, which the Egyptians control by locks. They came to Memphis. They passed the giant labyrinth. They passed the three great pyramids. They passed the Sphinx. They came to the Great Delta. They crossed to Ais. They came to Joppa. They wended toward Jerusalem in the cool of the dawn. . .

III

She was in no wise impressed, somehow, by his ceremonial officers. They lacked dignity and were familiar. Nor did Solomon's great captains please her. They were not fighters; they were strategists. They played with companies as the Persians played chess with pawns. Her own men were her ideal of soldiers, copper-colored, muscled like panthers; they would crash into an opposing army like their native lightning, or they would die doggedly, their backs to the wall, their heads broken, the blood streaming into their eyes. . . Nor did all the magnificence of the king's house please her. . . There was too much, too quickly acquired, and jumbled, no composition. The Egyptians had more magnificent things, and grouped them better. Her eyes flickered from the hall to the pale young king on his throne. Beside him, standing, was Nathan, the principal officer, and the king's friend, a great frame of a man, fanatical. . . And there was silence. . .

"I am Balkis, Queen of Sheba," she said and threw back her veil. . . Solomon cast an uneasy glance at the prophet by his side. . .

"She is come to prove you with hard questions," Nathan spoke.

For an instant Balkis all but laughed. Behind her stood her fighting men, in exact ranks, rather contemptuous. Around the hall the men of Judah and Israel fluttered. Winked at, nudged one another. "From Abyssinia she comes, to ask him questions. See what a king we have! A great people, we!" It was so like a showman with a marvel to exhibit! "Ask him, ask him anything you like. Go on. Ask him." The cadaverous prophet! The white, young king. A swift stab of pathos went into Sheba's heart. Poor lad! Poor king! Poor mummer!

She smiled in the corner of her veil. She was supposed to ask questions, he to answer them. Well, let the mummery go on!

"O King," her voice rang out, "what is sweeter than honey?"

"The love of pious children."

"O King, what is sharper than poison?"

"The tongue."

"O King, what is the pleasantest of days?"

"The day of profit on merchandise."

"O King, what is the debt the most stubborn debtor denies not?"

"The debt is Death."

"O King, what is Death in Life?"

"It is poverty."

"O King, what is the disease that may not be healed?"

"It is evil nature."

She was rather ashamed for herself and for him, and her great Ethiopians were puzzled. But it was so evident that the poor white king's hold on his people was this trick of wisdom. She must help him. She remembered

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The Queen of Sheba admireth the wisdom of Solomon

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quickly what history she knew of his folk.

"O King," she asked, "what woman was born of man alone?"

"Eve was born of Adam."

"O King, what spot of lowland is it upon which the sun shone once, but will never again shine until judgment-day?"

"The bottom of the Red Sea, which clave asunder for Moses. Then the sun shone on the bottom and will never again shine until judgment-day."

"O King, what thing was it whose first state was wood and whose last life?"

"The rod of Aaron, which became a writhing serpent."

She spread her slim copper hands, she bowed her sleek black head, as in homage.

"It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom.

"Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came and mine eyes had seen it, and behold the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard.

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants which stand continually before thee and that hear thy wisdom!"

And all through the king's hall went the flutter of his subjects: "Did n't I tell you? Did n't we say so? A fine king we 've got. All the way from Abyssinia she came to prove him. And he answered her everything. A great king! A fine king! Make no mistake!"

She moved toward the troubled young king with a smile.

"I would now commune with you on what is in my heart, great Solomon. Let us commune alone."

His eyes probed her. He saw her kindliness to him. A fleeting little smile answered her smile. He rose to meet her. The giant prophet caught him by the wrist.

"My son, attend unto my wisdom," he whispered fiercely. . .

"The lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil;

"But her end is bitter as wormwood—"

She caught his whispered words, and her proud head went up, her sloe-black eyes flashed.

"I am Balkis, Queen of Sheba."

For an instant they regarded each other with hatred in their eyes. Sheba turned.

"Men," she called to her bodyguard.

The slim brown Ethiopes tensed their statue-like pose. There was a *jwish* as the short Abyssinian swords came from the oxhide scabbards.

"But I said nothing of you, great Balkis," Nathan suddenly fawned. "I spoke only of bad women. You are a good woman, Balkis, a virtuous woman. And a virtuous woman is like a crown, great Balkis, of gold, yea of fine gold—"

"So!"

IV

They went out alone into the garden of the figs and pomegranates. The bright sun of early noon came down like a shower of gold. The doves made their faint thunder. The locust span his tiny wheel. From afar off, where the temple was a-building, came the clink of hammer on stone, the thud of ax on wood, the yo-hoing,

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the grunts, the curses of the workmen as they hoisted a beam into place. . . And Solomon was shy as a girl. . .

"You are wondering why I came," Balkis said. "Will you sit down with me?" They sat under a great cedar tree. The pigeons thundered. The bees droned among the apricots. The lizard flashed upon the wall. "I wonder myself. . . But you can tell me, Solomon. You are so wise."

"Am I?" There was a little note of bitterness in his voice.

"Are n't you?"

"I don't know," he said. "I—I don't know."

"But all the questions that are put, you answer them. All the matters of judgment you pass on. Of course you are wise, Solomon."

"It is easy, Balkis, very easy, that sort of wisdom, for Nathan, as far back as I can remember, has been dinning precepts and examples into my ears. And at times when things are difficult, comes a little inspiration, like a little unpremeditated bar on a musician's psaltery. And the tricks of reading a riddle are no more than the mason's tricks of arranging stones. If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. And if that is wisdom, then I have wisdom. But I know not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child."

"Poor Solomon!"

"O Balkis, I wanted to go out with the young men, and to understand what they all understand and I do not understand: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; to hunt and fish with them and know the way of a ship in the midst of the sea. But I never could, Balkis, for while still a boy Nathan made of me a man, an old wise man. Woe to thee, O land, he prophesied, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning! So I 've always been a man, Balkis, a wise old man."

"Dear, poor Solomon! Never were young."

"Never, dear Balkis, never. I must never be young, never do a wild boyish thing. Dead flies cause the ointment of an apothecary to send forth a stinking savor; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor. O Balkis, the long wise days!"

"Poor Solomon! Poor dear Solomon!"

"O Balkis," he cried suddenly, "you came from afar to hear my wisdom, and you heard a little mouse-like noise. And you wanted to commune with me on what was in your heart, and I 've shown you my own heart, that is like a troubled pool. Madness is in my heart while I live, and after that I go to the dead. O Balkis, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"Hush! hush! dear Solomon!"

And very suddenly his body broke in sobs, and his dark head fell on her leaning shoulder. There was a mist in her Arab eyes as she held him, as she patted him:

"Hush, dear Solomon!"

V

And in the dusk of day, when the master masons and their helpers had

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How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse

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gone, he brought her to the temple he was building to his god, the great Temple that Hiram, the trader king of Tyre, was embellishing, for the reward of twenty cities in the land of Galilee. And Balkis's eyes flashed with anger at the cunning of the Phenician king. It was such a shame to take advantage of the boy! Poor wise-foolish king! He was like a child showing his toys.

"See these brass bases, Balkis, with the borders of lions and oxen and cherubim. And the brazen wheels at each base. They say there are cunning brass workers in India, but surely there is no more beautiful work than this. Surely they cannot beat this."

"Of course not, my dearest. Of course not."

"And come with me, Balkis, to where the watchmen are, and I will show you marvels such as you never saw before: an altar of gold and a table of gold and ten candlesticks of pure gold with the flowers and the lamps and the tongs of gold; and bowls and snuffers and basins and the spoons and the censors of pure gold. Come."

They went toward the king's house. On the way Solomon stopped suddenly and looked at his temple.

"O Balkis," he asked, "you have come through Egypt. How much bigger is my temple than the pyramids and labyrinth? I 've heard so much of them."

"Bigger?"

"Yes, how much bigger?"

She looked at the little building, twenty cubits broad, sixty cubits long. Twelve paces one way, forty another. For an instant laughter bubbled in her, but gave way to pathos, and her sloe-black eyes were wet again. O poor lad!

"Is it very much bigger than the pyramids, Balkis?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, lots bigger. Much."

"Why, Balkis, you are crying. Are you lonely?"

"Yes, a little homesick," she lied again.

He came toward her and kissed her, in kindness, but the touch of lips fired, startled them both, sent their blood pounding in the soft Syrian gloom.

"O Balkis!" his voice trembled. "O Balkis!"

"Solomon!" she uttered softly. "Dear Solomon!"

VI

Around the king's house the little winds of springtime hovered, the little moon of May was in the air. Came the rustle of the grasses, and the minor of the frogs, and the barking of cub foxes. All the constellations hung in a cloud and the sickled moon was in the west—stars and moon and purple night sky, like some rude mosaic. And from the king's room came the pale gold of candles and the murmur of voices in exaltation. And beneath the king's casement Nathan writhed in fear and anger and pain.

"O Balkis," came Solomon's voice, "you are wonderful. You are like a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

"Your cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, your neck with chains of gold."

"O Solomon," her voice half whispered, half chanted, "a bundle of myrrh are you unto me. My well beloved! He shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

"My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engadi."

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"Balkis, you are fair, my beloved; behold, you are fair, you have dove's eyes. . . fair, yea, pleasant. . ."

"As the apple trees among the trees of the wood, Solomon, so are you among the sons of man. I sat down under your shadow with great delight, and your fruit was sweet to my taste. O dear Solomon, your eyes are closing. You are drowsy. Sleep, heart. O ye daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please."

"I am not sleepy, Balkis; I am only thinking. O beloved, if we could only go away from here. Go away together—rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

"The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise my love, my fair one and come away."

"O Solomon, if you only would," came Balkis's voice, pleading. "Listen, my beloved. In Africa I have a great kingdom, and it could be greater did I want it so. It is on a high mountain and its fortifications are the lightnings on the hills. And from the hills my men can sweep down on all Africa. And there is reverence for me from the giant Ethiopes and from the pygmies of the warm forests. Come with me, Solomon, come with me to a cooler, fairer kingdom. In the lowlands there are vineyards, and the vines flourish, and the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates put forth; there will I give thee my love.

"And the mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

"O Solomon, come to Africa. Come to Africa with Sheba."

"O Balkis, what of my people, my poor people?"

"They can come, too, Solomon. There is welcome for them. They crossed the Red Sea once; they can cross it again."

"But my temple, Balkis?"

"O Solomon, listen. I will set the Abyssinian millions against the Pharaoh of Egypt, and they will make Egypt a waste land, as they did once before. And they will bring back the Egyptians in bondage, and the Egyptians will build you a temple, Solomon, a temple worthy of you, for the Egyptians are cunning builders. They will exceed their pyramids. For you I will conquer Egypt, Solomon."

"O Balkis, you are beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem. But you are terrible, Balkis, terrible as an army with banners."

"That is nothing, Solomon. That is the smallest gage of love. O Solomon, I have found something in my heart. I have found love. Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown love; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

"Come with me, Solomon. Make haste, my beloved. Be like to a roe or a young hart on the mountains of spices. Come to Africa."

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He arose and paced the floor. Without Nathan could hear the troubled footsteps.

"I am afraid, Balkis. I am afraid."

"Of what, dearest one?"

"Afraid, just, Balkis. Afraid of Nathan, afraid of the new strange land. Afraid for the temple. Afraid of God."

"Afraid? Do not be afraid, Solomon. Awake, O north wind," she chanted, "and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

Solomon stood by the window in distress, eager, afraid.

"Hiram, King of Tyre, will be angry."

"The King of Tyre," Sheba laughed, "will not be angry with me. Hiram is shrewd. He is a trader, not a fighting man."

"Are you sure, Sheba?"

"Yes, certain."

"Then I will—then I will—"

The voice of Nathan rose under him in an angry whisper:

"There was a young man void of understanding, . . . and there met him a woman subtle of heart,

"And she caught him and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him,

"'I have peace offerings with me. . .

"'I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt.

"'I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon . . . '

"With her fair speech she caused him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forced him.

"He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks;

"Till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not it is for his life. . . "

"O Balkis, do you hear anything? Do you hear anything without the window? Do you hear a hissing as of a serpent aroused?"

"I hear nothing, Solomon. I hear nothing but the little murmur of the trees. Come from the window. Come over here and kiss me with the kisses of your mouth, for your love is better than wine. Put your left hand under my head, Solomon, and let your right embrace me—"

"Don't you hear anything, Balkis? Are you sure?"

"There is nothing, Solomon, O white and ruddy, O chiefest among ten thousand."

"No, there is nothing. I thought for a moment—"

Again the voice of Nathan came like the strokes of a sword:

" . . . O King, attend to the words of my mouth.

"Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths.

"For she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her.

"Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

"Oh!" went a long shudder from the king.

"What is it, Solomon? Does anything affright you?"

"No, no, Balkis."

"Then come over to me, Solomon. Come where I can see your face.

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Your countenance is like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. Come."

"Remember your father, David," came the voice beneath the window, "son of Jesse, turned from wisdom. Remember how his chiefest joy, Absalom his son, died. Remember how he stood against God, the prophet of the Lord, and the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel from the morning even to the time appointed, three days time; and there died of the people from Dan even to Beersheba seventy thousand men.

"And the angel of the Lord stretched out his hand upon Jerusalem to destroy it . . . Remember!"

"Oh!"

"What is it, dearest? What is wrong? Have I done anything to offend you, to hurt you?"

"Remember Samson, judge of Israel, and how he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah, and he told her all his heart.

"And remember his end, how the Lord was departed from him, and the Philistines took him and put out his eyes—"

"O-o-o-o-h!"

"—and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass—"

"A-a-a-a-h!"

"Solomon, dearest Solomon, why do you cry?"

"—and he did grind in the prison house . . . and make them sport. . . "

With a loud cry the young king burst from the room and fled down the corridors, his feet pattering like the feet of foxes on the run, his heart crying out in sudden terror. "Where are you gone, Solomon? Where are you gone?" came the voice of the young queen. "O head of most fine gold, O eyes of doves, O cheeks as a bed of spices, whither are you gone? O lips like lilies, O hands as gold rings, why do you leave me?" So all night long she cried, and wandered aimlessly. "You called me your sister, your spouse, your love, your dove, your undefiled," she wept piteously, "and now you are gone." She went through the garden, while Nathan crouched in the undergrowth. "You were like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of the merchant, and now you are gone." She wandered through the dark streets. "O locks that are curly and black as a raven, where are you now?" And the dawn broke and the shadows fled away, and still she cried: "O Solomon, where are you, Solomon? Make haste, my beloved!" But he never came. "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" she asked the watchmen. But they drove her away. "O ye daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, tell him, that I am sick of love. . . " But he never came. . .

VII

Without, there were the grunts of her men as they strapped the packs of the elephants, the snarl of camels as they rose to their pads and turned to bite at their loads, the shuffle of the troops as they lined for the long night march, the quick gruff orders of the captains, the canter of horses. Within Sheba stood very erect in the great hall. The poor white king writhed on his throne. Nathan stood by his side, erect and afraid.

"And I said,"—Sheba's voice was quiet,—"oh, you who were as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find you

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"There was no moon . . . "

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without, I would kiss you, I would not be despised.

"For I thought I was set as a seal upon your arm, and that your love was as strong as death.

"I rose and went about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I sought you, whom I thought my soul loved, but I found you not.

"The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veils from me—

"Me, Sheba!" Her eyes flashed. Solomon quailed in his seat. The prophet made a propitiatory gesture.

"Oh, do not fear, Nathan." Sheba smiled. "I came not to conquer, but to find wisdom. I found it."

She paused an instant.

"Before I go, let me give you, Solomon, called the wise, some wisdom of the heart. And you, Nathan the prophet, let me prophesy. You might have had one woman, Solomon, to love you all your life, but the day will come when you will seek my face among a thousand women, and never have me. You might have a temple that would have made the pyramids seem like outhouses, but one day your temple will be a little broken wall. And your people might have been the conquerors of Africa, but one day they will be helots in the Babylonian land. You have the wisdom of the shrewd and pious, Solomon, that can never meet the generous hand with the grateful heart."

She turned and swept out of the hall. At the gates she stopped and bowed mockingly.

"O King, live forever!"

VIII

All afternoon the east wind had been blowing, cold, bitter as aloes, and a great cloud bank raced after the sun westward, until only a little space in the western horizon was clear where the sun went down. The voices of the land were stilled, the minute thunder of the pigeons, the whirring of crickets. Nor had the leaves of the trees their lively murmur, but stood fast and flat, like set sails. One could hardly believe that the winter was past and summer coming, for all was dreary, dreary. . .

Against the great red mushroom of the setting sun, the last of the homing caravan of Sheba showed. In the mind's eyes of the young king and the old prophet as they stood by the unbeauty of stone and brick and gray mortar that was the unfinished temple, they could see the angry camels, the lumbering elephants, the dancing horses, the swinging men, and the brown comeliness of the young queen's handmaidens, the straight backs of her fighting men. And the wind from the east blew through the land, blew through the heart of Solomon. . . In a minute now they would disappear over the desert's edge. All seemed somehow tragical, like sailors leaving a great stricken ship, or glory passing from the land of its abiding. . .

"Oh, Nathan," pleaded the young king, "tell me she lied. Tell me I shall not have a thousand women and be a bitter, loose old man."

"O King, you shall find a virtuous woman. And her price will be far above rubies."

"Will she be kind—as Sheba was?"

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"She will arise while it is yet night, and give meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She will consider a field and buy it: with the fruit of her hands she will plant a vineyard."

"Will she be as well-favored, as beautiful as—as Sheba was?"

"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

"I suppose so. I suppose—you are right, Nathan, but—" The last of the caravan disappeared over the edge of the desert, and as though it were accompanying them, being a friend to them, the sun disappeared, too. A great coldness and darkness and dreariness came over the land, so that Solomon looked up in surprise. There was no moon. . .

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A Play-Boy of Two Worlds

By John D. Williams

Drawing by Ralph Barton

The most picturesque of modern English playwrights, a real gallant in life, as well as in that counterfeit of life, which is the theater, whose pen wrote in English, sometimes beautiful, and always good, the first play with only four or five characters and one scene,—the kind of play that gave rise to a whole brood, such as "The Climax" and "The Boomerang," —ended a career of brilliant achievement, fascinating romance, and constant adventure when Charles Haddon Chambers suddenly died a few months ago in London. With a cigarette in his hand and the inevitable monocle dangling from his neck, he was in evening clothes at the time, and, as befitted him, had dined wittily, expertly, and altogether charmingly with a lady—his wife—just before he went out.

Chambers, sixty-one years of age at the end, publicly entertained two generations and privately fascinated hundreds of men and women of two worlds. He was irresistible as a companion, the chairman of the committee on fun, wherever he was, a fascinating magician in epigrams; in fact, that attractive blend of good common clay and rare soul that occasionally makes one fancy, if not believe, in a divine Luther Burbank.

Cow-puncher in Australia, English government civil-service agent, wanderer over the entire face of the world, international journalist, wizard at Monte Carlo, successful playwright in England and America, Chambers was a citizen of the world, at home wherever he found himself, but especially at his best as the play-boy of England and America. Wherever he was, he seemed to know everybody; and everybody, from cabmen to cabinet members, knew him. He had a genius for falling in with interesting people and then interesting them. When, as a lad, he arrived pretty poorly off in London from Australia, he happened to take rooms in Jermyn Street, and soon found he had as a neighbor, on the floor above, the poet Swinburne, who at that time had brought out only one volume of verse.

"There was a good deal to Swinburne as a neighbor," Chambers used to say. "He kept all sorts of unpoetic hours, and when he would get home in the morning, it sounded as if he were going up-stairs on horseback, much against the horse's wishes. And even when Swinburne would make a landing, the racket would not stop, but a new repertory of sounds would set in—heavy things falling long distances, vast dissertations aimed out the windows straight at the black face of night, then lamentations, much bitter laughter, ending with the heavy fall of one complete, red-haired poet on the floor,

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where he would stay fairly quiet until the next day."

Then would occur what Chambers liked to call "the ritual of the gift-book." Preceded by a gentle tapping on Chambers's door, the poet's enormous head of red hair would peer inside, very timidly, contritely, and with a charmingly disarming smile. He would tell Chambers that he feared he might have disturbed him as he entered last night, the corridor was so dark and he had no matches about him. He felt most apologetic, and his embarrassment could be relieved only if, as a sign of forgiveness, Chambers would there and then accept this, "my first volume of verse." This Chambers not only gladly did, but would—time and again. For, not long after, in the midst of composing other verse, Swinburne would need the book again, and once more would appear the charming smile, the gracious manner, the eyes as fiery as the hair, and the book would be borrowed back. And soon would come another night of galloping horses, extempore addresses from the window to the world at large, ending at last with a poet biting the carpet in quietude. But before the end of the next day Swinburne would reappear, and again go through the "ritual of the gift-book," once more presenting the same book to the same Chambers with the same fascinating manner, until at last poet, book, and playwright took to different ways. Pegasus flew off with Swinburne; Chambers plunged into Fleet Street.

After years of struggling at journalism and fiction, one of his plays, "Captain Swift," peddled to the far corners of London, was finally accepted,—he sold it to Beerbohm Tree by pursuing that manager to a Turkish bath, and there reading it aloud as Tree was stretched out helpless,—and was acted with great success by Tree in England and by Maurice Barrymore in America. That was as far back as the early eighties. How well Chambers spanned the succeeding generation, by keeping young with it, was shown when his latest plays, "Tante" and "The Saving Grace," were done by Cyril Maude and Ethel Barrymore as recently as a season or so ago.

The more famous plays that came from Chambers's pen were "The Fatal Card," "The Idler," "The Tyranny of Tears," "Passers-by," and the English adaptation of Bernstein's "The Thief," a not long, but an even, output. He was always a slow, deliberate writer, and always worked in long hand. He sometimes mulled over a play in his head for nearly a year before putting down a word of dialogue. It was his superstition that, once a play was written, it was formed, and never would grow an additional idea; but as long as he kept it plastic, turning its story over in his head, mentally pantomiming the characters, retelling the plot to close friends, the play grew structurally, the characters became more individualized, and after a time talked off their individuality in their own dialogue.

§ 2

Chambers was a fascinating raconteur; he had an eagle's eye for character and characterful dialogue and incident, which he could reproduce perfectly; a wonderful memory for poetry; a real gift for the graphic in conversation. His talk was a series of moving-pictures. By a single phrase—"the long arm of coincidence"—he changed the prevailing pattern of play-writing

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in England, and helped to reduce the popular percentage of that kind of melodrama in which *Hawkshaw*, the detective, turns up at just the right moment.

Attributed to many others, his was the saying: "When is an actor not an actor? Nine times out of ten." It seems only the other day when, during a short visit to New York, he met the offer of a glass of home-brew with the quiet comment, "Where there 's a still, there 's a way." He was imperturbability itself in manner, and in looks very much like Admiral Beatty; he was always dressed to the minute, with his Fedora ever cocked jauntily a bit to one side. He was no more English than he was American or Australian (he was born in Australia), for he methodically spread his life over London, New York, Nice, and Monte Carlo. His speech and accent and choice of words were in the best British-Empire style, which is always colonial, barring perhaps some Canadians, but never of London and rarely of England, where, as a whole, the spoken language is clipped, slangy, pitched in impossible keys, with never the fine word reverence and vocal timbre of an educated colonial.

Almost everything that Chambers said in conversation, in his plays, or in his letters was leavened by a gay philosophy, always shrewd and sometimes humorous. Once I asked him to tell me what he really thought of English and American humor, and this is an extract of a letter he wrote me:

Some men have a sense of fun which is usually the merely physical—doing parlor tricks, pulling the chair from under grandma for the edification of the kids, or dropping chunks of ice down auntie's back. Some have a sense of humor, the rarest of all senses and the most misunderstood; it is subjective, introspective, as well as objective, and it is always a philosophic sense, making it possible to laugh at those we love without loving them any the less, and best of all teaching us what ails ourselves. Some men have a sense of wit, which is the gift of magical sayings: "Meredith is a prose Browning, and so is Browning"; "America, the land of the somewhat brave, and the more or less free"; "You see, Mr. Whistler, I paint nature just exactly as I see it." . . . "So I perceive, madam; but, alas! for you the day when you will see exactly how you have painted nature"; "Genius is an infinite faculty for not taking pains"; and so on and so on. But few men or few people have all three senses, fun, humor, and wit, equally developed. For example, the Irish have a sense of fun and a sense of wit, but no sense of humor; because this sense always acts as a corrective and saves its possessor from the ridiculous. . . . Similarly, the Germans have a sense of fun and of wit, but no humor, and for the same reason. The French have eminently all three, plus the gift of irony. The Americans have a sense of fun, some humor, a good deal of wit, but no gift for irony. The English have fun, wit, irony, but practically no humor, politically or socially. Among the individual examples, Mark Twain had all three; George Ade has everything but a sense of fun. With a household turning handsprings or riding piggy-back on the lawn, Ade would maintain the stately acquiescence of a newly appointed town constable. Whistler had a great sense of wit, but no sense of fun or of humor, or he would not have sued a man for libel over a picture that meant as much upside down as right side up. Political life is the paralysis of almost all three senses. Roosevelt had a great sense of fun, no wit, and very little humor, or he would not have terrified the French language into an attack of chills and ague during

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his first interview with Ambassador Jusserand. John Hay was an exception to the political rule. He had wit, humor, and an understanding of fun. So did Lincoln. It is almost a law that the stupider the statesman or politician, the greater his virginal innocence of any fun, humor, or wit. Witness W. J. Bryan. But of all senses, the greatest sense is the sense of humor; it is the one most frequently claimed by or attributed to people, and yet it is the rarest. It is really only possessed by peoples or individuals capable of true pathos; for example, Lincoln. Over here [in England] the chief requisite for a successful politician is an utter absence of a sense of humor; witness Winston Churchill, who possesses all the medals for covering the world's greatest ground acreage known to wild asses, and yet goes on from political pillar to political post. Also Lloyd George, who goes to bed a radical and wakes up a conservative; our most fascinating political flirt, jilting yesterday, loving to-day, and ogling to-morrow. In brief, in a world of humorous people, what is so rare as a real sense of humor?

For nearly thirty years Haddon Chambers and Charles Frohman were close friends; so much so that it is impossible to picture the life of one without touching on that of the other. Of all the authors with whom he dealt, Chambers was the only one of whom Frohman really made a chum. Perhaps because of all the authors with whom Frohman dealt, Chambers was the one who best understood him.

For years Chambers had an extraordinary valet, Hogg by name, a perfect gentleman's gentleman. They were inseparable, though always maintaining the position of master and servant, and, if anything, Hogg was even more imperturbable and impenetrable than his master. In lean years and fat, with funds, and for long stretches without, they stuck together, always maintaining perfect British formality toward each other; a mysterious pair, especially as to their wherewithal, because for years at a time Chambers would write nothing, and yet he and Hogg were ever on the go, pursuing the seasons, now to Nice, now to Mentone, or to New York and Palm Beach. Once, after one of Chambers's longest literary silences, I found him and Hogg splendidly set up in a tiny, but charmingly furnished, house in Aldford Street, Park Lane, London. Every room was differently and delightfully decorated; the whole house was designed—could not help but be—in miniature, for Chambers had spied a deserted garage and, doing it over with chintzes, oak paneling, fascinating fireplaces, lounges, and in the cellar a billiard-room (where, over Russian pool, Barrie and Frohman had their only differences), he had evolved a fascinating, characterful residence. Chambers was proudest of the lounge, every detail of which was of his own planning—the lighting effects, the textures and colors of the chintzes, brown and gold, with all sorts of delicate decorative details, very shrewdly and scientifically chosen, and delightfully described, as if tasting each word as he spoke it.

When I first saw Chambers in what he called "his very good West End address," I was staying with Frohman at the Savoy, in about the same capacity, though at not quite the financial penalty, that Dillingham had filled years earlier. Frohman and I used to sit up very late nights, reading plays or chatting if by ourselves, or joining in the general talk if, as often, Barrie, Pinero, Shaw, Maugham, Sutro, or any of Frohman's "pet English authors"

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dropped in. For his sitting-room at night, after theater hours, was a kind of club or dramatist's depot. One night I was telling Frohman admiringly about Chambers's new house, which Frohman had not yet seen. I was saying how charming it all was, but how surprising, too, since Chambers had been silent so long; it was puzzling how he could afford it.

"How does he do it?" I asked. "Are things so cheap over here, or is his credit limitless? And he entertains so lavishly," I went on, "as well as, of course, being entertained everywhere."

"Yes, he does entertain a lot," Frohman answered; "but Haddon could do that well in the Desert of Sahara. All he needs is a cigarette and somebody to listen to him."

"He must have a very good social position," I went on. "The best, I suppose, of any of these authors that come in here."

Now, social position, society, titles, and all that were like so many red rags to Frohman, as irritating as the sound of a Scotchman's name to Dr. Johnson.

Hence references to Chambers's really remarkable London entrée, or anybody's for that matter, only provoked Frohman to scorn. At that particular time his way of accounting for Chambers's social success and unaccountably luxurious Park Lane production went like this:

"Yes, everybody likes to have Haddon about. I do, you do, because Haddon is one of those men who never wear out; he 's always new and never repeats himself. They ask him everywhere—dukes, duchesses, baronets, and members of the cabinet. And Haddon goes; he loves to. The Duchess of Cheeseganes asks Haddon down to Cheeseganes Manor, on the Cheeseganes, Cheeseganes - Cheeseganes, over the holidays, and Haddon and Hogg go. After they are there a while, the duchess shows Haddon through the rose garden, and while Haddon is going through the rose garden, Hogg is going through the house. That 's the only way I can explain it; and, anyhow, it 's what ought to happen to all dukes and duchesses."

§ 3

In these chance gatherings at Frohman's rooms at night the most amusing thing was to watch the little rivalries among these famous authors, always politely or obliquely expressed, but often as petty as the sayings or doings of the smallest characters in their plays. Maugham hated Shaw, because Shaw had once silenced him with the retort discourteous when Maugham was opposing the election of Hall Caine to the British Dramatists Club, which had periodic meetings, apparently just to quarrel, in the Cecil Hotel. They all shot arrows at Barrie because of his unvarying success. Most of them disliked Galsworthy because of his aloofness, family, and Oxford background, and everybody was terrified into silence by the mere sight of Hichens, because, as Chambers once told me, "Hichens would make copy out of his own mother's death-rattle." Chambers was the most well rounded of them all. Pinero was always very austere, dictatorial, only occasionally turning up, never to discuss his plays in the making with Frohman, but to tell him what he must have. His pieces were always meticulously written out in long hand, then printed with the unshakable under-

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standing that they were to be acted exactly as written, without the change of a syllable of dialogue or a single stage direction; so that they were virtually pre-acted plays, leaving nothing for the actor to do but to obey Pinero's directions.

Barrie was around oftenest of all, more talkative there than in his own rooms; generally on his feet, leaning on the back of a chair, smoking an old brier pipe.

One night Frohman, Barrie, and I were seated in a box at the Gaiety Theatre, London, waiting for the curtain to go up on the première of a George Edwardes musical comedy. There was a long delay, as at all Gaiety first nights. We were filling it in by naming the celebrities in the audience.

"I see Pinero and Lady Pinero in the third or fourth row down below," said Barrie.

"Yes, you 've been looking down on him ever since 'The Little Minister,' Barrie, have n't you?" remarked Frohman.

But of all these men, Frohman was fondest of Chambers. He was dazzled by Barrie, irritated by Shaw, periodically aggrieved by Maugham, because he would frequently jump his demands for royalties and advance payments (which Frohman would report to me, always at such times referring to the playwright as "your friend, Maugham"). Frohman was always glad to see Alfred Sutro, who, as the brother-in-law of Baron Reading, possessed all sorts of legal Home Office gossip. Pinero's masterfulness annoyed and tired Frohman, but Chambers was to Frohman balm of Gilead. He loved Chambers's knack at story-telling, his accounts of prize-fights, when he would turn up nights from a bout at the Sporting Club, his endless store of theater gossip, but he especially relished Chambers's cynicism.

Chambers loved to toy with Frohman, just as much as Frohman loved to listen to Chambers's mental antics. Or they would both join in grilling me, especially if I revealed the slightest sign of the greenhorn or anything bordering on idealistic talk. Once, for example, I had written an article on Sir James M. Barrie for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, entitling it "The Charm That Is Barrie." It came out while we were all in London. I had said nothing about it, suspecting it would be a good chance for guying or "spoofing," as Chambers used to say; and, in fact, the number of the magazine containing it was on the book-stalls for so many days I thought it had escaped the attention of Frohman and Chambers and that I was safe. But I was wrong. As I entered Frohman's sitting-room late one night there was THE CENTURY among some papers on the center-table. I put my hat on it, thinking out of sight, out of mind; but that was no good. Suddenly Frohman and Chambers, returning from the theater, were in the room. Frohman's doors here, and everywhere I ever knew him, were always unlocked. That and the fact that he never carried a watch —"don't need to; everybody else you meet has one"—were lifelong traits. Chambers, seeing my hat, put his also on the center-table, thereby shoving aside mine and exposing THE CENTURY.

"Oh, yes, John, the article; we were talking about it just now, were n't we, Charlie [Doubtless with winks between them]? And what was that you were saying, Charlie—*yes* and *no*, was n't it? It 's good, but it is n't; eh, what?

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Sort of a *succès manqué*, would n't the French say, eh? But, mind you, John, I think it very good; but Charlie here, just now, as we were coming along the corridor, was wondering is the good the same thing as the right; or should I say that the quintessential extract of the one is foreign—"

"Just a minute, Haddon," interrupted Frohman, always hating Chambers's mock philosophic turns. "You can tell what we were saying quicker than that, and it was n't that you were saying anyhow. Tell Williams the true Barrie story. He 's got it all wrong."

"Well, as a matter of fact, John, when you are older you will realize that you never can get the real story of a man until you see him in complete distress or complete success. You remember the story of the philosopher in 'Rasselas' whose life's philosophy was only irony to him when, on the death of his son, his friends urged him to comfort himself with his own philosophy? Distress exposed his philosophy as a thing for other men, not for himself. Well, Charlie and I happen to have seen Barrie in distress. You, I take it, never have. But it happened in this very room. You remember the play, "Chains"? It was written by Miss Baker, who once had been a public typist, copying all our plays, Barrie's among the rest. One day, when she was delivering some manuscripts to Barrie, she timidly told him that she had written a play herself and would be grateful if Barrie would read it. He was very nice about it, not only read it, but persuaded C. F. to accept it; and so it was rehearsed, and the opening night arrived. We three were here, Barrie, Frohman, and I, about to dine and go to the play when a messenger arrived with a note for C. F. It was from Miss Baker, and it read: 'Thank you, Mr. Frohman, for the enclosed tickets, but I feel I should return them because I have n't the proper clothes one should wear sitting in the stalls.' I remember you read it, C. F., in silence and then handed it to Barrie. And Barrie became very much upset over the message.

"'That 's verra pathetic, Frohman,' he exclaimed, 'verra moving, verra, verra touching. To think that real talent should suffer thus! We must do something aboot it at once, Frohman. Let 's send her two seats for the balcony to-morrow night.'"

§ 4

But the best fun about these midnight sessions was the way Chambers and I would end them. On a signal I would say, "Good night," and leave; but instead of going to my room, I would hurry down to the courtyard and wait for Chambers to effect his escape. We had to do it this way, Frohman was so sensitive about being left out of any sort of party. Then Chambers and I would taxi to the Bath Club on Dover Street, the most interesting club not as an institution, but because of its varied membership, I have ever seen anywhere. We would turn up a little after midnight, just as Parliament was thinning out, and fall in with a group eager to talk till dawn.

There was Sir Alfred Vesey, who might have posed for the image of John Bull. He was Ex-Lord Mayor of London, a genial, almost lovable soul, but curiously awkward. It was he who first could not mount his horse and then fell off during the coronation of Edward VII. There were the Ross

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brothers, both extraordinary in medical research, and endowed, oddly enough, by the late John McFadden of Philadelphia. About twenty years ago McFadden overheard the Ross brothers talking together in a café in Liverpool, where they were medical students, classmates of W. Somerset Maugham, by the way. The brothers were lamenting the lack of funds for a certain experiment in surgical research, and were about to go out when McFadden stepped up, introduced himself, and volunteered to finance them, which he continued to do for years after. Then there was old "Kim,"—The Earl of Kimberly,—looking very like Charles Francis Adams, but very much a fire-eater, and would not have a telephone in his house.

"No, sir, no matter how much my daughters coax me, I won't have the things about. When I sit down to the table, sir, I sit down to dine and talk, not to be nagged at by the telephone. Damned nuisances, sir; they 've made servants of us all."

Talk at this club was as varied as the character of its members, with no one person monopolizing the floor, except occasionally Sir Reginald Preston, and yet with almost complete silence held by only one, Sir Alfred Vesey. There was an enormous double divan in the middle of the main room just as one entered; it was capable of holding four men on a side. This special group used to perch upon the divan, and, with Chambers setting the pace, the talk generally held to literature, music, and some politics. Chambers had an extraordinary memory for prose and verse. Swinburne, Coleridge, and Francis Thompson were his favorite poets. He could recite Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" entrancingly, beautiful as the poem is in itself. And Chambers was accuracy itself as to the word habits of the poets he knew, as, for example, the night that Kimberly said, "'Who would not weep for Lycidas'?"

Whereupon Chambers said, "*Sing!*"

"Weep!" roared Kimberly.

"Sing," Chambers reiterated, and there was much scurrying to the library; but Chambers was right.

Just as keen was Chambers's discernment and discrimination, as on the night he waited until the younger Ross finished reciting Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and then pulled the deadly parallel by quoting "The Shropshire Lad" and parts of "The Ancient Mariner."

He also got great glee, as well as imparted it, out of repeating his pet definitions from the first edition of Johnson's dictionary: "*Window*, an orifice in an edifice for the admission of luminous particles of atmosphere"; "*oats*, food for horses and Scotchmen"; "*patriotism*, the last refuge of a scoundrel," etc. Except for Conrad and the Russians, Chambers did not have a high opinion of the modern writers, though he had read them, and at the sound of their names he could characterize them in their own words. Meredith he would sum up in that writer's sentence, "The eccentricity of the individual is the entertainment of the multitude," adding, "true of Barnum, but not of Meredith."

I remember, among his offhand club sayings, his description of New York—"power by day and dignity only by night." When he first saw Washington, he called it "the Lillian Russell of American cities." Shaw was to Chambers "an English Voltaire on the loose." "Great stuff, my boy, eh?"

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was the invariable pat on the back he gave each of his favorites, Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Thompson, and Conrad, after quoting them.

But far more extraordinary than the things said at these nightly gatherings at the Bath Club was a thing done; it was humorous, incredible, and touching. Sir Alfred Vesey, rubicund, jovial, generally silent, or, if he spoke, strewing the floor with H's, always settled himself, newspaper in hand, on that side of the divan opposite the talkers. There he would sit, never turning a page of his paper, but, with ear cocked, catching every word. Then as soon as an author strange to him was quoted, or a verse or bit of prose spoken and the author's name not mentioned, he would bound up, turn the corner of the divan, and face the speaker.

"'Addon, hold boy, would you mind telling me the name of the hauthor of that book hor poem?"

"Certainly, Sir Alfred. Walt Whitman, 'Leaves of Grass.'"

"Thanks so much."

So saying, Sir Alfred would carefully copy out the information. He carried two sets of cards in his waistcoat-pockets. Those in the left pocket were blank, ready for new learning; those in the right contained memoranda of all sorts of picked-up knowledge. No matter how frequent or disconcerting the interruptions, the man's earnestness and candor were so fine that his quaint little device of gathering literary roses while you may never provoked a smile, much less a comment, among his club-fellows.

§ 5

A walk from the Bath Club to Aldford Street takes one through the smartest, certainly the most storied, part of London, so far as homes and houses go. Chambers and I always took to the middle of the streets, he a little in advance, telling me who lived in the most interesting places, the pictures they owned, the cellars they had, the skeletons they closeted. He was a fascinating guide, never touching the same story twice, and with an extraordinary knack of lifting off a roof and acquainting one with everybody and everything in a house.

Chambers himself was capable of the kindly, chivalrous act toward the helpless of any grade of life. Some of this instinct came from his constant curiosity about the variations of character. He loved to study and note individual eccentricities, partly for "copy," but largely because he was an unusual humanist. He would gladly fall in with any adventures that promised to turn up new layers of human nature.

One blindingly foggy night he and Paul Arthur were trudging from an evening spent at a theater to Chambers's quarters with no more exciting prospect than a hand or two at cards. Suddenly out of the fog loomed what Chambers afterward called a "smear, a stain on humanity"—a typical London tramp, a species quite different from the American product; pale of face, with straw-colored, virginal beards, and with eyes deep, luminous and yearning, faces modeled by poverty, sorrow and disease, usually consumption, giving them the look of ascetics. Chambers and the tramp collided. But the tramp was quick with apologies, well worded and gently spoken. The man so interested the dramatist that he finally invited him home for a bite of supper, to the amaze-

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ment of Arthur. Burns, the tramp, accepted, "thanking you kindly."

Chambers seated his strange guest at a supper to be served by Hogg. But at the sight of "such han 'airy, hawful, hin fact, 'orrible specimen of humanity," Hogg's sense of decency was so outraged that it was only after a sharp look from Chambers that he consented to serve the tramp. That flash of class distinction alone would have repaid Chambers for bringing Burns home. But the real reward came when Burns was, with great difficulty, finally persuaded to talk. "He was an Horatian without knowing it," Chambers used to say in telling the story. Asked if he had ever worked, Burns, amazed at the thought, answered, "Certainly not; work 's for workmen." Burns's only friends in life turned out to be a cabman, called "Nighty," because he was at his stand all night; and other flotsam and jetsam, male and female, who, like himself, were sustained by the charity of the Salvation Army. The strange party ended finally by Burns "thanking you all kindly," politely bowing his way out, and leaving the house—with Paul Arthur's overcoat, quietly, but effectively, taken from the hall rack.

But what Burns left behind was a play, "Passers-by," which has since earned the price of many an overcoat. The tramp's talk brought four good dramatic characters into Chambers's rooms, a philosophic tramp, an eloquent cabman, a valet with class distinction, a woman of the streets, and Chambers himself, who was any young man fond of multiplying sensations with real life. Chambers called his hero "Waverton," from the name of the street where he then lived. With that he had his characters and wrote his first act. He employed "Burns" by his real name, "Nighty," by his, his valet Hogg he renamed "Pine," and the woman of the street, "Margaret Summers." Then an extraordinary thing happened: he could not begin his second act. None of his characters would move. The love interest he wanted to create was blocked at every turn. He had his young man and his young woman, but Margaret's character was an obstacle to any idyllic love-story. Six years went by before the playwright found a solution. As it happened, Chambers was always a great believer in the proper care of the teeth. His dentist was one of the best in London, though rather old and very loquacious. Chambers often used to visit his dentist, frequently for what the playwright called "the outside point of view"—what the public wants. It was during just such a visit that the loquacious dentist one day said to the perplexed playwright:

"How is it that nobody ever writes a play in which the modern Mary Magdalen, 'the lovely woman who stoops to folly,' gains some of the Christian sympathy accorded her in the New Testament? Why is her finish in the theater always disastrous when we know it is not so in real life?"

"Done!" cried the playwright. "I shall redeem 'Margaret Summers.' She shall not be a woman of the street, but a good woman misled by her very goodness, and yet triumphing because of it in the end. She shall marry my young man, 'Waverton.' Whereupon," as Chambers put it, " 'Passers-by' began to write itself." That is how it happens that there is a London dentist with a dash of the dramatist about him, though he may never know it unless he reads this.

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Once, as a stunt, I pitted Chambers and Arthur Brisbane against each other at a dinner in Delmonico's, with only the three of us present. Both were great talkers. As Chambers and he faced each other, there was a good deal of parrying at first, much manœvering for position. But finally Brisbane led off with this body blow:

"I 've seen several of your plays, Mr. Chambers. They are generally successful, and I think I know why. Any play, intelligibly written, will succeed with the masses as well as the so-called classes if it is compounded of eighty per cent. optimism and twenty per cent. pathos. That 's my observation. Is n't that a good recipe?"

"Sounds reasonable," answered Chambers. "But where is the man who can convincingly turn on eighty per cent. optimism and twenty per cent. pathos? And where is the audience that will not detect the cloven hoof of cooked-up optimism or cooked-up anything? Sincerity is the first of the virtues in composing a play as in composing one's life. There is no golden rule for even golden play-writing. Technic in play-writing is simply individuality. That is why nobody can teach it and nobody can acquire it by rote. One man's technic is another man's poison. There is no one-and-all-sufficient technic of the drama. The structure which is truest to the plot in hand, causing the least amount of waste between thought and expression, is the best technic. To the practical playwright, writing and rewriting his material are the least of his labors. It is the conception and birth of the basic idea of a play that he strives for. Once he gets his idea, the making of the play consists in thinking out its fundamental idea. Pen may never be put to paper until the entire play has acted itself out in the playwright's mind; then writing and rewriting become the mere recording of a play already born."

Overwhelmed by all this, Brisbane, with a twinkle in the eyes he gave me, passed to a much more vital topic.

"How about dining?" he said. "Is there a technic to dining?"

"Yes, old top, there is," said Chambers; "at least there are several ways of going at it, as the entire Rumanian court found out when the general of the army rang, and rang unsuccessfully, for a servant. When the myrmidon appeared, he was greeted with scowls and oaths, but genially answered, 'Sorry, my Lord; I was dining.' 'Dining!' roared the general, 'Dining! *You* dining! Listen to this: the King dines; I eat; and you devour.' "

It was always during spring and the beginning of the London season that I saw most of Charles Haddon Chambers, sometimes in New York, occasionally on the Continent, oftenest in London. In the tiny lounge in the house on Aldford Street every day's adventure would be rounded off in talk, often straight through the night; and when the sparrows began to chirp in near-by Hyde Park, we both knew it was dawn, and then I would start home; but I always stood for an extra five minutes on the door-steps to plan out with my friend exactly what we should do with the nice, bright-faced young day just given us. There I like to think of him as still standing, waving me farewell as my cab turned the corner, flinging after me some parting bit of his cynical philosophy.

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The Stranger

By WALTER DE LA MARE

Drawing by Dorothy P. Lathrop

In the nook of a wood where a pool, freshed with dew,
Glassed daybreak till evening, blue sky glimpsing through,
Then a star, or a slip of May moon, silver-white,
Thridding softly aloof the quiet of night,
Was a thicket of flowers:

Willow herb, mint, pale speedwell, and rattle
Water hemlock, and sundew. To the wind's tittle-tattle
They nodded, dreamed, swayed in jocund delight,
In beauty and sweetness arrayed, still and bright.
By turn scampered rabbit, trotted fox; bee and bird
Paused droning, sang shrill, and the fair water stirred.
Plashed green frog, or some brisk, little, flickering fish—
Gudgeon, stickleback, minnow—set the ripples a-swish.

A lone pool, a pool grass-fringed, crystal-clear:
Deep, placid, and cool in the sweet of the year;
Edge-parched when the sun to the dog days drew near;
And with winter's bleak rime hard as glass, robed in snow,
The whole wild-wood sleeping, and nothing a-blow
But the wind from the north, bringing snow.

That is all, save that one long, sweet, June-night tide straying,
The harsh hemlock's pale, umbelliferous bloom.
Tenting nook, dense with fragrance and secret with gloom,
In a beaming of moon-colored light, faintly raying
On buds orbed with dew phosphorescently playing,
Came a stranger, still-footed, feat-fingered, clear face
Unhumanly lovely, and supped in that place.

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"Knowing that . . . she could not be disappointed, because . . . she would not hope"

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Silk Both Sides

By Lorna Moon

Drawings by John R. Neill

And two and a half yards o' four-inch black-satin ribbon."

Jessie MacLean added this last fatal item with an upward jerk of her head lest Mistress MacKenty, at the other side of the counter, should think she was ashamed of her purchase. But Mistress MacKenty had a nose for news rather than an instinct for tragedy, and by the suppressed eagerness in her voice as she asked, "And ye 'll want it silk on both sides I 'll warrant?" you could see that she was already half-way down the road to the smithy to spread the news that "Jessie MacLean had lost heart, and would be out in a bonnet in the morn, so help her Davey."

"Aye, silk both sides," Jessie answered, letting her eyes range the shelves carelessly to prove that there was nothing momentous in her buying bonnet-strings.

Silk both sides proved it. A satin-faced ribbon might have many uses, but silk on both sides was a bonnet-string by all the laws of millinery known to Drumorty.

Telling about it five minutes later, Mistress MacKenty said:

"I might hae been wrang when she bought the silk geraniums, and I may hae been over-hasty when she said 'half a yard o' black lace,' but silk both sides is as good as swearing it on the Bible."

In Drumorty a bonnet with strings tied below the chin means that youth is over. About the time the second baby is born the gooodwife abandons her hat forever and appears in a bonnet with ties. She may be of any age from eighteen to twenty-five, for matrimony and motherhood and age come early in Drumorty. The spinster clings longer to her hat, for while she wears it, any bachelor may take heart and "speer" her, and if she be "keeping company," she may cling to her hat until she be thirty "and bittock"; but after that, if she would hold the respect of her community, she must cease to "gallivant" about "wi' a hat" and dress like a decent woman in a bonnet with ties.

And Jessie MacLean was six and thirty, as Baldie Tocher could tell you, for did he no have the pleasure of burying the exciseman the very morning that Jessie first saw the light of day, and was it no the very next year that Nancy MacFarland's cow got mired in the moss?

Drumorty had been very lenient with Jessie. Many a goodwife thought it was high time that Jessie laid aside her hat, but always she held her peace, remembering her bridal gown and the care with which Jessie had made it; for Jessie was the village seamstress, and it was a secret, whispered, that Jessie charged only half-price for making

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wedding-gowns, because she liked to make them so much.

Another reason for their lenience was Jock Sclessor. For fifteen years Jock had "kept company" with Jessie; not one Sunday morning had he missed "crying by" for Jessie to go to morning service. He would come round the bend of the road from Skilly's farm just as the sexton gave the bell that first introductory ring which meant, "Bide a wee till I get her goin' full swing, and then bide at hame frae the kirk if ye dare"; and Jessie would come out of her door and mince down the sanded walk between the rows of box-wood to the gate, and affect surprise at seeing Jock, just as if she had not been watching for him behind her window-curtain the last five minutes.

Jock was the cotter on Skilly's farm. Every year he intended to speer Jessie when threshing was over. Tammas, his dog, might tell you how many times he had been on the very point of asking Jessie the very next day; but always the question of adding another room came up, and not for the life of him could he decide whether to level the rowan-tree and build it on the east, or to move the peats and build it on the west, and by the time he had made up his mind to cart the peats down behind the byre and build it on the west, lambing was round again, and he let it go by for another year.

And every year Jessie was in a flutter as threshing was nearing the finish. One year she had been so sure that he would speer her that she bought a new scraper; for Jock could make your very heart stand still, he was that careless about scraping the mud off his boots. Often, when Jessie was alone, she would practise ways of telling Jock that he must clean his boots before he came in. "Goodman, hae ye forgotten the scraper?" was abandoned because it was n't strictly honest, for Jessie knew full well that he always forgot the scraper. "Gang back and clean your feet," was set aside also, because it was too commanding, and "Dinna forget the scraper" was also discarded because it is n't good to nag a man before he has set foot in the door. But none of the expressions had been tried out yet, for when Jock dropped in with her after service, Jessie hurried him by the scraper as if it might shout at him, "She expects you to speer her!" and so put her to shame.

But now threshing had been over for weeks, and every Sunday since then Jessie had looked for the white gowan in Jock's coat; for what swain "worth his ears full of cold water" ever asked the question without that emblem of courage in his buttonhole? It is a signal to the world that he means to propose, that he is going in cold blood to do it, and forever after his goodwife can remind him of that, should he suggest that he was inveigled into it by some female wile.

Last Sunday, on their way to church, Jessie cleared her throat nervously and grasped her New Testament, bracing herself as she asked in a thin voice that was much too offhand: "Would your peats no be better sheltered in the lea o' the byre?" and Jock replied: "Na, na; they are better where they are."

And so a hope, nourished fifteen years, died, and through the service she sat gazing straight ahead, with her eyes wide open, for the wider eyes are open, the more tears they can hold without spilling over. And next Saturday she bought black satin ribbon "silk both sides," and the world—

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"Tammas, his dog, might tell you how many times he had been on the very point of asking Jessie the very next day"

meaning Drumorty—knew that Jessie's tombstone would not read "Beloved wife of—"

§ 2

In Jessie's cottage the blinds were drawn on Saturday evening, and you who have suffered will not ask me to pull them aside and show you how a faded spinster looks when she weeps, or how her fingers tremble when she sews upon bonnet-strings; but let me tell you how bravely she stepped out next morning wearing her bonnet, with never a look through the curtain to see if Jock was on his way, or a glance to see if the neighbors were watching. Her step was just as firm upon the sanded path, and her head just as high. Perhaps she grasped her Testament more tightly than usual, but what soul on the rack would not do that?

Jock came round the bend as she reached the gate. She clung to the latch to keep herself from tearing the bonnet from her head. O Fate, that sits high and laughs, have you the heart to laugh now? Jock was wearing a white gowan. It was just a dozen steps or so back to the house and a hat and happiness; but the world knew that she had bought bonnet-strings, and was that not Mistress MacKenty watching from behind her curtain? Go forward, Jessie! There is no turning back; and go proudly! Open the latch and answer his "guid-morning" and smile; and don't let your hands tremble, or he will guess!

Look your fill from behind the curtain, Mistress MacKenty! You cannot see a heartache when it is hidden by a black alpaca gown and when the heart belongs to Jessie MacLean.

Jock Sclessor, your one chance of happiness is now. Lead her back into the house and take the bonnet from her head! No, laggard and fool that you

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"Down the sanded walk between the rows of boxwood to the gate"

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are, you are wondering if she has noticed the gowan! Has she not! She has watched for it for fifteen years. Speak, you fool! Don't keep staring at her bonnet! You dullard, Jessie must come to your rescue; and she does.

"Is the sexton no late this morning?" Jessie turned out of the gate as she spoke, snapping the latch with the right amount of care.

"Aye, later than usual," Jock agreed. The sexton was never late in his life, and at that moment the bell rang out to give Jock the lie. But Jock was so dazed he would have agreed if she had said, "Let us choke the minister."

As they walked to the church, he meditated:

"Evidently she never expected me to speer her, and she 's never so much as glimpsed the gowan. I 'll slip it out when we kneel in the kirk. But maybe I better sound her out first. It 's gey and lonesome for a man biding by himself."

They were just turning round by the town hall, where the rowan-trees are red, when he said:

"I had been thinkin' o' levelin' my rowan-tree."

Jessie's heart thumped. Here it came! That was why he would n't move the peats. But she would n't help him a foot of the road; she had waited too long. He must come every step himself.

"Oh, that would be a pity! It 's a bonnie tree," she answered.

Not much help here, but he would try again.

"I was thinking o' building."

"Building? My certies! What could ye be building so near the house?" This with some malice for all the fifteen long years. But you have gone too far, Jessie; he needs help.

"I—oh—I thought I 'd build a shed for peats."

Thud! That was Jessie's heart you heard, and that queer, thin voice is Jessie's, saying:

"I thought—ye were minded to leave the peats the other side o' the house."

"Aye, I am minded to leave them there, but a body can na hae too many peats."

And as they knelt in kirk he slipped the gowan out, and Jessie did not need to widen her eyes to hold the tears this time. That sorrow was past; she would never weep over it again.

§ 3

At home she brewed her tea, looking round at her rag rugs and white tidies with pleasure. The tidy on the big chair was as white and smooth as when she pinned it there in the morning, and there was no mud to be carefully washed off the rug by the door. There was a certain contentment in knowing that it would never be, a certain exhilaration in knowing that next Sunday she could not be disappointed, because next Sunday she would not hope. She sipped her tea peacefully, and smiled at the bonnet sitting restful-like on the dresser, and at the tidy on the big chair, spotless and smooth, and thought:

"Jock Sclessor would have been a mussy man to have about a house. I 'm thinkin' his mother was overlenient when she brought him up."

And Jock, at Skilly's, was thinking:

"I would na had time to build it, anyway. Lambing is here, and that is too bonnie a tree to be cut down."

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Shall We Abolish the Income Tax?

By Samuel Spring

The exaction of tribute almost always arouses resentment, and those who pay tribute tend to consider the method of collection part of the oppression. To-day both investor and worker, and particularly our business men, suddenly have come to appreciate that the taxes required by municipal, state, and federal government have grown so large that government is in reality exacting tribute with a heavy hand. The fact that our taxes are self-imposed does not assuage our feelings; we pay taxes because grim governmental necessities, which we do not understand, and which we are inclined to resent either as extravagance or, so far as world armaments are concerned, as grotesque madness, leave us no alternative. We seem confronted with a super-power creating the need of tax exactions as flint-hearted here as in Europe.

If government could only be made economical and less costly; above all, if government, with the coöperation of other powers, would only act sensibly so far as military preparedness is concerned, then we should not feel so resentful and embittered over the weight of our taxation. The burden would be lighter. Yet, since the burden to-day is heavy, we are glum and sharp-tongued. Tax tribute is paid largely through an income tax; therefore we find some solace in assailing the income tax.

Much that is said in criticism of the income tax is sound and merits careful thought. Should we reverse our tax policies and tax not income, but expenditure? Should we have a tax on spending and waste, not upon accumulation? That question is being insistently put forward to-day. If we must wear heavy chains, then by all means let the chains be as comfortable and flexible as reason and skill can make them. The income tax was first devised and applied as a means of gathering a small tax largely from non-business sources. To-day it has suddenly gained the ascendency over all other methods of taxation. We think only of a federal income tax. In reality the States, following the lead of Wisconsin, are adopting an income tax, headlong and pell-mell, as a substitute for all manner of taxes upon personal property, particularly upon intangible property such as stocks and bonds. Unquestionably, we are beginning to understand that the income tax is a tax of limited scope and vigor; that when it is rigorously used as a means of gathering in more revenue than it can fairly raise, it becomes stifling and markedly dangerous.

Of course the excess profits tax must go. No one denies that. Yet in our discussions of the income tax and possible substitutes we have not yet grasped the elementary distinctions that are necessary in the consideration of so complex and obscure a problem. Sharp-cut distinctions are often hard

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to draw. The outstanding fact remains, however, that income may come either from active business enterprises, involving the use of capital, or from non-business sources, and the two kinds of income must not be jumbled together. The distinction is clearly carried out to-day in the application of the income tax. From a business income the tax-payer deducts all proper expenses before he computes his income; from a non-business or personal income—an apt word is hard to find—he may not deduct any expense. The widow clipping her coupons which give her an income of five thousand a year, even though she must expend the entire five thousand in maintaining her house and family, pays an income tax on the whole sum; so must a salaried man or wage-earner. A business man with a gross income of five thousand and business expenses of three thousand pays a tax only on the difference. In short, income means gain or profit; business expenses, but not living expenses, may be deducted.

§ 2

When we consider a spending or expense tax as a substitute for the income tax this distinction is vital. The friends of an outgo tax urge that the World War has decreased sadly and to a dangerous degree the wealth of the nation. Tax not energy by taxing profits, the urge to energy, but tax waste and outgo, so that we may increase our stock of wealth, runs the familiar argument. Yet though the income tax does partly encourage waste and expenditure, an outgo tax applied at the point where the unfortunate encouragement of waste exists will be fatal. The reluctance to appreciate this truth rises from the failure to distinguish between a business and a non-business income.

An income tax in no way encourages expenditures in the case of a non-business income, and criticism directed against the tax in the case of such incomes is only confusing. But in the case of business profits, such expenditures are deductible. Here emerges the great and unmistakable defect of the income tax when applied to a business income. If the tax is high, as it has been in recent years, business is encouraged to be extravagant. Evidences of this in the last few years are all too familiar. Advertising, which soared suddenly into the skies like Jack's fairy-land bean-stalk, inordinate expansion of agencies, efforts to develop foreign business rashly and without preparation—all these unhappy episodes are due largely to the income tax. Business was encouraged to increase expenditure in order to avoid showing a large income, with the resulting necessity of paying the government taxes. Thus, unquestionably, a baneful effect of the income tax method in business has been the encouragement of unwise expenditure, if not waste and extravagance.

An outgo tax upon expenditures involving a business income would have sinister, far-reaching effects. The income tax has encouraged business expenditure and waste, but an outgo tax upon such expenditures would unwisely discourage all business expenditure. It would ruthlessly cut down business enterprise. The business man building up new enterprises, erecting new factories, carrying on a vigorous advertising and selling campaign, is creating prosperity. To discourage such expenditure by taxing it would be courting, indeed imposing,

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hard times upon the nation. A distinction cannot be drawn between proper and wasteful business expenditure in applying a tax. Such an interference in business would be sheer paternalism. The government cannot either dictate the method of business expenditure or seek to check the amount expended.

In the case of non-business income, the present tax in no way encourages waste or expenditure, because expense is not deductible. To suggest a tax upon expenditure in order to encourage thrift is to add a new feature to taxation. Would such a tax, aside from discouraging expenditure, create a sizable revenue? For the dominant consideration in taxation is the revenue produced. The first requisite of a tax, as Jacques Necker aptly said when tax difficulties were plunging the proud lilies of France into the abyss of savage revolution, is the production of an ample revenue; otherwise a government imposes an affliction which has no excuse for existence. Would a tax on expenditures, aside from those involved in business, create a worthwhile revenue?

Views differ here. Such a tax could best be imposed in the form of a modified sales tax. A turnover tax, applied without exemptions, is of course impossible because unenforceable. If we have any form of sales tax, it will be after the fashion of the Canadian tax, with its hundred-odd schedules of exemptions,—think of the pulling and hauling and the skill at leap-frog displayed by the lobbyists in Washington while trying to crowd their clients into these schedules!—exempting necessities of life and desired sales. It is doubtful if we should add at this time, when business is repining with melancholy complaint over a buyers' strike, an additional discouragement on purchases. It would indeed be ironical if these retail interests who have ardently urged the sales tax should receive instead an amplified luxury tax that would further discourage buying. For a sales tax, after the Canadian theory, is virtually an extended luxury tax. Luxury taxes in theory are admirable, but in practice exasperating and disappointing in revenue, although the Canadian tax has been moderately successful. It is not enough to say that such a tax would not be felt by the consumer because it would be concealed; the present income tax, which many insist is being passed on to the consumer, is concealed so far as the consumer is concerned, and yet is complained about harshly enough.

§ 3

Indeed, the blithe assumption that our present income taxes are passed on to the consumer, and that a widespread consumers' tax is therefore preferable, is droll, and also specious in its implications.

Like many facile assumptions, it proves too much. No one can accurately say how far a tax is passed on to the consumer. The question is not susceptible of accurate mathematical calculation. The best computations indicate that only a small fraction of the income and excess-profits tax is passed on to consumers in comparison with the burden placed directly on consumers by a sales tax. Profiteers do not need a tax as an excuse to send prices soaring toward the stars; yet profiteers are helpless if they cannot sell. On a rising market greedy men boost prices so high that a small tax charge is unimportant. In a stagnant

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or falling market tax burdens cannot be passed on, and profits fade away. If this is not so, why the great outcry against the present taxes because they stifle business? Is not business passing them on to the consumer and escaping the affliction? If the present income and excess-profits tax impose a burden of five billions of dollars that business passes on to the consumer, what great advantage will come by rearranging the same burden on the same backs? Will concealing the tax a little more deftly or collecting it a little more neatly or computing it a little more easily change the hard fact that the burden is breaking the back of business? The chilling effect of our present income taxes upon business arises largely from the fact that business cannot pass on the burden to the consumer, and has been making a bad situation worse by trying through unwise expenditure to decrease its taxable income.

Aside from the encouragement of expenditure a tax upon business income has other unfortunate aspects. To-day the corporate form is used widely in business because of advantages of limited liability afforded. In applying the business income tax to the corporate form, however, double taxation results. The corporation is taxed on its income, and the stockholder is taxed a second time when the remaining income is distributed to him by dividends. This obviously is unjust, and although under the present arrangement the normal income tax is not applied to corporation dividends, yet the individual surtaxes, which are by far the important feature, are rigorously applied. This tends to the accumulation of large surpluses by corporations, and the distribution of stock dividends which are tax-exempt under the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. The encouragement of stock dividends for tax reasons is unfortunate because investors are entitled to their dividends in cash. Such a policy again encourages sharply corporate expansion in order to use up accumulating profits. If business is to be kept healthy and investors are to be encouraged to save and risk their savings in business, the fair profits must be given back to the stock-holders in cash in order that they may be free to do therewith as they choose.

§ 4

Indeed, the income tax well nigh breaks down in determining the relation between the tax upon the corporation and the tax upon corporate profits distributed to the stock-holder. In putting a heavy tax upon corporate income and no tax upon dividends, a small stock-holder is taxed as heavily as the large stock-holder who has a tremendous income. This discourages the investment of surplus capital in business. Stock dividends may be desirable in the case of a large stockholder, but are discouraging in the case of a small stock-holder. Double taxation is not only inherently unjust, but creates dismal confusion. Some suggest as a solution that the corporation, and thereby the stock-holder, should be taxed upon any surplus accumulated over a certain amount, whether distributed or not, in addition to the normal corporation income tax. Obviously, the government dare not, indeed, must not, fix the extent of a normal tax-exempt surplus, for the size of a surplus, involving intimately the financial resources of an enterprise, is

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the most vital and dangerous aspect of business judgment. To tax all surpluses over a certain size would result in the government forcing the distribution of such surpluses. Could anything be more dangerous? In a word, those who feel that a large tax should be placed on big business through the income tax are confronted by the fact that it is impossible to work out any system by which the income tax can take from business more than a modest charge without disastrous results.

Again, some businesses make a small profit in relation to the amount of capital used; others, most speculative undertakings, make dazzling profits with little capital. An income tax must be imposed, if it be made heavy, with some relation to the capital used. Otherwise the capital of a business with a small relative profit may pay no return, and will immediately be invested in other forms, and the business be destroyed. The excess-profits tax was an effort to prevent a heavy income tax from becoming fatal by using a sliding-scale of adjustment based on capital invested. But the scale is so complicated as to make the entire matter a business nightmare. A simpler scale cannot be devised, and without such a compensating-scale a heavy income tax, if applied to business, will be as destructive as dynamite.

So long as the business income tax is kept to a modest ten or fifteen per cent., none of these unfortunate problems arise. Within such limits the tax is wise, because it obeys the fundamental principle of collecting no tax unless a profit is made, and the taxpayer thereby enabled to pay. The encouragement of business which arises from tax exemption where no profits are made is an overlooked, yet far-reaching, incitement to new enterprises. Thus, in a word, the income tax on business is admirable as long as it is slender in amount and unoppressive. Where the income tax on business becomes heavy, it becomes not only unenforceable, but destructive. It is literally an impossible tax if it must produce a tremendous income.

§ 5

What substitutes have we if we must obtain more revenue than the income tax itself can produce? Shall we abandon the income tax and adopt an entirely new theory of taxation, or try to supplement the income tax by other levies? This question should be considered not only from the point of view of federal needs, but also from the angle of increasing state and municipal expenditure. A state income tax added to a moderate federal income tax may produce an intolerable joint tax.

Fundamentally, there are two and possibly three means of gathering taxes. Without speaking with the close accuracy of the college classroom, and excluding such relatively unimportant taxes as head-taxes, we can discern the tax on capital, more commonly called the direct property tax; second, the tax on income; and, third, a modification or combination of both of these taxes in the privilege or excise tax.

The capital, or direct property tax, is the most familiar of our modern exactions. The present tax on land, involving the payment of a certain percentage of the value of the land, is at heart a capital tax. The tax itself, of course, may be paid out of income or other sources of revenue, yet the tax remains still a tax on capital. It is only when the tax becomes very high

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and the state is forced to take over part of the property, taxed in payment, as is being done in Germany to-day, that we have the confiscation of which much is said. The land tax can be made to produce a larger revenue than is at present obtained in America by the adoption of a modification of the single tax as it prevails in England.

The great difficulty with a capital tax lies in fixing the valuation by means of which the tax is computed, since the tax is estimated as a percentage on the fair, or market, value of the property. Our municipal governments spend many millions every year for assessors whose sole duty is to fix with meticulous care the fair valuation for tax purposes of variously situated and variously used lands. In the case of personal property—that is, all movable property—the problem of valuation becomes almost insurmountable. What is the value of machinery, rapidly depreciating, sometimes idle, often obsolescent? What is the value of stock in trade, merchandise, and partly manufactured products when the market price is fluctuating rapidly? Most of our large personal property-owners are corporations. Therefore, because of these difficulties, in taxing personal property the tendency has been to try to transfer the tax to the stock of the corporation owning the property, and to fix the valuation of that stock by accepting the market values. Such a tax, when imposed on the corporation, has not produced an adequate revenue, and great efforts have been made to tax securities in the hands of the owners. Yet this has worked out unsatisfactorily, because it is easy to conceal stock and bonds which pass so rapidly from hand to hand that any means of checking ownership is almost impossible.

Therefore our States, in the last decade or two, have come to despair of a possibility of directly taxing personal property and particularly intangible securities, and finally the tendency, which is clearly manifest in all our States to-day, arose of taxing not the personal property or the intangible security itself, but of placing a tax upon the income of the corporation and also upon the income received by the owners of the corporation's stocks and bonds. The drift has been toward the income tax not because of preference, not because of theory, but because of despairing experience and grim necessity.

The only alternative to the capital tax or the income tax is the privilege or excise tax. The government may impose a charge for certain privileges that are conferred by the government, although they seem so natural that one thinks of them as being inherent rights. Corporations can be taxed for their right to exist as such by a capital stock tax. Theaters and amusements can be charged for their right to carry on business by an admission tax. So, too, the privilege of making sales which are enforceable by law can be taxed in the form of a sales tax. Our luxury taxes are familiar enough. At present a sales tax, or some such privilege tax, is being proposed as something new and magical. In fact, the privilege or excise tax is one of the most ancient forms of taxation. Students of the French Revolution always express horror at the tax on windows, an obvious privilege tax. Luxury taxes are effective if wisely applied. Yet they are not of divine origin. They afford no panacea. They carry with them inherent defects. Privilege taxes, in truth,

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always have manifested marked limitations and must be applied sparingly and with deft caution.

§ 6

In judging a privilege tax, one must first determine what requisites a desirable tax must meet. Of course a legion of desired qualities can be thought of. Yet certain fundamental elements can readily be agreed upon. Probably the three outstanding features of a proper tax are: first, it must, as Jacques Necker vigorously insisted, be collectable, and produce a sizable revenue; secondly, it must not be too grave and dangerous an interference with the processes of business; and third, the tax must be apportionable in some manner in order to be a just tax. That is, the state must be free to make the tax-payer contribute in proportion to his ability to pay.

By these requisites privilege taxes soon manifest distinct limitations as compared with a restrained income tax. Since they are a check or a restraint upon proper business functions, privilege taxes, too high or unwisely applied, will interfere with the proper functioning of business. A general sales tax, for example, would impair severely those businesses which are done upon a small profit. Again, the privilege tax, unless it is very carefully adjusted, takes as large a tax from the poor as from the rich. This consideration in a democracy where unrestrained accumulations of wealth are fraught with danger is of greater significance than commonly admitted. Some of these difficulties can be avoided by the careful adjustment of the form of the privilege tax. Yet when these adjustments are worked out, a far-flung sales tax is so complicated and so involved as to be well-nigh uncollectable.

If a small income tax on business is insufficient to meet the needs of government, then we shall have to apply privilege taxes of one form or another to supplement our revenue. The only practical form in which these taxes can be applied is that of isolated tax impositions, each yielding a sizable revenue. A tax on automobiles, a higher tax on tobacco, a tax upon bank-checks, upon postage—all these privilege taxes, lumped together, may well produce a helpful revenue. The government, in imposing such taxes, will have to adopt the instincts of a fisherman. It must cast its net not in obedience to any fixed theory, but simply using common sense and drawing out wealth in those channels and streams where it is possible to draw out wealth without undue disturbances of business. The government must play the opportunist. Hard theories or methods, carried out to their logically attractive end, must be avoided.

Fundamentally, therefore, the income tax must remain as the basis of both federal and state revenue. The Federal Government, however, must make the federal income tax generously light in order to give the States a chance of reviving by maintaining and supplementing their revenues. Here state and federal fiscal problems crash into each other, and care must be shown by the Federal Government. In the last few years we have come to appreciate the limitations of the income tax and to understand that it cannot be extended beyond its proper scope. And if the limitations of the income tax are not overlooked and too much is not expected of it, the undeniable fact remains that it is by far the best tax that has yet been devised.

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A Thing of Beauty

By Adriana Spadoni

Drawings by Elizabeth Olds

"Kin the princess eat it, Becky?" "No, she can't eat it, not this time."

"Kin she wear it, like she did the golden coat?"

"No, she can't wear it, neither. She can't eat it or wear it or hock it. She can't do nothin' with it except look at it. It 's jus' pretty."

"O-oh." Ikey turned his little white face to the window and cleaned a fresh spot on its steamed surface.

For a moment Becky's eyes held the rapt look they always had when she summoned the princess for Ikey. Then, with a sigh, she took a coat from the pile on the floor beside her and began swiftly to sew on the buttons. This was the drawback of telling stories to Ikey. She had to return to the coats and sew that much faster.

"Becky, does her stepmother know she has it?"

"No; nobody knows, not one, single man or lady. It 's her own, and nobody can't ever see it even if she don't let 'em."

But this time Becky did not stop sewing, for she had promised her mother to have the coats finished by supper, and there were still a dozen. Becky's fingers flew, and her short legs, which escaped the floor by a full twelve inches, wound themselves more tightly in the rungs of the chair.

"But, Becky, mebbe somebody 'll watch her put it away, and they 'll steal it, like they did the diamond hat." For his sister's imagination was chained to earth by experience, and the princess usually lost her beautiful things in the end.

"No; don't I tell you nobody 's going to find the thing this time. Every time she goes out she locks it up in a ruby box, and if anybody tries to steal it, the fairy godmother 'll turn 'em into a rat and make 'em live in the royal garbage can."

Ikey shivered with delight.

"But she ain't in the palace all the time. When she goes out to git the cake for dinner—"

"Every time she locks the door and hides the key on the firescape in a—in the sacred bird's nest. So there!"

Before this absolute certainty of precaution Ikey's pessimism vanished. With a long-drawn breath of relief he turned again to the window.

"She can't eat it—nor wear it—nor hock it. It 's jus' pretty," he chanted and beat the arms of his chair to the rhythm. Even his useless little legs quivered with the force of his delight. Becky bent low over the coat, sewing furiously.

From the street below came the cries of hucksters, the incessant pleading to buy, buy, buy, anything from a carpet to a button; the old, old chant

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of barter that follows the tribes of Judah around the world, enveloping them like a cloud. Wrapped in shapeless garments against the bitter cold, wigged women and sad-eyed, bearded men whined or shrieked the wonder of their wares. In the narrow space between the rows of carts children played in the black snow, dodging with acrobatic agility the thundering trucks whose roar for a moment drowned the cries of the hucksters. But as soon as these had passed, the children were back again, and once more the cries rose, Isaac's high moaning of his caps, "Fine caps of fur, seal fur, and only thirty-five cents. Thirty-five, thirty-five." Next to him, like an angry spirit escaping bondage from the depths of innumerable coats, Miriam defied the world to produce better pickles. "Pickles, pickles, fine cucumber pickles, not equaled in Kieff itself."

But Ikey neither heard nor saw. He wandered with the princess before the royal treasure of candy and golden toys and clothes, finer even than "the cobwebs we sweep down before Passover," until he stood before the ruby box that held it, the last creation of Becky's longing—something so beautiful, so useless, so unnecessary that words could not describe it.

"Becky!"

"Huh?" Becky came with a jerk from dreams of her own as she jabbed the needle through the last button and threw the coat to one side.

"Becky, I guess we can't never see nothin' so beautiful like it, mebbe?"

For a moment Becky did not answer. Then she kicked the coats and said quietly:

"Some day I 'm going to have a thing—even if I got to steal it—sohelpmegod!"

"BECKY! That 's a Goy swear!"

"I don't care if it is. I 'm sick of bein' a chosen people. What d' we get for it, anyhow?"

"Nothin'," Ikey agreed sadly, and looked down at his useless legs. "Sicknesses, mebbe."

Becky came and stood beside him. Hot with resentment against the ugliness of her world, she pressed her face close to Ikey's, against the glass. She had known nothing else all the ten years of her life, and she loathed it as one can only loathe familiar hatreds: the wailings of Isaac, the purple expanse of Miriam's face, the green and scarlet pickles, the fine caps of fur, the mass of striving, living things that filled every spot of space, that clutched and grabbed and forced their wares into your face, never still or at rest, always beating, striving, fighting for something.

With a shudder Becky turned away

"The old, old chant of barter that follows the tribes of Judah around the world"

and began stacking the finished coats in two piles, a large one for her mother, a smaller for herself, to carry after

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supper to Abraham. As she smoothed each coat with quick, reluctant touch, her lips curled in scorn of the harsh cloth.

"I hate you," she muttered, "and some day I ain't going to do you no more. And when Abraham says, 'How many to-day, Becky?' I 'll jus' turn up my nose and say, 'I ain't taking no more coats, Mr. Epstein,' and walk right straight out of the shop."

So vivid was this triumph that, unconsciously, her head went up, her eyes blazed scornful exultation at the stove, which for the moment, was Abraham Epstein himself. Becky saw as clearly as if he had been there before her the amazement in his small black eyes, the thick, gray beard, the outstretched hands seeking an explanation of this extraordinary proceeding.

"BECKY!"

With a bound Becky was beside Ikey; but he was not hurt, only trembling with excitement as he pointed down into the street. Between Isaac and Miriam old Giuseppe, the Gentile, had wedged his cart, and now he stood holding high a small white statue of a woman.

"It 's—a thing!" Ikey whispered.

"It 's—*her!*" whispered Becky.

"O Becky, open the winder!"

But the window had been safely nailed at the beginning of winter, and Becky struggled in vain.

"Oh, look! Isaac wants him to git out. He 's—he 's shovin' him! He don't want him to stay there."

Ikey beat futilely on the pane and commanded Isaac in his most forceful Yiddish to leave the old man alone. But Isaac, abetted by Miriam, was shouting and gesticulating at the Gentile who had dared to usurp the place which custom, aided by the vociferous powers of Isaac and Miriam, had made theirs.

"Becky, don't let 'em chase him!"

But Becky was already at the door, and even as Ikey shrieked to Miriam

"Sad-eyed, bearded men whined or shrieked the wonder of their wares"

that she was "a swine," Becky had reached the pavement and was forcing her way through the group of excited children watching, at a safe distance, the strange old man who now stood, his eyes closed, muttering weird words that might well have been a Gentile "witch."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God," old Giuseppe was praying, "forgive me that I bring You to sell among these infidels! But Your blessed body is not perfect, and the sons of the true church will not buy. Sell Yourself, Holy One, that old Giusepp' may give a Christmas to the little ones, like the Christmas of America; also a fine candle of wax for Thy altar!"

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He opened his eyes, to see Becky standing in the center of the cleared space before the cart.

"Look out, Becky! He 's Goy. He will put a witch on you," warned Izzy, grandson of Moses, the most learned rabbi of Orchard Street, as Becky moved calmly forward to the very edge of the cart.

"A leetle Virgin, *bimba mia*, the finest Virgin of white, and only twenty-five cents. It is to give away the Blessed Mother, but *macchè*—"

"It 's the princess." Becky spoke quietly, and smiled at Giuseppe.

Guiseppe nodded.

"*Si, si, bimba mia;* the Queen of Heaven."

Lovingly, Becky laid one grimy finger upon the nearest image.

The children fell back, but Becky and Giuseppe smiled at each other.

"What 's her name?" Becky asked softly.

"Maria, Santa Maria," replied Giuseppe and crossed himself.

"How much—is she?"

"Twenty-five cents, *bimba;* and it is to give away."

The smile died in Becky's eyes.

"I 've only got—six cents—to git—sugar for supper."

"*Olà, bimba mia,* it is not possible. Already it makes a sin to give away the Holy Mother for twenty-five cents, but to-morrow is the birthday of the *Santo Bimbo,* and I must give a fine candle to the altar and dinner for the little ones."

Beyond his refusal Becky's attention did not go.

"But Ikey can't walk like other kids, and he ain't got nothin' to do when I got ter go to school. If he had her, he could talk to her, 'cause I told him all about her."

"*Poverina, poverina,* I *can na* make. She no like now that I sell so cheap—the leetle Queen of Heaven for twenty-five cents!"

Becky swallowed the lump rising in her throat.

"I want a little queen fur Ikey."

Giuseppe beat his breast in sympathy for Ikey, but over on Forsythe Street seven fatherless children waited for their grandfather to provide a Christmas such as other children would have.

"I can no make, *bimba.* With all heart broke fur de Ikey, I can na do."

Led now by Izzy, the crowd ventured nearer.

"Grab one an' beat it, Becky; he can't run." It was the advice of Jacob, son of Rachael, the fish-seller; but Becky did not hear.

"I never had nothin' pretty like her," Becky confided through the rising tears, her finger lingering on the smooth coolness of the Virgin's cheek. "She 's —so—*pretty.*"

"*Seguro,* she is pretty—almost pretty like de beeg one, de Madonna of Eelizabet' Strit. *Dio mio,* wat a pretty, dat one!"

"Prettier than *her?*"

"*Si, bimba,* a leetle. I no can make de lie. Dis one she is pretty, but dat one! Ten feet high, hair all gold, in a dress of fine silk, and de eyes blue—blue like de sea in my countree, and so sweet she smile, like de sun on de olive-tree in de house where I borned. Every night when I go home I stop in her house, and talk a leetle wid her, and she smile at ol' Giusepp'."

"Huh!"

"Sure, *bimba,* she smile. By de toe of San Cristoforo in my church at San Martin, she smile, an' she make so wid de het, like to say, *Si, si,* Giusepp';

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an' I talk jes like to talk to de *Madre.* I say, 'Madre de Dio, give to Giusepp' dis or dat,' an' she give. Some time, right away queek, some time not so queek. But always she give."

"Is she *alive?*" Becky's eyes were lighting now with the look that summoned the princess. "Can she hear and talk?"

Old Giuseppe leaned across the cart. His eyes, too, were eager and bright with faith.

"Sure, she hear. When de beeg church is all still and only a leetle light, like jes before de stars come or like now before to snow hard, and dere ain't nobody but old Giusepp' in her house, den she makka de sweet talk to me. She say—"

"Kin—I—go and see her?"

"*Seguro.* What for no? De beeg church on Eelizabeth' Strit wid de windows much colors an' de cross on top."

"But I 'm a Jew,"—Becky's voice quivered;—"mebbe she don't like Jews."

"Sure she lika Jews. She lika every body, all mens and ladies an' childs. You go. You tella dat old Giusepp' send you."

For a moment Becky stood staring beyond the old man at the princess. Ten feet high, with hair of gold and a dress of silk. Without a word she turned away, passed among the children, awed to silence, and then began to walk quickly.

Frightened and curious, they followed. Out from the familiar streets, across the great dividing-line of the Bowery, into the land of the Guineas, most dangerous of all Goys, for they can buy as cheaply and sell as high as the chosen themselves, and they were always pushing and working their way in everywhere. Huddled, silent, they followed up one street, down another, until Becky stopped before the house of the princess. Cold, gray, and hostile it loomed above her. And Becky's uncle was the holiest man in Moscow.

Slowly Becky's right foot rose until it rested upon the first step. More slowly the left followed.

"Becky, don' you do it. Dey 'll kill you an' drink your blood."

Little Jenny Markowitz made the last effort, but Becky turned upon her.

"*She* won't let 'em." Nevertheless, her voice shook, for it was really a terrible risk. Once closed from her own world behind those great doors, there was only the princess to save her, ten feet high, it was true, but, after all, only a woman.

"'Ikey can't walk like other kids'"

"They 'll drink your blood an' den dey 'll bury you in de cellar," Izzy elaborated Jenny's warning.

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"Shut up!" Becky hurled the words over her shoulder, drew a deep breath, and ran straight up the long flight of steps, through the huge door, into the cold, dim vestibule, eery in the winter dusk. Trembling, she crossed to the green baize door and pushed it open. Far, far away a dazzling structure rose like the frosting on a gigantic cake. Hundreds of tall, white candles pierced the settling gloom. A golden lamp suspended from the high dome held a ruby light, perhaps the heart of a little Jew! Becky closed her eyes, and with arms extended before her moved slowly and noiselessly forward, on through the terrible stillness, on and on, farther and farther from the safety of the world outside.

Was there no end? Even unfriendly Elizabeth Street now lay miles behind; and Rivington Street and her own tenement, and Ikey, waiting alone. Becky's trembling fingers touched something icy cold. She bit back a scream and opened her eyes. She had reached the altar rail, a rail of gleaming silver beyond which the high altar, draped in lace as fine as the frosting on their own windows before Ikey breathed it away, towered into space.

"Oh!" Becky gasped, and forgot the burning heart of the little Jew hanging in the huge emptiness above her.

She almost forgot the princess until, turning at last, she saw Her, standing in an alcove to one side, Her golden head a faint spot of color in the shadow, dressed in blue silk, a naked baby in Her arms.

At the unexpected sight of the baby Becky's awe vanished. She went swiftly to the princess and smiled up at her.

"You got one, too! He did n't tell me." And Becky sat down upon her crossed legs to explain matters to the princess.

"You see, last summer Ikey got the paralyzed sickness in his legs, and he can't walk no more. He jus' sits in a chair and looks out the winder till I come home from school, and then I tell him about you while I do the coats. He knows all about you and the golden coat and the diamond shoes and everything."

The kind eyes smiled down, but no nod accepted this devotion. So, after a short pause, Becky continued:

"It 's awful to have that sickness. I hope your baby never gets it. But I s'pose you 'd take him right away to the country, where there 's a lots of fresh air and nature, and he 'd git better. My mama she could n't take Ikey, because we ain't got no money."

Straining up into the deepening dusk, Becky waited some sign of sympathy, but none came. The kind eyes smiled, the naked baby seemed about to chuckle aloud in pride of its own chubby legs. With a smothered sigh, Becky shifted her position a little and changed the subject. After all, it was rude to break so instantly into her troubles.

"You 've got a lovely house. It 's the prettiest house I ever saw. I guess that 's the parlor, ain't it?" Becky pointed to the high altar. "And you got such a lot of pretty things on your table. Some day I 'm going to have a pretty thing," she added in the mysterious tone that had never failed to prick the interest of even fat little Jenny Markowitz.

But the princess, aloof in the splendor of blue silk, surrounded by the luxurious furnishings of her wonderful house, heard unmoved. Becky's lips

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trembled, and for an instant her head drooped. *She* was so far from Becky's social experience. Suddenly, a fear gripped her.

"You speak English, Missis, don't you? The old man said you talked to him every night. You know—your friend, old Giusepp'."

Not a sound broke the enveloping stillness. Becky's throat tightened.

"Mebbe he was lyin', after all, but he *said* he talked to you, and you gave him everything he wanted. I would n't—ask—fur a lot of things." Becky hesitated, eliminating one by one all the beautiful things she had planned to ask for. "I would n't ask fur nothin' but new legs fur Ikey."

So tensely did Becky wait an answer that she did not hear a side door open quietly, or Marian Armsby enter, drop her nurse's bag and, with a sigh of relief, slip into a near-by pew for a moment's rest in the crowded, exhausting day. Nor did Marian see Becky until, with a muffled sob, Becky rose and stood small and disappointed before the Virgin.

"Excuse me, Missis, but—I guess you—don't like Yids, after all."

"Oh, yes, she does."

It was so unexpected that Becky jumped back in fear, and only Marian's reassuring arm about her shoulders at last stopped the trembling.

"Suppose we sit down awhile, and you tell me all about it," Marian suggested. Becky did. She told of Ikey and the two ugly rooms, the never-ending coats, and the mother who worked all day in the factory, and "finished" long after Becky herself was asleep.

"And you were asking the Virgin to cure Ikey's legs?"

"Yes, 'm. But I guess she don't help Jew kids."

"I 'm sure she does. She heard you, even if she did n't talk to you. She often gets me to attend to these jobs for her, and perhaps, if I go home with you and see just exactly how sick Ikey's legs are—"

"Kin *you* talk to her? Kin *you* get her to make Ikey's legs well?"

"I don't know, Becky. I can't tell until I see, but I should n't wonder a bit but what we can do *something*."

So silently they went down the long aisle and out to the terrified children, waiting to hear the shrieks of Becky being eaten alive by Gentile

"'Ikey 's goin' to git new legs, and *then* you look out'"

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priests. Straight through them, without seeing, Becky walked, holding fast to Marian Armsby's hand. Nor did she utter a word until in triumph she delivered Marian to Ikey.

"O Ikey, I brought *her*, an' she 's goin' to fix your legs an' git mama another job, an' mebbe we 'll all go to the country in the spring an'—"

"Not so fast, Becky, please. We 'll have a look at those legs first. But I should n't wonder in the least if they are n't simply lazy."

As she removed her things, Marian Armsby tried hard not to see the terrible eagerness in Ikey's eyes, the fear of possible disappointment on Becky's face, the deadening ugliness of the rooms. So that, when she turned again, it was in her usual, quick, quiet way that she directed:

"If you 'll turn down the bed, Becky, we 'll be able to get at things better. But, first, perhaps we 'd better take off all these clothes, so we can see just where we are." And before Ikey's masculine pride could protest, his many garments were deftly removed, and he was lying in his worn little nightgown, while Marian's cool, firm hands were padding and prodding lightly along his spine and down his legs and doing strange, sudden things to his knees and toes.

Beside the bed, Becky stood rigid in suspense. But as Marian straightened, and drew up the coverlet, Becky touched her hand.

"Kin you do it?" she whispered.

"I—believe we can."

"O Ikey, then you kin beat up Solly Applebaum like you always wanted to, and you kin carry the papers again, and we kin get—"

"Stop, Becky!" Marian Armsby forced her voice to a hardness that brought Becky back to reality with a thud. "We can do something; just how much I don't know. But we 'll find out. I 'm going to write a note, and I want you to take it over to the settlement house on Henry Street. Do you know where it is? Yes, that 's right."

While she talked, Marian wrote a few lines rapidly, folded the note, addressed it, and gave it to Becky.

"Here! here! Wait a moment," for Becky was at the door. "Now Dr. Stuart will come to see Ikey sometime this evening, and then he 'll know just how much can be done for Ikey. Run along with the note now."

But there was no need to urge Becky to haste. She was gone before Marian had finished. Like a streak she passed through the group of children, grown now until it blocked the entrance to this house where strange things were happening. Dazed, they watched her vanish round the corner.

And then, before they had agreed upon the cause of her swift flight, she reappeared. With doubled fist she advanced upon Solly Applebaum and shook it in his face.

"Ikey 's goin' to git new legs, and *then* you look out. He 'll punch the daylights out of you."

Solly retreated, but, her warning delivered, Becky ignored him, and turned to a wider audience. Breathless, they listened while she told of the marvelous house of the princess, with its furnishings of silver and lace; and of the princess herself, dressed always in silk, and with nothing to do but give things away.

"You did n't bring nottin' out." Trained to analytic thinking, Izzy, grandson of rabbis, objected.

"You don't s'pose *she* keeps things

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"'The little queen—for Ikey'"

in the parlor, do you? They 're all piled up in a warehouse as big—as big as the school—and—and she 's goin' to send 'em."

"Sure. Rich ladies don't carry dere own stuff," agreed Jacob, son of Rachael, the fish-seller. For had he not been an errand boy in a great Gentile store uptown? "They never carry nottin', even a teeny, weeny t'ing."

Linked to Becky by this superior knowledge of the social proprieties, Jacob came nearer.

"What she say, Becky, when you ast fur de t'ings?"

"*She* smiled and she said:

"'All right, Becky. I 'll send 'em round.'"

"Did she give you *everyt'ing* you ast for?"

"Sure she did," Becky answered.

For a moment Jacob was silent; then a strange gleam danced in his black eyes, and he came nearer still.

"I guess she 'd give you anyt'ing you wanted, huh?"

Becky nodded.

"I 'm goin' to ask her fur a new mattress and—and a new dress for mama and a new soup-pot and—everything."

But Jacob had no interest in benefits conferred upon Becky or her mother. A pair of skates, beyond the profits of a fish-stand, gleamed before his eyes. And skates were so near legs!

"I got a nickel, Becky, an' I 'll give it to yuh if you 'll go and ask her fur dose skates in Bernstein's winder."

"No. I would n't go fur no nickel."

"Bec—ky,"—little Jenny Marko-

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witz trembled with fear at the power of Becky's refusal, but she had sometimes helped with the coats, and there was a string of blue beads and only seven pennies toward its purchase. Surely a lady who dressed in silk would understand beads—"Becky, I got seven cents—an' *she*—likes you. If you tell her I 'm one of your best friends, mebbe she 'll give me those blue beads."

A nickel and seven pennies, and a little queen cost twenty-five.

Becky shook her head, violently.

"What you kids think I am, anyhow? S'pose one them Goy rabbis came out and put a witch on me, like Izzy said? It 's *terrible* dangerous, and I ain't takin' no chances, not for twelve cents."

It was undeniable; the danger terrific, the price disproportionate. Izzy's trained mind burrowed rapidly in the maze of difficulties, for there was a double-bladed knife that neither chanting nor memorizing of holy writ had wrung from old Moses.

"What *will* you go fur?"

"Twenty-five cents."

Motionless, they stared at her. No financial panic ever so completely overwhelmed the stock exchange. And, then, like some small broker, sinking in the flood, little Jenny began to cry.

"Never—no more—I can't git—'em! Never—no—more!"

"What in the name of mercy is the matter!" cried Marian Armsby as she walked into the circle. "Becky, what is it all about?"

"They want me to go fur twelve pennies, and I got to have twenty-five."

Slowly Izzy's hand moved to the three nickels carefully sewn into his pocket by his mother.

"Will yuh make a job lot, Becky, an' ask fur de t'ree of us at oncet?"

But before Becky could answer, Marian had placed one hand on Becky's shoulder and was demanding:

"Becky, what is it you need twenty-five cents for?"

"A little queen. The old man can't *give* her away or make a special on her even."

"What old man? What *are* you talking about?"

Becky pointed. "There—the old man next to the pickles." Becky hurried on breathlessly. "It 's the little queen—for Ikey. She 's so—so pretty. He never had nothin' so pretty."

"I see," Marian said, and led the way to the cart, the others following. As he saw her approach, the practised eye of Giuseppe lighted.

"A little Virgin, signorina, a beautiful little Virgin."

"You choose it, Becky, the finest little queen you can find," said Marian.

When Becky had tremblingly pointed out a little queen with only the smallest dent at the very back of her head, Marian took it from Giuseppe and laid it carefully in her arms.

For a moment she stood transfixed; then, clutching the little queen fiercely, she fled before the whole world should crash to bits about her.

Rushing up the stairs and into the room, she shouted:

"Look, Ikey! I brought it—a thing. *SHE* sent it to you."

"An' she 's goin' to gim me my legs back, too." For a long time Ikey fondled the little plaster Virgin. "I can't eat it, I can't wear it, an' I can't hock it," he said; "but, oh, it 's pretty!"

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The Spirit of the Woods

A Confession

By Ernest Thompson Seton, *Author of* "Wild Animals I have Known." *etc.*

Drawings by The Author

The sum of my early religious training was that everything human is bad, and born of the devil. The favorite text was, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and the total depravity of human nature was the logical and accepted conclusion.

It was on Sundays that these doctrines were most effectively dramatized. The Sunday routine of my early boyhood, when we lived in Toronto, was to rise as late as we dared, about seven forty-five; read a chapter of the Bible and a psalm, then say private prayers, each of us in his bedroom, before coming down. A long grace before breakfast came next, with solemn remarks on the wickedness of everybody. After breakfast, came family worship. Father would read a chapter or two from the Bible and a psalm of David, and then all would kneel while he read a long prayer, finishing with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined.

"Now, children, to Sunday school," mother would then say, and we were hurried off to Cooke's Church Mission Sunday School, on Elizabeth Street. It opened at nine-thirty, but we were always ready ahead of time; mother saw to that. Returning from this, we were hustled off to the —— Street Presbyterian Church to hear the Rev. Mr. Blank dilate on the hot horrors of the world into which we were all likely to land. He began at eleven and was supposed to end at half past twelve, but he never did; he always ran over, and it was nearly one o'clock before we escaped. I can see him yet, a hard creature of irreproachable personal life. In his eyes was a gleam of madness. His followers called it inspiration, as he dilated on the immortal glory of the great Calvin who burned Servetus at the stake and set up a devil in place of a wise and gracious Creator.

Arrived at home, we had our midday dinner after a long grace; then mother would say, "Now be sure you are ready for Sunday school." "Being ready" meant learning some hideous garble of doctrine out of what we later called "John Calvin's joke-book," then better known as the "Shorter Catechism." Shorter! Was that shorter?

At three o'clock we had Sunday school in the basement of the old —— Street Church, and there supposedly for one hour, though really for an hour and a half, we were overwhelmed with the stern doctrines of the time.

At five we would get home. Father, having had a nap, *now took a walk*, always over mother's protest. She maintained, with a host of texts from the Old Testament, that it was ungodly to

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walk on the Sabbath day. "Blessed is the man that . . . keepeth the sabbath from polluting it."

Father would reply from the New Testament, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath," and then go for a short walk, leaving mother weeping and protesting at home.

By six o'clock we sat down to a long grace and a short evening meal, and by seven we were all of us again at the Rev. Mr. Blank's footstool, listening to his lurid word-pictures of our unspeakable depravity. He was supposed to have need of only an hour, but it was usually near nine o'clock when once more we were home. Then, after a pause, mother would say, "Now get the books." Each of us—there were thirteen children—was equipped with a Bible and a hymn-book. After going through about a dozen hymns and the twenty-third Psalm, father would say, "Now we shall read from the word of God in Chapter" so-and-so. He would read two verses, and the next would read two, and so on twice around. After this all kneeled down once more, with our tired, sleepy little noses rubbed hard into the varnish of the chairs, while he read another long prayer and finished up with "Our Father."

Then mother would say, "Now, children, to bed, and don't forget your prayers." Yes, another, with another chapter of the Bible, before we dared trust ourselves to our pillows.

When one is soaked in a conception or doctrine night and day, year in and year out, by parents of irreproachable character and sincerity, it surely must strike in; the dye must in some measure take. And it did in more than one of my nine brothers. I did not believe that every simple natural thing I wanted to do was evil; I did not love the Sabbath day that had been made hideous or the hell-fire texts and sermons. I did not see anything wrong in taking a walk to see birds and flowers on the Sabbath any more than on any other day. I wanted to be among the wild things of the woods; I loved birds and flowers more than churches and catechism. I got thrills of joy over a new bird, the track of a coon, or any evidence of the wild life all about us. I wanted to know more of these things, and was told that such trivialities were unworthy of a human being with an immortal soul to save. I had better mind my books, and keep my thoughts on the next world. What wonder that, being obviously an outcast, I was possessed of ever stronger repulsion?

When at length the inner rebellion shaped itself into action, I was up against stronger powers than my own, and I experienced a crushing defeat. When, therefore, at the age of eighteen a chance came to leave home, I gladly went as one who quits life in a cellar to walk in the open fields.

For a time I lived as a student alone in London, and there I found the library of the British Museum, there discovered the key to the world of wild things. I had not even dreamed that there were books full of the precious facts for which I hungered. But my real life began when I left London for the plains, and there in the wide spaces of the West, where everything was,

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without apology, normal and natural, I broke from the hideous teaching that had darkened my childhood, to learn something of the realities of life and love.

Here my natural instincts found free scope, an open field, an ever-widening field. I was like a hawk that had been raised in a cage, and when at last a chance came to fly, I barely knew how to spread my wings. But spreading my wings strengthened them. I who had groveled in the cellar was in a little while of the West, soaring, rejoicing in the blue.

The one true faith

Again and again I had come up against this strange paradox: my instincts, which were now dominating my life, were better guides than my judgment.

As I traveled and met men of the world, I found many more who were just such freaks as I.

How could this be? Are not our instincts born of us, or of the devil in our hearts, and is not our judgment, our training, our education, our home upbringing? Here was a riddle.

"*Were* we born in iniquity?" "*Is* every human impulse the direct inspiration of the devil?" These were questions that would not down. All my early training said, "Yes." All my instincts said, "No." More and more I was coming to trust my instincts. Day after day I rode across the plains, the hills swept by, the steers or the wild game galloped on, and as I rode I pondered. Slowly, very slowly, came the light, and this I take for truth: judgment is only one's personal view, sure to be warped and discolored by early training. Instincts are the garnered inherited wisdom of all one's forefathers, the creative wisdom that guided the race. And ever I met more men whose instincts were good and judgment was bad, till it seemed to me that nearly all mankind was like myself in this.

Then following this faint, rising dawn in the east, following the roseate glow of what was to me a personally discovered idea, the sun came up in this wise. In Emerson I read, "If you be of good ancestry, cast aside your judgment and trust indomitably to your instincts, and you won't go wrong." Now I could see plainly the landscape through which I had been groping. "If you be of good ancestry, . . . trust your instincts." Is not this the whole thought on which democracy is founded? The instincts of a high-class people are wiser than the wisdom of their temporary leaders. Here lies, perhaps, the secret of Lincoln's greatness. He was the interpreter of the instincts of a great people. Again and again he violated his legal training because he felt that an issue was morally right, though legally wrong. Here I was blindly groping my way toward the thought that Emerson and Lincoln alike had lived, that human instincts are the power that has created the race, the wisdom of all who have preceded us. Surely the idea that these God-implanted impulses were iniquitous was born of a calloused ignorance of the human spirit.

Thus by a long, hard trail was I led to a new thought, a proper respect at least for every strong, deep-rooted human instinct, a realization that the

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instincts are a mighty power, in the main constructive, but under evil guidance possibly destructive, a superb wild horse that must be harnessed and trained to bit and bridle, not crushed.

Instincts had been my own intellectual salvation, just as instincts have been the saviors of the race. I saw my own boyhood now in clear retrospect. I was taught, and I thought, that I was a freak. I know now that I was merely a healthy, normal boy rebelling against an unhealthy, abnormal environment.

As far as I am personally concerned, this "pilgrim's progress" from inhibition to instinct is a thing of the far past. It was a personal fight. I fought it single-handed. I won, but not until eighteen years of my life had been lived under the shadow of the preachment that I *ought* to distrust my natural and healthy instincts. We have moved fast and far since then toward a saner and more gracious appreciation of human nature, but multiplied thousands of young Americans to-day face the problem I faced then—the problem of cutting through artificialities to a normal and healthy life of body and spirit.

I have always been impressed by the spiritual waste of those first eighteen repressed and distorted years of my life. I covet for all boys and girls some short cut to the things I had to learn slowly and painfully. Over twenty-five years ago I found myself asking, "Is n't there some way to dramatize this religion, this education, this life of the out-of-doors which has, indeed, meant life to me?" I wanted to help boys and girls find that short cut. The upshot of this questioning was the Woodcraft idea of which the editor has asked me to tell in this paper.

I was seeking to give this Woodcraft idea acceptable form when I chanced to meet Rudyard Kipling at Frank N. Doubleday's house.

Kipling heard my story with tense interest and said:

"If you don't succeed, the Chinamen will be sitting astride our necks within fifty years. How are you going about it?"

"I am writing a dictionary of Woodcraft," was the answer.

"Oh, bosh! Who would ever read a dictionary?" he said.

"What would you do?"

"I 'd put it in a novel," said he.

"Oh, I see; maybe you are right," I answered. So I wrote "The Two Little Savages."

"Far overloaded with information," said Kipling after reading it.

"But I have n't half told my story."

"Then write another novel."

So I wrote "Rolf in the Woods," and still so much was left unsaid that I published the "Book of Woodcraft," after all, and then every year for eighteen years the "Birch Bark Roll," now the "Manual of the Woodcraft League."

And this is the creed set forth: a religion is a way of life. This is my way of life, the Woodcraft way. It was the trail by which my fathers came up from being mere brutes, and it is the trail that will lead to the greatest heights. It is not new, it is the oldest way of all, but it has been buried in rubbish and forgotten.

Long ago I collected statistics on the

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number of boys who went wrong; that is, who made failures of their lives. Five hundred out of a thousand was what I learned on good authority. Judge Ben Lindsey was visiting me at one time, and I asked his view. He said:

"What is your measure of success?" I replied:

"If a man has got an education, supported himself, raised and educated such family as came his way, kept out of jail, and voted honestly at the elections, he has made a success of life."

"If," said Lindsey, "you set your standard as high as that, then seven hundred and fifty out of a thousand fail."

"I fear you are a pessimist because you see only the seamy side of life in your court work," was my rejoinder.

"No," said he, "I see all sides, and know I am right."

Think of it, half our young people are doomed to failure as really good citizens! Why? Are they born wrong? Science tells us that only one in two thousand is by birth a pervert, a degenerate, a black sheep, born to be a sorrow to his people; and yet five hundred out of a thousand go wrong. Why? Invariably through violation of their healthy instincts, nearly always a thwarting of the natural desire to have some fun, setting the stamp of crime on the God-implanted constructive instincts of the race.

Long ago Rousseau proclaimed this shocking and impious doctrine, "If it is natural, it is right." But science and history have more than justified him since.

The Child Spirit of Woodcraft

Only it is very hard at times to know what is natural. We are so overfed, overclad, and overled that oftentimes one gets better information by turning to simple savages who have neither catechism nor clothing insanities.

These are the thoughts and experiences that led to the formation of the Woodcraft Indians in 1902. We went along the line of outdoor life and play, with human instincts recognized as a power that may be enormously constructive under proper guidance; and many a boy that was evidently headed for jail in his wild desire for boisterous fun received all that his instincts craved, and yet made a sterling citizen. The movement grew rapidly. I needed a board of advisers. So by invitation Dr. Luther H. Gulick; E. M. Robinson of the Y. M. C. A.; James E. Sullivan, the athletic expert; Dr. Henry van Dyke; and others joined me. The movement was widely adopted by Chautauquas as well as boys' and girls' camps.

In 1904 I took it to England, but with little success. It needed adapting to English surroundings. In 1906 I met General Baden-Powell there, and he accepted a place on the board of advisers. From the first he was keenly interested, and proceeded to adapt it to British conditions.

On October 31, 1906, Baden-Powell sent me an advance notice of the Boy Scouts that he purposed to develop in England and added, "You will see that our principles seem practically identical, except that mine does not

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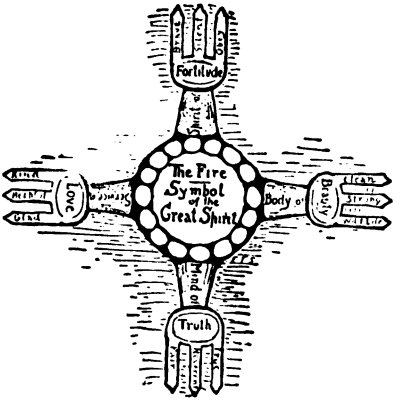
necessarily make its own organization." On June 24, 1908, he wrote, "We are going on with my scheme like your Woodcraft Indians."

The Woodcraft Indian idea was recast, military terms and organization used instead of tribal forms, and given to the world in 1908 as The Boy Scouts.



The hand painting of the Fire with its necklace of Stones, and its four lamps with three rays each symbolizing the laws of Woodcraft

Soon after Dr. Gulick left the board to organize the Camp Fire Girls, and E. M. Robinson, as International Boys' Work secretary of the Y. M. C. A., organized the C. C. T. P. Each took a section of the Woodcraft Indians, and each has done splendid work with it, especially the Boy Scouts. I can only wish they had taken it all, and kept the essential emphasis upon all of the four essentials of manhood.

This I take to be fundamental. Every educational institution must recognize that its job is the harmonious development of body, brain, spirit, and service.

It is easy to find institutions that set out to develop one or another of these. But they always came to naught, or else broadened their foundation idea. The holy men of the Egyptian desert were careful of their bodies, they were scholars, they were ardent seekers after God; but they were neglecting their social duties, and they passed away.

There were orders of knighthood founded wholly for service; they passed away. The gymnasia of Greece and Rome were intended solely to develop the body. Where are they now?

The strong-built man is four-square: if we leave out any one of the cornerstones, we are setting the four-square tower on three pillars. Sooner or later it must go down.

Recognition of this fact is the foundation idea of Woodcraft. It is indeed a plan of education and a way of life. It holds that education is the development not of scholarship, but of manhood; that is, the harmonious development of body, brain, spirit, and service.

Realizing that the individual child must pass briefly through the same stages as the race, it plans a program to fit these stages. Since instincts are the inherited wisdom of the race, the things that guarded and developed us, it aims to meet every instinct with a proper outlet, safeguarding these ineradicable impulses, so that they are constructive, instead of trying to crush them, thereby making them destructive.

Thus the Woodcraft idea provides a plan of development for both sexes and all ages. It offers *continuous growth to the individual child on lines that parallel our growth as a race.* This accounts for the fact that no one is ever too old for Woodcraft. The boys who joined our tribes in the beginning are with us still, though now grown men with families.

There can be no doubt that the first really social group of mankind was about a fire. Until men got the

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fire, they had to climb a tree or get into a cave when night came, and there shiver in fear of the beasts till morning. Man was the under dog in those days, and one of the first great changes came when man discovered fire, doubtless as the accidental effect of a thunderbolt, for all the legends say it came down from heaven. Thanks to this great mystery, men could sit on the ground at night without fear; for the fire that warmed and comforted them also scared the beasts away.

In this circle about the fire all social customs grew up; language developed, art, sciences, and government were born. This was indeed the focus of human life and interest. And the mystery of the fire, protecting, incomprehensible, led men to think about the Great Mystery over all, and thus was the beginning of religion.

With such a history and significance behind it, we always assemble our young people in a circle about the fire, and as soon as it is ceremonially lighted, we get at once the decorum, the reverential attitude, the primitive simplicity that were common to the race in the bygone days of the fire-centered circle.

The fire, then, is the central point of Woodcraft. Even when indoors, and a central fire is impossible, we have at least its symbol, a light surrounded by a protection. Then recognizing the power of the picturesque, the appeal of the symbol, we adopt a Navajo sand painting to express the thought of Woodcraft.

Here it is. The central fire is and always has been the symbol of the one Great Spirit, whether we see it in the altar fire of the patriarchs, the vestal fires of Greece and Rome, the burning bush of Moses, the sacred fire of Persia, or the altar candles of our own day.

From this come the four lines of human development, spirit, body, mind, and service, each leading to a lamp or little fire. The lamps are fortitude, beauty, truth, and love. But with the column that joins them to the great fire are read: spirit of fortitude, body of beauty, mind of truth, service of love, and from each of these are three rays that, read together, are the twelve laws of Woodcraft in their short form:

Fortitude: Be brave, be silent and obey.

Beauty: Be clean, be strong, protect wild life always.

Truth: Speak true, be reverent, play fair when you strive.

Love: Be kind, be helpful, glad you are alive.

These nine principles are recognized in the activities:

1. Recreation for both sexes and all ages.
2. Camp-life, the outdoors, as the ideal surrounding.
3. Self-government, with adult guidance, as the wise trail for youth.
4. The magic of the camp-fire, with its appeal to ancestral memory.
5. Woodcraft activities, for Woodcraft was the ancient, earliest science of mankind.
6. Honors by standards: i. e., non-competitive. Competition means, "Down the other fellow." Standards means, "Raise yourself."
7. Personal decorations for achievement on arm-badge or on robe.

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8. A heroic ideal, always more compelling than a doctrine.

9. Picturesqueness, the glamour of romance and beauty in all things.

For bodily development we use the established and many new athletic games, all standardized, and prefer those that are outdoors. But we also teach the value and details of diet, the care of the body, the duty of perfecting and beautifying it. We teach the common sense of clothing, the healing of sunlight, the blessedness of the air, the peace of the night.

For mental development we use the alluring field of nature study and the training of handicraft.

For spiritual development we use discipline, the decorum and training of the Council Ring, the imaginative training of selected games, the magic of the fire, camp duties in the line of good citizenship, initiations, titles, ceremony, symbolism, the incense consecration of wood smoke, and among the older members (that is, over fifteen), vigil, fast, and penance. We begin and close council with a reverent recognition of the Great Spirit, and the broad philosophies which are the basis of all sound religions are inculcated in the form of campfire stories and by the subtle power of atmosphere.

We group all things esthetic and imaginative with the spiritual, and seek to color everything in our lives, whether ways, weapons, clothing, or routine, with the glorifying touch of beauty and romance.

For service we use Red Cross first aid and life-saving, scout volunteering, scouting, camp work, kitchen work, orderly duty, social entertaining and decorum, the training of way-seekers, gang instinct, public opinion, love of glory, settlement work in town, and the activities of the Council Ring.

Thus Woodcraft offers a continuous program of outdoor recreational development that parallels the history of our race, and is so natural and acceptable that it holds the family together instead of scattering it; recognizes all deeply rooted instincts. It fits both sexes and all ages, the weak and the strong; for none is too young or too old to enjoy it. It avoids the dangerous military and autocratic form of domination from the top, and shows equally the dangerous pitfall of unguided self-government by the young; it combines the best elements of both.

Woodcraft is a way of guiding the normal instincts into healthy activity. Some instincts are easy to recognize and handle, but some are as elusive and puzzling as they are strong. There is a period between four and ten years of age when children seem possessed of strange spiritual gifts and powers, a period when fairy-tales are real to them, when they tell long, wholly imaginary personal adventures, and seem to believe them true; when they have daily playmates that are real to them, but invisible to their parents. The little ones appear to be possessed of a spirit and manifest amazing genius. Their utterances seem inspired and of weird spiritual force. Some children, of course, seem never to have it; some have it early, and are

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soon through with it. In most cases it ends at or before adolescence.

This dream period seems to correspond with a stage of our racial development, an age of mysticism and of simple, actual contact with elementals. I am unable to place it definitely or historically, but I know that it must be dealt with gently and reverently, not "flogged out of them," as was urged by certain teachers of my own young days. Woodcraft's symbolism and activities seek in countless ways to turn this transient mysticism of the growing youth to good account.

One no longer questions the sanity of the play instinct, as was done in my youth, but there are others equally strong which are still taboo. For example, the instinct to initiate a newcomer. It is not simply a human habit; it is world-wide wherever there is a social group of animals. A new hen in the barnyard, a new horse in the pasture, or a new hound in the pack is initiated by the others; that is, is bullied, hustled about, and often maltreated until its merits and powers are measured, and the rest know just which it can lick and which be licked by. That is, its *social status* is fixed. The impulse is universal. There is a real instinct to initiate.

When first I had to face it, and could not suppress it, I said:

"Very good; if it must be, it shall be, but I will take charge of it. I will make it official and public; proper authorities shall prescribe and apply the initiation tests. Now we have a dozen initiations all aimed at giving the candidate and his companions a gage on him, a measure of his fortitude.

Let me illustrate with a story. In my camp were two or three groups, some Boy Scouts, some Woodcrafters. A youngster of twelve who wore the proud nickname of Hawkeye came to us, and at once applied for full membership in the Woodcraft tribe. I said:

"If you enter the Woodcraft, you will have to face an initiation; if you enter the Boy Scouts, you will not. Now, which is it?"

"I want to be initiated," he replied promptly. They always do; it gives a chance to prove their fortitude.

"All right. Now, Hawkeye, what is your besetting sin?"

"I dunno; I guess I got a bunch of them," he answered.

"Yes, most of us have. But what do the fellows in camp say?"

Hawkeye looked at the sky and the grass, then said:

"The fellows all say I talk too much."

"Oh, ho! Now I am getting the facts. Your initiation must hit you where you are weakest. What are you doing to-morrow?"

"It is my day to wash the dishes and help the cook," he replied.

"A very good day to initiate you," was my answer. "Now this is what you are to do: continue your life and work in camp as planned, and for six hours do not open your mouth to speak a word. Sign or write if you like, but not one word of speech. Now, are you man enough to face it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Remember now, it is not too late to go back. You can enter the Boy Scouts without initiation."

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"Sure I can do it; yes, twice as long."

At six in the morning he was called and told to get up and go about his work and keep silent. He saluted in silence and obeyed.

Know Ye why set the Rabbit's Feet
The hind ahead when he runs fleet.

My home was a quarter of a mile away. At ten-thirty I was in my study when the door was darkened by a small figure. There was Hawkeye. He saluted as I said:

"Well?"

His face was working as he said in accents of deep humiliation:

"I broke my vow."

"What!"

"I spoke."

"Humph, you did, did you? You spoke? You could n't keep silent for six hours and you think you can join the Woodcraft heroes. I suppose you would take an initiation that a six-year-old girl could take; that would be about your size."

"Well, the fellows all laid traps for me," he blubbered as the tears ran.

"Of course they did; that is part of it."

"Will you let me try again?"

"No; certainly not. You failed. Go. Go away and come back when you are older and wiser; come back in about a week."

"I can't come back in a week. Mother says I must come home Saturday."

"Well, that makes a difference," I said. "I don't want you to go back under the shadow of disgrace. I 'll give you one more chance." Then I read him a lecture on citizenship and self-control, and wrote a note to the officer of the day, "Hawkeye is to have another try, beginning at 10:45."

He saluted in silence and went off. When he was a hundred feet away I called out:

"Hawkeye, come back."

Promptly, he returned and I said: "Now, Hawkeye, I want you to realize the gravity of this situation. Your manhood is on trial, and no matter who speaks to you or what he says, will you keep your mouth shut?"

"Yes, sir," was his emphatic response.

"Blunderer! Don't you see you have failed again?"

Then he broke down and wept.

"I thought I had to answer when you spoke to me," he said.

After another rating I said:

"Now I 'm going to overlook that, because I laid a trap for you, but you have lost fifteen minutes with your foolishness. Give me that paper." I took it and changed the date to read, "beginning at 11."

He received it in silence with a happy grin. That day he had a trying time, but at nine o'clock he was brought into my lodge triumphant; he had kept his mouth shut for six hours. His initiation was passed. His self-control proved, he was on the way to join the Woodcrafters.

Thus we gratify the instinct of initiation, provide some fun for the camp, and no one suffers harm.

There are three rules for having fun that we stick to closely.

First, your fun must be made, not bought with money. Our American boys have the idea that you can't have fun without spending money. We teach them to make their fun.

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Second, your fun must be enjoyed with decorum and decency. No one must get hurt in body or in spirit.

Third, the best fun is in the realm of the imagination. Fun with a purely physical basis is not the best or most enduring quality.

There is an ancient and primitive custom that we have adopted of allowing our members, through some exploit, to win a name. This is the highest honor that can be conferred at the Council Fire. It is doubly desired by those unfortunates who are plagued by an evil nickname, for conferring the council name means wiping out all nicknames.

At one time we gave these too easily, but now we hold the honor so high that not more than two in a camp of fifty boys can win this honor in a summer, and the night before receiving this honorable name the candidate must keep vigil alone, far off in the woods.

About ten years ago there came into my camp a band of boys from a near city. One of them was a singular gawky youngster with some unpleasant habits that had won for him an equally unpleasant nickname, to which, however, he was quite indifferent. He was good-natured, self-reliant, and well liked, though laughed at. After two weeks the band were leaving. Ned came to me and said:

"May I stay awhile?"

"Why, you would be alone," I said.

"I don't care. I like it. I have my books."

"I don't like boys to be alone in camp, but you may stay if you do not go in swimming alone."

So he stayed on. The next year the same gang came, and he stayed on three weeks alone, and the next year longer, and so on for five years. Meanwhile the uncouth twelve year-old lad had shot up into a seventeen-year-old stripling, six feet tall, thin and awkward, but with a square jaw and a clear eye that told of a strong soul within. That year he came on July 4, and when his companions returned, on September 1 he had been six weeks alone in camp. Tall and supple in figure, with something in face and in eyes that told of inner power, his appearance made a deep impression on them. They came to me and said:

"He has grown to be quite a fellow. Don't you think he has won a name?"

"Yes," I replied, "but maybe he does n't want it. He 's different from other boys."

When asked, Ned said:

"There 's nothing I 'd like better."

"Good," I said; "but you will have to keep your vigil first. That is, sit alone by a fire all night up in the hills from sundown to sunrise, not sleeping, eating, smoking, reading, speaking, or going far away."

He was ready, and at sundown we led him to the vigil rock, gave him two blankets, a poncho, a hatchet, two matches, and some water to drink.

At eight next morning he was sent for. As he stepped into the assembled council I asked a formal and perfectly unnecessary question:

"Have you kept your vigil?"

His answer was quiet and simple: "I have."

Then one of the councilors said:

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"Tell us about it. What did you feel?"

"No," I interrupted, "we have no right to ask such a question. When a man goes up alone into the mountain to keep vigil, he gets very close to the Great Spirit, and if a message is coming to him, it is on such a night that it comes. That is a private matter between them. We have no right to ask questions about it. Nevertheless, if he wishes to tell us, we shall be only too glad to listen."

He spoke as though under strong emotion.

"Not now. Some day; but I can't talk now."

We waited, and at length he went on:

"This I should like to say to the fellows. I did not know what I was going to. I got light on myself that I did not expect. I know now why the young knight in the days of chivalry kept vigil before taking his vows. If I had known what it was, I should have taken it long ago; and, if it is permitted, I shall take it soon again."

We waited awhile, then I said:

"Ned, you went to your vigil before you were to be named. Do you wish us to proceed with the naming?" I did not know but that, having had a spiritual experience, he might now think the naming trivial.

But he said:

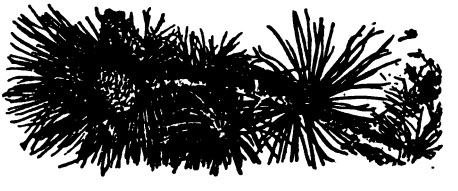
"More than ever."

So I produced two pieces of birch-bark.

"On this one," I said, "is written the ugly nickname, and I now commit it to the flames. Let no one even so much as hint at it. Now, acting for the council, I confer on you a name that reflects the opinion they have formed of you. 'Biminiji,' an old Indian name which means, 'Not afraid to walk alone.' 'Biminiji,' I salute you. This goes down on our roll of honor." The rest of the council saluted him. He was deeply moved. He tried to speak, but could not at first. Later he said:

"It marked the time when I got my first glimpse of things spiritual. Some day I shall try to tell you what it meant to me."

Every instinct of man proves the value of song; ceremony; color; the impressiveness of sensuous beauty; the joy in art and laughter; incense, with its appeal to memory through the nostrils; penance, with its soul satisfaction; fasting, with its body purgation and its spirit domination; vigil, with its spiritual insight; belief in the goodness and friendliness of the Creator. These things are established in human nature. These are the things of the world invisible, these are the thoughts that find their home in the circle about the fire. These are the fourth lamp of the Woodcraft fire, the things of the spirit. Who can expect to make a man with these left out? Who can expect an institution to endure that dismisses these as trivial?



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A Burmese Masque

In Three Acts & Nine Scenes

For Love of the King

By OSCAR WILDE

Drawings by W. T. BENDA

FOREWORD

The following pantomimic play by Oscar Wilde has hitherto escaped publication simply because it was not written for publication, but as a personal gift to Mrs. Chan-Toon, who has not seen fit to release it until now, even for inclusion in his collected works.

Mrs. Chan-Toon was Mabel Cosgrove, daughter of Ernest Cosgrove of Lancaster Gate, a great friend of the Wilde family. She married one of Oscar's friends, Chan-Toon, a nephew of the King of Burma, and a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the play was sent to Mrs. Chan-Toon, it was accompanied by the following letter:

Tite St. Chelsea,
Nov. 27th, 1894.

My dear Mrs. Chan-Toon:

I am greatly repentant being so long in acknowledging receipt of "Told on the Pagoda."

I enjoyed reading the stories and much admired their quaint and delicate charm. Burmah calls to me.

Under another cover I am sending you a fairy play called "For Love of the King" just for your own amusement. It is the outcome of long and luminous talks with your distinguished husband in the Temple and on the river, in the days when I was meditating writing a novel as beautiful and as intricate as a Persian praying rug. I hope that I have caught the atmosphere?

I should like to see it acted in your Garden House on some night when the sky is a sheet of violet and the stars like women's eyes. Alas! it is not likely.

I am in the throes of a new comedy. . . .

I was at Oakley St. on Thursday, my mother tells me that she sends you a letter nearly every week.

Constance desires to be warmly remembered, while I, who am bathing my brow in the perfume of water lilies, lay myself at the feet of you and yours.

OSCAR WILDE.

In the instance of the discovery of so interesting an unpublished manuscript, there is always the possibility that some may question its authenticity. We can only say that the manuscript has come into our hands from Mrs. Chan-Toon through a trustworthy intermediary. It will, in any event, be diverting to watch the critics discuss the question of its genuineness.—THE EDITOR.

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For Love of the King

Principal Characters of the Play

King Meng Beng ..... *Lord of a thousand white elephants, countless umbrellas and other attributes of greatness.*

U. Rai Gyan Thoo ..... *Prime minister.*

Shah Mah Phru ..... *A girl, half Italian, half Burmese, of dazzling beauty.*

Dhammathat ..... *Legal adviser to the court.*

Hip Loong ..... *A wizard of great repute.*

Moung Pho Mhin ..... *Minister of finance.*

Two Envoys from the King of Ceylon.

Nobles, Courtiers, Soothsayers, Poonygees, Dancing Girls, Betel-Nut Carriers, Umbrella-Bearers, Followers, Servants, Slaves, among Whom Are Several Chinese, but No Indians.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

THE palace of the *King of Burmah*. The scene is laid in the Hall of a Hundred Doors. In the distance can be seen the moat, the waiting elephants, and the peacocks promenading proudly in the blinding sunshine of a late afternoon. The scene discovers *King Meng Beng* seated on a raised cushion sewn with rubies, under a canopy supported by four attendants, motionless as bronze figures.

By his side is a betel-nut box, glittering with gems. On each side of him, but much lower down, are the *Two Ambassadors of the King of Ceylon*, bearers of the King of Ceylon's consent to the marriage of his only daughter to *Meng Beng* in two years' time, men of grave majestic mien, clad in flowing robes almost monastic in their white simplicity. They smoke gravely at the invitation of *Meng Beng*.

Round about are grouped the courtiers, the poonygees, and the kneeling servants, while in the background wait the dancing girls. Banners propelled with measured rhythm create an agreeable breeze. On a great table of gold stand goblets of gold and heaped-up fruits. Everywhere will be observed the emblems of the royal peacock and the sacred white elephant. Burmese musical instruments sound an abrupt, but charming, discord. Poinsettias punctuate points of deepest color from out vases fashioned like the lotus. Orchids are everywhere. The indescribable scent of Burmah steals across the footlights. The glow, the color, the sun-swept vista sweep across the senses. *The King* claps his hands. The *Dancing Girls*, at a signal, advance. They are clad in dresses made of fish-scales, which are fastened with diamonds and pale emeralds to imitate the upthrown spray on the crest of a wave.

The dance concluded, the *Cingalese Ambassadors* rise and prepare to take ceremonious leave of *The King*, who hands to them, through his *Vizir*, his message to his Majesty of Ceylon, inscribed on palm-leaves and inclosed in a bejeweled casket.

Many flowery speeches pass as they exit L, walking backward.

The King expresses a desire for rest before starting

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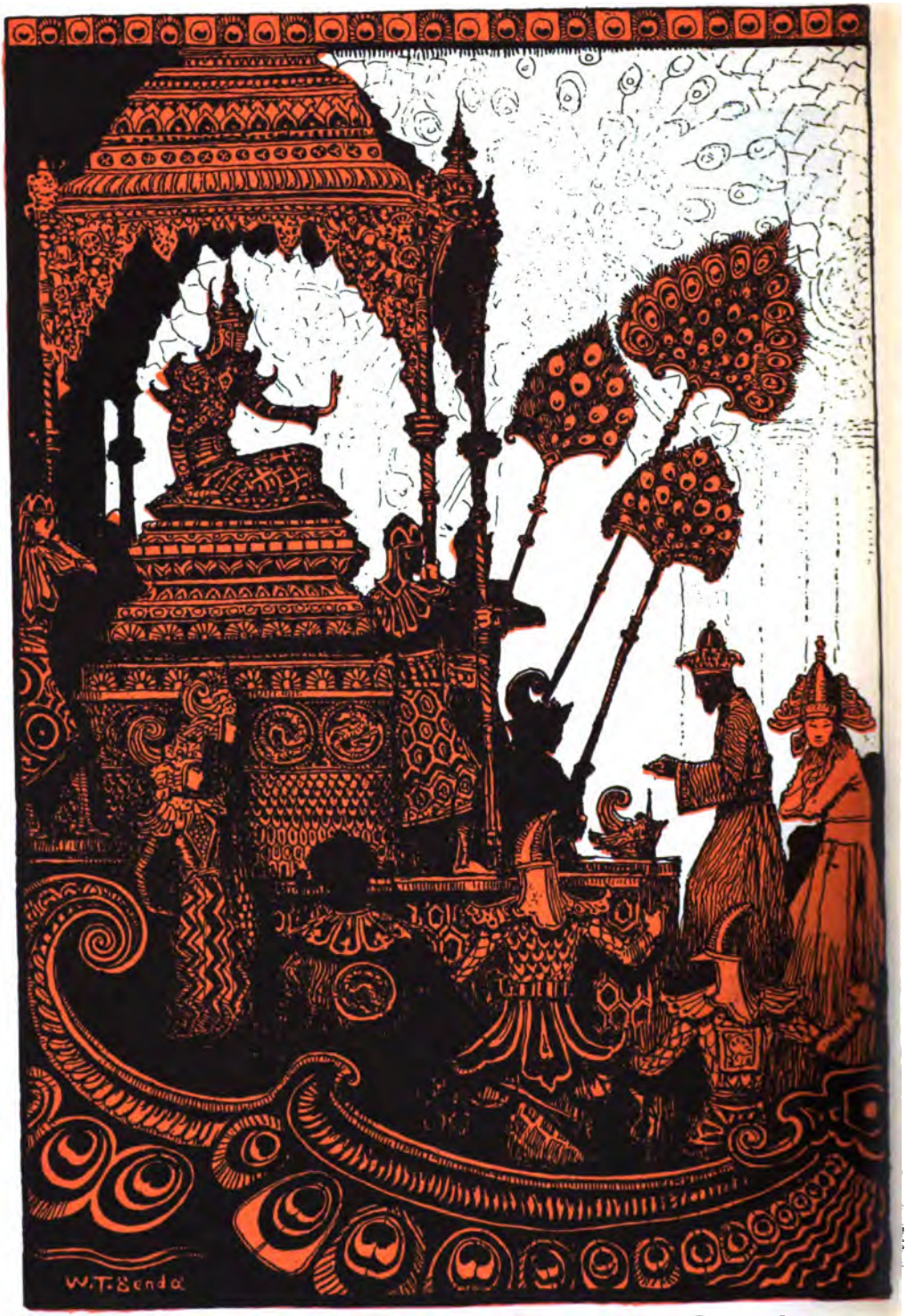

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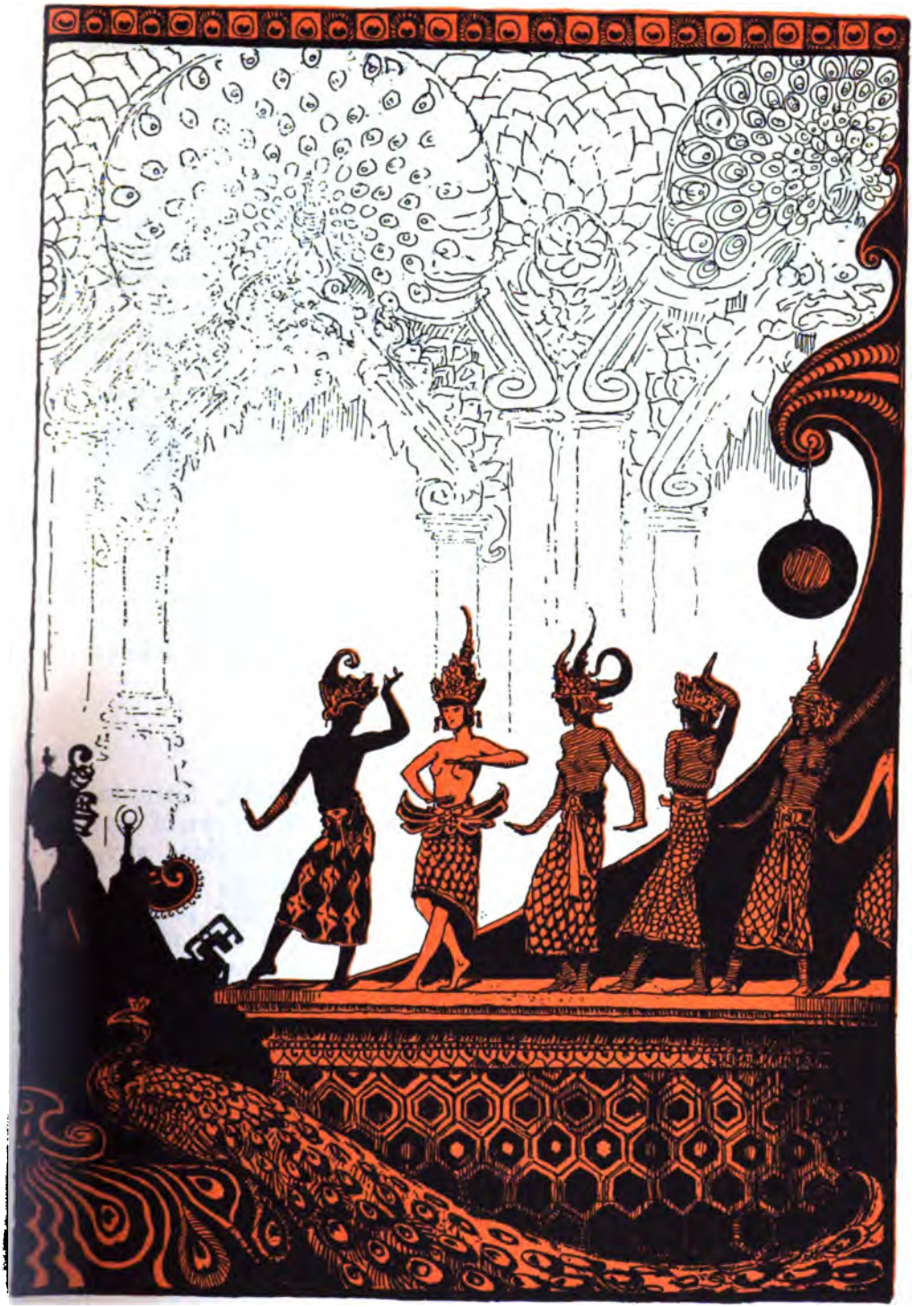

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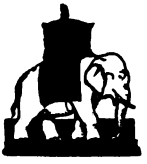
by the Moon of Taboung[1] for the Pagoda of Golden Flowers.

Exit *Meng Beng* (C), an alcove of satin hangings that commands a view of the great hill.



The crowd breaks up into groups. *U. Rai Gyan Thoo* and *Moung Pho Mhin* converse on the tendency of the king to interference in state affairs, his extreme youth, and his delicacy of temperament; the pity that the marriage is to be so long delayed; the necessity of finding him some distraction in the meantime.

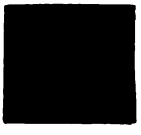
Suddenly the tom-toms sound loudly. There is much movement. The moon rises over the sea. Torches flare as the attendants move to and fro in the garden beyond.

The white elephant of the king, with its trappings of gold, is led to the entrance, where at a word it sinks obediently to the ground.

The King appears. He has changed his gay apple-green dress for one of more somber hue. He enters the howdah, the elephant rises, the procession starts. It consists of not fewer than two hundred people, keeping in view of the audience until lost by a bend in the avenue.

Curtain.

SCENE II.



HE Pagoda of Golden Flowers. Midnight. Surrounded by pipul-trees, the great Htec, with its crown of myriad jewels, rises toward the violet, star-studded sky, its golden bells tinkling in a soft night wind.

When the curtain rises, the circular platform is deserted. Statues of Buddha seated and recumbent fill the numberless niches in the wall, and before each burn long candles; heaped up pink roses and japonica on brass trays are lit from above by swinging, colored lamps. At intervals are stalls laden with fruit and cheroots. All is mysterious, solemn, beautiful.

A deep Burmese gong tolls. People emerge from the four staircases that lead up to the platform, men, women, and children, all in gala attire. The young people, conversing, gesticulating, smiling. The older people, more subdued, carry beads and votive offering to Buddha. Charming Burmese girls with huge cigars meet and greet handsome Burmese men smoking cheroots and

[1] One of the greatest feasts of the Buddhist year.

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wearing flowers in their ears. Children play silently with colored balls. In the corners, under canopies, are seated fortune-tellers, busy casting horoscopes. It is a veritable riot of color, with never a discordant note.

Through the crowd *The King* passes alone and unrecognized, and disappears through double doors of heavily carved teak-wood. He has hardly passed, when a very lovely girl enters in apparent distress. She whispers that she desires an audience of the king who has come among them. The few who hear her shrug their shoulders, smile, and pass on. They are incredulous. She goes from group to group, but the people turn from her with disdain. Then the great doors open, and *The King* is seen. The girl throws herself, Oriental fashion in his path. Her beauty and her pathos arrest his attention, and he waves aside those who would interfere. She explains that since her father's death she has been continuously persecuted by the village people on the double count of her Italian blood and her poverty.

She implores *The King's* protection. She is willing to be his slave. He listens with deep attention. The girl invites him to come to her hut in the forest and verify what she says. With a gesture he signifies that he will follow where she leads. She rises. The crowd gathers round; all are hushed to silence. *The King*, as one entranced, waves aside all who would in any way interfere. The girl precedes him, going from the pagoda toward the night. When she reaches the great staircase, she beckons Oriental fashion, with downward hand. The scene should, in grouping and color, make for rare beauty.

Curtain.

Scene III.

HUMBLE dhunni-thatched hut, set amidst the whispering grandeur of the jungle, with its weighty trees, its trackless paths, its indescribable silence. The curtain discovers *Mah Phru* and *The King*, who expresses his amazement at the loneliness and poverty of her lot. She explains that poverty is not what frightens her, but the enmity of those who live yonder, and who make it almost impossible for her to sell her cucumbers or her pineapples. *The King's* gaze never leaves the face or figure of the girl. He declares that he will protect her,

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that he will build her a home here in the shadow of the loneliness around them. He has two years of unfettered freedom; for those years he can command his life. He loves her, he desires her, they will find a paradise together. The girl trembles with joy, with fear, with surprise. "And after two years?" she asks. "Death, if necessary," he answers.

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

THE jungle once more. Time: noonday. In place of the hut is a building, half Burmese, half Italian villa, of white, thick wood, with curled roofs rising on roofs gilded and adorned with spiral carvings and a myriad golden and jewel-incrusted bells. On the broad verandas are thrown Eastern carpets, rugs, embroideries.

The world is sun-soaked. The surrounding trees stand sentinel-like in the burning light. Burmese servants squat motionless, smoking on the broad white steps that lead from the house to the garden. The crows croak drowsily at intervals. Parrots scream intermittently. The sound of a guitar playing a Venetian love-song can be heard coming from the interior. Otherwise life apparently sleeps. Two elderly retainers break the silence.

"When will the Thakin tire of this?" asks the other in kindly contempt.

"To-day the break is written. I read it at dawn."

"Whence will it come?"

"I know not, but when it comes, one heart will break."

"He will leave her?"

"He will leave her. He will have no choice. Who can war with Fate?"

The sun shifts a little; a light breeze kisses the motionless palm-leaves; they quiver gracefully. Attendants appear R and L, bearing a great *shamiana* (tent), silver poles, carved chairs, foot-supports, fruit, flowers, embroidered fans. Three musicians in semi-Venitian-Burmese costumes follow with their instruments. Enter C *Meng Beng* and *Mah Phru*, followed by two Bur-

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mese women carrying two tiny children in Burmese fashion on their hips.

The servants retire to a distance. *Meng Beng* and *Mah Phru* seat themselves on carven chairs in the tent; the children are placed at their feet, and given colored glass balls to play with. *Meng Beng* and *Mah Phru* gaze at them with deep affection and then at each other.

The musicians play light zephyr-like airs. *Meng Beng* and *Mah Phru* talk together. *Meng Beng* smokes a cigar, *Mah Phru* has one of the big yellow cheroots affected by Burmese women to-day. "It wants but a few hours to the two years," he tells her sadly.

"And you are happy?"

"As a god."

She smiles radiantly. She suspects nothing. She is more beautiful than before. Her dress is of the richest Mandalay silks. She wears big rubies in her ears.

Presently *Meng Beng* arranges a set of ivory chessmen on a low table between them. The sun sinks slowly. The sound of approaching wheels is heard.

Enter C *U. Rai Gyan Thoo* preceded by two servants. *Meng Beng* looks up in surprise, in alarm. He goes forward. *U. Rai Gyan Thoo* presents a letter written on palm-leaves. *Meng Beng* does not open it.

The curtains of the opening of the tent are, Oriental fashion, immediately dropped.

Meng Beng and the *Grand Vizir* converse alone. The minister explains that the Princess of Ceylon's ship, with its great convoy, has already been sighted. The court and city wait in eager expectancy. The King has worshiped long enough at the Pagoda of Golden Flowers; his subjects and his bride call to him.

Meng Beng is terribly distressed.

"You can return one day," the *Vizir* tells him. "The pagoda will remain. I also, once, in years long dead, Lord of the Sea and Moon, worshiped at a pagoda."

Meng Beng seeks *Mah Phru* to explain that he goes on urgent affairs, that he will come back to her and his sons, perhaps before the waning of the new moon. Their parting is sad with the pensive sadness of look and gesture peculiar to Eastern peoples.

Meng Beng goes C with *U. Rai Gyan Thoo*. *Mah Phru* mounts to the veranda to watch them go from

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behind the curtains. Then, slowly sinking across the heaped-up cushions, she faints.

Curtain.

The sun has set. The music ceases. The melancholy cry of the peacocks fills the silence.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

EVEN years have elapsed. The same scene. Curtain discovers *Mah Phru* seated on a high veranda. A clearance has been made in the surrounding trees to give a full view of the road beyond. She is watching, always watching. With her are her two beautiful little boys.

"To-day, perhaps," she murmurs. "Perhaps tomorrow, but without fail one day."

"Look!" she cries. "At last my lord returns!"

Coming up the jungle road in view of the audience are a bevy of horsemen.

Mah Phru, wondering, descends to greet them. Enter *U. Rai Gyan Thoo*. He is dressed all in white, which is Burmese mourning. *Mah Phru* sinks back; she fears the worst. The old man reassures her. He tells her that *Meng Beng* has sent for his sons, that the Queen is dead, and there is no heir.

"Queen? What queen?" demands *Mah Phru*.

"The Queen of Burmah."

Weeping, but not daring to disobey, *Mah Phru* summons the children to her; then sinking to her knees, entreats them in moving and pathetic words to be permitted to go with them in the lowest, most menial capacity. *U. Rai Gyan Thoo* refuses. There is no place for her in the greatness of the world yonder. "Even kings forget," he says. It is the command of the supreme Lord of the Earth and of the Sky that she remain where she is.

Then he orders his followers to make the necessary arrangements for the safe journey of their future king and his brother.

The children stand passive in their gay dress, but are bewildered and afraid.

The curtain descends slowly.

Mah Phru has risen to her feet. She appears as if turned to bronze, a model of restraint and dignity, blent with color and beauty and grace.

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Scene II.

HE same night. The home of the Chinese wizard *Hip Loong* by the river, a place filled with Chinese things. Dragons of gold with eyes of jade gleam from out dim corners, Buddhas of gigantic size fashioned of priceless metals, with heads that move, swinging banners, with fringe of many colored stones, lanterns with glass sides on which are painted grotesque figures. The air is full of the scent of joss-sticks. The wizard reclines on a divan inhaling opium, slowly, clothed with the subdued gorgeousness of China; blue and tomato-red dominate. He has the appearance of a wrinkled walnut. His forehead is a latticework of wrinkles. His pigtail, braided with red, is twisted round his head. His hands are as claws. The effect is weird, unearthly.

Enter *Mah Phru.*

The wizard silently motions her to some piled-up cushions at a little distance. He listens to what she has to tell him. He appears unmoved at a recital apparently so tragic. Only the eyes of the dragons move, and the heads of the Buddhas go slowly, like pendulums. When she has finished speaking, *Hip Loong* answers:

"This is how love always ends. I have lived for a thousand years, and on this planet it is always the same."

Mah Phru is not listening.

"How can I go to my children?" she demands once again.

"I can turn you into a bird," the wizard says. "You can travel to the palace and watch ever in that terrace in the rose gardens above the sea."

"What bird?" she asks, trembling.

"You shall take the form of a white paddy-bird, because, although a woman, and foolish as women ever are, you are pure, ivory daughter of man and of love."

To this *Mah Phru* dissents.

"Transform me into a peacock; they are more beautiful."

The wizard, leaning on his elbow, smiles, and the smile is a wondrous revelation of a mocking comprehension.

Curtain.

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SCENE III.

THE Gardens of the Palace of the King. Time: late afternoon. Colonnades of roses stretch away on every side. Fountains play, throwing a shower on water-lilies of monstrous size. Peacocks walk with stately tread across the green turf. Only one, larger and more beautiful than the rest, is perched alone, with drooping head and folded tail, on the broad-pillared terrace that overhangs the sea. The scene is aglow with light and color, yet holds a shadowed silence.

NTER some courtiers, who converse in perturbed fashion as they go toward the palace.

Enter *Moung Pho Mhin* and *U. Rai Gyan Thoo* accompanied by the court physicians and astrologers.

The king cannot live beyond the night, the physicians say. The sudden mysterious illness that has attacked him defies their skill.

The astrologers declare that the stars in their courses fight against his recovery; unless a miracle should happen, the new day will see him dead.

The ministers regard each other in consternation, then walk the terrace with bent heads.

The peacock on the wall spreads its tail and utters a melancholy cry of poignant pain. The listeners start in superstitious horror. The peacock folds its tail and resumes its meditations.

"That bird is not as other birds," one astrologer declares. "I have watched it for years past. It is ever alone; the others all avoid it. I think it has a soul."

"You mistake," replies his colleague; "it is but an evil [?]. Observe its eyes; they are not those of a bird; they are those of a spirit in prison."

They pass on in the wake of the ministers.

The peacock closes its eyes.

Enter the two young *Princes* accompanied by two great Pegu hounds. They converse in subdued tones, strolling slowly. They are followed by two pages of honor carrying grain, which the young men proceed to distribute among the birds, which rapidly come to them. The peacock on the wall never stirs; its watches the young men always. Then the elder one comes with a handful of grain and proffers it, but the peacock does not eat.

"I shall never understand you, 'Queen of the King-

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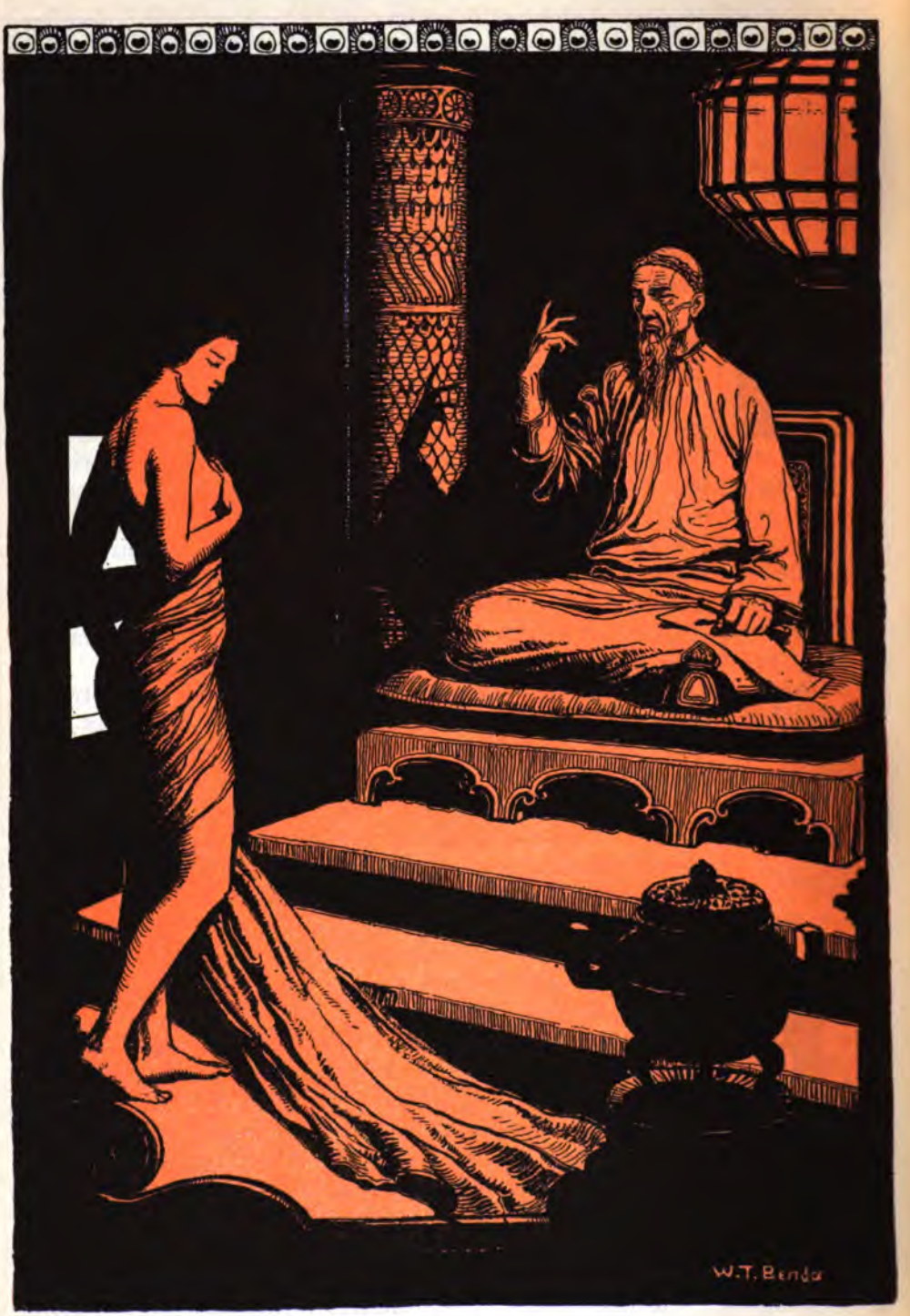

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dom of Birds,'" he says, and strokes her feathers. At his touch the plumage scintillates with brighter, more exquisite sheen.

E converses with the bird in soft tones and mythical language. He tells her that the fear of all is that the king is mortally stricken, for he lies yonder in most strange and evil agony; that the hearts of himself and his brother are numb with the sorrow that knows no language. The bird listens eagerly. And if the king should go, he, the speaker, will reign in his stead. The prospect fills him with fear. He desires, if the king must die, to return to dwell in the forest with the mother, who he knows awaits him there.

The peacock spreads its wings as if for flight, then crouches down once more, and over it watches the young prince.

The sun envelops them both in a sudden shaft of rose and purple and gold. A servant descends, and he stops and crosses the grass. He *shikoes* profoundly to the two young men, lifting up his hands in the deepest reverence of Burmah.

"The Lord of the Earth and the Sky desires his sons; he nears the great unknown."

Curtain.

SCENE II.

HE retreat of *Hip Loong* the wizard. Time: the same night. The curtain discovers *Mah Phru*, who has returned to human form, and the wizard together.

He tells her that he has restored her to her former state only because she has implored him to do so; that her life is measured by hours as a consequence of such insensate folly in breaking the vow of five years back.

"But the king will live," she murmurs.

"The king will live. He will find happiness with some one fairer than you. That is well. Your life for his."

"The price is nothing. Have I not gazed on my heart's beloved, heard his voice, trembled with joy at his footstep? Have I not waited and watched? Have I not looked on my sons and seen their royal bearing and known their touch?"

"You are, then, content?"

"You are a wizard; you can read."

"It is not I that am a wizard; it is Love."

Curtain.

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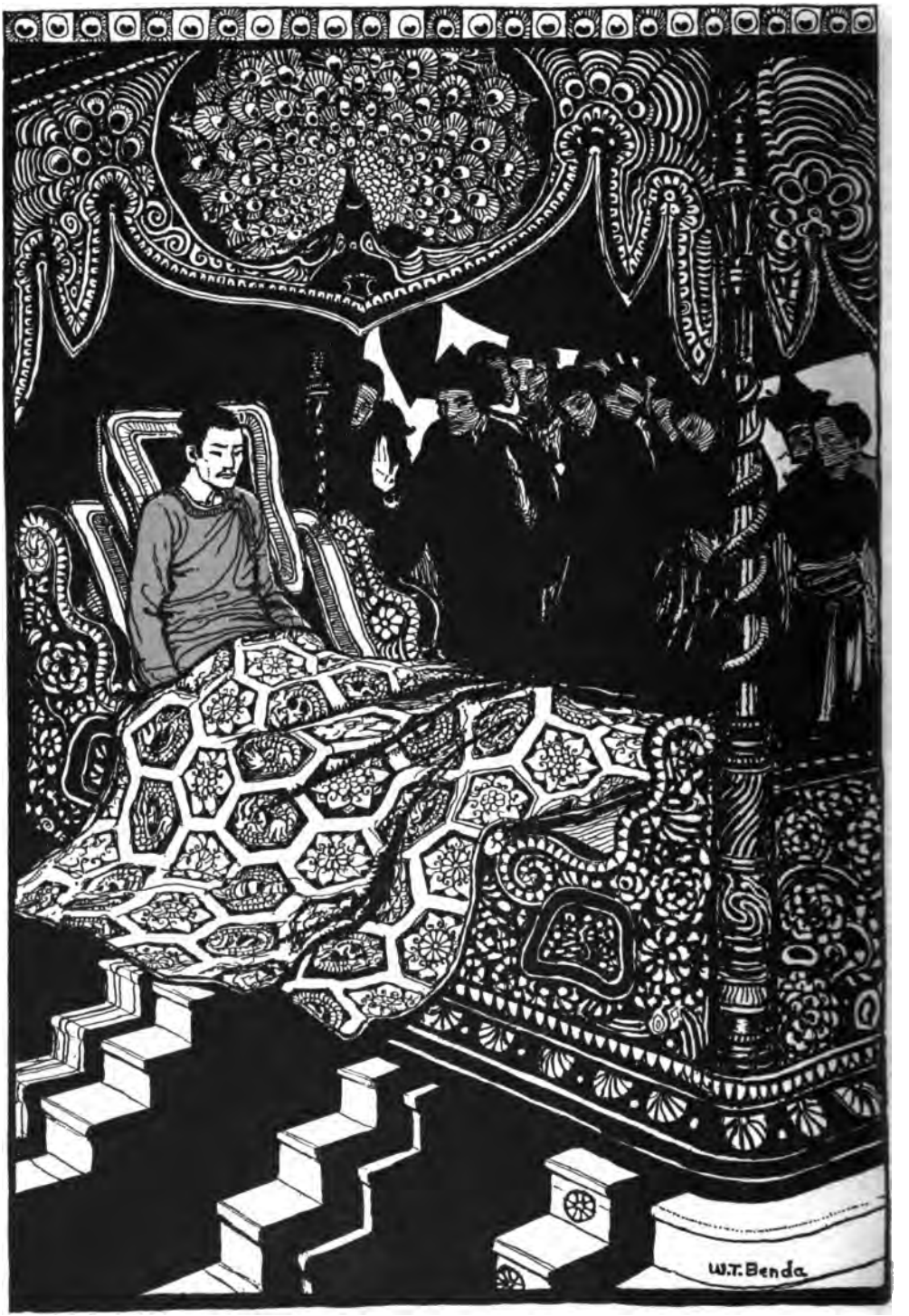

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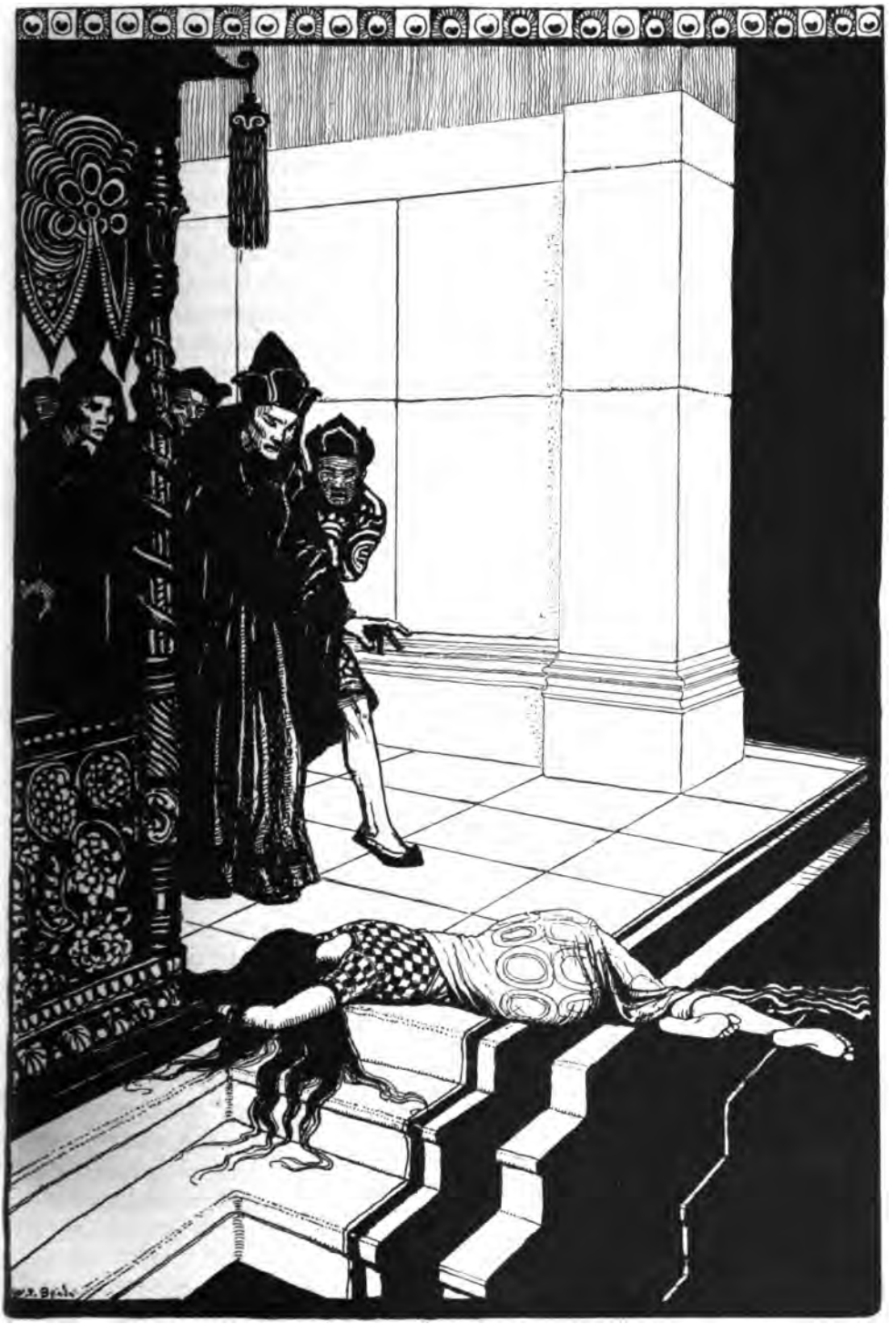

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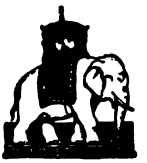
Scene V.

THE bedchamber of the king, vast and shadowy. On heaped-up cushions and covers of yellow and blue, under a pearl-sewn, creamy, velvet baldachin, embroidered with peacocks, lies *Meng Beng*, mortally stricken; his face bears the ashen pallor that only dark skins show. The ministers, the servants, the courtiers, the countless motley gathering of an Eastern court, are scattered in anxious groups, watching, waiting, murmuring. Only the space near the couch is clear. Without, the dawn breaks over the sea, and, stealing through the openings, makes the great chamber flush till it looks like porphyry.



The tolling of a deep gong and the voices of a myriad birds invade the throbbing silence of the palace.

"He passes," murmurs the physicians. Every one's gaze turns to the dying man.

"Yet his star is in the ascendant," say the astrologers.

The rising sun touches him with its light like a caress. He opens his eyes. His sons advance. They raise him on his cushions and give a restorative. Suddenly he rallies slightly.

The doors at the far end are rudely opened A woman, young and lovely, advances, thrusting aside the many hands stretched out to bar her path.

She reaches *the King*.

"I bring you Life, Star of my Soul," she cried. "I bring you life," and, so saying, falls dead at his feet.

The courtiers rush forward.

The King rises. He stands erect.

The Curtain Falls.

The sun lies like a golden benediction over all. Jewels glisten, corruscate. The whole world of birds sing.

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The Habits of Our Eyes[1]

Toward a Critique of Public Opinion

By WALTER LIPPMANN, *Author of* "A PREFACE TO POLITICS," *etc.*

LAST month, in the first paper of this series, it was pointed out that many barriers stand between us and the facts of contemporary life. Censorship, propaganda, personal and professional areas of privacy, the little time most of us give to the study of public affairs, the physical difficulty of reaching the vast American public, the limitations of interest imposed upon us by our social circles, and the chance of distortion and inaccuracy involved in our methods of news transmission—all these barriers were discussed. Now comes a further step in the study—the subtle chemistry of our own minds that colors and transfigures information after we get it.]

Each of us lives and works on a small part of the earth's surface, moves in a small circle, and of these acquaintances knows only a few intimately. Of any public event that has wide effects we see at best only a phase and an aspect. This is as true of the eminent insiders who draft treaties, make laws, and issue orders as it is of those who have treaties framed for them, laws promulgated to them, orders given at them. Inevitably, our opinions cover a bigger space, a longer reach of time, a greater number of things, than we can directly observe. They have, therefore, to be pieced together out of what others have reported and what we can imagine.

Yet even the eye-witness does not bring back a naïve picture of the scene. For experience seems to show that he himself brings something to the scene which later he takes away from it; that oftener than not what he imagines to be the account of an event is really a transfiguration of it. A report is the joint product of the knower and known, in which the rôle of the observer is always selective and usually creative. The facts we see depend on where we are placed and the habits of our eyes.

There is economy in this. For the attempt to see all things freshly and in detail, rather than as types and generalities, is exhausting, and among busy affairs virtually out of the question. Modern life is hurried and multifarious; above all, physical distance separates men who are often in vital contact with each other, such as employer and employee, official and voter. There is neither time nor opportunity for intimate acquaintance. Instead we notice a trait which marks a well-known type, and fill in the rest of the picture by means of the stereotypes, or preconceived images, we carry about in our heads. He is an agitator. That much we notice or are told. Well, an agitator is this sort of

[1] This is the second of a series of papers on public opinion, culled from Mr. Lippmann's forthcoming book on "Public Opinion." The occasional transition paragraphs in brackets are not Mr. Lippmann's, but are inserted by the editor.—THE EDITOR.

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person, and so *he* is this sort of person. He is an intellectual. He is a plutocrat. He is a foreigner. He is a "South European." He is from the Back Bay. He is a Harvard man. How different from the statement, he is a Yale man! He is a regular fellow. He is a West-Pointer. He is an old army sergeant. He is a Greenwich Villager: what don't we know about him then? And about her? He is an international banker. He is from Main Street.

We are told about the world before we see it. We imagine most things before we experience them. And those perconceptions, unless education has made us acutely aware, govern deeply the whole process of perception. They mark out certain objects as familiar or strange, emphasizing the difference, so that the slightly familiar is seen as very familiar, and the somewhat strange as sharply alien. They are aroused by small signs, which may vary from a true index to a vague analogy. Aroused, they flood fresh vision with older images, and project into the world what has been resurrected in memory. Were there no virtual uniformities in the environment, there would be no economy and only error in the human habit of accepting foresight for sight. But there are uniformities sufficiently accurate, and the need of economizing attention is so inevitable that the abandonment of all stereotypes for a wholly innocent approach to experience would impoverish human life.

What matters is the character of the stereotypes, and the gullibility with which we employ them. And these in the end depend upon those inclusive patterns which constitute our philosophy of life. If in that philosophy we assume that the world is codified according to a code which we possess, we will make our reports of what is going on describe a world run by our code. But if our philosophy tells us that each man is only a small part of the world, that his intelligence catches at best only phases and aspects in a coarse net of ideas, then, when we use our stereotypes, we tend to know that they are only stereotypes, to hold them lightly, to modify them gladly. We tend, also, to realize more and more clearly when our ideas started, where they started, how they came to us, why we accepted them. All useful history is antiseptic in this fashion. It enables us to know what fairy-tale, what school-book, what tradition, what novel, play, picture, phrase, planted one preconception in this mind, another in that mind.

§ 2

Skilled diplomatists, compelled to talk out loud to the warring peoples, learned how to use a large repertoire of stereotypes. They were dealing with a precarious alliance of powers, each of which was maintaining its war unity only by the most careful leadership. The ordinary soldier and his wife, heroic and selfless beyond anything in the chronicles of courage, were still not heroic enough to face death gladly for all the ideas which were said by the foreign offices of foreign powers to be essential to the future of civilization. There were ports, mines, rocky mountain-passes, and villages that many soldiers would not willingly have crossed no-man's-land to obtain for their allies.

Now, it happened in one nation that the war party which was in control of the foreign office, the high command, and most of the press, had claims on

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the territory of several of its neighbors. These claims were called the Greater Ruritania by the cultivated classes who regarded Kipling, Treitschke, and Maurice Barrès as one hundred per cent. Ruritanian. But the grandiose idea aroused no enthusiasm abroad. So holding this finest flower of the Ruritanian genius, as their poet laureate said, to their hearts, Ruritania's statesmen went forth to divide and conquer. They divided the claim into sectors. For each piece they invoked that stereotype which some one or more of their allies found it difficult to resist, because that ally had claims for which it hoped to find approval by the use of this same stereotype.

The first sector happened to be a mountainous region inhabited by alien peasants. Ruritania demanded it to complete her natural geographical frontier. By fixing the attention long enough on the ineffable value of what is natural, those alien peasants just dissolved into fog, and only the slope of the mountains was visible. The next sector was inhabited by Ruritanians, and on the principle that no people ought to live under alien rule, they were reannexed. Then came a city of considerable commercial importance not inhabited by Ruritanians. But until the eighteenth century it had been part of Ruritania, and on the principle of historic right it was annexed. Farther on there was a splendid mineral deposit owned by aliens and worked by aliens. On the principle of reparation for damage it was annexed. Beyond this there was a territory inhabited ninety-seven per cent. by aliens constituting the natural geographical frontier of another nation, never historically a part of Ruritania. But one of the provinces which had been federated into Ruritania had formerly traded in those markets, and the upper-class culture was Ruritanian. On the principle of cultural superiority and the necessity of defending civilization, the lands were claimed. Finally, there was a port wholly disconnected from Ruritania geographically, ethnically, economically, historically, traditionally. It was demanded on the grounds that it was needed for national defense.

In the treaties that concluded the Great War you can multiply examples of this kind. Now, I do not wish to imply that I think it was possible to resettle Europe consistently on any one of these principles. I am certain that it was not. The very use of these principles, so pretentious and so absolute, meant that the spirit of accommodation did not prevail, and that, therefore, the substance of peace was not there. For the moment you start to discuss factories, mines, mountains, or even political authority as perfect examples of some eternal principle or other, you are not arguing; you are fighting. That eternal principle censors out all the objections, isolates the issue from its background and its context, and sets going in you some strong emotion, appropriate enough to the principle, highly inappropriate to the docks, warehouses, and real estate. And having started on that line, yourself and your opponents now a storm-cloud, you cannot stop. A real danger exists. To meet it you have to invoke more absolute principles in order to defend what he can attack. Then you have to defend the defenses, erect buffers, and buffers for the buffer, until the whole affair is so scrambled that it seems less dangerous to fight than to keep on talking.

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[If we are to get at the facts of our contemporary life, we must contrive to detect these stereotypes, these false images which we read into the facts. How are we to detect them?]

§ 3

There are certain clues which often help in detecting the false absolutism of a stereotype. In the case of the Ruritanian propaganda the principles ate one another up so rapidly that one could readily see how the argument had been constructed. The series of contradictions showed that for each sector that stereotype was employed which would obliterate all the facts that interfered with the claim. Contradiction of this sort is often a good clue.

Inability to take account of space is another. In the spring of 1918, for example, large numbers of people, appalled by the withdrawal of Russia, demanded the "reëstablishment of an eastern front." The war, as they had conceived it, was on two fronts, and when one of them disappeared, there was an instant demand that it be recreated. The unemployed Japanese army was to man the front, substituting for the Russian. But there was one insuperable obstacle. Between Vladivostok and the eastern battle-line there were five thousand miles of country, spanned by one broken-down railway. Yet those five thousand miles would not stay in the minds of the enthusiasts. So overwhelming was their conviction that an eastern front was needed, and so great their confidence in the valor of the Japanese Army, that, mentally, they had projected that army from Vladivostok to Poland on a magic carpet. In vain our military authorities argued that to land troops on the rim of Siberia had as little to do with reaching the Germans as climbing from the cellar to the roof of the Woolworth building had to do with reaching the moon.

The stereotype in this instance was the war on two fronts. Ever since men had begun to imagine the Great War they had conceived Germany held between France and Russia. One generation of strategists, and perhaps two, had lived with that visual image as the starting-point of all their calculations. For nearly four years every battle-map they saw had deepened the impression that this was the war. When affairs took a new turn, it was not easy to see them as they were there. They were seen through the stereotype, and facts which conflicted with it, such as the distance from Japan to Poland, were incapable of coming vividly into consciousness.

It is interesting to note that the American authorities dealt with the new facts more realistically than the French. In part, this was because, previous to 1914, they had no preconception of a war upon the Continent; in part, because the Americans, engrossed in the mobilization of their forces, had a vision of the western front, which was itself a stereotype, that excluded from *their* consciousness any very vivid sense of the other theaters of war. In the spring of 1918 this American view could not compete with the traditional French view, because, while the Americans believed enormously in their own powers, the French at that time (before Cantigny and the Second Marne) had the gravest doubts. The American confidence suffused the American stereotype, gave it that power to possess consciousness, that liveliness and sensible pungency,

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that stimulating effect upon the will, that emotional interest as an object of desire, that congruity with the activity in hand, which James notes as characteristic of what we regard as "real." The French in despair remained fixed on their accepted image. And when facts, gross geographical facts, would not fit with the preconception, they were either censored out of mind or the facts were themselves stretched out of shape. Thus the difficulty of the Japanese reaching the Germans five thousand miles away was in measure overcome by bringing the Germans more than half-way to meet them. Between March and June, 1918, there was supposed to be a German army operating in eastern Siberia. This phantom army consisted of some German prisoners actually seen, more German prisoners thought about, and chiefly of the delusion that those five thousand intervening miles did not really exist.

§ 4

[A false sense of time, as well as a false sense of space, often makes a stereotyped image that we read into the facts.] To one person an institution which has existed for the whole of his conscious life is part of the permanent furniture of the universe; to another it is ephemeral. Geological time is very different from biological time. Social time is most complex. The statesman has to decide whether to calculate for the emergency or for the long run. Some decisions have to be made on the basis of what will happen in the next two hours; others on what will happen in a week, a month, a season, a decade, when the children have grown up, or their children's children. An important part of wisdom is the ability to distinguish the time conception that properly belongs to the thing in hand. The person who uses the wrong time conception ranges from the dreamer who ignores the present to the Philistine who can see nothing else. A true scale of values has a very acute sense of relative time.

It all depends upon the practical purpose for which you adopt the measure. There are situations when the time perspective needs to be lengthened, and others when it needs to be shortened.

The man who says that it does not matter if fifteen million Chinese die of famine, because in two generations the birth-rate will make up the loss, has used a time perspective to excuse his inertia. A person who pauperizes a healthy young man because he is sentimentally over-impressed with an immediate difficulty has lost sight of the duration of the beggar's life. The people who for the sake of an immediate peace are willing to buy off an aggressive empire by indulging its appetite have allowed a specious present to interfere with the peace of their children. The people who will not be patient with a troublesome neighbor, who want to bring everything to a "show-down," are no less the victims of a specious present.

Into almost every social problem the proper calculation of time enters. Suppose, for example, it is a question of timber. Some trees grow faster than others. Then a sound forest policy is one in which the amount of each species and of each age cut in each season is made good by replanting. In so far as that calculation is correct the truest economy has been reached. To cut less is waste, and to cut more is exploitation. But there may come

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an emergency, say the need for aëroplane spruce in a war, when the year's allowance must be exceeded. An alert government will recognize that, and regard the restoration of the balance as a charge upon the future.

Coal involves a different theory of time, because coal, unlike a tree, is produced on the scale of geological time. The supply is limited, therefore a correct social policy involves intricate computation of the available reserves of the world, the indicated possibilities, the present rate of use, the present economy of use, and the alternative fuels. But when that computation has been reached, it must finally be squared with an ideal standard involving time. Suppose, for example, that engineers conclude that the present fuels are being exhausted at a certain rate; that, barring new discoveries, industry will have to enter a phase of contraction at some definite time in the future. We have then to determine how much thrift and self-denial we shall use, after all feasible economies have been exercised, in order not to rob posterity. But what shall we consider posterity? Our grandchildren? Our great-grandchildren? Perhaps we shall decide that they have a hundred year's notice, and that that is ample time for science to discover alternative fuels if the necessity is made clear at once. The figures are of course hypothetical; but in calculating in that way we shall be employing what reason we have. We shall be giving social time its place in public opinion.

§ 5

Popular history is a happy hunting-ground of time confusions. To the average Englishman, for example, the behavior of Cromwell, the corruption of the Act of Union, the Famine of 1847, are wrongs suffered by people long dead and done by actors long dead with whom no living person, Irish or English, has any real connection. But in the mind of a patriotic Irishman these same events are almost contemporary. His memory is like one of those historical paintings where Vergil and Dante sit side by side conversing. These perspectives and foreshortenings are a great barrier between peoples.

Almost nothing that goes by the name of historic rights or historic wrongs can be called a truly objective view of the past. Take, for example, the Franco-German debate about Alsace-Lorraine. It all depends on the original date you select. If you start with the Rauraci and Sequani, the lands are historically part of ancient Gaul. If you prefer Henry, they are historically a German territory; if you take 1273, they belong to the House of Austria; if you take 1648 and the Peace of Westphalia, most of them are French; if you take Louis XIV and the year 1680, they are all French. If you are using the argument from history, you are fairly certain to select those dates in the past which support your view of what should be done now.

Arguments about races and nationalities often betray the same arbitrary view of time. During the war, under the influence of powerful feeling, the differences between "Teutons" on the one hand and "Anglo-Saxons" and "French" on the other was popularly believed to be an eternal difference. They had always been opposing races. Yet a generation ago, historians, like Freeman, were emphasizing the common Teutonic origin of the west

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European peoples, and ethnologists would certainly insist that the Germans, English, and the greater part of the French were branches of what was once a common stock. The general rule is, if you like a people to-day, you come down the branches to the trunk; if you dislike them, you insist that the separate branches are separate trunks. In one case you fix your attention on the period before they were distinguishable; in the other, on the period after which they became distinct. And the view which fits the mood is taken as the "truth."

An amiable variation is the family tree. Usually, one couple are appointed the original ancestors, if possible a couple associated with an honorific event like the Norman Conquest. That couple have no ancestors. They are not descendants. Yet they were the descendants of ancestors, and the expression that So-and-So was the founder of his house means not that he is the Adam of his family, but that he is the particular ancestor from whom it is desirable to start, or perhaps the earliest ancestor of which there is a record. But genealogical tables exhibit a deeper prejudice. Unless the female line happens to be especially remarkable, descent is traced down through the males. The tree is male. At various moments females accrue to it as itinerant bees light upon an ancient apple-tree.

§ 6

But the future is the most illusive time of all. Our temptation here is to jump over necessary steps in the sequence, and, as we are governed by hope or doubt, to exaggerate or to minimize the time required to complete various parts of the process. The discussion of the rôle to be exercised by wage-earners in the management of industry is riddled with this difficulty. For "management" is a word that covers many functions. Some of these require no training; some require a little training; others require a lifetime. And the truly discriminating program of industrial democratization would be one based on the proper-time sequence, so that the assumption of responsibility would run parallel to a complementary program of industrial training. The proposal for a sudden dictatorship of the proletariat is an attempt to do away with the intervening time of preparation; the resistance to all sharing of responsibility an attempt to deny the alteration of human capacity in the course of time. Primitive notions of democracy, such as rotation in office and contempt for the expert, are really nothing but the old myth that the goddess of Wisdom sprang mature and fully armed from the brow of Jove. They assume that what it takes years to learn need not be learned at all.

Whenever the phrase "backward people" is used as the basis of a policy, the conception of time is a decisive element. The Covenant of the League of Nations says, for example, that "the character of the mandate must differ according to the stage of the development of the people," as well as on other grounds. Certain communities, it asserts, "have reached a stage of development" where their independence can be provisionally recognized, subject to advice and assistance, "until such time as they are able to stand alone." The way in which the mandatories and the mandated conceive that time will influence deeply their relations. Thus in the

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case of Cuba the judgment of the American Government virtually coincided with that of the Cuban patriots, and though there has been trouble, there is no finer page in the history of how strong powers have dealt with the weak. Oftener in that history the estimates have not coincided. Where the imperial people, whatever its public expressions, has been deeply convinced that the backwardness of the backward was so hopeless as not to be worth remedying, or so profitable that it was not desirable to remedy it, the tie has festered and poisoned the peace of the world. There have been a few cases, very few, where backwardness has meant to the ruling power the need for a program of forwardness —a program with definite standards and definite estimates of time. Far more frequently, so frequently in fact as to seem the rule, backwardness has been conceived as an intrinsic and eternal mark of inferiority. Then every attempt to be less backward has been frowned upon as the sedition which, under these conditions, it undoubtedly is. In our own race wars we see some of the results of the failure to realize that time would obliterate the slave morality of the negro, and that social adjustment based on it would begin to break down.

It is hard not to picture the future as if it obeyed our present purposes, to annihilate whatever delays our desire, or to immortalize whatever stands between us and our fears.

§ 7

[The tendency to pass judgment on a too narrow base of facts is another thing that gives us a dangerous stereotype.]

In putting together our public opinions, not only do we have to picture more space than we can see with our eyes, and more time than we can feel, but we have to describe and judge more people, more actions, more things, than we can ever count or vividly imagine. We have to summarize and generalize. We have to pick out samples and treat them as typical.

To pick fairly a good sample of a large class is not easy. The problem belongs to the science of statistics, and it is a most difficult affair for any one whose mathematics is primitive, and mine remain azoic despite the half-dozen manuals which I once devoutly imagined that I understood. All they have done for me is to make me a little more aware of how hard it is to classify and to sample, how readily we spread a little butter over the whole universe.

Sometime ago a group of social workers in Sheffield, England, started out to substitute an accurate picture of the mental equipment of the workers of that city for the impressionistic one they had. They wished to say, with some decent grounds for saying it, how the workers of Sheffield were equipped. This is the kind of judgment all of us are forever making about classes, races, nations, cities, professions. Now, the moment you refuse to let your first notion prevail, you are beset with complications. Let us pass over the test they employed. It consisted of a large questionnaire, which was at any rate more coherent than the one of Mr. Edison's which proved such a windfall to the publishers of encyclopedias. For the sake of the illustration, assume that the questions were a fair test of mental equipment for English city life. The-

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oretically, then, those questions should have been put to every member of the working class. But it is not easy to know who is the working class. However, assume again that the census knows how to classify them. Then there were, roughly, 104,000 men and 107,000 women who ought to have been questioned. They possessed the answers which would justify or refute the casual phrase about the "ignorant workers" or the "intelligent workers." But nobody could think of questioning the whole two hundred thousand.

So the social workers consulted an eminent statistician, Professor Bowley. He advised them that not fewer than 408 men and 408 women would prove to be a fair sample. According to mathematical calculation, this number would not show a greater deviation from the average than one to twenty-two. They had, therefore, to question at least 816 people before they could pretend to talk about the average workingman. But which 816 people should they approach?

We might have gathered particulars concerning workers to whom one or another of us had a pre-inquiry access; we might have worked through philanthropic gentlemen and ladies who were in contact with certain sections of workers at a club, a mission, an infirmary, a place of worship, a settlement. But such a method of selection would produce entirely worthless results. The workers thus selected would not be in any sense representative of what is popularly called "the average run of workers"; they would represent nothing but the little coteries to which they belonged.

The right way of securing "victims," to which at immense cost of time and labor we rigidly adhered, is to get hold of your workers by some "neutral" or "accidental" or "random" method of approach."

This they did. And after all these precautions they concluded nothing more definite than that on their classification and according to their questionnaire, among 200,000 Sheffield workers "about one quarter" were "well equipped," "approaching three-quarters" were "inadequately equipped," and that "about one-fifteenth" were "mal-equipped."

Compare this conscientious and almost pedantic method of arriving at an opinion with our usual judgments about masses of people, about the volatile Irish and the logical French and the disciplined Germans and the ignorant Slavs and the honest Chinese and the untrustworthy Japanese, and so on and so on. All these are generalizations drawn from samples, but the samples are selected by a method that statistically is wholly unsound. Thus the employer will judge labor by the most troublesome employee or the most docile that he knows, and many a radical group has imagined that it is a fair sample of the working class.

In dealing with any large mass of facts, the presumption is against our having picked true samples if we are acting on a casual impression.

§ 8

[The inability to know when two things stand in the relation of cause and effect affords another clue to a stereotype.]

When we try to seek the causes and effects of unseen and complicated affairs, haphazard opinion is very tricky. There are few big issues in public life where cause and effect are obvious at once. They are not obvious to scholars who have devoted years,

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let us say, to studying business cycles or price and wage movements or the migration and the assimilation of peoples or the diplomatic purposes of foreign powers. Yet somehow we are all supposed to have opinions on these matters, and it is not surprising that the commonest form of reasoning is the intuitive, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc.*

The more untrained a mind, the more readily it works out a theory that two things which catch its attention at the same time are casually connected. We have already dwelt at some length on the way things reach our attention. We have seen that our access to information is obstructed and uncertain, and that our apprehension is deeply controlled by our stereotypes; that the evidence available to our reason is subject to illusions of defense, prestige, morality, space, time, and sampling. We must note now that with this initial taint public opinions are still further beset because in a series of events, seen mostly through stereotypes, we readily accept sequence or parallelism as equivalent to cause and effect.

This is most likely to happen when two ideas that come together arouse the same feeling. If they come together, they are likely to arouse the same feeling; and even when they do not arrive together, a powerful feeling attached to one is likely to suck together out of all the corners of memory any idea that feels about the same. Thus everything painful tends to collect into one system of cause and effect, and likewise everything pleasant.

In hating one thing violently, we readily associate with it as cause or effect most of the other things we hate or fear violently. Anything can be related to anything else provided it feels like it. Nor has a mind in such a state any way of knowing how preposterous it is. Ancient fears, reinforced by more recent fears, coagulate into a snarl of fears where anything that is dreaded is the cause of anything else that is dreaded.

Generally, it all culminates in the fabrication of a system of all evil, and of another which is the system of all good. Then our love of the absolute shows itself. For we do not like qualifying adverbs. They clutter up sentences and interfere with irresistible feeling. We prefer most to more, least to less; we dislike the words rather, perhaps, if, or, but, toward, not quite, almost, temporarily, partly, though nearly every opinion about public affairs needs to be deflated by some word of this sort. But in our free moments everything tends to behave absolutely one hundred per cent. everywhere, forever.

It is not enough to say that our side is more right than the enemy's, that our victory will help democracy more than his. One must insist that our victory will end war forever and make the world safe for democracy. And when the war is over, though we have thwarted a greater evil than those which still afflict us, the relativity of the result fades out, the absoluteness of the present evil overcomes our spirit, and we feel that we are helpless because we have not been irresistible. Between omnipotence and impotence the pendulum swings.

Real space, real time, real numbers, real connections, real weights, are lost. The perspective and the background and the dimensions of action are clipped and frozen in the stereotyped notions to which we make facts fit.

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Three ſcenes

in the Life of OVR LORD IESVS CHRIST

wherein are limned The BLESSED BIRTH, *The* THREE WISEMEN & *The* FLIEING *into* EGYPT

done on wood under the hand of that moſt excellent craftes man

ALBRECHT DÜRER

circa *A. D.* 1511

With the ſcript taken from the GENEVA BIBLE *uſed by The* PILGRIMS *and which was imprinted at London by* CHRISTOPHER BARKAR, *dwelling in Powles Churchyard at the ſigne of the Tygres Head.*

1576.

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THE HOLIE GOSPEL
OF IESVS CHRIST, ACCORDING TO MATTHEWE.

The BLESSED BIRTH

18 NOW the birth of Iesus Christ was thus, Whé as his mother Marie was betrothed to Ioseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the holy Ghost.

19 Then Ioseph her husband being a iuste man, and not willing to make her a publike example, was minded to put her away secretly.

20 But while he thought these things, behold, the Angel of the Lord appeared vnto him in a dreame, saying, Ioseph the sonne of Dauid, feare not to take Marie *for* thy wyfe: for that which is conceiued in her, is of the holy Ghost.

21 And she shal bring forth a sonne, & thou shalt cal his name IESVS: for he shall saue his people from their sinnes.

22 And all this was done that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken of the Lord by the Prophet, saying,

23 Beholde, a Virgine shal be with childe, and shal beare a sonne, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which is by interpretation, God with vs.

24 Then Ioseph, being raised from slepe, did as the Angel of the Lord had inioyned him, and tooke his wife.

25 But he knew her not, til she had brought forth her first borne sonne, and he called his name IESVS.

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The THREE WISEMEN

1 WHEN Ieſus then was borne at Bethlehem in Iudea, in the dayes of Herode the King, beholde, there came Wiſemen from the Eaſte to Ieruſalem,
2 Saying, Where is the King of the Iewes that is borne? for we haue ſeene his ſtarre in the Eaſt & are come to worſhip him.
3 When King Herode heard *this*, he was troubled, and all Ieruſalem with him.
4 And gathering together all the chiefe Priests & Scribes of the people, he asked of them, where Chriſt ſhould be borne.
5 And they ſaid vnto him, At Bethlehem in Iudea: for it was written by the Prophet.
6 And thou Bethlehem in the land of Iuda, art not the leaſt among the princes of Iuda, for out of thee ſhall come the gouernour that ſhall feede my people Iſrael.
7 Then Herode priuely called the Wiſemen, *and* diligently inquired of them the time of the ſtarre that appeared,
8 And ſent them to Bethlehem, ſaying, Go, and ſearch diligently for the babe: and when ye haue found him, bring me worde againe, that I may come alſo, and worſhip him.
9 So when they had heard the King, they departed: and lo, the ſtarre which they had ſeene in the Eaſt, went beſore them, til it came and ſtood ouer *the place* where the babe was.
10 And when they ſaw the ſtarre, they reioyced with an exceeding great ioye,
11 And went into the houſe, and found the babe with Marie his mother, and fell downe, and worſhipped him, and opened their treaſures, and preſented vnto him giftes, *euen* golde, and incenſe, and myrrh.

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12 And after they were warned of God in a dreame, that they ſhould not go againe to Herode, they returned into their countrey another way.

The FLIEING *into* EGYPT

13 AFTER their departure, behold the Angel of the Lord appeareth to Ioſeph in a dreame, ſaying, Ariſe, and take the babe and his mother, and flie into Egypt, and be there till I bring thee worde: For Herode wil ſeke the babe, to deſtroy him.

14 So he aroſe and tooke the babe and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt.

15 And was there vnto the death of Herode, that it might be fulfilled, which was ſpoken of the Lord by the Prophet, ſaying, Out of Egypt haue I called my Sonne.

16 Thé Herode, ſeeing that he was mocked of the Wiſemen, was exceding wroth and ſent forth, and ſlew all of the male children that were in Bethlehem, & in al the coaſts thereof, from two yere olde & vnder, according to the time which he had diligently ſearched out of the wiſemen.

17 Then was that fulfilled which was ſpoken by the the Prophet Ieremias, ſaying,

18 In Rama was a voice heard, mourning, & weping, and great lamentation. Rachel weping for her children, and would not be comforted, becauſe they were not.

19 And when Herode was dead, beholde, an Angel of the Lord appeareth in a dreame to Ioſeph in Egypt,

20 Saying, Ariſe, and take the babe and his mother, and go into the land of Iſrael: for they are dead which fought the babes life.

21 Then he aroſe vp, and tooke the babe and his mother, and came into the land of Iſrael.

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Birthright[1]

A Novel in Seven Parts—Part III

By T. S. Stribling

Drawings by F. Luis Mora

Peter walked to the gate, and started off on his constitutional. His tiff with his mother renewed all his nervousness and sense of failure. An autumn wind was blowing, and long plumes of dust whisked up out of the curving street and swept over the ill-kept yards, past the shacks, and toward the sear fields and chromatic woods.

When Peter had gone two or three hundred yards, he became aware that some person was walking immediately behind him. Tump Pack popped into his mind, and he looked over his shoulder. Through the veils of flying dust he saw his follower, and a moment later identified not Tump Pack, but the gangling form of Jim Pink Staggs, clad in a dark-blue sack-coat and white-flannel trousers with pin stripes. It was the sort of costume affected by interlocutors of minstrel shows; it had a minstrel trigness about it.

As a matter of fact, Jim Pink was a sort of semi-professional minstrel. Ordinarily, he ran a pressing-shop in the Nigger Town crescent, but occasionally he impressed all the dramatic talent among his companions, and really did take the road with a minstrel company.

Jim Pink hailed Peter with a wave of his hand and a grotesque displacement of his mouth to one side of his face, which he had found effective in his minstrel buffoonery.

"What you raisin' so much dus' about?" he called out of the corner of his mouth while looking at Peter out of one half-closed eye.

Peter shook his head and smiled.

"Thought it mout be Mistuh Hookah deliverin' that lan' you bought." Jim Pink flung his long, flexible face into an imitation of convulsed laughter, and the next moment dropped it into an intense gravity and said, "Dus' thou aht, to dus' retu'nest." Jim Pink tucked his head to one side as if listening intently to himself, then repeated sepulchrally: "Dus' thou aht, to dus' retu'nest. By de way, Petuh," he broke off cheerfully, "you ain't happen to see Tump Pack, is you?"

"No," said Peter, unamused.

"Has he borrowed a gun f'om you?" inquired the minstrel, solemnly.

"No-o." Peter looked questioningly at the clown through half-closed eyes.

"Huh, now dat 's funny." Jim Pink frowned, and pulled down his loose mouth and seemed to study. He drew out a pearl-handled knife, closed his hand over it, blew on his fist, then

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

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opened the other hand, and exhibited the knife lying in its palm, with the blade open. He seemed surprised at the change and began cleansing his finger-nails. Jim Pink was the magician at his shows.

"Well, what 's the idea?" Peter asked at last.

"Don' know. 'Pears lak dat knife won't stay in any one hand." He looked at it, curiously.

"I mean about Tump," said Peter, impatiently.

"O-o-oh, yeh; you mean about Tump. Well, I thought Tump mus' uv borrowed a gun f'om you. He lef' Hobbett's co'nah wid a great big fo'ty-fo', inquirin' whauh you is." Just then he glanced up, looked penetratingly through the dust cloud, and added, "Why, I b'liebe dah 's Tump now."

Peter followed his glance with a certain tightening of the nerves, but made out nothing through the fogging dust. When he looked around at Jim Pink again, the buffoon's face was a caricature of immense mirth. He shook it sober, abruptly, minstrel fashion.

"Maybe I 's mistooken," he said solemnly. "Tump did sta't ovuh heah wid a gun, but Mistuh Dawson Bobbs done tuk him up fuh ca'in' concealed squidjulums; so Tump 's done los' dat freedom uv motion in de pu'suit uv happiness gua'anteed us niggahs an' white folks by the Constitution uv de Newnighted States uv America." Here Jim Pink broke into genuine laughter, which was quite a different thing from his stage grimaces. Peter, astonished, stared at him.

"Has he gone to jail?"

"Not prezactly."

"Well, confound it! exactly what did happen, Jim Pink?"

"He gone tuh Mistuh Cicero Throgma'tin's."

"What did he go there for?"

"Could n't he'p hisse'f."

"Look here, you tell me what 's happened."

"Mistah Bobbs ca'ied Tump thaiuh. Ye see, Mistuh Throgma'tin tried to hiah Tump tuh pick cotton. Tump did n't haf to, because he 'd jes shot fo' nachels in a crap game. So t'day, when Tump stahts ovuh heah wid his gun, Mistuh Bobbs 'resses Tump. Mistuh Throgma'tin bails him out, so now Tump 's gone tuh pick cotton fo' Mistuh Throgma'tin to pay off'n his fine." Here Jim Pink yelped into honest laughter at Tump's undoing.

"How long 's he up for?" asked Peter, astonished and immensely relieved at this outcome of Tump's expedition against himself.

"Th-thutty days, if he don' run off," said Jim Pink, and fell to laughing again.

Peter Siner, long before, had adopted the literate man's notion of what is humorous, and Tump's mishap was slap-stick to him. Nevertheless, he did smile. The incident filled him with extraordinary relief and buoyancy. At the next corner he made some excuse to Jim Pink, and turned off up an alley.

Peter walked along with his shoulders squared and the dust peppering his back. Not till Tump was lifted from his mind did he realize what an incubus the soldier had been. Peter had been forced into a position where, if he had killed Tump, he would have been ruined; if he did not, he would probably have been murdered. Now he was free for thirty days.

He swung along briskly in the warm sunshine toward the multicolored for-

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est. The day had suddenly become glorious. Presently he found himself in the back alleys near Cissie's house.

Peter had not meant to go to Cissie's at all, but now, when he saw he was right behind her dwelling, she seemed radiantly accessible to him. Still, it struck him that it would not be precisely the thing to call on Cissie immediately after Tump's arrest. It might look as if— Then the thought came that, as a neighbor, he should stop and tell Cissie of Tump's misfortune. He really ought to offer his services to Cissie if he could do anything. At Cissie' request he might even aid Tump Pack himself. Let Nigger Town criticize as it would, he was braced by a high altruism.

§ 2

Peter did not shout from the gate, as is the fashion of the crescent, but walked up a little graveled path lined with dusty box-shrubs and tapped at the unpainted door.

Doors in Nigger Town never open straight away to visitors. A covert inspection first takes place from the window-blinds.

Peter stood in the whipping dust, and the caution of the inmates spurred his impatience to see Cissie. At last the door opened, and Cissie herself was in the entrance. She stood quite still a moment, looking at Peter with eyes that appeared frightened.

"I—I was n't expecting to see you," she stammered.

"No? I came by with news, Cissie."

"News?" She seemed more frightened than ever. "Peter, you—you have n't—" She paused, regarding him with big eyes.

"Tump Pack 's been arrested," explained Peter, quickly, sensing the tragedy in her thoughts. "I came by to tell you. If there 's anything I can do for you—or him, I 'll do it."

His altruistic offer sounded rather foolish in the actual saying.

He could not tell from her face whether she was glad or sorry.

"What did they arrest him for?"

"Carrying a pistol."

She paused a moment.

"Will he—get out soon?"

"He 's sentenced for thirty days."

Cissie dropped her hands with a hopeless gesture.

"Oh, is n't this all sickening—sickening!" she exclaimed. She looked tired. Ghosts of sleepless nights circled her eyes. Suddenly she said: "Come in. Oh, do come in, Peter!" She reached out and almost pulled him in. She was so urgent that Peter might have fancied Tump Pack at the gate with his automatic. He did glance around, but saw nobody passing except the Arkwright boy. The hobbledehoy walked down the other side of the street, hands thrust in pockets, with the usual discontended expression on his face.

Cissie slammed the door shut, and the two stood rather at a loss in the sudden gloom of the hall. Cissie broke into a brief, mirthless laugh,

"Peter, it 's hard to be nice in Nigger Town. I—I just happened to think how folks would gossip—you coming here as soon as Tump was arrested."

"Perhaps I 'd better go," suggested Peter, uncomfortably.

Cissie reached up and caught his lapel.

"Oh, no, don't feel that way. I 'm glad you came, really. Here, let 's go through this way to the arbor. It is n't a bad place to sit."

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She lead the way silently through two dark rooms. Before she opened the back door, Peter could hear Cissie's mother and a younger sister moving around the outside of the house to give up the arbor to Cissie and her company.

The arbor proved a trellis of honeysuckle over the back door, with a bench under it. Cissie sat down on the bench and indicated a place beside her.

"I 've been so uneasy about you! I 've been wondering what on earth you could do about it."

"It 's a snarl all right," he said, and almost immediately began discussing the peculiar impasse into which his difficulty with Tump had landed him. Cissie sat listening with a serious, almost tragic face, giving little nods here and there. Once she remarked in her precise way:

"The trouble with a gentleman fighting a rowdy, the gentleman has all to lose and nothing to gain. If you don't live among your own class, Peter, your life will simmer down to an endless diplomacy."

"You mean deceit, I suppose."

"No, I mean diplomacy. But that is n't a very healthy frame of mind, always to be suppressing and guarding yourself."

Peter did n't know about that. He was inclined to argue the matter, but Cissie would n't argue. She seemed to assume that all of her statements were axioms, truths reduced to the simplest possible mental terms, and that proof was unnecessary, if not impossible. So the topic went into the discard.

So they talked. Cissie's laughing was the sedative Peter needed. The curves of her cheek, the tilt of her head, and the lift of her dull-blue blouse at the bosom wove a great restfulness about Peter. The old gold brooch glinted at her throat. The heavy screen of the arbor gave them a sweet sense of privacy. The conversation meandered this way and that, and became quite secondary to the feeling of the girl's nearness and sympathy. Their talk drifted back to Peter's mission here in Hooker's Bend, and Cissie was saying:

"The trouble is, Peter, we are out of our *milieu*."

Some portion of Peter's brain that was not basking in the warmth and invitation of the girl answered quite logically:

"Yes, but if I could help these people, Cissie, reconstruct our life here culturally—"

Cissie shook her head.

"Not culturally."

This opposition shunted more of Peter's thought to the topic in hand. He paused interrogatively.

"Racially," said Cissie.

"Racially?" repeated the man, quite lost.

Cissie nodded, looking straight into his eyes.

"You know very well, Peter, that you and I are not—are not anything near full bloods. You know that racially we don't belong in—Nigger Town."

Peter never knew exactly how this extraordinary sentence had come about, but in a kind of breath he realized that he, and this almost white girl, were not of Nigger Town. No doubt she had been arguing that he, Peter, who was one sort of man, was trying to lead quite another sort of men moved by different racial impulses, and such leading could only

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"She reigned her head to his palm"

come to confusion. He saw the implications at once.

It was the white blood in his own veins that had sent him struggling up North, that had brought him back with this flame in his heart for his own people. It was the white blood in Cissie that kept her struggling to stand up, to speak an unbroken tongue, to gather around her the delicate atmosphere and charm of a gentlewoman. It was the Caucasian in them buried here in Nigger Town. It was their part of the tragedy of millions of mixed blood in the South. Their common problem, a feeling of their joint isolation, brought Peter a sense of keen and tingling nearness to the girl.

She was talking again, very earnestly, almost tremulously.

"Why don't you go North, Peter? I think and think about you staying here. You simply can't grow up and

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develop here. And now, especially, when everybody doubts you. If you 'd go North—"

"What about you, Cissie? You say we 're together—"

"Oh, I 'm a woman. We have n't the chance to do as we will."

A kind of titillation went over Peter's scalp and body.

"Then you are going to stay here and marry—Tump?" He uttered the name in a queer voice.

Tears started in Cissie's eyes; her bosom lifted to her quick breathing.

"I—I don't know what I 'm going to do," she stammered miserably.

Peter leaned over her with a drumming heart; he heard her catch her breath.

"You don't care for Tump?" he asked with a dry mouth.

She gasped out something, and the next moment Peter felt her body sink limply in his groping arms. They clung together closely. Three nights of vigil, each thinking miserably and wistfully of the other, had worn the nerves of both man and girl until they were ready to melt together at a touch. Her soft body clinging to his own, the odor of her hair, the little nervous pressures of her arms, her eased breathing at his neck, wiped away Siner's long sense of strain. Strength and peace seemed to pour from her being into his by a sort of spiritual osmosis. She resigned her head to his palm in order that he might lift her lips to his when he pleased. After all, there is no way for a man to rest without a woman. All he can do is to stop work.

For a long time they sat transported amid the dusty honeysuckles and withered blooms, but after a while they began talking a little at a time of the future, their future. They felt so indissolubly joined that they could not imagine the future finding them apart. There was no need for any more trouble with Tump Pack. They would marry quietly, and go away North to live. Peter thought of his friend Farquhar. He wondered if Farquhar's attitude would be just the same toward Cissie as it was toward him.

"North," was the burden of the octoroon's dreams. They would go North to Chicago.

"Oh, I 'll be so glad! so glad! so glad!" she sobbed, and drew Peter's head passionately down to her deep bosom.

§ 3

Peter Siner walked home from the Dildine shack that night rather dreading to meet his mother, for it was late. Cissie had served sandwiches and coffee on a little table in the arbor, and then had kept Peter hours afterward. Around him still hung the glamour of Cissie's little supper. She had accomplished the whole supper in quite the white manner, with all poise and daintiness. In fact, no one is more exquisitely polite than an octoroon woman when she desires to be polite, when she elevates the subserviency of her race into graciousness.

However, the pleasure and charm of Cissie were fading under the approaching abuse that Caroline was sure to pour upon the girl. Peter dreaded it. He walked slowly down the dark semicircle, planning how he could best break his engagement to his mother.

The Siner shack was dark and tightly shut when Peter let himself in at the gate and walked to the door.

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He stood a moment listening, and then gently pressed open the shutter. A faint light burned on the inside, a night-lamp with an old-fashioned brass bowl. It sat on the floor, turned low at the foot of his mother's bed. The mean room was mainly in shadow. The old-style four-poster on which Caroline slept was an indistinct mound. The air was close and foul with the bad ventilation of all negro sleeping-rooms. The brass lamp, turned low, added smoke and gas to the tight quarters.

The odor caught Peter in the nose and throat, and once more stirred up his impatience with his mother's lack of hygiene. He tiptoed into the room and decided to remove the lamp and open the high small window to admit a little air. He moved noiselessly and stooped for the lamp when there came a creaking and a heavy sigh from the bed, and the old negress asked:

"Is dat you, Son?"

Peter was tempted to stand perfectly still and wait till his mother dozed off again, thus putting off her inevitable tirade against Cissie; but he answered in a low tone that it was he.

"What you gwine ter do wid dat lamp, Son?"

"Go to bed by it, Mother."

"Well, bring hit back." She breathed heavily, and moved restlessly on the old four-poster. As Peter stood up he saw that the patched quilts were all askew over her shapeless bulk. Evidently, she had not been resting well.

Peter's conscience smote him again for worrying his mother with his courtship of Cissie, yet what could he do? If he had wooed any girl in the world, she would have been equally as jealous and as grieved. It was inevitable that she would be disappointed and bitter; it was bound up in the very part and parcel of her sacrifice. A great sadness came over Peter. He almost wished his mother would berate him, but she continued to lie there, breathing heavily under her disheveled covers. As Peter passed into his room, the old negress called after him to remind him to bring the light back when he was through with it.

This time something in her tone alarmed Peter. He paused in the doorway.

"Are you sick, Mother?" he asked.

The old woman gave a yawn that changed to a groan.

"I—I ain't feelin' so good."

"What 's the matter, Mother?"

"Muh stomach, muh—" But at that moment her sentence changed to an inarticulate sound, and she doubled up in bed as if caught in a spasm of acute agony.

Thoroughly frightened, Peter hurried to her and saw sweat streaming down her face. He stared down at her.

"Mother, you are sick! What can I do?" he cried, with a man's helplessness.

She opened her eyes with an effort, panting now as the edge of the agony passed. There was a movement under the quilts, and she thrust out a rubber hot-water bottle.

"Fill it—f'om de kittle," she wheezed out, then relaxed into groans, and wiped clumsily at the sweat on her shining black face.

Peter seized the bottle and ran into the kitchen. There he found a brisk fire popping in the stove and a kettle of water boiling. It showed him, to his further alarm, that his mother had

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been trying to minister to herself until forced to her bed.

The man scalded a finger and thumb pouring water into the flared mouth, but after a moment twisted on the top and hurried into the sick room.

He reached the old negress just as another knife of pain set her writhing and sweating. She seized the boiling water, pushed it under the quilts, and pressed it to her stomach, then lay with eyes and teeth clenched tight, and her thick lips curled in a grin of agony.

Peter set the lamp on the table, said he was going for the doctor, and started.

The old woman hunched up in bed. With the penuriousness of her station and sacrifices, she begged Peter not to go; then groaned out, "Go tell Mas' Renfrew," but the next moment did not want Peter to leave her.

Peter said he would get Nan Berry to stay while he was gone. The Berry shack lay diagonally across the street. Peter ran over, thumped on the door, and shouted his mother's needs. As soon as he received an answer, he started on over the Big Hill toward the white town.

Peter was seriously frightened. His run to Dr. Jallup's, across the Big Hill, was a series of renewed strivings for speed. Every segment of his journey seemed to seize him and pin him down in the midst of the night like a bug caught in a black jelly.

After a long time he found himself running up a residential street, and presently, far ahead, he saw the glow of Dr. Jallup's porch-light. Its beam had the appearance of coming from a vast distance. When he reached the place, he flung his breast against the top panel of the doctor's fence and held on, exhausted. He drew in his breath, and began shouting, "Hello, Doctor!"

Peter called persistently, and as he commanded more breath, he called louder and louder, "Hello, Doctor! Hello, Doctor! Hello, Doctor!" in tones edging on panic.

The doctor's house might have been dead. Somewhere a dog began barking. At last, in despair, Peter tried to think of other doctors. He thought of telephoning to Jonesboro. Just as he decided he must turn away, there came a stirring in the dead house, a flicker of light appeared on the inside, now here, now there; it steadied into a tiny beam and approached the door. The door opened, and Dr. Jallup's head and breast appeared, illuminated against the black interior.

"My mother 's sick, Doctor," began Peter in immense relief.

"Who is it?" inquired the half-clad man, impassively.

"Caroline Siner; she 's been taken with a—"

The physician lifted his light a trifle in an effort to see Peter.

"Lem me see, she 's that fat nigger woman that lives in a three-roomed house—"

"I 'll show you the way," said Peter. "She 's very ill."

The half-dressed man shook his head.

"No, Ca'line Siner owes me a five-dollar doctor's bill already. Our county medical association made a rule that no niggers should—"

Peter Siner stared at the man of medicine with a drying mouth.

"But, my God, Doctor," gasped the son, "I 'll pay you—"

"Have you got the money there in

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your pocket?" asked Jallup, impassively.

A sort of chill traveled deliberately over Peter's body and shook his voice.

"No—no, but I can get it—"

"Yes, you can all get it," stated the physician in dull irritation. "I 'm tired of you niggers running up doctor's bills nobody can collect. You never have more than the law allows, your wages never get big enough to garnishee." His voice grew querulous as he related his wrongs. "No, I 'm not going to see Ca'line Siner. If she wants me to visit her, let her send ten dollars to cover that and back debts, and I 'll—" The end of his sentence was lost in the closing of his door. The light he carried declined from a beam to a twinkling here and there, and then vanished in blackness.

§ 4

Peter Siner stood at the fence licking his dry lips, with nerves vibrating like a struck bell. He pushed himself slowly away from the top plank and found his legs so weak that he could hardly walk. He moved slowly back down the unseen road. The dog he had disturbed gave a few last growls and settled into silence.

Peter moved along, wetting his dry lips, and stirring feebly among his dazed thoughts, hunting some other plan of action. Then he realized that he must go home, get ten dollars and bring them back to Dr. Jallup. He started to run, but almost toppled over on his leaden legs.

He plodded through the darkness, retracing the endless trail to Nigger Town. As he passed a dark mass of shrubbery and trees, he recalled his mother's advice to ask aid of Cap'n Renfrew. It was the old Renfrew place that Peter was passing.

The negro hesitated, then turned in at the gate in the bare hope of obtaining the ten dollars at once. Inside the gate Peter's feet encountered the scattered bricks of an old walk. The negro stood and called Captain Renfrew's name in a guarded voice. He was not at all sure of his action.

Peter had called twice and was just about to go when a lamp appeared around the side of the house on a long portico that extended clear around the building. Bathed in the light of the lamp that he held over his head, appeared an old man, wearing a worn dressing-gown.

"Who is it?" he asked in a wavery voice.

Peter told his name and mission.

The old captain continued holding up his light.

"Oh, Peter Siner; Caroline Siner 's sick. All right, I 'll have Jallup run over; I 'll 'phone him."

Peter was beginning his thanks preparatory to going when the old man interrupted.

"No, just stay here until Jallup comes by in his car. He 'll pick us both up. It 'll save time. Come on inside. What 's the matter with old Caroline?"

The old dressing-gown led the way around the continuous porch to a room that stood open and brightly lighted on the north face of the old house.

A great relief came to Peter at this unexpected succor. He followed around the porch, trying to describe Caroline's symptoms. The room Peter entered was a library, a rather stately old room, lined with books all around the walls to about as high as

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a man could reach. Abrasures for doors and windows were let into the book-cases. The volumes themselves seemed composed mainly of histories and old-fashioned scientific books, if Peter could judge from a certain severity of their bindings. On a big library table burned a gasolene-lamp, which threw a brilliant whiteness all over the room. The table was piled with books and periodicals. Books and papers were heaped in every chair in the study except a deep Morris chair in which the old captain had been sitting. The whole room had the womanless look of a bachelor's quarters, and was flavored with tobacco and just a hint of whisky.

Old Captain Renfrew evidently had been reading when Peter called from the gate. Now the old man went to a telephone, rang long and briskly to awaken the boy who slept in the central office. Peter fidgeted as the old captain stood with receiver to ear.

"Hard to wake." The old gentleman spoke into the transmitter, but was talking to Peter. "Don't be so uneasy, Peter. Human beings are harder to kill than you think."

There was kindliness, even fellowship, in Captain Renfrew's tones that spread like oil over Peter's raw nerves. It occurred to Peter that this was the first time he had been addressed as an authentic human being since his conversation with the two Northern men on the Pullman back up in Illinois. It surprised him. It was sufficient to take his mind momentarily from his mother. He looked a little closely at the old man at the telephone. He wore few indices of kindness. Lines of settled sarcasm netted his eyes and drooped away from his old mouth. The very swell of his full temples and their crinkly veins marked a sardonic old man.

At last he roused central over the wire, impressed upon him the necessity of creating a stridor in Dr. Jallup's dead house, and a moment later a continued buzzing in the receiver betokened the operator's efforts to do so.

The old gentleman turned around at last, holding the receiver a little distance from his ear.

"I understand you went to Harvard, Peter."

"Yes, sir." Peter took his eyes momentarily from the telephone.

The old Southerner continued a certain scrutiny of the brown man; he cleared his throat.

"You know, Peter, it gives me a—a certain satisfaction to see a Harvard man in Hooker's Bend. I 'm a Harvard man myself."

Peter stood in the brilliant light, astonished not at Captain Renfrew being a Harvard man,—he had known that,—but that this old gentleman was telling the fact to him, Peter Siner, a negro graduate of Harvard.

It was extraordinary; it was tantamount to an offer of friendship, not patronage. Such an offer in the South disturbed Peter's poise; it touched him queerly. Also it seemed to explain why Captain Renfrew had received Peter so graciously and was now arranging for Dr. Jallup to visit Caroline.

Peter was moved to the conventional query, asking in what class the captain had been graduated. But while his very voice was asking it, Peter thought what a strange thing it was that he, Peter Siner, a negro, and this lonely old gentleman, his

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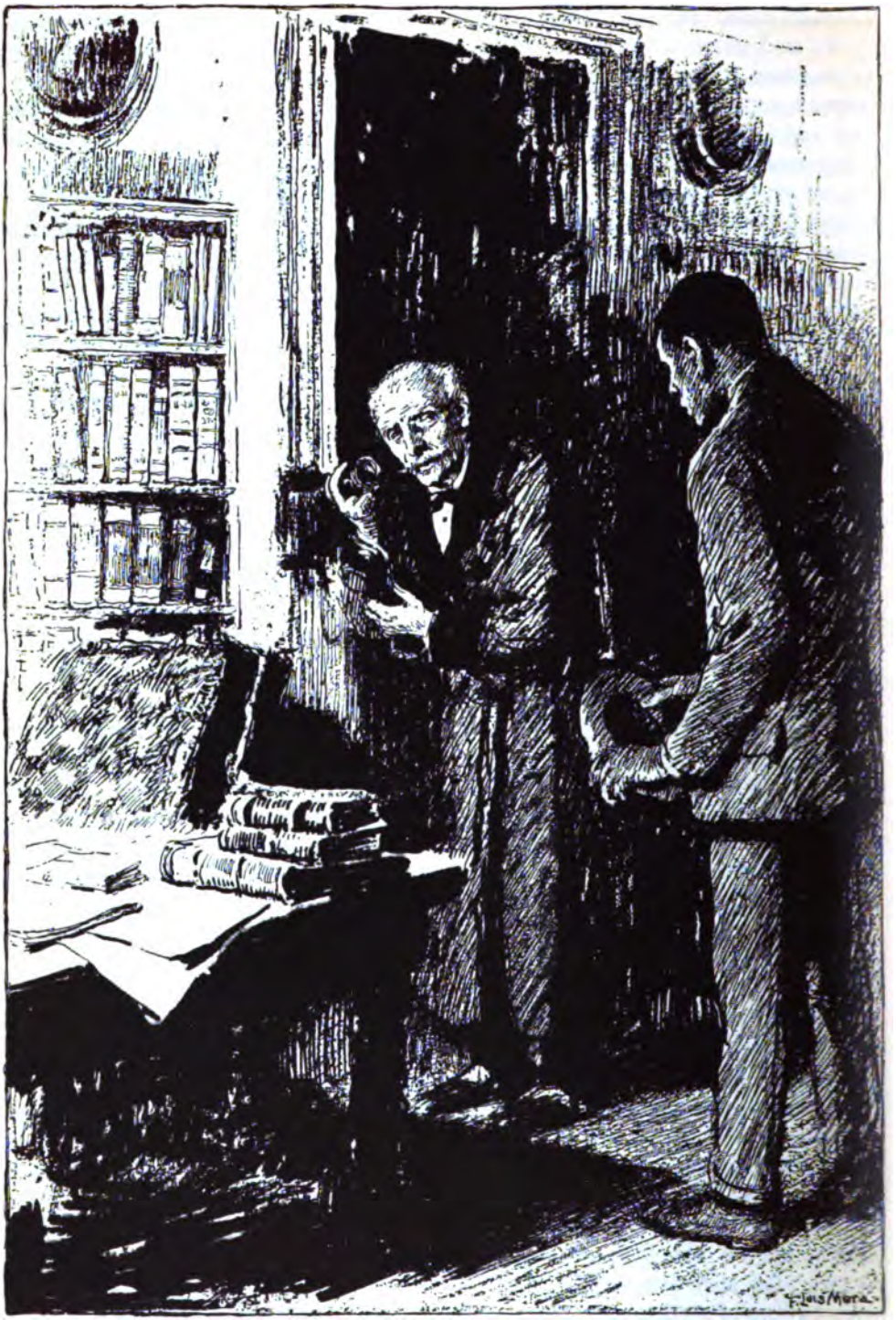

"The old gentleman turned around at last"

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benefactor, were spiritual brothers, both sprung from the loins of Harvard, that ancient mother of souls.

From the darkness outside Dr. Jallup's horn summoned the two men. Captain Renfrew got out of his gown into his coat, turned off his gasolene light, and they walked around the porch to the front of the house. In the street the head-lights of the roadster shot divergent rays through the darkness. They went out. The old captain took a seat on the motor beside the physician, while Peter stood on the running-board.

The men remained almost silent. Once Dr. Jallup, watching the dust that lay modeled in sharp lights and shadows under the head-lights, mentioned lack of rain. Their route did not lead over the Big Hill. They turned north at Hobbett's corner, drove around by River Street, and presently entered the northern end of the semicircle.

The speed of the car was reduced to a crawl in the bottomless dust of the crescent. The head-lights swept slowly around the shacks on the concave side of the street, bringing them one by one into stark brilliance and dropping them into obscurity. Peter bent down under the top of the motor and pointed out his place. A minute later the machine came to a noisy halt and was choked into silence. At that moment, in the sweep of the head-light, Peter saw Viny Berry, one of Nan's younger sisters, coming up from Nigger Town's public well, carrying buckets of water.

y was hurrying, plashing the over the sides of her buckets. mportance of her mission was ı in her black face.

's awful' thu'sty," she called to Peter in guarded tones. "Nan called me tuh fetch some fraish watter f'om de well."

Peter took the water that had been brought from the semi-cesspool at the end of the street. Viny hurried across the street to home and to bed. Peter considered the water in his buckets with the habitual twinge of his sanitary conscience.

"We 'll have to boil this," he said to the doctor.

"Boil it?" repeated Jallup, blankly. Then he added: "Oh, yes—boil. Certainly."

A repelling odor of burned paper, breathed air, and smoky lights filled the close room. Nan had lighted another lamp. In the corner lay a half-burned wisp of paper. Nan herself stood by the mound on the bed, putting straight the quilts that her patient twisted awry.

"She sho am bad, Doctah," said the colored woman with big eyes.

Seen in the light, Dr. Jallup was a little sandy-bearded man with a round, simple face, oddly overlaid with that inscrutability carefully cultivated by country doctors. He approached the mound of bedclothes with professional cheeriness.

"A little under the weather, Aunt Ca'line." He slipped his fingers alongside her throat to test her temperature, at the same time drawing a thermometer from his waistcoat-pocket.

The old negress stirred, and looked up out of sick eyes.

"Doctah," she gasped, "I sho got uh misery heah." She indicated her stomach.

"How do you feel?" he asked hopefully.

The old negress panted, then whispered:

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"Lak a knife was a-cuttin' an' a-tearin' out muh innuds." She rested, then added, "Not so bad now; feels mo' lak somp'n' 's tearin' in de nex' room."

"Like something tearing in the next room?" repeated Jallup, emptily.

"Yes, suh," she whispered. "Ah jes can feel hit—away off, lak."

The doctor attempted to take her temperature, but the thermometer in her mouth immediately nauseated her; so he slipped the instrument under her arm.

Old Caroline groaned at the slightest exertion; then, as she tossed her black head, she caught a glimpse of old Captain Renfrew.

She halted abruptly in her restlessness, stared at the old gentleman, wet her dry lips with a queer brown-furred tongue.

"Is dat you, Mas' Milt?" she gasped in feeble astonishment. A moment later she guessed the truth. "I s'pose you had to bring de doctah. 'Fo' God, Mas' Milt—" She lay staring, with the covers rising and falling as she gasped for breath. Her feverish eyes shifted back and forth between the grim old gentleman and the tall, broad-shouldered brown man at the foot of her bed. She drew a baggy black arm from under the cover.

"Da 's Petuh, Mas' Milt,"—she pointed,—"da 's Petuh, muh son. He—he uster be muh son 'fo' he went off tuh school; but sence he come home, he been a-laffin' at me." Tears came to her eyes; she panted for a moment, then added: "Yeh, he done ma'ked his mammy down fuh a niggah, Mas' Milt. Whut I thought wuz gwine ter be sweet lays bittah in muh mouf." She worked her gross lips as if the rank taste of her sickness were the very flavor of her son's ingratitude.

A sudden gasp and twist of her body told Nan that the old woman was again seized with a spasm. The neighbor woman took swift control, waved out Peter and old Mr. Renfrew, while she and the doctor aided the huge negress.

The two evicted men went into Peter's room and shut the door. Peter unnerved, groped, and presently found and lighted a lamp. He put it down on his little table among his primary books and examination-papers. He indicated to Captain Renfrew the single chair in the room.

But the old gentleman stood motionless in the mean room, with its head-line streaked walls. Sounds of the heavy lifting of Peter's mother came through the thin door and partition with painful clearness. Peter opened his own small window, for the air in his room was foul.

Captain Renfrew stood in silence, with a remote sarcasm in his wrinkled eyes. What was in his heart, why he had subjected himself to the noisomeness of failing flesh, Peter had not the faintest idea. Once, out of studently habit, he glanced at Peter's philosophic books, but apparently he read the titles without really observing them. Once he looked at Peter.

"Peter," he said colorlessly, "I hope you 'll be careful of Caroline's feelings if she ever gets up again. She has been very faithful to you, Peter."

Peter's eyes dampened. A great desire mounted in him to explain himself to this strange old gentleman, to show him how inevitable had been the breach. For some reason a veritable passion to reveal his heart to this

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sole benefactor surged through the youth.

"Mr. Renfrew," he stammered—"Mr. Renfrew—I—I—" His throat abruptly ached and choked. He felt his face distort in a spasm of uncontrollable grief. He turned quickly from this strange old man with a remote sarcasm in his eyes and a remote affection in his tones. Peter clenched his jaws, his nostrils spread in his effort stoically to bottle up his grief and remorse, like a white man, in an effort to keep from howling his agony aloud, like a negro. He stood with aching throat and blurred eyes, trembling, swallowing, and silent.

Presently Nan opened the door. Nan held another half-burned paper in her hand; Dr. Jallup stood near the bed portioning out some calomel and quinine. The prevalent disease in Hooker's Bend is malaria; Dr. Jallup always physicked for malaria. On this occasion he diagnosed it must be a very severe attack of malaria indeed, so he measured out enormous doses.

He took a glass of the water that Viny had brought, held up old Caroline's head, and washed down two big capsules into the already poisoned stomach of the old negress. His simple face was quite inscrutable as he did this. He left other capsules for Nan to administer at regular intervals. Then he and Captain Renfrew motored out of Nigger Town, out of its dust and filth and stench.

At four o'clock in the morning Caroline Siner died.

§ 5

When Nan Berry saw that Caroline Siner was dead, the black woman dropped a glass of water and a capsule of calomel and stared. A queer terror seized her. She began such a wailing that it aroused others in Nigger Town. At the sound they got out of their beds and came to the Siner shack with eyes big with mystery and fear. At the sight of old Caroline's motionless body they lifted their voices through the night.

The lamentation carried far beyond the confines of Nigger Town. The last gamblers in the cedar glade heard it, and it broke up their gaming and drinking. White persons living near the black crescent were waked out of their sleep and listened. It rose and fell in the darkness like a melancholy organ chord. The wailing of the women quivered against the heavy grief of the men. The half-asleep listeners were moved by its weirdness to vague and sinister fancies. The dolor veered away from what the Anglo-Saxon knows as grief and was shot through with the uncanny and the terrible. White children crawled out of their small beds and groped their way to their parents. The women shivered and asked of the darkness, "*What* made the negroes howl so?"

Nobody knew, least of all, the negroes. Nobody suspected that the bedlam harked back to the jungle, to black folk in African kraals beating tom-toms and howling not in grief, but in an ecstasy of terror lest the souls of their dead might come back in the form of tigers or boas or devils and work woe to the tribe. Through the night the negroes wailed on, performing through custom an ancient rite of which they knew nothing. They supposed themselves heartbroken over the death of Caroline Siner.

Amid this din Peter Siner sat in his

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room stunned by the sudden taking off of his mother. The reproaches that she had expressed to old Captain Renfrew clung in Peter's brain. The brown man had never before realized the faint amusement and condescension that had flavored all his relations with his mother since his return home. But he knew now that she had felt his disapproval of her lifelong habits; that she saw he never explained or attempted to explain his thoughts to her, assuming her to be too ignorant.

The pathos of his mother's last days, what she had expected, what she had received, came to Peter with the bitterness of what is finished and irrevocable. She had been dead only a few minutes, yet she could never know his grief and remorse; she could never forgive him. The finality of death overpowered him.

Into his room, through the thin wall, came the catch of numberless sobs, the long-drawn, open wails and the spasms of sobbing. Blurred voices called: "O God! God hab mercy! Hab mercy!" Peter sat by his table with wet cheeks and an aching throat; he sat staring at his bookcase, in silence, like a white man.

The dim light of his lamp fell over his psychologies and philosophies. These were the books that had given him precedence over the old washwoman who kept him in college. It was reading these books that had made him so wise that the old negress could not even follow his thoughts. Now in the hour of his mother's death the backs of his metaphysics blinked at him emptily. What signified their endless pages about dualism and monism, about phenomenon and noumenon? His mother was dead. And she had died embittered against him because he had read and had been bewildered by these empty, wordy volumes.

A sense of profound defeat, of being ultimately fooled and cozened by the subtleties of white men, filled Peter Siner. He had eaten at their table, but their meat was not his meat. The uproar continued. Standing out of the din arose the burden of negro voices: "Hab mercy, O God! Hab mercy!"

In the morning the Ladies of Tabor came and washed and dressed Caroline Siner's body and made it ready for burial. For twenty years the old negress had paid ten cents a month into her society to insure her burial, and now the lodge made ready to fulfil its pledge. After many comings and goings, the black women called Peter to see their work, as if for his approval.

The huge dead woman lay on the four-poster with a sheet spread over the lower part of her body. The ministrants had clothed it in the old black silk dress, with its spreading seams and panels of different materials. It reminded Peter of the new dress he had meant to get his mother, and of the modish suit which at that moment molded his own shoulders and waist. The pitifulness of her sacrifices trembled in Peter's throat. He pressed his lips together, and nodded silently to the black Ladies of Tabor.

Presently the white undertaker, a silent little man with a brisk, yet sympathetic, air came and made some measurements. He talked to Peter in undertones about the finishing of the casket, how much the Knights of Tabor would pay, what Peter wanted. Then he spoke of the hour of burial, and mentioned a somewhat early hour because some of the negroes wanted

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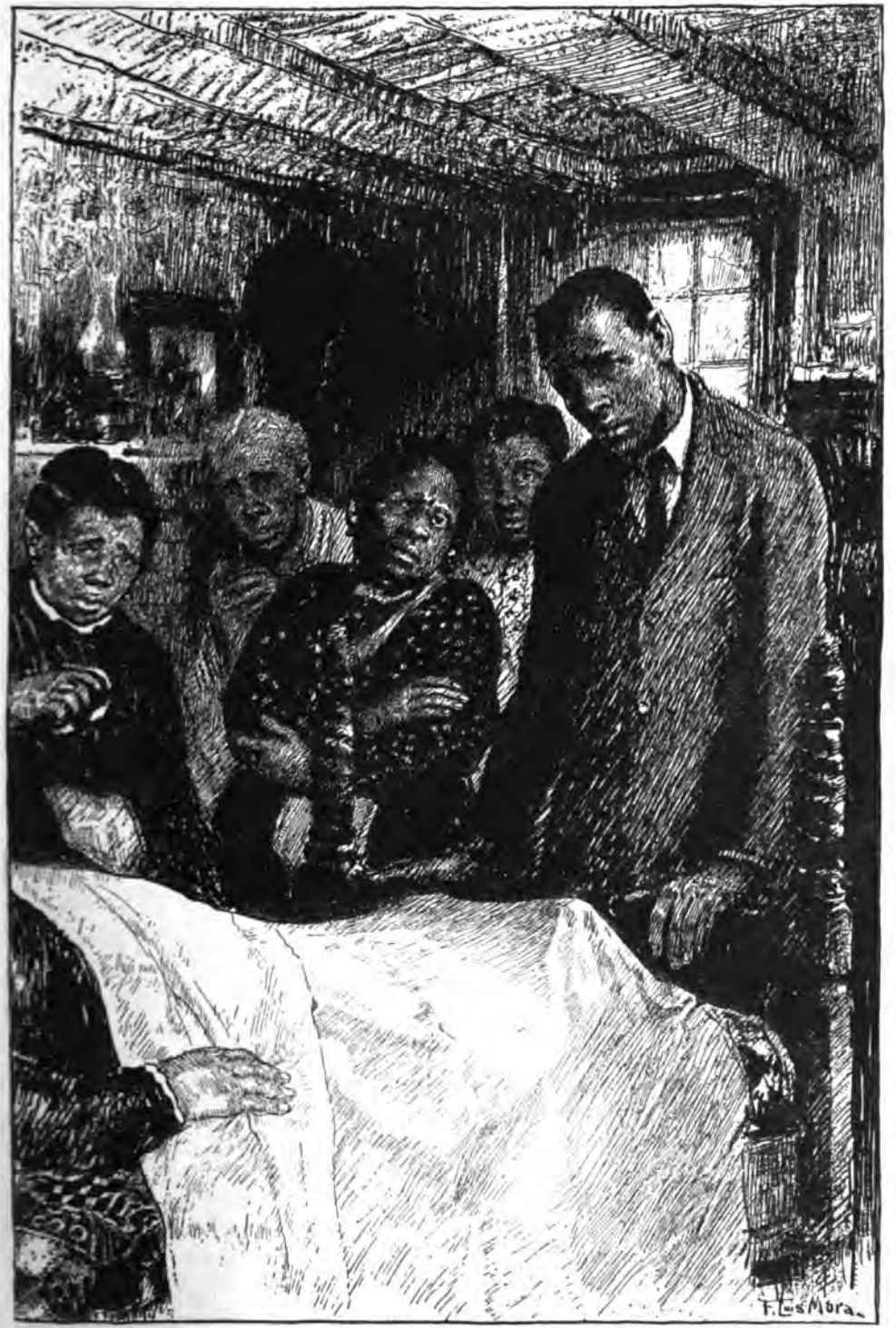

"The pitifulness of her sacrifices trembled in Peter's throat"

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to ship as roustabouts on the up-river packet, which was due at any moment.

These decisions, asked of Peter, kept pricking him and breaking through the stupefaction of this sudden tragedy. He kept nodding a mechanical agreement until the undertaker had arranged all the details. Then the little man moved softly out of the shack and went stepping away through the dust of Nigger Town with professional briskness. A little later two black grave-diggers set out with picks and shovels for the negro graveyard.

Numberless preparations for the funeral were going on all over Nigger Town. The Knights of Tabor were putting on their regalia. Negro women were sending out hurry notices to white mistresses that they would be unable to cook the noon-day meal. Dozens of negro girls flocked to the hair-dressing establishment of Miss Mallylou Speers. All were bent on having their wool straightened for the obsequies. It required about three hours to straighten one head of hair. The price was a dollar and a half.

By half past nine o'clock a crowd of negro men, in lodge aprons and with spears, and negro women, with sashes of ribbon over their shoulders and across the breasts, assembled about the Siner cabin. In the dusty, curving street were ranged half a dozen battered vehicles. Presently the undertaker arrived with a dilapidated black hearse that he used especially for negroes. Eight black men took up the coffin and carried it out with the slow, wide-legged steps of roustabouts. Parson Ranson, in a rusty Prince Albert coat, took Peter's arm and lead him to the first vehicle after the hearse. It was a delivery-wagon, but it was the best vehicle in the procession.

As Peter followed the coffin out, he saw the Knights and Ladies of Tabor lined up in marching order behind the van. The men held their spears and swords at attention; the women carried flowers. Behind the marchers came other old vehicles, a sorry procession.

At fifteen minutes to ten the bell in the steeple of the colored church tolled a single stroke. The sound quivered through the sunshine over Nigger Town. At its signal the poor procession moved away through the dust. At intervals the bell tolled after the vanishing train.

As the negroes passed through the white town the merchants, lolling in their doors, asked passers-by what negro had died. The idlers under the mulberry in front of the livery-stable nodded at the old negro preacher in his long greenish-black coat, and Dawson Bobbs remarked:

"Well, old Parson Ranson 's going to tell 'em about it to-day," and he shifted his toothpick with a certain effect of humor.

Old Mr. Tomwit asked if his companions had ever heard how Newt Bodler, a bit famous in Wayne County, once broke up a negro funeral with a hornet's nest. Another loafer contributed an anecdote of how he had tied ropes to a dead negro so as to make it sit up in bed and frighten the mourners.

In telling these tales the white villagers meant no special disrespect to the negro funeral. It simply reminded them of humorous things; so they told their jokes, like the naïve children of the soil that they were.

At last the poor procession passed beyond the white church, around a bend in the road, and so vanished.

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Presently the bell in Nigger Town ceased tolling.

Peter always remembered his mother's funeral in fragments of intolerable pathos: the lifting of old Parson Ranson's hands toward heaven, the songs of the black folk, the murmur of the first shovelful of dirt as it was lowered to the coffin, and the final raw mound of earth littered with a few dying flowers. With that his mother who had been so near to, and so disappointed in, her son was blotted from his life. The other events of the funeral flowed by in a sort of dream.

Later in the afternoon Cissie Dildine and her mother brought his dinner to him. Mrs. Dildine, a thin yellow woman, uttered a few disjointed words about Sister Ca'line being a good woman. There was nothing to say. Death had cut a wound across Peter Siner's life. The poison of his ingratitude to his faithful old black mother would for a long, long day prevent the healing.

§ 6

During a period following his mother's death Peter Siner's life drifted emptily and without purpose. At times he struggled against his lethargy. When he awoke in the morning and found the sun shining on his dusty primers and examination papers, he would think that he ought to go back to his old task; but he never did. In his heart grew a conviction that he would never teach school at Hooker's Bend.

In fact, during Peter's reaction to his shock, there began to assert itself in him that capacity for profound indolence inherent to his negro blood. To a white man time is a cumulative excitant. Continuous and absolute idleness is impossible; he must work, hunt, fish, play, gamble, or dissipate. But to a negro idleness is an increasing balm; it is a stretching of his legs in the sunshine, while his thoughts spread here and there in inconsequences, like water without a channel, making little humorous eddies, winding this way and that into oddities and fantasies without ever feeling that constraint of sequence which continually operates in a white brain.

Peter Siner's mental slackening made him understandable and gave him a certain popularity in Nigger Town. Black men fell into the habit of dropping in at the Siner cabin, where they would sit outdoors, with chairs propped against the wall, and philosophize on the desultory life of the crescent. Sometimes they would relate their adventures on the river packets and around the docks at Paducah, Cairo, St. Joe, and St. Louis. Through these Iliads of vagabondage ran an irresponsible gaiety, a nonmorality and a kind of zest for adventure. They told of their defeats and flights with as much relish and humor as their charges and victories. And while the spirit was thoroughly pagan, these accounts were full of the clichés of religion. A roustabout whom every one called the Persimmon confided to Peter that he meant to cut loose some logs in a raft up the river, float them down a little way, tie them up again, and claim the prize-money for salvaging them, God willing.

The Persimmon was a queer-looking negro; his head was a long diagonal from its peak down to his pendent lower lip, for he had no chin. The salient points on this black slope were the Persimmon's sad, protruding, yellow eyeballs, over which the lids

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always drooped about half closed. An habitual tipping of this melancholy head to one side gave the Persimmon the look of one pondering and deploring the amount of sin there was in the world. This saintly impression the Persimmon's conduct and language never bore out.

At the time of the Persimmon's remark about the raft two of Peter's callers, Jim Pink Staggs and Parson Ranson, took the roustabout to task. Jim Pink based his objection on the ground of glutting the labor market.

"If us niggahs keeps tu'nin' too many raf's loose fuh de prize-money," he warned, "somebody 's gon' git 'spishus, an' you 'll ruin a good thing."

The Persimmon absorbed this with a far-away look in his half-closed eyes.

"It 's a ticklish job," argued Parson Ranson, "an' I would n't want to wuck at de debil's task aroun' de ribber, 'ca'se you mout fall in, Persimmon, an' git drownded."

"I would n't do sich a thing a' tall," admitted the Persimmon, "but I jes nachelly got tuh git ten dollahs to he'p pay on muh divo'ce."

"I kain't see whut you want wid a divo'ce," said Jim Pink, yawning, "when you been ma'ied th'ee times widout any."

"It 's fuh a Chris'mus present," explained the Persimmon, carelessly, "fuh the woman I 'm libin' wid now. Mahaly 's a great woman fuh style. I 'm going to divo'ce both muh othuh wives, one at a time, lak muh lawyer say'."

"On what grounds?" asked Peter.

"Desuhtion."

"Desuhtion?" repeated Jim Pink.

"Uh huh; I desuhted 'em."

Jim Pink shook his head, picked up a pebble, and began idly juggling it, making it appear double, single, treble, then single again.

"Too many divo'ces in dis country now, Persimmon," he moralized.

"Well, what 's de cause uv 'em?" asked the Persimmon, suddenly bringing his protruding yellow eyes around on Jim Pink.

Jim Pink was slightly taken aback, then he said:

"'Spishun; nothin' but 'spishun."

"Yeh, 'spishun," growled the Persimmon—"'spishun an' de husban' leadin' uh irregulah life."

Jim Pink looked at his companion, curiously.

"The husban'—leadin' uh irregulah life?"

"Yeh," assented the Persimmon, grimly; "the husban' comin' home at onexpected hours. You know whut I means, Jim Pink."

Jim Pink let his pebble fall and lowered the fore legs of his chair softly to the ground.

"Now look heah, Persimmon, you don' want tuh be draggin' no foreign disco'se intuh yo' talk heah befo' Mistuh Sinuh an' Pa'son Ranson," he declared.

The Persimmon arose deliberately.

"All I want tuh say is, I drapped off'n de matrimonial tree th'ee times already, Jim Pink, an' I think I feels somebody shakin' de limb ag'in."

The old negro preacher arose, too, a little behind Jim Pink.

"Now, boys! boys!" he placated. "You jes think that, Persimmon."

"Yeh," admitted the Persimmon, "I jes think it; but if I b'lieve evahthing is so what I think is so, I 'd paht Jim Pink's wool wid a brickbat."

Parson Ranson tried to make peace,

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but the Persimmon spread his hands in a gesture that included the three men. "Now I ain't sayin' nothin'," he stated solemnly, "an' I ain't makin' no th'eats; but if anything happens, you all kain't say that nobody did n't tell nobody about nothin'."

With this the Persimmon walked to the gate, let himself out, still looking back at Jim Pink, and then started down the dusty street.

Mr. Staggs seemed uncomfortable under the Persimmon's protruding yellow stare, but finally, when the roustabout was gone, he shrugged, regained his aplomb, and remarked that some niggahs spent their time in "studyin' 'bout things they had no info'mation on whatever." Then he strolled off up the crescent in the other direction.

All this would have made fair minstrel patter if Peter Siner had shared the white conviction that every emotion expressed in a negro's patois is humorous. Unfortunately, Peter was too close to the negroes to hold such a tenet. He knew this quarrel was none the less rancorous for having been couched in the queer circumlocution of black folk. And behind it all shone the background of racial promiscuity out of which it sprang. It was like looking at an open sore that touched all of Nigger Town, men and boys, young girls and women. It caused tragedies, murders, fights, and desertions in the black village as regularly as the rotation of the calendar; yet there was no public sentiment against it. Peter wondered how this attitude of his whole people could possibly be.

With the query the memory of Ida May came back to him, with its sense of dim pathos. It seemed to Peter now as if their young and uninstructed hands had destroyed a safety-vault to filch a penny.

The reflex of a thought of Ida May always brought Peter to Cissie; it always stirred up in him a desire to make this young girl's path gentle and smooth. There was a fineness, a delicacy about Cissie that, it seemed to Peter, Ida May never possessed. Then, too, Cissie was moved by a passion for self-betterment. She deserved a cleaner field than the Nigger Town of Hooker's Bend.

Peter took Parson Ranson's arm, and the two moved to the gate by common consent. It was no longer pleasant to sit here. The quarrel they had heard somehow had flavored their surroundings.

Peter turned his steps mechanically northward up the crescent toward the Dildine cabin. Nothing now restrained him from calling on Cissie: he would keep no dinner waiting; he would not be warned and berated on his return home. The nagging, jealous love of his mother had ended.

§ 7

As the two men walked along, it was borne in upon Peter that his mother's death definitely ended one period of his life. There was no reason why he should continue his present unsettled existence. It seemed best to marry Cissie at once and go North. Further time in this place would not be good for the girl. Even if he could not lift all Nigger Town, he could at least help Cissie

Peter's thoughts came trailing back to the old negro parson hobbling at his side. He looked at the old man, hesitated a moment, then told him what was in his mind.

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Parson Ranson's face wrinkled into a grin.

"You 's gwin' ter git married?"

"And I thought I 'd have you perform the ceremony."

This suggestion threw the old negro into excitement.

"Me, Mistuh Petuh?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Why, Mistuh Petuh, I kain't jine you an' Miss Cissie Dildine."

Peter, astonished, looked at him.

"Why can't you?"

"Why n't you git a white preachuh?"

"Well," deliberated Peter, gravely, "it 's a matter of principle with me, Parson Ranson. I think we colored people ought to be more self-reliant, more self-serving. We ought to lead our own lives instead of being mere reverberations of white thought."

The old preacher nodded, staring into the dust.

Peter saw that his language, if not his thought, was far beyond his old companion's grasp, and he lacked patience to simplify himself.

"Why don't you want to marry us, Parson?"

Parson Ranson lifted his brows and filled his forehead with wrinkles.

"Well, I dunno. You an' Miss Cissie acts too much lak white fo'ks fuh a niggah lak me to jine yuh, Mistuh Petuh."

Peter made a sincere effort to be irritated, but he was not.

"That 's no way to feel. It 's exactly what I was talking about, racial self-reliance. You 've married hundreds of colored couples."

"Ya-as, suh,'—the old fellow scratched his black jaw,—"I kin yoke up a paiah uv awdina'y niggahs all right. Sometimes dey sticks, sometimes dey don't." The old man shook his white, kinky head. "I 'll bust in an' try to hitch up you-all. I—dunno whedder de ce'mony will hol' away up Nawth aw not."

"It 'll be all right anywhere, Parson," said Peter, seriously. "Your name on the marriage-certificate will. Can you write?"

"N-no, suh."

After a brief hesitation, Peter repeated determinedly:

"It 'll be all right. And, by the way, this, of course, will be a very quiet wedding."

"Yes, suh." The old man bobbed importantly.

"I would n't mention it to any one."

"No suh, no suh. I don' blame you a' tall, Mistuh Petuh, wid dat Tump Pack gallivantin' aroun' wid a fo'ty-fo'. It would keep 'mos' anybody's weddin' ve'y quiet onless he was lookin' fuh a shawt cut to heabn."

As the two negroes passed the Berry cabin, Nan Berry thrust out her spiked head and called to Peter that Captain Renfrew wanted to see him.

Peter paused with quickened interest in this strange old man who had come to his mother's death-bed with a doctor. Peter asked Nan what the captain wanted.

Nan did not know. Wince Washington had told Nan that the captain wanted to see Peter. Bluegum Frakes had told Wince; Jerry Dillihay had told Bluegum; but any further meanderings of the message, when it started, or what its details might be, Nan could not state.

It was a typical message from a resident of the white town to a denizen of Nigger Town.

(The end of the third part of "Birthright")

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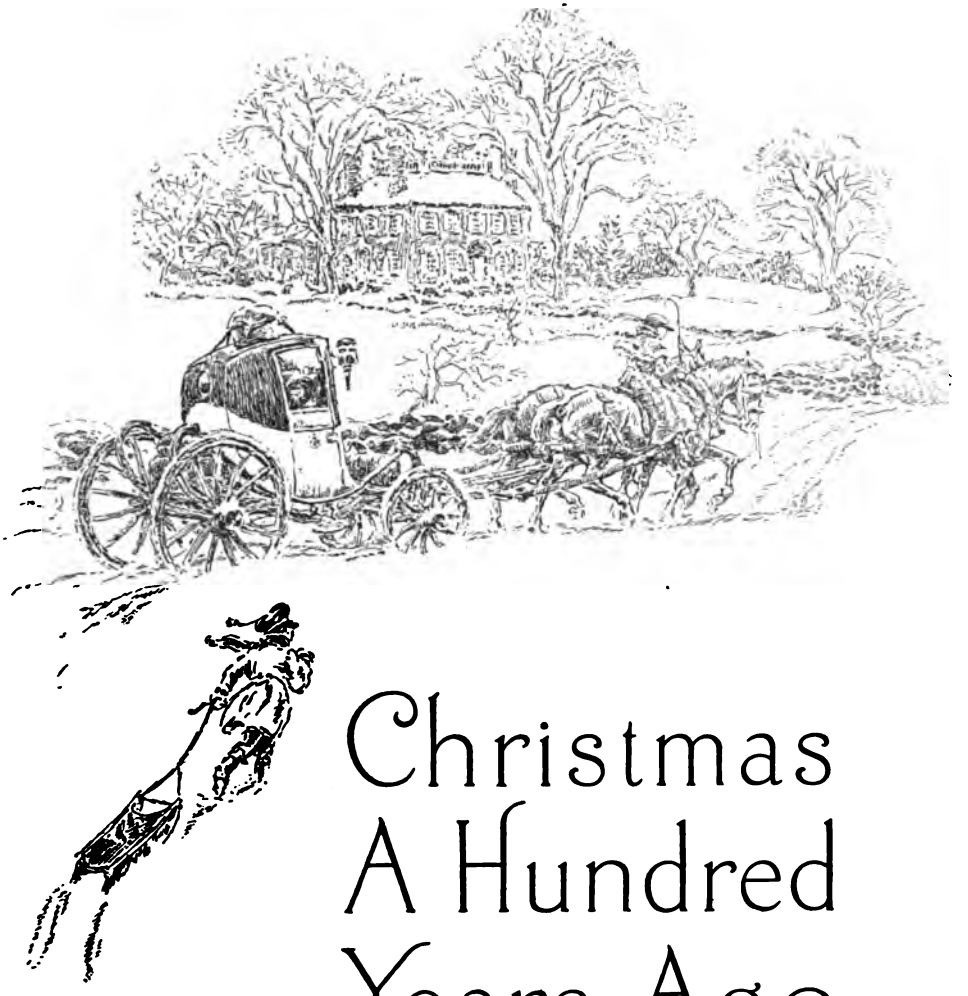

Christmas A Hundred Years Ago

Drawings by
John Wolcott Adams

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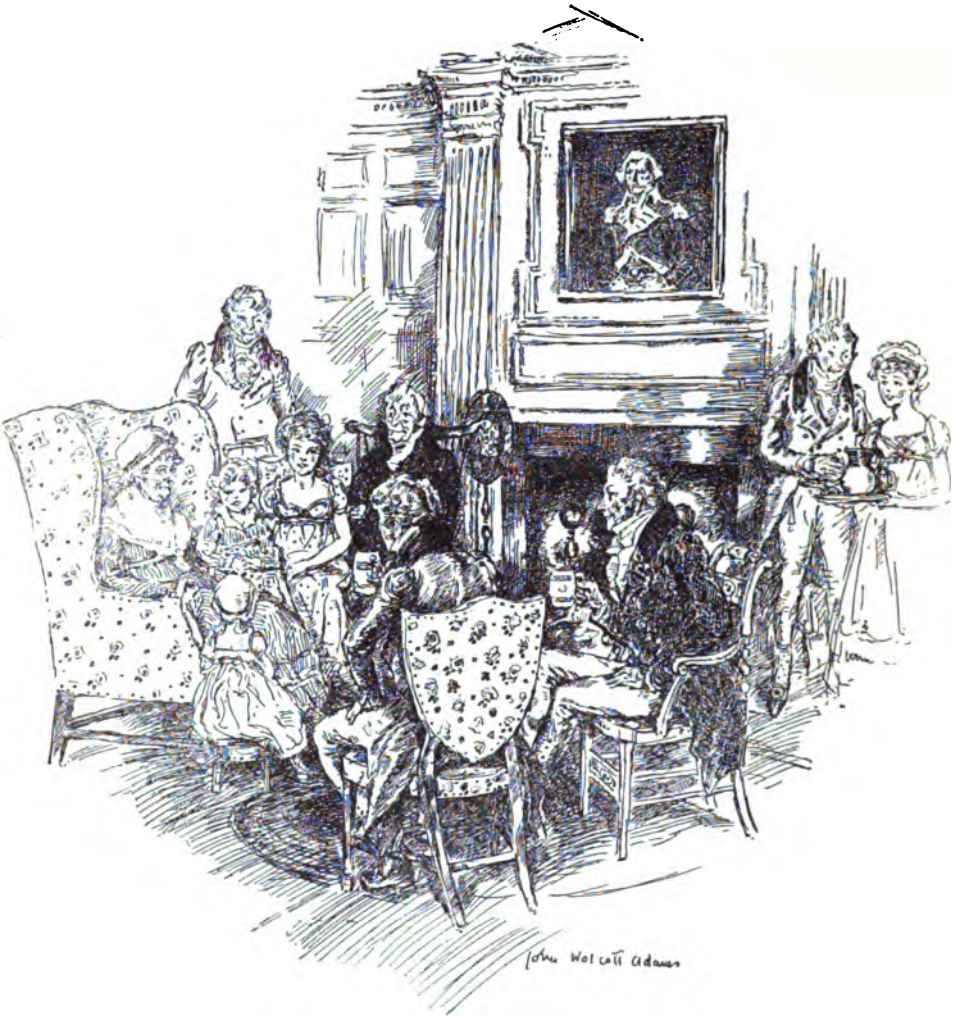

Grandma

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IT was in the quiet, and often heavy, half-hour after the great dinner that grandmother sat enthroned. It was her hour. With her bright chintz wing-chair drawn close to the blazing logs, she always saw her little circle gather eagerly before her with a certain bridling of the head and a faint flushing of her old cheeks that were like the last twilights of distant days. The children huddled about her knees for old tales, and though in the main the gentlemen still lingered over their wine behind the closed doors of the dining-room, grandmother was by no means without her old power. There sat old Cousin Humphrey, who, still unmarried, had come all the way down from his old manor-house in the Bouwerie to sit through the day with her and cherish the fond delusion that she had broken his heart. And Cousin Jackson, who smiled easily, laughed lightly, and knew the history of every mode, whether of petticoat or wimple. And there was young Nicholas Van Zandt, who listened to grandmother with great deference, but knew without looking that Betty's eyes turned ever toward him.

There was always a flash of mischief in grandmother's eyes when she told how in the winter of 1776–77 she had gone to many routs and danced with General Howe's young gentlemen till daybreak and tried to wheedle military secrets from them. And she had danced with young John André when he came back from imprisonment, she told them, a dear, pink-cheeked boy; and had wept all morning when she was told of his sad taking-off.

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The Toast

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THROUGHOUT the Christmas dinner the entire company had slyly observed Nicholas Van Zandt and young Betty, who could scarcely lift their eyes from the table, shy with the shyness of the newly betrothed. With the coming of the plum-pudding, Cousin Jackson, that irrepressible wag, arose to pledge them in good old port. Grandmother smiled as she looked at her little granddaughter Betty and young Nicholas who had claimed her; there was sadness in her smile. Her thoughts were back forty-five years to that winter in 1776 when the young men of her day, grandfather among them, had gone forth to the rigors of camp and battle without a thought of hardship. She recalled the fateful day at Bunker Hill when nearly five hundred Americans were stricken on the battle-field. How thankful she was that such a terrible disaster could never happen again! While the merriment went on around her, she regarded the young couple, pensively. Times had changed. And yet was it entirely for the better? Now that every one had his own warming-pan, was n't there grave danger that young men would grow up to be weaklings? Why, only yesterday Nicholas Van Zandt himself had complained bitterly that he had been cold and cramped while coming to town in his Uncle Edward's coach—a mere drive of fifteen miles! But, bless their hearts, they were a nice young couple! Grandma came out of her reverie and touched her lips to her glass.

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John. Wolcott Adams

Blindman's-buff

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CHRISTMAS night was license night for the youngsters: on that night no child was ever ordered to bed. If one fell by the way, and slept in some out-of-way corner before the last wax-candle guttered out, he was hastily hedged in by protecting chairs till time could be found to carry him up to bed in a more decorous fashion. There were minuets, of course, and stately country-dances; but it was not to such pleasures that the folk of a hundred years ago turned on Christmas night for sheer fun. The drill of the minuet was more a part of education than of frolic, and therefore as far removed from the Christmas spirit as a problem of Euclid, the conjugation of Latin verbs, or committing to memory whole pages of the celebrated Mr. Pope's trenchant wisdom. Games were the things: blindman's-buff, hide-and-seek, and even squat tag, noble old games which later generations relegated to the nursery contingents. But of them all, blindman's-buff stood first, because even the old could not slacken its speed or lessen its merriment; indeed, they added to its hilarity, as a clown makes the circus more enjoyable.

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The Serenade

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CHRISTMAS festivities in the New York of a hundred years ago were ushered in by the quaint custom of street singing on Christmas eve. As night settled down, young men slipped away from family gatherings, and in groups of five or six made their way by the twinkling light of lanterns along the fashionable thoroughfares of Rector and Houston streets. Then, while crinolined beauties fluttered to the windows, carols and Christmas songs, accompanied by a horn and sometimes even a fiddle, began to sound through the still, cold air. Some of these gallants came from Brooklyn, and others, when the harbor was clear of ice, even ventured from far-off Staten Island on young Vanderbilt's ferry. And when they had sung their songs before a house, its doors opened to give them warmth and cheer, especially cheer. Many a company of gay musicians roved far out the Bouwerie and even to remote Washington Square or suburban Greenwich Village. And sometimes, after the cheer had been very freely dispensed, such parties were known to grow a bit rough, and fall foul of the police. More often, however, the police, having had a bit of cheer themselves, were charitably inclined, even to the extent of helping some young fellow who fell by the wayside to a peaceful pasture off Minetta Lane or to a warm barn on Jones Street.

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The Profiteer[1]

A Story in Two Parts—Part II

By ALBERT KINROSS, *Author of* "THE TRUTH ABOUT VIGNOLLES"

Drawings by ERNEST FUHR

So far, I have dealt with only the two generations, with the children, five years of whose short lives had been passed amid the realities and deprivations of the war; impressionable years, when the mind yields readily to the heroic and sees a champion in every poor devil who has adventured, with what reluctances and hesitations Heaven alone can say. And there was my own generation, which included the elder Carey-Holts and Mrs. Tyrrell and Vignolles. With us the war had been, among other things, as a bridge, a satanic interlude; we had known something of life before its coming, and now we were back again, ennobled by it, or scarred by it, or whatever it may have done to us. The Carey-Holts, for instance, had firmly made up their minds that there had never been a war. They had, in fact, refused to tolerate it any longer. They divided life, I had quickly discovered, into components, pleasant and unpleasant. The pleasant ones they courted; the others they cut dead. "You do not exist," they seemed to say; and for them, indeed, nothing did exist but what their hearts desired. There was an older generation still, the third on our list; that of the two "in-laws," the Honorable John and the Honorable Amelia, from whose Richmond place of residence Mrs. Tyrrell and the children had been unexpectedly transplanted.

Me, for some curious reason, these two had accepted with a very effortless and genuine cordiality. I have occasionally wondered about it, and have concluded that this condescension may be explained by the fact that my mother's cousin, Mary Branston, had married the Earl of Tadcaster. That must be it, for on more than one occasion they referred to this relationship; and, indeed, it seemed to "place" me and tell them exactly who I was, in their eyes at least. Vignolles, poor chap, could provide them with nothing so solid. I saw that this worried them and made a complete mess of his other qualities. To me they were very gracious; with Vignolles they maintained an unmistakable reserve.

I called on these old people several times. I had met them frequently at the new house, and it was only decent; and, may I be forgiven for saying it, with all their pride and their condescension and their reservations, they were about the most futile pair of personages I have ever known. Nor were they particularly backward about letting me into the peculiar and fatuous phases of a history that to them, no doubt, was completely normal and ac-

[1] Synopsis of Part I in "Among Our Contributors."

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ceptable. For seventy years and over they had lived upon this planet, and it seemed to me that in all that time neither the one nor the other had done a fair day's work; nor had it ever occurred to either one of them that anything so absurd could be demanded. They had not, of course, claimed this immunity; they had merely taken it for granted.

I have often wondered what would have become of this old couple had not Vignolles appeared at exactly the right moment; for the war, playing upon their inelastic revenues, had left them very badly in the lurch. Moreover, the Honorable John, grasping at a chance remark dropped by Mr. Carey-Holt, had tried his luck upon the stock exchange and discovered that neither Mr. Carey-Holt nor his chance remarks were to be taken as infallible. Vignolles had helped them out of this affair, and at the same time had suggested to his brother-in-law that the old gentleman had better be discouraged in future; and, indeed, he had gone deep enough into the disordered finances of the two elder Tyrrells as to place these on a footing of some security. To them it appeared that he had sold out and reinvested very profitably and very wisely; to me it appeared that he had exchanged their depreciated bonds for some of his own more lucrative securities.

I have a very clear recollection of a visit I paid to them about this period, and of the tea they offered me in their little drawing-room. It was very good tea, and in fact so excellent that I remarked upon its quality and flavor.

They appreciated the compliment, and the Honorable John observed that one could trust Mrs. Tyrrell to get the "best of everything"; and next that dear old lady herself looked out on me, and with a certain childlike candor that was very winning remarked quite simply:

"To think that our boy's widow and our grandchildren should be dependent on this Mr. Vignolles!"

It was an embarrassing turn, and I had no immediate reply, nor could I feel any anger with one so old and so very helpless.

"If one only knew anything about him," she ran on, "that would make all the difference. Of course we 've met his sister and the brother-in-law who cheated John. Now, that was n't very creditable."

"Well, it turned out all right, as it happened," the old gentleman interrupted her.

"Not through any fault of his," she rapped out quite sharply. "And of course Mr. Vignolles has been kind and taken a lot of trouble; but all these new people—it is difficult to get used to them." And then the thought that had all along possessed her came suddenly to the surface as she added, "If he 'd been a gentleman, he 'd have proposed to Angela instead of making this other arrangement."

"That would have been impossible," exclaimed the Honorable John, bridling.

Berta, the girl who was somebody's secretary, shared with me the honor of this interview. She resided with her grandparents, but otherwise was very independent, and, I believe, paid her way. She smiled across at me now, as much as to say, "They do talk, don't they?"

I attempted my little diversions and tried to interest them in some other subject, half a dozen other subjects, more or less; but Vignolles and his

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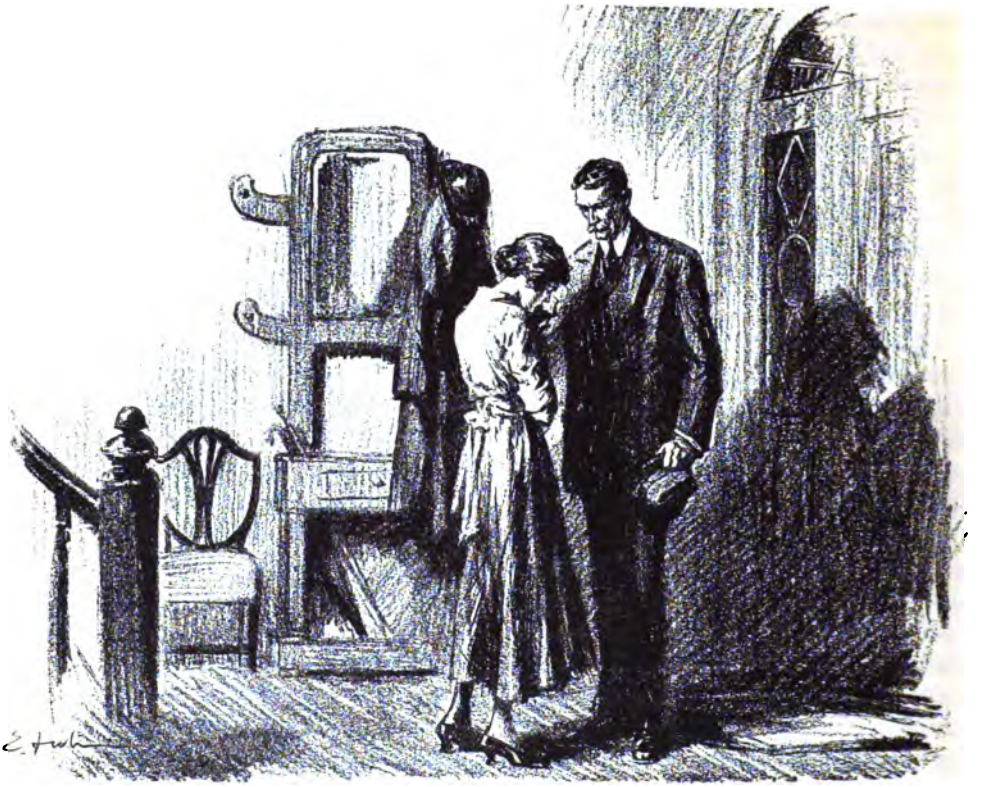

"'I don't know what you must think of us'"

social obscurity, and his not belonging to a recognizable class or circle—these were the points that mattered on this particular afternoon, and they returned to them again and yet again. They rankled, evidently.

"Now, if he were an American. One does n't mind it so much with them, does one? And I suppose they are somebody in their own country." It was the Honorable Amelia who had crossed the Atlantic and arrived at this decision on the other side.

"In any case," I said at last, "if people work, they can't very well pick and choose whom they 'll work for."

"No, I suppose not," admitted the Honorable John. "But there must be a few of us left, and perhaps Angela need n't have been so hasty."

It was no use arguing with them. I realized that, and how they had been brought up to regard people of a certain class as one thing and people of all other classes as another. Nor had Vignolles ever done anything considerable in politics or in law, or in any of those recognizable channels by which the commoner sort may enter upon a higher meeting-ground. He was most deplorably defenseless, and even the Carey-Holts, I next imagined, must in their heart of hearts regard him as some one who only by accident had escaped the category of the disreputable.

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"He 's very modest, certainly," the old lady had conceded, "and most people of that sort are rather loud."

"As long as he treats Angela with respect," the Honorable John had answered, "we must allow her to accept the situation."

"And the children," I ventured, I dare say a trifle maliciously; "they seem to find him perfect."

"Oh, children are children," remarked the Honorable Amelia; and then she laughed and explained it by adding, "When I was a little girl I 'm afraid my best friends were the servants. I was always in the stables or playing about in the housekeeper's room." The Honorable John laughed, too.

"I know we had a groom called Richards," said he, "and when I was a boy he and I used to slink off and go racing—not that for a moment I wish to compare Mr. Vignolles with poor old Richards," he corrected himself.

And then again I caught the eye of their grandchild, the independent Berta. She rose with me when I left and insisted on seeing me to the door, and told the old gentleman that he must n't trouble. And when we two were alone in the little hall she cried passionately:

"I could throw things at them, only I know they can't help it. And mother 's nearly as bad, though she 's not too old to grow out of it. I don't know what you must think of us. I often think that it 's a good job all we Tyrrells and people like us are pretty well done for. I would n't marry one of them."

She had stopped short, rather flushed and as though surprised at herself; and she looked at me through her mother's eyes and with much the same softness creeping into her face and making it more charming than I could ever have suspected.

"He 'll be a lucky chap, whoever he is," I said, taking her hand and tapping her lightly on the shoulder. I was old enough to allow myself that liberty. "A deuced lucky chap, Berta! I mean it; of course I mean it. And there 's no harm done by what your grandfather and grandmother have said about old Fred. He can stand it. He 's stood a good deal in his time, I should say, and a little more or less—"

"Can't hurt?" She finished for me.

And after that we shook hands, and I raised my hat to her and found the way downhill to Richmond Station.

§ 2

It was all very curious; it was even a little disgusting and fitted to shake one's faith in what is usually called "human nature," for there was not one of these people who in some way or another did not stand in Vignolles's debt, and not one of them had a good word to say for him. I except, of course, those three delightful children, who so far were unspoiled and had not reached the age of criticism—no, not even the full-grown Berta. I had been pleased and astonished at her outbreak on that afternoon, as she was usually quiet and not especially demonstrative. She took most things in, I had discovered, but did not give very much away; and probably that was why she had made a success of her work as somebody's secretary.

I could understand the Carey-Holts. Young and old, they were greedy, and being of the same blood with him, quite inevitably they must look upon Vignolles as their natural prey. I could even understand the older Tyr-

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rells, whose pride and whose prejudices were in these years very much on edge, and to whom my friend must appear as a final portent of disorder. To them he must have come as the proverbial last straw; for even a Jew money-lender will do no more than produce his bond and ready cash, and you are spared the horrors of his table. This the Honorable John had understood and could still understand. Not that poor old Fred bore any remote resemblance to such fowl, but most certainly he had put the older Tyrrells under obligations. And somebody *had* to put them under obligations, one felt sure, and, whoever it was, they would have hated it. But that young Mrs. Tyrrell should question Fred, she who was under no very special obligation, I did feel that that was rather strong; but, perhaps, as Berta had argued, she might get over it.

Yet, not at all, for there came a day when she turned to me, and I had to hear her rendering, or shall we describe it as her protest? It was during one of my week-ends with them and very much in the same circumstances as those that had occurred before. Fred had taken the children out for a long scramble through the fields, and Mrs. Tyrrell and I had remained behind. The gardens were, indeed, lovely at this season, when all the flowering shrubs blossomed in procession, seizing on that month before June passes quite away and carries off the year's first bounteous wonders.

Angela Tyrrell and I had stayed behind, and, to tell the cold philandering truth, it always did me good to look at her and pass an hour or two in her society. She was so absurdly pretty now that she was free from care, and young; indeed, I often thought that with each month she seemed to grow a year younger.

I told her so that morning, and added:

"If you go on like that, we 'll have to send you to school again, like Kit and Eden; or, perhaps, we 'll find you a place as somebody's secretary."

"Oh, it 's these fashions!" she exclaimed. "The way we dress to-day! It makes us all look our best—and sometimes our worst."

And yet she was not so noticeably displayed as were most of her tantalizing species at that particular epoch of jumpers and short skirts.

"Fashions?" I had answered. "No, it 's not that. You 're happy. I don't believe you 've a care in the world—of any consequence."

She knit her brow at this, and looked at me very steadily.

"How little you know," she said, "though, I suppose, I 'm foolish. Most women in my position would give a great deal to exchange with me; I 'm aware of that. But I 've had a home of my own, have n't I?"

On this enigmatic question there followed a silence. It was delicate ground, and I had no wish to intrude upon it.

"But it does hurt a little, being in another person's house," she next resumed. "Not that Mr. Vignolles is n't always considerate—too considerate. He does n't know much about women, though, does he?"

At that I was forced to smile; for a keener judge of a difficult sex in all its breeds and races, white, yellow, and brown, I had rarely met.

"Well, our class," she corrected herself. "Perhaps he does know 'women'; but there 's a difference, is n't there?"

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"I suppose there is. I 've often wondered; you see, I 've never been married to anybody, and it 's only then one knows for certain." And next I took the bull by the horns,—it was about time that somebody spoke up for him,—"All you people—I know what I 'm talking about—rather look down on dear old Fred, don't you?" She hesitated, somewhat taken by surprise, for this was hardly the kind of diversion she had expected. But I did n't stop for her. "Your father- and mother-in-law are pretty frank about it, and the Carey-Holts give themselves away whenever they get going, and you when you 're caught unawares. There 's only me and the children. And, by Jove! if he is n't the best of the whole lot of us!"

She waited a little longer before she found a reply, and then she came out with it pat and very briefly.

"He 's different from anything I 've been used to," she answered; and there, seemingly, was the end to it.

But *I* was n't done; far from it.

"You think—you think that he 's not what you call—I 'll use the hateful word—a gentleman. That he 's not what people like you and your parents call a gentleman?"

She reflected for a moment.

"I suppose it *is* that," she conceded.

"But the children don't find him so, and they 're better judges than you and I, and the future belongs to them in any case. Has it ever occurred to you," I asked more quietly, "that we of our generation will be edged out—are virtually done for?"

"Are we?" she said. "I don't feel particularly 'done for,'" and it was difficult to resist her charming smile and the humor that lurked about her voice and soft blue eyes as she said it.

But I was serious and determined.

"You 've bumped into a man—a big man," I said, "who has had the courage not to be what you call a 'gentleman.'"

She did n't quite follow me, and I could see the effort.

"What I mean is exactly this," I had continued. "Fred 's taken his own line and has n't followed other people's. And when all of you say he 's not quite right, that 's what you mean; for it 's nothing else. You 're never quite sure what he 's going to do or say. That 's it, now is n't it? And all you people 'd like to tyrannize and make him the same as everybody else and say and do what *you* like. If he 'd been that kind and soft and common—well, there would have been no garden and no house for us here; and you—you can guess what I might say, but I won't say."

"The children and I would still be at Richmond?" She faced that courageously. "Go on, do go on," she said; "I rather like it."

I went on:

"After all, there must be a few people who don't cringe and lie, and who say straight out what they think, and who are n't afraid of loving and who are n't afraid of hating, and who don't care whether they 're rich or poor, and don't expect to be kept in the one case and are n't fat parasites in the other. After all, Fred 's giving the world some value for its money. Dashed good value, I should say!"

My eyes were resting straight on her, and there they stayed, taking in her full-blown beauty. For these last moments she seemed to have expanded and warmed and completed herself, as though she had been a flower; as though she had opened and filled like a

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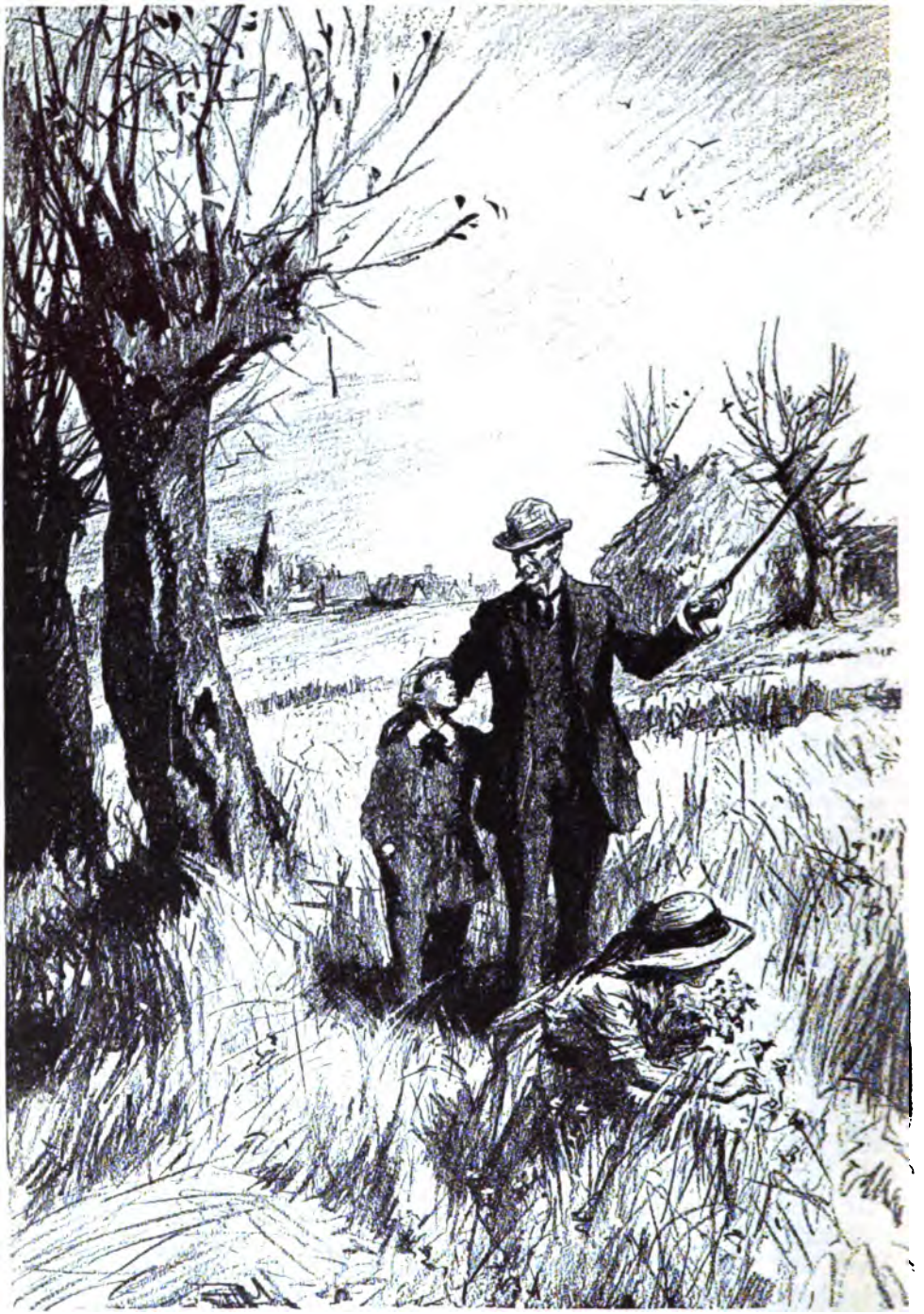

"Fred had taken the children out for a long scramble through the fields, and Mrs. Tyrrell and I had remained behind"

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rose kissed wide by the sun. And then she moved toward me, one step closer, and in her low, sweet voice said:

"I see, I see. It had never occurred to me. A woman looks in, perhaps, too much, instead of looking out. And I 'm forgetting all about the Sunday dinner, am I not?" she ended. "You 'll amuse yourself for a little while?"

She was gone, leaving me alone on the big lawn by the greenhouses; and I was feeling rather the better for having said my say, and if I took the path through the wood, I 'd be sure to run into Fred Vignolles and the children, and if I did n't, it would n't much matter.

But I did, and at table—we were just the five of us—there was the usual scramble as to who should sit next to Uncle Fred. It was Kit's turn, it seemed, but, being a lady and therefore less law-abiding, Eden had jumped his claim and was installed. Yes, it was quite clear, those children owned him now; he was their property, and they called him Uncle Fred, because, if he called them Kit and Eden and took other liberties, surely they had the right to call him Fred. And the "Uncle" was, first, a concession to his years and maturity; secondly, to his rank in our vanished armies, still cherished by these children; and thirdly, to euphony and to convenience. They had argued it out among the three of them, and after a hot debate had arrived at this decision.

§ 3

I do not know that Vignolles would have been especially interested in all these discussions, or that he would have cared very much whether these people approved of him or whether they did n't; and so secure seemed his serenity that it more than once occurred to me how no one would have been more astonished than just he, had he discovered that his doings and his shortcomings were being dissected with so great a heat and from so many different points of view and angles. He gave no sign of any inklings or least suspicion of the truth; he was invariably the same, and just now deeply committed and engaged with his many tasks and duties. He did get impatient once or twice, expressing himself with his usual vigor; but that was quite outside his private affairs or his domestic circumstances.

The newspapers had discovered him at last, and had agreed that he was what they called "a personality." He was keen on the disabled soldier, the workless, and every other kind of soldier, and he had said some characteristically downright things about the government departments concerned, about some of the trades-unions, and also about certain of our big employers. He had said them in committee and at semi-private meetings, yet somehow they had got into those confounded newspapers! And he did n't mind *that* so much, but what he did mind was that, instead of dwelling on the matters he had at heart and which were of a real consequence, the most of these wretched journals had merely exploited *him*; had seized with a strange tenacity upon Fred Vignolles, and let the rest go hang. He did n't at all like it.

"But you can't help that," I explained one day as we were strolling arm in arm down St. James's Street after one of these very committee-meetings; for I was in it, too, a little, though hardly very much in the lime-

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light, where circumstance, leisure, and a very clear sense of duty had placed my friend.

"You 've been out of England too long, and just now, I 'm afraid, England 's all politics and newspapers," I had pursued. "Especially newspapers. Modern civilization 's mostly getting things into them or keeping things out,—keeping 'em out, I fancy, —and we 've got to swallow it."

"But why all this nonsense about *me?*" he answered. "I don't want anything."

"That alone must make you something of a novelty, and they 're after new things, are n't they? That 's why they are called newspapers."

I was enjoying my own little joke when suddenly he, too, started to chuckle. But not at me, or at anything I had said or left unsaid; for presently he came out with it:

"You know those two old Tyrrells," he began, "the Honorable John and the Honorable Amelia, who fancy themselves so enormously and think that they 're the products of a separate act of creation—well, they 're enormously impressed by it, and so 's my sister and Carey-Holt. And they can't hide it!"

We had reached the club where we were lunching, and, seated at our corner table, he reverted to this topic.

"You see, people like me, when we get into those confounded newspapers, begin to count. Rather ridiculous, ain't it?"

"It 's a ridiculous world," I assured him. "Why, even this place"—and I looked round at its pillars and its marbles and its waiters and waitresses with brass buttons and a kind of uniform—"even this place, if you belong to it. You 're supposed to be a Conservative. Are you one?"

"Blest if I know," said Vignolles. "It was handy, and there was a fellow who offered to put me up. They give you a very good lunch, and it 's fairly reasonable; cheaper than those damned restaurants, where they stick you and look quite hurt if you don't go strong on the wine-list." Next he wandered back to the older Tyrrells, for it appeared that the Honorable John had been having another little flutter and had been caught short—it was some kind of oils—and had n't the ready cash to meet the difference.

"If the old fellow will gamble," I said curtly, "he must stand the racket."

"Must he?" smiled Vignolles. "I think I 'll let the old lady and Berta give him a good wigging, and then, perhaps, I 'll sail in and lend him the hundred or two he 's asked for. Poor old chap! he 's been brought up to regard backing horses, cards, and the stock exchange as Great Britain's leading industries!"

He dwelt for a moment longer with the Honorable John and likewise with the Honorable Amelia.

"That old couple," he pursued, "I know they think me mud—as the dirt under their feet. They 've said as much to you, have n't they?"

"They did n't put it quite so picturesquely."

"And the Carey-Holts," he ran on, "my sister and all that lot, can't get over my having a bit of money. I suppose they 're a trifle disappointed. Blurted it out to you, I 'll bet. You 've a knack of worming out these confidences." He laughed aloud at me. "Are n't I an instance?" he asked. "I 'm telling you all I know and a little you did n't want me to know. They 're all divided among themselves and all united in thinking me the limit."

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I let him go on, for I could n't deny it, though I had never suspected him of seeing so far into them and showing neither displeasure nor disgust at what I, certainly, would have resented.

"And young Mrs. Tyrrell," he added now. "She 's a trifle critical. But Kit and Eden and I don't care for anybody, and I bet Berta 's on our side. It 's all very natural though, is n't it?"

It did n't seem so very natural to me, and I began to say as much. But he interrupted me.

"Those poor old Tyrrells!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see that they 've never had a chance? They 've been most shamefully neglected—just like the poor devils you meet down in Lambeth or any other slum, only they 're at the top end instead of at the bottom. Never learned anything at school, never been anywhere, never done anything, never been kicked into doing anything. Oh, they 're all right. If they 'd only had a fair chance, they might have been something rather splendid. Too late, now, is n't it? No good producing people of that kind unless you give them money and lots of responsibility, and they 've never had either. They 've been cheated, and so they 've had to dig themselves in behind their prejudices, just like the anarchists and communists and socialists and all those other fellows one hears so much about and who are at the other end of it. If old John had come of a less exalted stock, perhaps he 'd have been one of that lot, and out to skin people openly—on paper or with his mouth or somehow safe. Though I believe the old chap would have had the pluck and breeding to come out fair and square instead of skulking."

We had reached the club smoking-room by now, and apparently he was enjoying these dissertations; for, seated in comfort, he came next to the Carey-Holts, his sister and his brother-in-law. He had no illusions about them, either.

"They 're my own tribe, I suppose, and the tribe I 've escaped," was how he read them. "Perhaps I 'd have finished up like that myself if I 'd been a good little boy and honored my parents. Now I 've got some money, they feel they 've a right to it. But don't they feel that they 've a right to all the money in the world—if they can get hold of it? That 's their view of life or their religion. It 's the sort of thing you rather come to in London, in Paris, in New York—in all the big cities. You 've got to get money there or go under. And so you begin to make a god of money, and gradually it displaces the old gods whom one would like to see kept alive. 'Old-fashioned,' Carey-Holt would say. But you can't quite help it when you 've known great skies of stars, and watched the sun come up or drop below the ranges, or when you 've played your life against the wonder of the sea. Or, perhaps, you 've kicked up a few coins in the drifting sands of the desert and found the carving on a broken column; and you know that a thousand cities have risen and disappeared, and their Carey-Holts with them. But the stars have n't changed, and the sun has n't changed, and the hearts of kids like Kit and Eden. Poor old Carey-Holt! He can't help it."

And next there was Angela Tyrrell, and I wondered, with his curious insight, which nothing escaped, which revealed everything, whether it had found a clue to her.

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It had, seemingly; for now he produced a letter from an inside pocket. "Look at this," he said, handing it over.

I unfolded the thing. It was written on the one page and dated from the house on the edge of the country, and at the foot I read, "Angela Tyrrell." And next I attacked the note itself, which ran:

Dear Mr. Vignolles:

There are certain personal and private reasons why our present arrangement must come to an end. I need not enter into them, for it is sufficient to state that they exist. Of course I am not going to leave you in the lurch, but as soon as you have found a successor, I should be glad to hear of it, so that I could make my plans accordingly. You may rest assured that I shall never forget your kindness and consideration, and that the children, could they express themselves, would be in full agreement with

Yours most sincerely
ANGELA TYRRELL.

I whistled when I had read this. I folded it and returned it.

"Rather a blow, is n't it?" I asked; and then, on a moment's reflection, "So charming a woman, of course one might expect it."

"I did expect it," he answered, unconcerned.

"Marrying again," I said.

"Sure," he replied; and next, dismissing the matter, "She 's had a little difficulty in swallowing me as well. You seem to be in everybody's confidence." He smiled with his curious eyes, the youth and vitality of which were always to me striking.

He did not wait for my answer; indeed, any answer to that would have been rather beyond me. She *had* had a little difficulty in swallowing him; but who was I to report as to whether she had or as to whether she had n't?

Vignolles had interrupted these reflections with a question, or was it a reminiscence? I confess that the point of it escaped me at the time.

"You remember," he had asked suddenly, "the little dun mare I used to ride—the one I had at Kantara?"

I remembered it perfectly.

"The other fellows had given her up. She would n't pass this and she would n't pass that and she shied at her own shadow; she had nerves and she was afraid, so everybody told me. Well, when I 'd had her a month or two, I could make her pass anything. I don't think I did more than talk to her and stroke her nose. Angela Tyrrell's a trifle like that little mare," he ended thoughtfully; "more than a trifle."

§ 4

It was altogether inexplicable and, in a way, painful. Vignolles would lose those two delightful kids that he was set upon, and they would lose Vignolles, and I doubted whether this new man—I was already picturing him, and rather jealously—would prove anything but a poor substitute for my big-hearted friend, as to whose unconcern—he had acted it very cleverly—was it not merely a cloak under which he hid the hurt he had sustained? A deep wound, I felt it must be, for all his acting and all his cleverness; and my imagination raced, and I saw the house, that warm nest he had made for them, standing cheerless, standing emptied, and he doing his best to get over it. And I saw, too, the Carey-Holts, all four of them, rubbing their hands together and plucking up courage; and the two old Tyrrells hovering round and questioning and

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getting the right answer—the man was one of the well-groomed, one of the self-satisfied, one of their own dull sort. And then I saw Kit and Eden having to part with their Uncle Fred, and setting up no end of a howl at the cruel prospect. I think I must have spent a very miserable evening. And next day there was Berta, whom I had invited to dinner and a theater; for I felt that, apart from her always invigorating company, it was up to me to give her some change in the round of being somebody's secretary.

"What do *you* think of it?" I had asked her as she helped herself to a cigarette and dropped a pill of that wretched saccharin into her coffee. "Your mother 's leaving us, and all that? But of course I 'm a trifle jealous; bound to be."

Berta looked at me and looked at me; so I went into the crude details.

"Mother 's chucked her job!" she exclaimed. "It 's the first I 've heard of it."

"Of course—so charming a woman—it 's very natural."

"Natural fiddlesticks!" Berta had interrupted. "What *are* you talking about?" She was a very direct young person, like all these samples of the new generation that now are trampling on our slower-moving heels.

"Well, I 'll come out with it," said I.

"Do," said Berta.

"I suppose your mother 's going to marry again—and so does Fred."

Berta laughed. She rolled in her chair like a silly school-boy and roared at us, for I include old Fred, whom I had merely quoted.

"You suppose that, do you?" she asked, shaking out of her eyes some of the hair that she wore short and rather in a mop, and looking across at me with an expression which plainly conveyed that she thought me something not very far removed from an infant.

"I 'll run down and see mother," she said next; and then, smiling out at me, very frankly, and with that big-brotherly air she often produced, added, "Mother 's gone potty on old Fred, and the joke is she does n't know it!"

It was irreverent, it was most deucedly irreverent, but with this younger and newer generation one was growing used to that.

"What evidence?" I asked, aiming at severity, and making, I believe, rather a hash of it. "What evidence have you?" I repeated.

"Oh, one just knows. Either one does or else one does n't."

"I suppose even you make mistakes sometimes," I replied to this, "though you *will* be nineteen next birthday and you pay for your own frocks."

She disregarded this superiority, and, rising from her chair, said:

"All right; I thought I 'd tell you. And what about that old play?"

We reached it just in time to see the curtain rise and some guests being announced in a bright-green drawing-room. And then they talked and talked and talked away instead of getting on with the business. Berta seemed to enjoy it all, though I confess I did n't.

§ 5

The mystery was none the clearer when, on the next day, I received a brief, yet jubilant, message from Fred Vignolles, in which he announced that Angela and he were getting married. He said:

And you 're to be best man and a witness and all that. It 'll be very

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quiet; we 're fixing it up with the parson here, and it 's not getting into those confounded newspapers. Angela 's got some shopping to do, and I 've got a committee. We 'll look you up in a day or two and tell you all about it.

Of course I was impatient, but really I had n't very long to wait before they sent a wire, and in the afternoon came up themselves, Fred rather hurried and late for some engagement in the City.

"You 'll give Angela tea and let her rest a little," he said after I had done with my congratulations and he had explained that he had to be off again at once. "I 'll be back as soon as they let me," he ended, "and you 'll take care of her. I can find my way out; don't trouble," and he was gone. And there was Angela, lovely, quite radiant, and following him to the doorway with her eyes.

I rang for tea, and my man served it; and when he was done, I asked:

"What 's all this? I 'm dying—I 'm simply dying to hear."

She smiled her soft, mysterious smile, so full of secret happiness; but even that did n't take me very much further.

"When you 've done smiling," I said, "and looking beautiful. Yes, you do look beautiful."

She liked that, too, and glowed to it.

"You 're unendurably pretty—"

"Am I? I feel it," she said quite simply, and turning to me lazily and with her usual frankness, she added, "You dear man, it 's your fault."

I shook my head at this, for it was n't very clear.

"Why mine?" I asked.

"When I was a little fool,—that seems ages ago now,—when I behaved and talked like a little fool, did n't you always stick up for Fred?"

"Oh, that," I answered; "anybody would have done that."

"Nobody else did—nobody grown up; and you made me see him at last as he is, and not as I wanted him to be. He 's bigger, ever so much bigger, than the man I wanted him to be. He 's bigger than any of us, and yet we all had the impertinence to sneer and to criticize. I don't think I 'd have discovered that if you had n't scolded so. You *did* scold, and I deserved it, of course. If I had n't deserved it, you would n't have scolded."

She had paused here, and I nodded, for I was beginning to understand,—a little with Berta's help, too,—as I remembered how Berta had sized her mother up as being undecided, on the fence, so to speak: she might come down on our side, the right side, or she might choose for the other, for the tradition of the older Tyrrells. She had, however, come over to us, come to us now quite definitely. She was young enough for that; she had sufficient force and vitality.

"I 'm glad," I almost shouted as I realized what I have endeavored to express, though lamely, I fancy.

Yet all this did n't take us very much further, and next I found myself asking:

"Why did you write that letter—that letter giving Fred notice, throwing up your job?"

"I don't know; I could n't help it. As long as I did n't think much about him,—rather despised him; for I did despise him,—I never questioned. I could have stayed on forever like that," she now explained. "But when I left off being a little snob and a little cad and saw him as he was and saw what a little beast I was, then I had to go. I could n't stay; I simply had to go."

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She was done, and though I offered no comment, I thought the more.

"And Fred?" I asked at last.

"Oh, he looked up at me—I had come in to his study, and he was sitting at the writing-desk. I had come in to see him about the housekeeping—about the checks and things. He was busy when I came in, and he 'd had my letter giving notice, and he had n't said anything, and it had n't made a bit of difference. My letter was on the desk. He held it up to me, and said, quite cold and business-like, 'I ought to have answered this, I suppose.'"

She was enjoying it all, and she paused before she went on again.

"I did n't quite know what to say, for I had grown a little afraid of him, and he was looking up at me; and then his eyes softened, and next he just took me—simply took me—just as if I 'd been Kit or Eden, just as if I 'd been a child. And then I first knew what love was; I 'd never known till then. I 'm telling you this—I don't know why I 'm telling you this, but one has to tell somebody. And I don't know that I could talk about it to Fred—not now, when one is living it. Oh, if you talk about things you feel and do together, it 's not right, is it? Because there are n't words, really. Of course it 's foolish of me to go on like this—an old woman with

"'I 'll be back as soon as they let me,' he ended, 'and you 'll take care of her'"

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three big children, is n't it? But till now I did n't know. I was just a girl before, and Arthur loved me, and I let him love me, that was all. Perhaps it 's cruel and wrong of me to say it; but when one 's a girl, one does n't know, does one?"

It seemed to me, as I listened to her then, as I had never listened to her before and as I have never listened to her since, that it did her good to say these things. So much of what she had said was new to her—so very much! And there was I, old and spent and gray and rather like a father confessor or some fat priest. I made the comparison aloud, at any rate; it might change her mood or bring a laugh.

It did both.

"Yes, you would have made a very good priest," she answered, smiling, and her old untroubled self again. "You ought to have been a Catholic, and then they 'd have made you a bishop."

"If you say so," I replied; "but, still, I 'm some use as I am."

I remember that I was rather glad when Fred came back and took her away from me; for, after all, it hurt a little—it hurt a good deal more than a little.

"You 're spending the week-end with us," they said before they left. "It 'll be the last till we come back again."

They went after that, and I saw them down-stairs to the car that was waiting in the dusk of a November evening; and going back to my rooms, I stirred the fire and looked out of the window at the naked trees. It was solitary up here; lonely, dashed lonely!

§ 6

I remember that next week-end with a peculiar fullness, for everything and everybody seemed changed, down to the very servants, who had all grown sentimental and were wallowing, positively wallowing, in this sudden outbreak of romance. It moved them, this story with its "happy ending" all complete, and I could understand them and forgive them; for was it not one of their most cherished legends come to life—had not our most popular writers built their fortunes on this identical complication?

And the two older Tyrrells, the Honorable John and the Honorable Amelia, who had been here as watch-dogs ever since they had heard the news? They had safeguarded the proprieties, they were full of an importance; they were Mr. and Mrs. Grundy. The world had found a use for them at last. And they had put by their objections, stood neither aloof nor coldly critical; rather the reverse.

"She 's making a good match, a rare good match," the Honorable John confided to me; "and, you know, after all, he is n't a bad fellow. A very good fellow, when you really know him."

The Honorable Amelia agreed with this estimate, apparently; for she nodded wisely.

"It 's such an excellent thing for the children," she added to her husband's summary. "Mr. Vignolles is not very young; but Angela 's not far from forty. Yes, I think it 's a very good match, considering."

Beside the two old Tyrrells, on the Sunday we had a visit from the head of their house, the earl and his countess, hitherto invisible and mysterious figures who had somehow only been held over our unworthy heads. They had materialized at last, quite a youngish couple, who had driven up from some-

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where, left their cards, and stayed to tea. The Honorable John was full of it; took, indeed, some little time to get over it, though his nephew or his great-nephew, I forget the exact relationship, appeared to be a very modest fellow, and, if anything, somewhat afraid of us. Neither he nor his lady seemed to have any great illusions about their superiority to common folk. They had the title, and it was a luxury that cost no end to keep up and involved all manner of duties, and one could n't in any way get out of it. Such might have been their view of the thing. They implied as much, strolling through the grounds and admiring the completeness of the little place. I think they envied Fred his simpler state.

Nor must I omit the Carey-Holts, who had motored down with *their* congratulations; and I will say this much for them, now that the decision had been declared, they took their defeat like sportsmen. "You 've won," Mrs. Carey-Holt might have said to Angela; "and there 's an end to it." But of course she never said anything of the kind; yet, for all that, she and the stockbroker and the two young people were uncommonly decent, the girl sizing up the situation as it affected the whole of them, when, getting me apart she said:

"It is n't as though Uncle Fred were marrying a nobody. Of course he has a perfect right to do as he pleases."

Through all these people, and through all this coming and going, I have still a vision of Kit and Eden, both hugely excited and full of the infection that was in the air, passing from group to group, being called to and petted, and every now and again bewildered by these grown-ups and the fuss that they were making.

And, lastly, there was Fred, looking out on us all, unchanged, and rather impassive, as though, something like the children, he, too, was wondering why all these people should press round in a matter that primarily concerned only Angela Tyrrell and himself.

§ 7

After supper the house quieted down a little, and presently Angela and the old people went their way, and only Fred and I were left of that whole host. Before turning in for the night we went up to his den. It was peaceful there, and comfortable.

We smoked our cigars and sat in two big chairs, with the firelight playing between us, and my thoughts went back to the day when, returned from his wanderings, he had told me how the war had unexpectedly given him a fortune, and of his desire "to do some good with it." And next I dwelt on that quaint advertisement he had put into the newspapers, and his war-widows and their children, and how he had lit on Angela Tyrrell. A year had passed since then, a year and over, and Angela Tyrrell had been living here a good many months.

I recalled the whole affair to him, went over its outstanding phases.

"To think that it should end like this!" I said.

"It might have ended worse, might n't it?" he asked, smiling that curious, semi-detached, and wholly philosophic smile of his that was baffling to the common egoist. I nodded.

"You took your time over it," I said; "you spotted the children pretty quick, but it took you rather a long time to discover a very charming woman, did n't it?"

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"Five minutes," he answered; "five minutes."

"You old rascal!" I gasped, sitting bolt upright in my chair. "You old rascal! Do you mean to say that all along you 've been deceiving us—that it was n't the children?"

"Well, of course," he added, "I wanted the children; but they grow up and go away from you, and then?"

"Do you mean to say that you plotted the whole thing out, and that—"

"I mean to say that I met exactly the right woman and gave myself the chance of winning her."

"By Gad! you are a wonder, you always were a wonder!" was the only answer I could find to this.

"Not always. By Jove not!" he corrected me. "But I have met a woman before to-day, if that 's what you mean."

"I never doubted it; but to take us all in!" I seemed at the moment unable to get over that part of the business.

He explained matters further, and, perhaps, he owed me this last confidence; or, like Angela Tyrrell, he felt a human need to "tell somebody."

"I might have been deceiving myself as well as you," he had pursued, "and, in any case, Kit and Eden were all right; but when I got that letter giving me notice,—I showed it to you,—then I knew."

"Knew what?"

"That if I asked Angela to stay here, she would stay."

"You mean it told you—it told you she was fond of you?"

"If you like to put it that way."

Angela herself had already put it very much stronger, but I could n't well tell him so, could I?

"But how did you *know?*" I asked. "How did you *know?*"

"You dear old idiot, was n't I waiting for it? Did n't I know that if she cared, she could n't very well stay on—as a housekeeper?"

He was right, and again Angela herself was my authority.

"So you waited for that, did you?"

"Look here, old thing, it had to happen in one of three ways, had n't it?"

He expected me to follow this, but I did n't.

"I see I had better explain," he now continued. "I might have proposed then and there, after five minutes, might n't I? But that would have been ridiculous, so we 'll count it out.

"Or, secondly, I could have waited for a few months, and then I could have proposed romantically, as we used to do when we were young and foolish. Angela might have accepted me or she might not. She probably would n't; but assuming she had, she would have argued this way about it: 'Poor old thing, I 'd better take pity on him.' And 'poor old thing' I 'd have been to her for the rest of my days. So many wives are like that, and so many husbands. You may have noticed it?"

I had noticed *that.*

"They marry some poor devil to put him out of his pain, and they 're sorry for him ever afterward. I can't say that I wanted to be pitied. Never have done, never will do. But there was one other way. I was sure enough of myself—"

"You mean to say you left it to her to do the rest, and that 's what that letter of hers comes to?"

"It 's no good marrying a woman unless she cares for you," he parried, "is it? And I 've wanted that—wanted that most damnably for Lord knows how many years!"

(The end of "The Profiteer)

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White Australia and Pink Queensland

By Frazier Hunt

I THINK that the man who first painted white Australia in vivid colors for me was the guard on the train that had the Brisbane end of the Brisbane-Sydney run. I suppose what attracted him to my compartment was my American accent. He started talking to me about what odd habits Americans had, and how a friend of his who had been in the States had remarked to him that Americans were rare birds because they ate with the fork in the right hand. I wanted some more of these strange and unique observations, so I asked him to have a seat alongside me.

We talked railroading for a time, and then swung into the popular topic of the high cost of existence, and from there to union hours and Lloyd George, and finally I sprang white Australia on him.

"We don't want any of those brown beggars in here," he explained to me. "They work twice as long, and for one half the pay we work for. No, sir; we 're going to keep Australia clean white; we 'll fight England or Japan or anybody for that. Ugh! there 's one of those Japanese gents in the front compartment of this car. He is a traveling salesman, but I hate him just the same. They got to whip us before they can come in here. I was cold on this conscription for the Great War, but they can take me any time to fight those Japs."

Nothing else had got him so interested. He was talking now with sober, repressed sincerity. He was stating a political code that to him was nothing short of religion.

§ 2

That 's exactly what this doctrine of white Australia is—a religion; the fervent, fanatical, and sacred determination of five and a half million people to keep a great continent for themselves, for their own race and color and faith.

To the great majority of Australians this new religion of Oriental exclusion at any cost and at any sacrifice is a living, breathing thing, just as it was to this train guard in Queensland. It *is* Australia. She will fight for it and she will die for it. No League of Nations, no association of nations, not even the British Empire, can force her to change this religion. It is her very life.

On its face-value one might easily suggest that even if this is a political religion, it is distinctly Australia's business and of little importance to the rest of the world. But this is a wrong conclusion, because it is distinctly of grave importance to the peace and welfare of the whole world. For this doctrine of white Australia has a tremendous bearing on the whole question of racial equality that Japan very probably will force into the disarmament conference at Washington.

Let me explain this as simply and

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directly as I can. At any moment that Japan feels she is being too sorely pressed she can throw the delicate machinery of the conference out of gear by injecting into it a strong, determined demand that the principle and fact of racial equality and equal emigration privileges be recognized and enforced by the British Empire and the United States. She can throw the conference out of gear because this demand cannot be answered favorably, and consequently she can sell dearly its withdrawal.

Against this demand Australia stands like a Gibraltar. It is a rock that may shipwreck the whole conference. The United States, embarrassed by the anti-Japanese mood of her own coast States, and the British Empire, overwhelmed by the religious surge of white Australia, supported by Canada, are both helpless before this possible demand of the Japanese.

And it may be shouted at any moment with greater vehemence and determination than it has ever been cried before. It is one of the unanswerables, one of the unsolvables. For, eventually, with Japan will be the great voice of China, with her 400,000,000, and India, with 314,000,000. It is the ultimate cry of more than one half of the peoples of this earth—people still barely learning to lisp, yet whose voice some day will shake the world.

I shall never forget an evening that I spent in Shanghai a year ago with one of the most astute and gifted statesmen of China. We had been talking for three or four hours when finally, in an impulsive burst of confidence, he turned to me and said:

"China made a serious and vital mistake at the Paris conference when she did not throw aside all her quarrels with Japan over Shan-tung and the Twenty-one Demands, and stand shoulder to shoulder with her in her fight for racial equality."

Now China and Japan are again seated at opposite ends of a conference table. In a surge of hate and fear of Japanese imperialism China may again forget this racial and religious union that binds them together against the white Christian West, but Japan's voice alone will be enough to startle the conference, and sooner or later China will stand with Japan.

Her people along with those of Japan are excluded from America and from Australia, and that hurts deeply and lastingly. But that is of the future, while to-day the strident voices of 60,000,000 insulted and disgruntled Japanese can be heard asking for equality.

Australians refuse and will continue to refuse to heed this clamoring. Nothing can change them. They are determined to keep their great, quarter-developed continent for themselves, and to keep it at any cost and any sacrifice. To-day no Asiatic native can enter Australia unless he is a student, merchant, or traveler. An elastic educational test that all immigrants must pass keeps him out, a fifty-word dictation test that may include any and all European languages. There is no written law that discriminates against him in any way; he simply must pass an educational test that may be stretched to exclude a coolie who might be learned enough to wear a Phi Beta Kappa pin.

This religion of a white Australia is no sudden burst of racial hate or fear of invasion; it is a slow-moving, ever-increasing political philosophy

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that has now reached to the very roots of Australia's national soul. It was born two decades ago of purely economic parentage. At that time there were a few thousand Oriental coolies in the country, and some thousands of Kanaka laborers in the sugar districts of northern Queensland. But there were enough Asiatics and South Sea natives to prove to the Australian workmen that direct competition with the cheap coolies of Asia, with their low standard of living, was a brutal, unnecessary test. Though it was Australian workmen who first demanded a white Australia, it is the Australian middle-class nationalists, with all their pride of country and race and color, whose voices are loudest now in spreading this political religion.

§ 3

Australia has a greater land area than the United States, excluding Alaska, yet her total white population is less than five and one half millions. Of the non-Europeans there are a total of 37,301, made up as follows: 22,753 Chinese (one fourth British born); 5993 Hindus and other Indian races; 3000 Japanese; 2604 other Asiatics; 2524 Polynesians; and 427 others. In addition there are estimated to be 30,000 Australian aboriginals.

Of the great area of Australia about one third is or can be made productive; two thirds make up the Never-Never Country, which is good for little else than fiction. But this one third can easily support 100,000,000 people, and Australia to-day has fewer inhabitants than the single city of New York.

The northeast country is tropical and semi-tropical, and here are millions of acres of undeveloped lands that can be used for sugar, cotton, and other tropical and semi-tropical products. It is particularly in this tropical district, where Asiatic coolies and Kanaka laborers could be permanently settled, that one faces the great moral issue of the right of a nation to build a wall of exclusion around itself while its rich lands lie idle and undeveloped.

Scientists have been wrangling for generations over the effect of tropical life on the white man. This question has a deep bearing on the whole question of a white Australia. Last year, while I was in Brisbane, Queensland, the National Medical Conference devoted an entire session to the discussion of this very point. Medical men who had lived for years in the tropical sugar-cane country of northern Queensland gave it as their opinion that white men *could* live and prosper in the tropics if they took proper care of themselves.

This pronouncement was hailed with delight by the white Australianists. They were not cheating the world of the food that must some day be grown in these tropical lands that to-day are fallow. They point to the Queensland sugar plantations as their proof.

From the beginning these plantations were worked by indentured Kanaka labor from the South Sea Islands. To all intents and purposes these ignorant blacks were virtually slaves. The workmen of Australia started the agitation against this "slave trade," and eventually the whole of the country was lighted up by a blaze of moral indignation over this labor.

Notice was given to the planters that after a specified time a white-Australian policy would be enforced and colored labor would be abolished.

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A wail of protest went up from sugar-planters and "blackbirders" who profited in the procuring and transportation of the Kanaka laborers, but it was of no use. In due time the South Sea Islanders were shipped back to their homes, and the irate planters were appeased by a government grant of six pounds sterling for every ton of sugar they produced thereafter.

With many misgivings white laborers were put into the cane-fields to take the place of the Kanakas, and, to the surprise of a good many, they were able not only to do the tropical work, but to do more and better work per man than the imported workers. They were more expensive, of course, but the subsidy took care of this difference.

It was a great boon for white Australia. "White men, good strong Europeans of our own color and own religions, are what we want," all Australia said. "We are going to keep our race pure; we are going to keep Australia for ourselves."

§ 4

Little by little this determination has grown until to-day it is the soul of Australia's national life. From my train guard up to Premier Hughes this is a settled conviction. Certainly, it is part of the heart and mind of this strange, bent, irascible, hawk-like figure who has been the mouthpiece of Australia for half a dozen years.

In many ways this man "Billy" Hughes is one of the most picturesque and unusual characters in the world. Coming to Australia from Wales about twenty-five years ago as a consumptive ex-school teacher, he was for several years a roustabout on sheep-ranches in Queensland. Eventually, he drifted to Sydney, where he opened a small book-shop along the wharves. Soon he was organizing the longshoremen and leading their fight for better wages and better working conditions. Little by little he worked his way up in the labor ranks, and eventually injected himself into New South Wales politics.

With the formation of the Commonwealth Parliament twenty years ago, he turned his brilliant, vitriolic talents toward federal affairs, and rapidly became one of the foremost labor party leaders. In 1914, with the political labor party in control in five of the six states, and heavily intrenched in the Federal Parliament, Hughes was first in command under Premier Fisher. Early in the war Fisher resigned the premiership, to become Australian high commissioner in London, and Hughes became premier.

In 1916 he made a hurried trip to London, and returned convinced that Australia must adopt conscription. But his attempt to push his bill through met with bitter opposition from a majority of the labor leaders, and the party was split wide open. One section followed Hughes, who now formed a coalition with the Liberal party, retaining power and making for himself bitter and lasting enemies of the majority of his old labor associates.

In every election the labor party, incensed at his "treachery," attempted to break his power; but with something of the same cunning, quick shift, and easy compromise of his fellow-Welshman, Lloyd George, this strange little fighter holds together his coalition. Frail, with broken health, tryingly deaf, he is nevertheless easily the most brilliant and capable man in Australian

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public life. He trusts no one, has few friends, a million enemies, yet he cuts and lashes his way through to the end.

In his high-pitched, rasping, almost quarrelsome voice Hughes briefly outlined for me just where Australia stood in regard to Japanese exclusion. We were seated in his private office in the Parliament House in Melbourne. A tiny black telephone-receiver was clapped to his ear, and a small six-by-six-inch-box mouthpiece on his desk was pointed in my direction.

"We must recognize absolutely that our several countries have certain fundamental, vital, individual principles that we cannot sacrifice, compromise, or even open for discussion to other peoples," he explained. "The white Australia policy is ours; the Monroe Doctrine is America's; the freedom of the seas is Great Britain's. These are outside the province of any league or association or any international conference. They must recognize the rights of any nation to protect their own vital interests."

His was the voice of Australia, of white Australia, not arguing, but simply laying down certain fundamental dogmas that it would fight for, die for if necessary.

Strangely enough, he and most Australians look to America for their greatest physical and moral support in this new belief.

"The same Pacific, with its same problems and questions, washes both our shores, giving America and Australia certain common interests," he went on. "We rejoice in the launching of each new American battle-ship: it is another brick in our citadel of defense."

Somehow there is a feeling generally about the country that England cannot and will not understand the necessity for a white Australia. On the tight little island itself there have never been any color lines. Australians point out how the rich young Oxford student from India is received in the best homes in England as an equal, yet when he returns to his own India his pride is trampled on and his heart is broken by every white under-official in the Indian service.

Englishmen are liberal and democratic with themselves in their own country, but, once outside, they are Britishers, with all the weight of a great, far-flung empire and the "white man's burden" on their shoulders. Australia recognizes this. She expects no sympathetic understanding of her Australia by the whites of Downing Street.

Thus it is that she is looking to Canada and the United States. There is a certain amount of jealousy against powerful America, but it is smothered in the dream that America stands squarely between Australia and ambitious Japan. A score of men throughout Australia have explained to me how this "menace" of Japan has drawn them to America. "You could count on thousands of us enlisting in your armies if you should ever have trouble with Japan," I was told from one end of the continent to the other.

This fear of Japanese aggression amounts to almost an obsession. Men who submitted the same offer of military assistance in a possible war against Japan, would turn to me in sincere anxiety and ask if America would help them if they should be crowded to the wall by Japan.

Yet, strangely enough, the feeling of most white Australians is that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is a safeguard for Australia. They argue that, with

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Great Britain working inside an alliance, she can moderate and influence Japan much surer than where there is no alliance. However, Australians always temper their remarks about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance with the postscript that they will never expect England to sympathize fully with their drastic anti-Asiatic immigration ideas.

This feeling that America better understands her Japanese problem than England ever can has severed more than one of the cords that bind the great daughter of the South to mother England. Yet to report quite honestly all that I found there, I must explain that I discovered very little desire to cut these ties.

§ 5

Frankly, I had expected that in Australia I would see the first real evidence of the breaking up of the empire. I had thought that here at the end of the world there would be independence of thought and action, and a demand for full and complete freedom.

Instead I found that except in radical labor circles and among Irish Sinn Feiners Australia was closely tied to the apron-strings of England—tied sentimentally, economically, nationally. Many great business enterprises, even the great ranches, were financed in London. And deeper than that, her thought still bore a pure British trade-mark.

Everywhere there was a vague, half-born idea that by some magic the empire would suffer a transformation that would give complete freedom of action and an equal voice to the individual commonwealths and yet retain unity. The dominions will never engage in another war unless it is their several, individual wishes to do so, they argue, and yet, when pressed as to what their attitude would be if faced with another crisis like that of August, 1914, they invariably would answer, "Of course we must always stand by the empire when she needs us."

But not so the radical labor elements. They, with the Sinn Feiners, making up possibly fifty per cent. of the labor population, were frank in their determination to end all connection with the empire.

This mention of the stand of radical labor gets me from white Australia to pink Queensland. Choosing colors, after all, is a good deal like kissing; it goes by favor. In the friendly, hospitable, but extremely aristocratic, Queensland Club of Brisbane, where the great ranch-owners and bankers foregather, they told me that real red revolution was abroad in the land.

"All this business of state socialism is nothing but the vanguard of a real revolution," one earnest gentleman shouted at me in frightened tones.

In the old Trades Hall in the same city Tim Moroney, head of the Railway Union, called this same state socialism "cockroach capitalism." "These cheap labor politicians are just a lot of poor, penny office-holders, afraid of their own shadows. Red! Ugh!" he grunted.

For myself, I 'd call this most revolutionary of Australia's six states possibly a pale, sickly pink. As for being red, it simply fails to make good on its color reputation.

A year ago, when the Prince of Wales entered Queensland, his party came trembling in their boots. There was serious fear that the "red-raggers,"

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Bolsheviki, or some low-browed radical laborites, would hoot the prince, bomb his train, or say nasty things to him. Instead, Jack Fihelly, their acting labor premier, wined, dined, and cheered him, and then trailed his departing train in a plane to say a final good-by.

In exactly the same degree in everything else does Queensland fail to hold up its red reputation. Briefly, here is what I found in this alleged radical state, with its sprawling 670,500 square miles occupied by only 700,000 inhabitants: a labor government firmly in power, with forty-seven seats to the combined opposition's twenty-five; seven great state enterprises being worked fairly successfully; more than five thousand miles of state-owned railroads, stretching through little settled country, operated at small profit; a government insurance bureau that has lowered insurance charges twenty-five per cent.; a state Court of Industrial Arbitration that unquestionably has averted many labor difficulties, and a Fair-Rents Court that is actually benefiting the renter; a general forty-four-hour week, and a minimum wage that at least keeps the wolf from the door; and certain weakness for red-tape, favoritism, and a degree of inefficiency that comes with all government departments.

Of all these points probably Queensland's state enterprises are being most closely watched by the world. During the last six years that the present labor government has been in power the state has entered into seven lines of direct competition: cattle-ranches, butcher-shops, railway refreshment-rooms, produce agencies, sawmills, fish-shops, and a single hotel. For the past these seven show a total net profit to the state of 94,638 pounds sterling, or about $425,000 at the rate of exchange of that time, only one, the fish-markets showing a loss of ten thousand pounds sterling for the year.

The state cattle-ranches are sixteen in number, cover 32,000 square miles, and graze 200,000 head of cattle. For the year they showed a net profit of $198,000. The state management pays the same state rent as any private lessee, but it pays no income tax.

The fifty state butcher-shops—sixteen in the city of Brisbane and thirty-four scattered throughout the rest of the state—returned a net profit of $164,000 for the year, but, far more important than that, they kept the price of meat down. These state shops, with their low prices, have saved thousands of pounds sterling to the ordinary consumers. Their turnover for the year amounted to $2,836,000 and they handled 26,254,893 pounds of meat.

According to W. H. Austin, the non-political commissioner for trade for the state, the people of Queensland have been saved more than $2,000,000 annually through the state enterprises. My own observations were that by and large they were being run as carefully and efficiently as the ordinary government bureau. At least they were actually keeping prices down.

The state railways were able to show a profit of .77 per cent., a decrease over former years. From a financial point of view, however, Queensland is over-railroaded, with its 5469 miles, serving a bare 700,000 people.

The Court of Industrial Arbitration, while failing to stop strikes, at least has greatly decreased the number. There are two judges, appointed for

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seven-year terms, and they make their awards on the basis of a general forty-four-hour week, and a basic wage for unskilled work of three pounds, seventeen shillings per week, or about fifteen dollars at the present rate of exchange. The court may impose fines up to a hundred pounds and six months in jail, but the hold the court has over labor lies in the fact that if its decisions are not obeyed, the union loses its standing in the court and its wage award. Its function, after all, is really to get the two factions together, and then to deal fairly and squarely with the case.

The Fair Rents Court is really doing business. All formality is hewn off, and the court is an informal place where the renter can go for protection against a profiteering landlord. The judge simply asks two questions,—neither side may be represented by a lawyer and must appear in person,—How much does the renter pay and how much did the property cost? If the annual rental figures more than ten per cent. of the property cost, then the rent is actually brought down to that figure; if the rent is less than ten per cent., then it is brought up to that amount. That 's all there is to it; and it works.

All in all, it 's only a pale, sickly pink Queensland. But Queensland labor, like the labor of all the rest of Australia, is on the move toward the left. In June the first All-Australian Congress of Trade-Unions was held in Melbourne, and the three hundred delegates laid down a broad, progressive policy that labor would point toward.

This goal was frankly for the ultimate socialization of industry, production, distribution, and exchange. To achieve it, both industrial and parliamentary machinery was to be utilized.

All of this means that Australian labor is out to turn this great Southern continent into a socialistic state, to turn it by use of a political party and a tightly organized industrial organization. If it 's revolution, then it 's evolutionary revolution; and if it 's evolution, it 's revolutionary evolution. You can take your choice.

In the meantime, it 's white Australia that really counts—white Australia that may act as an unfriendly, echoless sounding-board to the cry of Japan for racial equality.

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The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By Glenn Frank

A Note on Newspapers and Education

One of the intellectual tragedies of our national life is that multiplied thousands of Americans rarely read anything save the daily newspaper. That this should be an intellectual tragedy is due less to the newspaper editor than to the newspaper reader. Despite its manifold shortcomings and occasional venalities, the American newspaper might make of us a richly informed people if we could only turn ourselves from a nation of head-line skimmers into a nation of honest readers of the despatches and special articles that the newspaper editors daily provide for us. Few of us, at the end of a year, have any appreciation of the enormous amount of information that our daily newspaper has afforded us on the basic interests of international affairs, business, labor, education, science, art, music, literature, and the like. Few of us carry over from day to day and from week to week a sense of the accumulating information that our newspaper has given us in any field of interest. Nothing is as dead as yesterday's newspaper. Our newspaper reading is desultory and disconnected. This amounts to an intellectual tragedy because the newspaper is about the only instrument of communication that can flash an idea or a fact to our whole people in twenty-four hours. Our very bigness is a handicap to our intellectual life. It is next to impossible to set this whole nation to thinking about the same thing at the same time.

I am not seeking to pose as the ideal newspaper reader and to lecture my fellows upon the sin of skimming. I have been moved to this comment by an incident that has to-day dramatized for me my own inveterate habit of superficial newspaper reading. I read the newspapers of my city each day in the hasty and helter-skelter fashion that we so readily fall into in the midst of the hurry and distractions of modern urban life. But each day the important newspapers of the country are clipped for me and filed in classified fashion in a cabinet that stands next to my desk. To-day I happened to be thumbing through this file and my attention was attracted to a particularly fat folder marked "education." Now, I had, during the last six months, glanced at all the papers that had been clipped for this file, but I had no realization that these newspapers had provided for me any particularly vital or voluminous information about education. Save for the device of this file, the newspapers

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of the last six months would have contributed to me little lasting information on education. I venture to think that the average newspaper reader who may read this article will find himself in the same boat. As I glanced through these clippings, I found that they were not mere headlines stories of sensational utterances of erratic professors,—which I heard an educator assert the other day was about all the attention newspapers pay to education,—but highly informative articles. In fact, this one folder of newspaper clippings, with slight editing, would make a creditable volume on modern educational tendencies.

I have used the subject of education only as an illustration. The same thing might be said, for many of us, respecting most of the fundamental problems of contemporary life which are treated in our daily newspapers.

Perhaps as good a way as any to drive home the point I am trying to make is to present in the following pages some of the things I found in my educational folder and to ask each reader of this article who reads the newspapers from which I take my information whether or not he remembers seeing these items in his paper and, if so, how much of the information has remained with him.

§ 2

In the clippings from "The Christian Science Monitor" I find the story of an interesting educational venture undertaken by the Mexican Government. From the column and a quarter devoted to the story I extract the following information.

In conjunction with the National University of Mexico, the Mexican Government has founded a monthly magazine, to be distributed free throughout the country. The magazine is called "El Maestro," which, being interpreted, means the master or the teacher. The magazine is designed to educate the Mexican nation. It is not, however, in any narrow sense dedicated to a Mexican *Kultur*. Its scope is broadly international. It aims "to educate the common populace of the country out of its secular ignorance and its indifference to what is going on in the rest of the progressive world."

The aim of the magazine is definitely stated in the opening article of the first issue by José Vasconcelos. The purpose of its sponsors and editors is to spread useful knowledge among all the people of the republic. Its columns, he asserts, will be open to "all noble and fruitful ideas, and in no case will they be at the service of any party or any group, but at the service of the nation as a whole." "The sole principle that will serve as our guide in the selection of material for our monthly is," he further asserts, "the conviction that culture is worthless, ideas are worthless, art is worthless, unless they are all inspired by the common interest of humanity, seeking to achieve the relative welfare of all human beings, assuring liberty and justice, which are indispensable if all are to develop their potentialities . . . in the light of the noblest conceptions." He insists that the injustice and anarchy of the past, the human exploitation, the oppression, and the parasitism that have disfigured Mexican history are the fruits of ignorance. He strikes a blow at the doctrine of many Mexican intellectuals that the world belongs to the clever and the strong, and asserts that the education

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of the Mexican masses can alone prevent the practical reign of that doctrine. "To educate the mass of the populace is," he contends, "much more important than to create geniuses, since in reality the genius is worth little unless it be through his capacity to regenerate the multitude."

The magazine purposes to fight against the mere decadent brilliancy sought after by many New-World writers in the Spanish tongue. The editors assert that they will seek, not articles of stylistic brilliancy alone, but articles distinguished primarily by the food for constructive thought that they contain. They sense a national danger in a writing fraternity that is in slavery to fine phrases. They feel that such writers tend to lose contact with the masses and cease to produce literature that will attract and stimulate the masses.

It is interesting to note that the Mexican masses have become so suspicious of the Mexican intellectuals that the sponsors of this new monthly are obliged to explain away, almost, its connection with the National University. The first issue of the magazine contained a declaration of intellectual independence by Romain Rolland, several informative articles on education, geology, and literature, a department of social suggestion which contains Tolstoy's statement on labor, and an article by Bernard Shaw on "The Russian Horror." It contains departments devoted to literature and art, practical knowledge (*i.e.* domestic organization, life in the open, etc.) and a children's section.

The magazine carries on the inside and outside of its back cover statements of its aims and the methods by which its influence is to be spread. One of these statements, quoted in the newspaper story, is as follows:

"The vast majority of our fellow men can neither read nor write, and the fault is ours who can do both. As soon as you receive this review, which the government presents to you for your personal instruction, you ought to offer to your fellow men the learning they desire. Hasten to solicit from the National University your appointment as honorary instructor, and with it, or without, begin to teach all who need your teaching how to read. . . . This review is published for the majority, but it has interest for all, and should interest all. Therefore the cultured spirits should read it, in the light of their refinement, with spiritual generosity, understanding that a nation and a culture cannot be improvised, and that they, more than any others, are obliged to contribute with their greater penetration to popular education."

Here is certainly an interesting experiment that will be more than worth the watching. This effort to preach *noblesse oblige* to the educated is refreshing.

§ 3

In still another clipping from this paper I find these interesting facts regarding the school situation in Mexico City.

The city council of Mexico City (the Ayuntamiento) some months ago adopted and financed a plan for a marked extension of the city's primary educational facilities. The story of this plan and the thorough educational survey that preceded it is taken from the "Diarie Oficial," which is published daily by the Mexican Government.

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An appropriation of approximately $1,000,000 was made for this plan in Mexico City alone. The first step was the taking of a school census, the first since 1910. This survey established certain interesting and, to many, unsuspected facts. For instance, despite the fact that the country has been rent by revolutionary strife, the number of public schools in Mexico City has nearly doubled during the last ten years. In these ten years the number of pupils has more than doubled. The educational system, however, has grown faster than the teaching staff. Mexico City, like our American cities, has its teacher-shortage.

The specific figures of the situation are interesting. Eleven years ago Mexico City had sixty-three public schools; when this survey was made last summer it had one hundred and sixteen. The average school attendance eleven years ago was 21,252; during the last year it was 45,783.

These figures represent attendance in schools which do not carry the pupil beyond the equivalent of the sixth grade in our American grammar schools. The plan adopted by the city council of Mexico City contemplated the necessity of raising all these "sixth-grade" schools to "eighth-grade" schools, and the establishment of high schools. The city council's plan, when adopted last summer, further contemplated the addition of eighty new schools, and the increasing of the teaching staff by the addition of seven hundred and fifty new teachers. In eleven years the teaching staff of Mexico City had only increased from seven hundred and ninety-four to eight hundred and seventy-nine, a slow and inadequate increase which the Mexican leaders now purpose to speed up.

At the time the report was made last summer it was estimated that there were about fifteen thousand children of school age in Mexico City who were unable to secure even the rudiments of education because of the city's inadequate educational facilities. The educational leaders of the city hope that during the coming school year these fifteen thousand children can be taught for the first time. The plan further involves the securing of about one hundred American women as teachers of English in the elementary grades.

Here is a fact-filled newspaper story that gives us an entirely different picture of Mexico than we sometimes smugly conjure up in our complacent club corners.

§ 4

Another interesting clipping has to do with a comprehensive French plan for the introduction of the cinematograph, or motion picture, as an instrument of instruction in French schools.

It appears that in 1915 a commission of the French Chamber requested the Minister of Public Instruction to create a committee charged with the responsibility of inquiring into the best means of introducing the cinematograph as an instrument of instruction in the different branches taught in the French schools. In March, 1916, this committee was formed. It reported that the cinematograph had already been used in such establishments as the Lycée Hoche at Versailles and the Lycées Condorcet, Janson de Sailly, Louis-le-Grande, Voltaire, Fénelon, and Jules-Ferry in Paris. Animated views had also been employed at the Collège de

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France. The committee reported favorably upon all of these experiments.

Another group known as the Union des Grandes Associations Françaises, headed by Raymond Poincaré, also made a study of this problem. It was the subject of discussion at the congress called by this body last year.

The Société Française de l'Art à l'Ecole also made a study of this problem and drafted a formal statement asking the administration to establish in each school district of Paris weekly exhibitions of suitable moving pictures in the schools.

This proposal and the comprehensive way in which the French are supporting it must bring joy to the heart of H. G. Wells. It will be remembered that Mr. Wells, in his stimulating little volume on "The Salvaging of Civilization," went thoroughly into the enormous educational possibilities of the motion picture. He is well worth quoting on this point. In his chapter on the schooling of the world, Mr. Wells writes:

> In nearly every school nowadays you will find a lot of more or less worn and damaged scientific apparatus which is supposed to be used for demonstrating the elementary facts of chemistry, physics, and the like. . . . Many of us can recall the realities of the sort of demonstration I mean. The performance took two or three hours to prepare, an hour to deliver, and an hour or so to clear away; it was difficult to follow, impossible to repeat, it usually went wrong, and almost invariably the teacher lost his temper. These practical demonstrations occurred usually in the opening enthusiasm of the term. As the weeks wore on, the pretense of practical teaching was quietly dropped, and we crammed our science out of the text book.
>
> Now this is the sort of thing that still goes on. But it ought to be entirely out of date. All that scientific bric-à-brac in the cupboard had far better be thrown away. All the demonstration experiments that science teachers will require in the future can be performed once for all—before a cinematograph. They can be done *finally;* they need never be done again. You can get the best and most dexterous teacher in the world—he can do what has to be done with the best apparatus, in the best light; anything that is very minute or subtle you can magnify or repeat from another point of view; anything that is intricate you can record with extreme slowness; you can show the facts a mile off or six inches off, and all that your actual class teacher need do now is to spend five minutes on getting out the films he wants, ten minutes in reading over the corresponding lecture notes, and then he can run the film, give the lesson, question his class upon it, note what they miss and how they take it, run the film again for a second scrutiny, and get out for the subsequent study of the class the ample supply of diagrams and pictures needed to fix the lesson. Can there be any comparison between the educational efficiency of the two methods?

In addition to the clipping from which I have taken the facts regarding the extensive study the French are making of the possible use of the motion picture in the school-room, I find half a dozen clippings recording similiar experiments undertaken in this and other countries.

§ 5

Another significant bit of educational news which I find in my educational folder is the story of the Peking Union Medical College and Hospital, which the Rockefeller Foundation is building, equipping, and

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staffing. I take the facts of this story from a clipping from "The Boston Transcript." Not only was the news of the dedication of this institution last September carried in all newspapers, by virtue of the fact that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., attended the dedicatory exercises, but I find that most of the important newspapers in the United States carried more or less extensive articles on this significant venture in educational statesmanship.

From one clipping I extract the following information: The plant of this medical college includes anatomical, physiological, and chemical laboratories, a pathology building, a hospital with two hundred and fifty beds and provision for about thirty private rooms, an extensive outpatient department, an administration unit with quarters for resident physicians and interns, a nurses' home, an animal house, together with water, heat, light, and power plants. Thirty-five faculty houses are grouped, with a few exceptions, in two walled areas. These faculty houses are thoroughly modern and equipped with every convenience of Western civilization.

It is interesting to note that the medical and hospital buildings have been built in harmony with the best traditions of Chinese architecture. According to Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, this fact symbolizes "a desire to make the college not something imposed from without but an agency which shall in time become an intimate, organic part of a developing Chinese civilization." This is one of the wisest things that has happened in foreign missions or foreign medical service in many years. Too frequently an alien civilization, when it undertakes to carry its religion, science, or education into another country, attempts to foist its forms upon the other civilization. Here evidently is an attempt to establish an institution that will not be regarded by the Chinese as a pure importation but as something wisely adapted to Chinese life. This undertaking promises in time to exert not only an influence in North China and the Chinese Republic generally, but promises to become the rallying-point and inspiration for medical training and research throughout the Far East. The groundwork and equipment of the institution is being made so adequate that we may even expect from its laboratories original contributions to the world's knowledge of disease and its prevention.

§ 6

I have selected these stories from my folder of clippings virtually at random, attempting only to select stories that were genuinely interesting. In my folder of clippings for the last six months I find column after column of valuable information respecting educational progress and experiment in the United States, England and the entire British Empire, Greece, Italy, France, Austria, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, South Africa, and other countries. As I stated earlier, these newspaper clippings for six months, with slight editing, would make a creditable volume on modern educational tendencies. My only purpose in recounting these stories at such length is to emphasize the fact that although we may be only a nation of *newspaper* readers, we might become a highly informed nation if we really *read* our newspapers.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

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"He . . . silently went out"

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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Mrs. Adis

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Drawings by GEORGE BELLOWS

IN northeastern Sussex a great tongue of land runs into Kent by Scotney Castle. It is a land of woods, the old hammer-woods of the Sussex iron industry, and among the woods gleam the hammer-ponds, holding in their mirrors the sunsets and sunrises. Owing to the thickness of the woods, great masses of oak and beech in a dense undergrowth of hazel and chestnut and frail sallow, the road that passes Mrs. Adis's cottage is dark before the twilight has crept away from the fields beyond. That night there was no twilight moon, only a few pricks of fire in the black sky above the trees. But what the darkness hid, the silence revealed. In the absolute stillness of the night, windless and clear with the first frost of October, every sound was distinct, intensified. The distant bark of a dog at Delmonden sounded close at hand, and the man who walked on the road could hear the echo of his own footsteps following him like a knell.

Every now and then he made a futile effort to go quietly, but the roadside was a mass of brambles, and their cracking and rustling sounded nearly as loud as the thud of his feet on the marl. Besides, they made him go slowly, and he had no time for that.

When he came to Mrs. Adis's cottage he paused a moment. Only a small patch of grass lay between it and the road. He went stealthily across it, and looked in at the lighted, uncurtained window. He could see Mrs. Adis stooping over the fire, taking off some pot or kettle. He hesitated and seemed to ponder. He was a big, hulking man, with reddish hair and freckled face, evidently of the laboring class, though not successful, judging by the vague grime and poverty of his appearance. For a moment he made as if he would open the window; then he changed his mind and went to the door instead.

He did not knock, but walked straight in. The woman at the fire turned quickly.

"What, you, Peter Crouch?" she said. "I did n't hear you knock."

"I did n't knock, ma'am. I did n't want anybody to hear."

"How 's that?"

"I 'm in trouble." His hands were shaking a little.

"What you done?"

"I shot a man, Mrs. Adis."

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"You?"

"Yes, I shot him."

"You killed him?"

"I dunno."

For a moment there was silence in the small stuffy kitchen; then the kettle boiled over, and Mrs. Adis sprang for it, mechanically putting it at the side of the fire.

She was a small, frail-looking woman, with a brown, hard face on which the skin had dried in innumerable small hair-like wrinkles. She was probably not more than forty-two, but life treats some women hard in the agricultural districts of Sussex, and Mrs. Adis's life had been harder than most.

"What do you want me to do for you, Peter Crouch?" she said a little sourly.

"Let me stay here a bit. Is there nowhere you can put me till they 've gone?"

"Who 's they?"

"The keepers."

"Oh, you 've had a shine with the keepers, have you?"

"Yes, I was down by Cinder Wood seeing if I could pick up anything, and the keepers found me. There was four to one, so I used my gun. Then I ran for it. They 're after me; reckon they are n't far off now."

Mrs. Adis did not speak for a moment.

Crouch looked at her searchingly, beseechingly.

"You might do it for Tom's sake," he said.

"You have n't been an over-good friend to Tom," snapped Mrs. Adis.

"But Tom 's been an unaccountable good friend to me; reckon he would want you to stand by me to-night."

"Well, I won't say he would n't, seeing as Tom always thought better of you than you deserved, and maybe you can stay till he comes home to-night; then we can hear what he says about it."

"That 'll serve my turn, I reckon. He 'll be up at Ironlatch for an hour yet, and the coast will be clear by then, and I can get away out of the county."

"Where 'll you go?"

"I dunno. There 's time to think of that."

"Well, you can think of it in here," she said dryly, opening a door which led from the kitchen into the small lean-to of the cottage. "They 'll never guess you 're there, specially if I tell them I ain't seen you to-night."

"You 're a good woman, Mrs. Adis."

She did not speak, but shut the door, and he was in darkness save for a small ray of light that filtered through one of the cracks. By this light he could see her moving to and fro, preparing Tom's supper. In another hour Tom would be home from Ironlatch Farm, where he worked every day. Peter Crouch trusted Tom not to revoke his mother's kindness, for they had been friends since they went together to the national school at Lamberhurst, and since then the friendship had not been broken by their very different characters and careers.

Peter Crouch huddled down upon the sacks that filled one corner of the lean-to and gave himself up to the dreary and anxious business of waiting. A delicious smell of cooking began to filter through from the kitchen, and he hoped Mrs. Adis would not deny him a share of the supper when Tom came home, for he was very hungry and he had a long way to go.

He had fallen into a kind of helpless doze, haunted by the memories of the

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last two hours, recast in the form of dreams, when he was roused by the sound of footsteps on the road. For a moment his poor heart nearly choked him with its beating. They were the keepers. They had guessed for a certainty where he was—with Mrs. Adis, his old pal's mother. He had been a fool to come to the cottage. Nearly losing his self-control, he shrank into the corner, shivering, half sobbing. But the footsteps went by. They did not even hesitate at the door. He heard them ring away into the frosty stillness. The next minute Mrs. Adis stuck her head into the lean-to.

"That was them," she said shortly—"a party from the castle. I saw them go by. They had lanterns, and I saw old Crotch and the two Boormans. Maybe it 'u'd be better if you slipped out now and went toward Cansiron. You 'd miss them that way and get over into Kent. There 's a London train comes from Tunbridge Wells at ten to-night."

"That 'u'd be a fine thing for me, ma'am, but I have n't the price of a ticket on me."

She went to one of the kitchen drawers.

"Here 's seven shillun'. It 's all I 've got, but it 'll be your fare to London and a bit over."

For a moment he did not speak; then he said:

"I don't know how to thank you, ma'am."

"Oh, you need n't thank me. I am doing it for Tom. I know how unaccountable set he is on you and always was."

"I hope you won't get into any trouble because of me."

"There ain't much fear. No one 's ever likely to know you 've been in this cottage. That 's why I 'd sooner you went before Tom came back, for maybe he 'd bring a pal with him, and that 'u'd make trouble. I won't say I sha'n't have it on my conscience for having helped you to escape the law, but shooting a keeper ain't the same as shooting an ordinary sort of man, as we all know, and maybe he ain't so much the worse; so I won't think no more about it."

She opened the door for him, but on the threshold they stood still, for again footsteps could be heard approaching, this time from the far south.

"Maybe it 's Tom," said Mrs. Adis.

"There 's more than one man there, and I can hear voices."

"You 'd better go back," she said shortly. "Wait till they 've passed, anyway."

With an unwilling shrug he went back into the little lean-to, which he had come to hate, and she shut the door upon him.

The footsteps drew nearer. They came more slowly and heavily this time. For a moment he thought they also would pass, but their momentary dulling was only the crossing of the strip of grass outside the door. The next minute there was a knock. It was not Tom, then.

Trembling with anxiety and curiosity, Peter Crouch put his eye to one of the numerous cracks in the door of the lean-to and looked through into the kitchen. He saw Mrs. Adis go to the cottage door, but before she could open it, a man came quickly in and shut it behind him.

Crouch recognised Vidler, one of the keepers of Scotney Castle, and he felt his hands and feet grow leaden cold. They knew where he was, then; they had followed him. They had guessed

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that he had taken refuge with Mrs. Adis. It was all up. He was not really hidden; there was no place for him to hide. Directly they opened the inner door they would see him. Why could n't he think of things better? Why was n't he cleverer at looking after himself, like other men? His legs suddenly refused to support him, and he sat down on the pile of sacks.

The man in the kitchen seemed to have some difficulty in saying what he wanted to Mrs. Adis. He stood before her silently, twisting his cap.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"I want to speak to you, ma'am."

Peter Crouch listened, straining his ears, for his thudding heart nearly drowned the voices in the next room. Oh, no, he was sure she would not give him away, if only for Tom's sake. She was a game sort, Mrs. Adis.

"Well," she said sharply, as the man remained tongue-tied.

"I have brought you bad news, Mrs. Adis."

Her expression changed.

"What? It ain't Tom, is it?"

"He 's outside," said the keeper.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Adis, and she moved toward the door.

"Don't, ma'am, not till I 've told you."

"Told me what? Oh, be quick, man, for mercy's sake!" and she tried to push past him to the door.

"There 's been a row," he said, "down by Cinder Wood. There was a chap there snaring rabbits, and Tom was walking with the Boormans and me and old Crotch down from the castle. We heard a noise in the spinney, and there—it was too dark to see who it was, and directly he saw us he made off. But we 'd scared him, and he let fly with his gun."

He stopped speaking and looked at her, as if beseeching her to fill in the gaps of his story. In his corner of the lean-to Peter Crouch was as a man of wood and sawdust.

"Tom—" said Mrs. Adis.

The keeper had forgotten his guard, and before he could prevent her she had flung open the door.

The men outside had evidently been waiting for the signal, and they came in, carrying something on a hurdle, which they put down in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Adis, without tears.

The men nodded. They could not find a dry voice, like hers.

In the lean-to Peter Crouch had ceased to sweat and tremble. Strength had come with despair, for he knew he must despair now. Besides, he no longer wanted to escape from this thing that he had done.

"O Tom! and I thinking it was one of them demmed keepers! Tom! and it was you that got it—got it from me! Reckon I don't want to live."

And yet life was sweet.

Mrs. Adis was sitting in the old basket arm-chair by the fire. One of the men had helped her into it. Another, with rough kindness, had poured her out something from a flask he carried in his pocket.

"Here, ma'am, take a drop of this. It 'll give you strength. We 'll go around to Ironlatch Farm and ask Mrs. Gain to come down to you. Reckon this is a tur'ble thing to have come to you, but it 's the will o' Providence, as some folks say, and as for the man who did it, we 've a middling good guess who he is, and he shall swing."

"We did n't see his face," said

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"They came in, carrying something on a hurdle"

Vidler, "but we 've got his gun. He threw it into an alder when he bolted, and I swear that gun belongs to Peter Crouch, who 's been up to no good since the day when Mus' Scales got shut of him for stealing his corn."

"Reckon, though, he did n't know it was Tom when he did it," said the other man, "he and Tom always being better friends than Crouch deserved."

Peter Crouch was standing upright now, looking through the crack of the door. He saw Mrs. Adis struggle to her feet and stand by the table, looking down on the dead man's face. A whole eternity seemed to roll by as she stood there. He saw her put her hand into her pocket, where she had thrust the key of the lean-to.

"The Boormans have gone after Crouch," said Vidler, nervously breaking the silence. "They 'd a notion as he 'd broken through the woods Iron-latch-way. There 's no chance of his having been by here? You have n't seen him to-night, have you, ma'am?"

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There was a pause.

"No," said Mrs. Adis, "I have n't seen him. Not since Tuesday." She took her hand out of her pocket.

"Well, we 'll be getting around and fetch Mrs. Gain. Reckon you 'd be glad to have her."

Mrs. Adis nodded.

"Will you carry him in there first?" she said, and pointed to the bedroom-door.

The men picked up the hurdle and carried it into the next room; then silently each wrung the mother by the hand and went away.

She waited until they had shut the door; then she came toward the lean-to. Crouch once more fell a-shivering. He could n't bear it. No, he 'd rather swing than face Mrs. Adis. He heard the key turn in the lock and he nearly screamed.

But she did not come in. She merely unlocked the door, then crossed the kitchen with a heavy, dragging footstep, and shut herself into the room where Tom was.

Peter Crouch knew what he must do, the only thing she wanted him to do, the only thing he could possibly do: he opened the door and silently went out.

Fire and Glass

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

The thistly yellow flame flows up like water.
The dusk brick glows.
Fashion the rope-like glass; your lip can blow it
To a vase like a rose,
To a goblet curved like a wave, with a stem like a lily.
Glass can be spun
To frailer lace than the cobwebs brown old spiders
Weave in the sun.
Not pure gold ingots nor all the renown of iron
Nor the blushing brand
Nor crackling cataracts of molten metal
Kissing the sand
So praise this cleanly and bewildered fury
Potent to shape
Emerging contours scintillant as diamond,
Smooth as the grape.
O self-consuming sun, the dew-on-the-gossamer's
Delicate glint!
What symmetries, petaled and pearled and fragile as flowers,
Take form and tint
From the fierce, unslakable thirst and famine of fire
Cold stars control!
Even thus, O Love, through the blood's rebuked rebellion,
Thus my soul!

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Brass Tacks for Taxpayers

By William Hard

I do not know why brass tacks are supposed to move in a more realistic world than other tacks; but, assuming that they deserve their reputation, I should say that large numbers of them will have to come into existence before the enraged taxpayers of the United States will get any really realistic view of the subject of our national expenditures. There are many arguments for a national budget. Perhaps the best argument for it is that it will increase the output of brass tacks and diminish the output of dreams and myths regarding the uses to which the National Government devotes the taxpayers' moneys.

It should be understood from the beginning that the central and final figure in the national budget system which we have begun to operate is the President of the United States. The gentleman who took the legislative lead in promoting and enacting our budget system was Medill McCormick, the gentleman who is gallantly and vivaciously incurring the pains and penalties of giving our budget system its first experimental turn is Charles G. Dawes; but the gentleman who will carry the final burden, and the final risk, is Warren Gamaliel Harding.

In December Mr. Harding will become the first President of the United States to present to the Congress of the United States, and to the taxpayers, a legally required schedule of proposed national expenditures constituting the taxpayers' national outlay for a year and bearing a Presidential official and personal signature and sanction.

Formerly the Treasury Department transmitted to Congress without revision the estimates of national expenditures drafted and requested by the Government's various and numerous departments and establishments. The "book of estimates" was the work of the President's uncontrolled and unconcerted subordinates. In respect to executive proposals for executive expenditures by his own executive departments and establishments the President of the United States could sit aloof like a Lucretian god without intervention and without care.

The budget act compels his intervention. Its directive sections begin with the words, "The President shall transmit," and its section creating a bureau of the budget is careful to say that the bureau shall prepare the budget "under such rules and regulations as the President may prescribe."

Further, its section empowering the Bureau of the Budget to examine the "methods of business" of the departments and establishments is extremely careful to say that the bureau shall examine these methods "when directed by the President," and that its purpose in examining them shall be that of "enabling the President to determine what changes should be made."

Mr. Harding will now have an execu-

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tive life in which the cares of a British Chancellor of the Exchequer will be happily mingled with the cares of the supervisory officials of the British Treasury, joined to all the multiplying and harassing cares of previous American Presidents.

However, if Mr. Harding will only be as passionate about "balances of appropriations," "ensuing fiscal years," "the assembling, correlating and revising of estimates," "the activities of departments and establishments," "the assignments of particular activities to particular services," and "the re-grouping of services" as his young friend Medill McCormick, he will perhaps be able to elicit from them, as McCormick seems to, an atmosphere not of care, but of romantic excitement.

Thus equipped with a great enthusiasm for the interesting complexes of the human mind and for the complicated dullnesses of public finance, he arrived in Washington as congressman at large from Illinois in 1917, and, having already largely and leadingly helped to insert the idea of a budget into the legislation of Illinois, at once settled down into a campaign for becoming a large and leading helper in inserting the idea of a budget into the legislation of the United States.

For some time this campaign seemed to have no result beyond that of transforming his secretary, Elisha Hanson, into America's most ardent budget expert. There was a war happening with Germany. Legislation other than budget legislation was on top. McCormick was attentive to that other legislation, but underneath it he nourished the unconquerable conviction that when the war was over the principal legislation required by peace would be a budget, and he continued to collect budget facts and compare budget theories and compose budget laws.

§ 2

Of course there were budgeteers before McCormick in Washington, and there were budgeteers contemporaneous with him; but none of them displayed through all distractions, such as the Treaty of Versailles, the concentration of mind and the perseverance of effort which McCormick gave to all projects touching on the efficient and economical reorganizing of executive departments and executive methods, and he became fully entitled not only to be named as the joint-author of the McCormick-Good budget act, but also to be named as the principal national legislative promoter of the general idea of governmental reorganization on the business principle of logically located functions and relentlessly located responsibilities.

In our form of governmental structure those responsibilities have now become fairly well located in the White House. The next stage is that the taxpayers will expect Mr. Harding to step out on the White House lawn and perform a few efficient and economical miracles.

If Mr. Harding had ever given himself out to be a miracle-man, there might be pleasure in watching him trying to meet expectations that cannot be met. The first and fundamental error in the mind of the taxpayer regarding national expenditures is one which, as a taxpayer, I hated to lose. I hated to lose the feeling that in every department of the Government there were increasing multitudes of taxeaters eating my taxes with an appetite quite unjustified by the cost of living and the value of money.

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I have now been obliged to learn that a distinction must be made in this matter between those departments of the Government that were caught in the grip of the late war or that are now caught in the grip of some possible future war and those departments that are devoted to what might be called the ordinary non-belligerent functions of the Government. It is a distinction clearly established in a remarkable little book that was handed to me off the table of General Dawes in the office of the Bureau of the Budget. On the table were several copies of this book, the author of which was a researcher into such matters as ohms and amperes in the Bureau of Standards—Dr. Edward B. Rosa.

Dr. Rosa turned from ohms and amperes and the corrosion of water-mains and gas-pipes by stray electric currents when the extravagance of appropriations for governmental activities became a subject of general political discussion. Having labored at measuring the ohm and the ampere, he now labored at measuring appropriations. In time he produced Publication No. 1518 of the American Academy of Political and Social Science of Philadelphia, a work of most extraordinary efficiency.

§ 3

When General Dawes became director of the budget it was out of Dr. Rosa's labors that Ellis Meredith produced in the Washington "Herald" the delightful verses in which General Dawes is described doughtily digging into the Government's ledgers and looking for the places where the Government's expenses could be cut, and in the second stanza behaving as follows:

The army's drills, the navy's bills, the pensions, and all that
He figured up, he figured down: his heart went pit-a-pat.
He found, for all our peacefulness, the fighting we have done
Is costing like tarnation and the cost has just begun.
He piled up stacks of dollars, and then piled up some more,
And found of every hundred ninety-three were spent for war.
He looked at every dollar, and he heaved a sigh immense;
For all he had to save on was seven copper cents.

Of course that last line is a deduction for which a heavy poetic license fee should be paid. General Dawes is at liberty to suggest to the War Department, the Navy Department, and the Shipping Board (which Dr. Rosa includes among the abnormal "obligations arising from the recent war") improved methods of managing arsenals, purchasing explosives, and chartering freighters to private shipping companies. The appropriations made to the "war-time agencies" are by no means closed to savings.

The War-Risk Bureau, for instance, which in Dr. Rosa's calculations is of course a war-time agency, has set aside more than sixteen million dollars out of its appropriations for the current fiscal year to go into its "general reserve," there to be saved, not spent.

By "war-time agency" is meant any agency devoted to paying for past wars or to preparing for possible future wars. In the year 1920 such agencies did consume ninety-three per cent. of our national expenditures. The precise figure is 93.6 per cent. The remaining agencies consumed only 6.4 per cent. Both sorts of agencies can in most instances be made to have "general

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reserves," show savings out of current appropriations, and reconcile themselves to reductions of prospective appropriations; but between the two sorts of agencies, in partial justification of Mr. Meredith's last line, there does remain a difference. In fact, there remain several differences.

To begin with, it is entirely the war-time agencies as a class that are responsible for the increase of national expenditures beyond the point justified by the change in the purchasing power of the dollar. The expenditures of the normal non-war-time agencies have not only not increased beyond that point, but have not even increased so far as that point, in relation to the per capita paying of taxes by the population of the United States.

Dr. Rosa calls the normal non-war-time agencies the "civil groups" of agencies. He distinguishes three such groups. The first he calls "Primary Governmental Functions," including, for instance, the White House, the Post Office Department, and the Department of Justice. The second he calls "Research, Education and Development," including, for instance, the Library of Congress, the Weather Bureau, and the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The third he calls "Public Works," including, for instance, the railroad in Alaska.

Now, it is the second of these groups that contains the governmental projects arousing most fiercely the economizing zeal of a certain sort of person called in England the "anti-waster." Among them are: the Bureau of Education, Howard University, the Horticultural and Insecticide Boards, the Geological Survey, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Botanical Gardens, the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum, the Children's Bureau, the Public Health Service, the Bureau of the Census, the Bureau of Fisheries, the Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Mines, the Forest Service, the Bureau of Soils, the Bureau of Animal Industry, the Bureau of Plant Industry, the Bureau of Crop Estimates, the Bureau of Biological Survey, the Bureau of Chemistry, the Bureau of Entomology. The very names of many of these bureaus sound extravagant. These bureaus involve an initiative by the Government toward the "development" of the physical resources or of the mental resources of the country. Their work is work to which I have heard Mr. Hoover apply some such word as "promotional."

§ 4

One of the recent publications of the Bureau of Standards, for instance, following upon a similar publication by the Bureau of Mines, is devoted to the subject of methods of constructing burners for the burning of natural gas. The fact is discovered and distributed that by the use of certain methods a low-pressure gas can be made to do more work than is customarily done by a high-pressure gas, and that the savings obtainable by these methods amount to approximately $375,000,000 a year in the conservation of the natural-gas supply of the country. Now, it is certainly clear that it would not be economy to save a few thousand dollars a year in the Bureau of Standards by lopping off a chemist if that chemist is doing work which can enable the country to save millions a year.

On the other hand, all of us are obliged to do uneconomical things, such as buying coal by the bushel in-

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stead of by the ton, if we are so poor that we cannot afford to be in the true sense economical. Thus comes up the sort of situation which the taxpayer at home thinks of as simple, but which, if he were in the shoes of Mr. Hoover, General Dawes, or President Harding, he would at once perceive to be enormously difficult.

There is a project in the Bureau of Standards for a study of blankets. Could anything be more clearly a candidate for the ministrations of General Dawes's simitar? I strongly dislike the idea of any of my money being used in the Bureau of Standards for studying blankets. It appears, however, that this study begins to reveal the chance that out of inexpensive materials (relatively inexpensive) may be produced a blanket just as warm as the blankets now produced from materials relatively costly. The savings thus possible to be achieved are calculated to amount to a great many millions of dollars for the people of the United States, and especially for the poorer ones among them, thus placing the blanket study in the light of a great industrial and social utility.

Shall the allowance for it be cut off? Shall the salaries of the men assigned to it be reduced? That second question can be readily answered. If the salaries given by the United States Government to its scientists are made any more miserable and disgraceful than they are at present, the Government will presently have no scientists at all except those that cannot persuade some private industrial corporation or some private or public college or university to rescue them from the service of the American people. Mr. Hoover lost two scientists this summer out of the Coast and Geodetic Survey who were mathematicians of the highest intellectual standing, who had worked in the Coast and Geodetic Survey for many years, and whose salaries at the time of their resignations were approximately two thousand dollars.

No, General Dawes and Mr. Hoover will not agree to the reduction of the salaries of the scientists of the United States Government. They will see what any taxpayer sitting with them would see. They will see that the United States Government, instead of accelerating the fast flow of governmental technical employees into corporations and institutions outside the Government, must somehow or other check that flow. The reducing of salaries for the study of blankets will not in general be feasible. The first question will remain the critical question: Shall the Government study blankets?

Shall it spend a few thousand dollars studying them and develop the chance of enormously serving the people of the United States, or shall it abandon that chance and save the few thousand dollars?

§ 5

Such problems will occur throughout the Government's agencies of "research," "education," and "development," and they will also, for that matter, occur in essence in many other agencies in the "civil groups" and even in the "military groups."

Shall we spend money on expanded naval manœuvers? It would be possible for President Harding, General Dawes, Mr. Secretary Denby, and Mr. First Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt to agree on a scheme by which we still had a navy in looks, but saved a lot of money by never having

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the navy do anything that would give it any exercise in being a navy.

It would be possible, but those four gentlemen would not do it. If we are going to make savings of any really important size in the Army and Navy departments, we are going to make them through cutting down the size, but not through cutting down the efficiency, of our military and naval establishments.

Returning for a moment, however, to our blankets, and remembering the list of agencies in Dr. Rosa's civil group No. II, let us observe the cost of these agencies. In the year 1920 the cost of all of them together was one per cent. of the total cost of the Federal Government.

In that year the population of the United States paid taxes amounting per person to $53.46. The cost of all the Government's agencies of "research," "education," and "development" was in that year per person of population 54 cents.

Clearly no vital savings to the taxpayer will be made in this group. Let us therefore consider all the civil groups combined. Constituting 6.4 per cent. of the total cost of the Government in 1920, they required from every person in the population an average tax of $3.45.

Now let us compare that requirement with the corresponding requirement ten years back. What was the tax per person on the population of the United States to support the non-war part of the Government of the United States in the year 1920? It was $2.24.

The increase from 1910 to 1920 is an increase from $2.24 to $3.45. It is a considerable increase. It is an increase of a bit over fifty per cent. In the year 1920 every person in the United States, on the average, was obliged in supporting the non-war part of the Government of the United States to pay a bit over fifty per cent. more than was paid by every person, on the average, in 1910; but the question is at once suggested: Was the average person in 1920 able to buy anything—shoes, hats, hams, houses—for less than a bit over fifty per cent. more than was paid in 1910?

The answer is, of course, that the cost of everything and the wage of everybody—of almost everybody—was going up in private life during the period from 1910 to 1920 just as certainly as in governmental life, and in fact more certainly than in governmental life.

From 1910 to 1920 the cost of living, as shown by wholesale and retail prices, was a bit more than doubled. What in 1910 we could buy with one dollar in 1920 we could buy only if we were willing to spend a bit more than two dollars. Now, in 1910 we were buying and getting the non-war functions of the Federal Government at a cost of $2.24 per person among us. In 1920, if those non-war functions had increased in costliness in proportion to the general increase in the cost of living, we would have been buying them at a cost of a bit more than $4.48 per person among us. But in fact we bought them at a cost per person of $3.45.

It is therefore perfectly and inescapably manifest that in proportion to population and in proportion to the cost of living the non-war part of the Government, instead of being purchased more extravagantly in 1920 than in 1910, was in fact purchased more economically, though the general expenses of living had greatly increased.

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In the search for proportional extravagance we must turn, therefore, to the other part of the Government—to the part that pays for wars of the past or prepares for wars of the future. Now, in that part of the Government there is a certain item which in 1910 was $22,600,000—less than one quarter of one hundred millions of dollars. That same item in the prospective spendings of this current fiscal year at Washington will require some twelve hundred millions of dollars.

§ 6

But what will President Harding and General Dawes be able to do about it? Nothing valuable. That item is for interest on the public debt and for the public debt's sinking fund. That interest must be paid and that sinking fund must be maintained.

The appropriations for the current fiscal year, excluding moneys which will come back to the Government through income earned by the Post Office Department from users of the mails, were scheduled by the clerks of the committees of the House and Senate at approximately $3,500,000,000. From that sum deduct the item for the service of the public debt. Deduct $1,200,000,000. The remainder is $2,300,000,000.

Deduct also the sums scheduled for pensions and for certain other purposes representing certain other obligations already undertaken to certain veterans. These sums by no means exhaust the tale of such obligations, but they suffice to amount to more than $300,000,000, and they cannot be reduced in any important way by anybody, because they are now obligations of national honor as well as of law. Deduct that $300,000,000. The remainder now becomes $2,000,000,000.

Within that $2,000,000,000 what are the outstanding items? They are the items for army and navy, plus the trailing item for fortifications. Together these items amount to approximately $750,000,000.

In 1910 they amounted to approximately $250,000,000. They have increased by $500,000,000; that is, by two hundred per cent. If the cost of living has increased by one hundred per cent.. the cost of army and navy has increased by twice the increase of the cost of living.

Remembering that the total of the current year's appropriations was $3,500,000,000, let us now add together the item for the service of the public debt, the item for pensions and the like, and the items for army and navy. They come to some $2,250,000,000. They are a bit more than two thirds of the total of the appropriations.

Remembering again that the total of the appropriations was $3,500,000,000, and remembering that the items for the service of the public debt, pensions, and the like were fixed, and remembering that after the deduction of those items the remainder for General Dawes to explore for economies and for savings was $2,000,000,000, and remembering once more that the items for army and navy (with fortifications) amount to $750,000,000, and pointing with alarm to the fact that $750,000,000 is more than one third of $2,000,000,000, let us inquire, What can General Dawes do to reduce that $750,000,000?

He can, and does, promote the increased use of improved administrative methods in accomplishing the projects to which the $750,000,000 is dedicated. He can, and does, promote

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methods by which those projects can be accomplished more economically.

§ 7

The President is necessarily the administrative manager of the United States. The budget act in respect to administrative matters does nothing but provide the President with a new machinery for doing his administrative duty. Utilizing this machinery, Mr. Harding said to representatives of departments and establishments in the office of the Bureau of the Budget on July 1:

"I want to say that the rules to be promulgated this morning by General Dawes have been gone over deliberately, and he comes with full authority that what he says is not questioned."

It is constitutionally impossible that there should be set up in the executive branch of the Government any administrative manager except the President. On the other hand, it is physically and mentally impossible that any President, with all his other duties upon him, should ever in fact be the administrative manager of the Government in daily detail. The President therefore needs an administrative chief of staff, and the chief of staff needs to devise methods and rules; and the President, having satisfied himself of the soundness of those methods and rules, needs to give to the chief of staff an unquestioned Presidential authority to apply them and to enforce them.

Through the beginnings of such a process—a process which is permitted by the budget act, but is not in any way commanded by it, and the beginnings of which we therefore owe to the positive initiative of Mr. Harding and of General Dawes—we now see in Washington certain new officials and certain new bodies of officials for a better coördination of the departments and establishments.

In times past it has happened at Washington that speculators might be able to buy things from the liquidators of governmental surplus stocks of supplies in one department and then at once simply resell them at a profit to the purchasers of new stocks of governmental supplies in another department. Such happenings the present improved methods of coördination between departments will presumably diminish.

Let us suppose that those methods, and other additional improved methods not only between, but within, the departments are successful in achieving great savings for the War Department and for the Navy Department in the execution of their military and naval projects. But then let us, nevertheless, remember that as long as those projects are what they are, the overwhelming bulk of their present cost will remain.

We have a certain number of officers and men in the army and navy. Will anybody say that their present scale of pay could or should be reduced? They need certain supplies and certain activities which consume those supplies and without which they would not be an army or navy, but simply two paper pretenses. Any President who, after Congress had ordered a certain personnel in the army and navy, reduced the size of that personnel or failed to equip it with all the supplies necessary to its being a trained fighting force would be engaged not in administrative efficiency, but in executive usurpation and political deception.

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As for the reducing of scales of pay, it should be understood that not only in the army and navy, but throughout all the rest of the Government, there can be no important wide-spread reducings without important wide-spread injustices.

As for the reducing of staffs, the limits to it which I have mentioned in the case of the army and navy do not of course exist in that sense in the non-war agencies, and Mr. Hays will in this current year save approximately eleven million dollars in the post office by simply not filling certain vacancies as they occur in the staffs which operate the rural free delivery service, the city delivery service, the railway mail-cars, and the distributions of mail matter in post-offices. The reducing of staffs is a much more serious possibility than the reducing of salaries. But the limits to it, even in the non-war agencies, will speedily be reached.

§ 8

But there, precisely there, we come to the special ultimate value of the budget act.

Never can we competently know just what projects we wish to authorize and just what projects we do not wish to authorize until a director of the budget prepares for us, and a President of the United States transmits to us, a budget statement listing all the Government projects, describing them and analyzing their purposes and their results, assembling them into groups according to their natures as well as according to their departments and establishments, and telling us the cost of each project and the cost of each group of projects.

If that statement in time is what it ought to be, and if we as taxpayers are attentive to it, we shall be delivered from certain myths and from certain expectations of miracles and shall be much more able than now to see where the big spendings really are and where the big savings may possibly be.

We shall perceive that certain governmental services, such as the reclamation service, really put more money into the country than they take out of the treasury. We shall perceive that not even a Republican President can remove from us any part of that solid one third of our tax burden which is caused by the payments that we have to make on the money that we borrowed to fight the late war, unless he begins to collect the money that we lent for that war to governments in Europe.

We shall perceive that while we thought we were being rather ruined by those "pork-barrel" rivers and harbors appropriations bills, it took ten years of those bills to equal one year now of the appropriations for the navy. We shall perceive that while we may now think that we are being "bankrupted" by the navy, we are still able, judging by the fiscal results of the taxes on amusements, to spend about two and a half times as much money "bankrupting" ourselves on amusements as we spend "bankrupting" ourselves on the navy.

We shall perceive that the problem is not really one of saving ourselves from any genuine "bankruptcy," but simply of sensibly saving ourselves from any and all unnecessary and undesirable expenses. We shall perceive that while certain very considerable cuts in expenses can be made by better governmental "methods of business," the big savings would be in the reduction of the number and of the size of

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governmental projects. We shall for the first time see those projects standing as it were in line for comparison with one another and in competition with one another. We shall perhaps find out that not many projects can be eliminated in all their parts, but that many of them can be eliminated in some of their parts. We shall perhaps ask ourselves just what part of our big expense for a navy is caused by our having possessions to defend on the far side of the Pacific. Just what part of our big expense in the War Department is caused by experimental work, such as studies in chemical warfare, done to keep pace with similar work in the war departments of other governments? Is there any way of rearranging our affairs internationally in the Far East? Is there any way of internationally checking the race between rival researchers of rival governments in poisons, explosives, tractors, other equipment?

From the golden dream of economy in general, the budget statement will bring us to the brass tacks of economy in particular, of economy at the source, of economy in emulation of the gentleman who, having spent a great deal of his valuable time finding ways of being economical in buying tires and other supplies for his four or five motor-cars, decided that his mind would be freer for getting richer faster if he gave up one of the cars.

It is because of the budget statement, and not because of anything else in the budget act, that the director of the budget is particularly the person who should be the administrative chief of staff of the United States. So far as examinings and improvings of "methods of business" in daily detail are concerned, the chief of the bureau efficiency might be an appropriate of chief of staff. But the director of the budget, as the maker of the budget statement, will be dealing most closely with the two problems which for efficiency and economy precede the problem of "methods of business." He will be dealing with the problem of preventing projects and parts of projects from coming into expensiveness by preventing them from coming into existence; and he will be dealing with the organizing of the living projects into departments and establishments, avoiding actual duplications of work and actual doublings of expensiveness.

The office of the director of the budget would therefore seem to be the appointed business center of the executive branch of the Government of the United States. With a business center, and with a President interested in it, we may reasonably expect a better eliminating or limiting of projects, a better fundamental organizing of them, a better daily detailed administering of them, and therefore altogether a larger reduction of taxation than without the budget act would have been possible. But we also, perhaps with some reason, expect from the budget act a thing just as desirable as a reduction of taxation.

Looking at the list of our projects in the budget statement, and seeing some that we are quite willing to spare from life, we may see others to which, on being better introduced to their merits by the director of the budget, we may wish to give a great deal more money than we give at present, of course not going so far as to cripple ourselves.

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Simon and the Thief

By ZONA GALE, *Author of* "MISS LULU BETT," *etc.*

Drawings by ERNEST FUHR

TO Simon the valley lay bathed in more than sunshine, revealed more than green. There was an air from elsewhere, and the air was sweet as if from viewless contacts. It was an inner perfume.

From the door of the cottage Simon could look down the path. A near hill, wooded, hid the north. On the south a second growth of oak ventured close and yielded to a flat, green length, less lawn than meadow. Here were the thorn-tree brought from the field of Waterloo and the Scotch thistle from the Edinburgh Castle grounds. Simon could see only these and the stone studio among vines. The rest of his world was green silence and this nameless beauty like fine flowing substance.

"She was to ride over this week," Simon thought, "and this is the day that should bring her."

As he moved along the path, the perfume was heightened; but now there was something more. Abruptly, this exquisite companionship that of late he had known became real again. It had come and gone, been absent for days, and then, when he was about some trivial pursuit, had returned and held him. Not the companionship of any creature or of any thought, but an indefinable companionship as elusive as the perfume; and when it came, his whole being flowered in joy. But not in joy as he had ever known it. For of old his joys had merely played about him, but this joy held him, drew him up, absorbed him.

At the studio the path turned and gave itself to a wood which had not expected a path or felt the need of a path, but, now that the path was there, courteously subordinated itself. This was not a trail, but was broad and trodden, a very path, magnetized by many feet to an aspect social, companionable.

Now Simon could look beyond the gleaming arch at the old well and to the broken bridge across Blacklocks Force. Still he divined no one riding down the path. "She may come through the upper grove," he thought, and strolled deeper into the green. It was strange that an expectation was using his outer mind while the centers of his consciousness were intent only on this other gracious companionship.

It was now deep summer, and since March this sweetness had been his. In March he had been walking on the bank of a little river. Looking on its still roll and reflecting on its continuity, its hidden source, its hidden destiny, he was beset by a sense of life and of God which had not since left him. He remembered the very moment in which it came, and the soft fire which warmed him. He had remained motionless, his eyes on the silken blue of the flow. In him deepened the understanding that the sweet appearances of

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earth have, not less than art, their esoteric meaning. It was a great revelation. He had supposed that all these things were known to him.

Then the companioning. On that day in March he had moved away from the river and had found himself not alone. He could not say that this companionship was merely his new knowledge. It was as if some lovely substance had formed near him and gone with him. It was like his nascent joy in conceiving a picture which he meant to paint, but it was better than that.

He had left his studio in town, his friends, his routine, and in this wild little valley had lived, dreaming and reading life as once he would have hidden himself and dreamed his art. And there had come and gone this gentleness, this friendliness invisible. He gave himself to it now, leaning above the old well where by that strange family which had first inhabited the valley a white arch had been set. The well was long dry, and a slab of stone covered it beneath the arch. Arbor vitæ grew here, and jewels of sun seemed to lie where they fell and never to move. Every aspect of the valley was an aspect of order carried with logic to quietude. It was as if everything were ready.

§ 2

The canter of her horse's hoofs had made no sound on the sand of the road. She had ridden in at the gate, and her horse was stepping delicately across the lawn that was like a meadow when she saw Simon, his shoulder against the white arch. She gave her horse to the green and went down the path.

"Want to see me?" she said.

"Andrea!" His voice showed his joy.

She was glad of his tone. She had been uncertain of her welcome, but his voice rang, and his face shone, and he held out his hands. She took them and murmured:

"You said I was not to come."

"I 'm glad you came."

"Then I wish I had come before."

"So do I," he said, and drew her up the path. "We 'll lunch here, outside the door. I 'm expecting wild strawberries."

They sat outside the door, and old Mrs. West brought the dishes of her simple skill. But she was in intense excitement, which broke through to unwonted speech.

"Hear about the thief?" she demanded.

Upon Simon's thought and mood the word struck like a rock.

"They 're huntin' him," Mrs. West went on. "The milk-boy says they 're comin' this way."

Simon regarded her.

"Ah," he murmured. "But let us hope otherwise."

She would have argued with him about this hope, since her excitements appeared but rarely. But she had another anxiety. She shaded her eyes and looked down the path.

"Eva should be coming with the strawberries," she said. "I never made a pie to-day."

"Ask her to join us for some berries as soon as she comes," Simon begged, and to Andrea's look explained: "Eva Orwood, of a remote branch of the family—and delicious."

"Eva should be coming with the berries. I never made a pie to-day," Mrs. West repeated, with an unconquerable manner of contribution.

This woman was caretaker at the

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cottage where fifty years before the strange family, the Orwoods, had built their home in the glen. She had seen the Orwoods, she told you of them: the artist brother whose portraits of the family hung in the studio down the slope; the younger brother who had tasted a wild herb in the woods and had died there, the little sister who had loved a faun and a peacock here in the Wisconsin wilderness. Mrs. West talked of them now to the neglect of her thief, and returned, still talking, to her cottage.

Simon had watched Andrea as she listened. Andrea's silences came like lovely shadows. Her thought or the thought of another would take her visibly as smoke will cloud a mirror. In the racial rhythm from stolidity to the emotional and on to the inexpression of self-control she had gone still further, and now her face mirrored all things, like quiet water, and yet, like water, remained quiet. Physically lovely, delicately bred, intellectually trained beyond the rules and even faintly psychic, she seemed at the high moment of the race, of this race.

She said:

"Simon, I have wanted to see you. Observe, it is you who have kept away from me for three months, not I from you."

"Was kept away," he corrected gravely.

"That may be. All I know is that one night in March you disappeared. Your notes, of course you know, have been far from confiding."

"I know," he said. "I 'm sorry."

She flushed.

"We can't drive each other," she continued. "I don't dream, Simon, of getting inside what 's happened to you. Don't think that I came for that."

He was silent, and his very silence seemed to be doing her some violence.

"You have had some great spiritual experience," she said abruptly. "This is what I must know: can I share it? Is it in me to share it?"

It was this that he had been asking himself, whether down all the ways of the spirit's growth, where there is room for only one, this beloved woman's way lay within hailing distance of his own.

'Andrea," he said, "I don't know. Indeed I don't know. But if we love each other—"

"I think," she said, "that this may be beyond love."

"Beyond love?" He looked at her with attention, with excitement.

"We might love each other nobly," she said, "and yet hold each other back."

"You think that love is n't all?"

"I know that love is n't all."

"Then if love is n't all, what is all?"

"For example," she said, "this that has happened to you in these three months."

He looked down the valley. Noon had come. The high, delicate blue had withdrawn. The green had advanced in a wash of strong gold. Here beauty that heals and feeds had ceased its elementary offices and moved to high ministries through pure being. To Simon the light spoke free—light within light, "Light which lighteth light." Ever since that night in March he had seen light as substance, as a mode of life. He knew that his eye, the artist's eye, had never looked on light as he was able to see it in these recent days.

"Simon," she said, "I don't believe I can share it with you—and I believe you know that I cannot."

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He had wondered sometimes just how, when the time came, he should try to tell her what these months had done. Now that the time had come, he felt dumb and tired. He heard himself speaking:

"Convinced that men and women, save in rare instances, have never touched the reality of life, I am convinced that *the emotions and the mentality are only the surface of our powers.*"

"Ah," she said, "then it is the psychic. I can at least follow you there."

"No," he said, "it is not the psychic. That is only the sign of it, like some little miracle. No, there are levels of perception which we do not reach; but we can break through to them. The artist does it for form and color; he sees inside form and color. You expect him to do so. The musician does it in harmony; the poet does it—if he does. But all these give only the signs, the little miracles. I am speaking now not only of one who has the vision for creative art, but of the one who has creative vision toward life, toward pure being. He lives it; he is it."

"The saint," she said.

Obscurely, this irritated him.

"Don't use tickets! How can I tell what you mean? Any one can say 'saint.' No, I mean the artist—in ethics, say; but not as we know ethics, either. Not that at all, but far more than that. It 's an inner contact with pure truth; it 's within, you see. It 's life esoteric—" He stopped, at a loss.

"At least," she said, "I can see that it has nothing to do with love, as I said."

"It has everything to do with love," he held, "but not with love as people have known love."

Mrs. West set down two blue bowls of strawberries.

"And now ask Eva to join us," Simon begged in manifest relief.

Eva came round the house by the old Orwood sun-dial whose inscription, worn by weather, no one could read. The dial was so dumb and Eva seemed so obvious!

"Did you want me?" she demanded. All the delicacy that she knew was in that past tense, in those lifted eyebrows.

"Sit down," Simon begged, "and tell us where you found such berries."

§ 3

The two women were so unlike that Eva appeared out of drawing, sketched in at another scale. One saw it as she took awkwardly the chair which Simon placed for her and as she instantly lifted a fork. Eva was pink, rounded, tense, quick—and curved her little finger. Simon watched her, jealously. He wished her to produce all the pretty mannerisms which charmed him, that fashion of smiling and turning away her head, of dimpling when she did not smile. And he wanted her to bring forth for Andrea all her unfledged plans, her hope to nurse, to care for some one who needed her; and that she should, with her beautiful shyness, tell of the fifty dollars which she had saved toward entering her training. Of that fifty dollars she talked with shining eyes, and with tears in them, too.

But now something else claimed her.

"That thief—" she said, "I heard 'em say he 's on the Glen road; yes, sir. I heard 'em say he 's hiding round here somewhere; yes, sir."

At length and with difficulty Simon

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actually did center his attention on this thief.

"Who may he be, Eva?" he inquired, "this thief? Why is our peace messed up with him this morning?"

In her determination to explain Eva's swallow was evident.

"It 's a gentleman that stole," she said. "He 's a stranger; he come in town yesterday. And last night they say he took some money out of the hotel desk and lit into the woods."

"And they 've followed him?"

"Oh, yes, sir; a long way. They 've sent off now for bloody hounds."

"Good heavens—"

"Oh, yes, they have." She looked up at the oak grove, her eyebrows pensive. "The poor gentleman!"

Andrea was amused.

"But 'poor'?" she repeated. "You said that he stole!"

"Yes; it 's too bad," said Eva.

Simon was annoyed. Eva was not showing to advantage to Andrea those childish graces, that quaint phrasing, those bits in character. Simon was bored by the intrusion of this gentleman bandit.

"Thief," said he, "robber, pirate—they seem as remote as cavemen; as the race when it was in its den."

His thought ran to the lovely secret knowledge of his days—the knowledge that in men and women inhere powers and faculties which as yet they do not guess, which he himself was glimpsing in tender shadow. A thief! Could there exist in the same world that crude primal impulse and the exquisite urge which he was learning?

"Ah, Eva, by the way," he said, "that book I promised you—here it is."

He had found her eager to learn, and he had selected for her from his shelf a little volume on India paper, an anthology, a capsule of choice adventures.

"Thank you ever so much, I 'm sure," was Eva's acknowledgment. She held the book, and Simon observed that she did not seeingly read the title. It was book, generic. He imagined her thus before a picture or with music or with life.

"May I see?" Andrea asked.

She stooped to the book. Simon watched those faces. A thousand years, a thousand births, lay between the two. Eva was a stone, Andrea a flower. Eva was a cell, Andrea an organism.

Eva creased her silk handkerchief about the book for a cover. The handkerchief bore a border of colored lettering. Simon had not known many who carry silk handkerchiefs with colored lettering and use them to cover books. He rose abruptly. It had been a mistake to ask Eva to join them.

"Will you take us down to the studio?" he asked her, shortly.

Mrs. West was there to fetch the bowls. She stood with her hands laid flatly upon her apron, hands curled and crumpled like old leaves.

"I thought," she volunteered, "I heard some shoutin'. Lands! don't I hope he 'll go chasin' right through here, and they after him, a-flyin'!"

"O Aunt!" Eva cried in horror.

It came to Simon that in that scale which he had considered this woman lay still lower than Eva. Mrs. West was merely brute star-dust.

"I do," she was insisting; but then he caught her shamed wistfulness and thought that, after all, this was only the ardent wish of this isolated being somehow to participate in life.

They went to the Orwood studio, the little stone building that those

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strange Orwoods had built with their own hands to house their simple treasures. The small ground floor, with its stuffed birds and little animals of the region, always filled Eva with pity for the bright creatures, so pert and vivid in death; but Andrea spoke of the fine untutored skill of the Orwood lad who had prepared them. Above-stairs, among the artist brother's admirably executed portraits of countenances cast in a mold already passed, Andrea was caught by the pity and the beauty of those lonely figures in that wilderness, of the use and the waste of the art which she thought must chiefly have spent itself on conduct. Eva said: "This is the one that et the wild parsnips and died. To think of the poor gentleman so sick out in the woods, and him all alone!"

When Andrea found Emerson hanging on the wall, and Whitman, hung when America did not intimately know them, Eva merely twitched the uneven picture wire and frowned at a cobweb. And she blushed before the old marble of Clytie around which Mrs. West had piously cast a disused curtain of magenta chenille. But Andrea murmured, "That shade of magenta is the true crime." At every point little Eva acted her part of the homespun, Andrea hers of the evolved. And Simon watched them both, himself in the deadly sin of the consciousness that this level of understanding to which he had somehow attained lay above Andrea, as she was above Eva.

"This experience of yours, whatever it has been," Andrea found place to say, "is over you like a garment, Simon. You are more wonderful than ever."

His smile was perfect in its deprecation, but deep in the well-springs he may have felt that there was something of truth in her words. And he wished that Eva would leave them; her crudity was boring him.

They were emerging from the studio when Eva lifted her head at an ugly angle of listening.

§ 4

"Hark!" she cried bluntly.

From the oak opening on the east slope a man came running. He was tall and white, and his unshaven face was strange above his neat clothes. He ran badly. His hands were flung grotesquely out, like the hands of one unused to running. When he saw the three, he veered and came toward them, tripping in the long grass.

"Hide me, for God's sake!" he said.

Andrea looked at Simon. Simon stood frowning. Eva abruptly turned and ran a little away from them down the path. It was strange to Simon that Eva should run away, she who seemed so doughty, so valiant. He glanced after her in perplexity. He saw her beneath the white arch, lifting the stone slab over the old Orwood well.

"Down there!" she cried.

The man ran toward Eva. None of them ever forgot the horror in his worn face and in his great dog's eyes. He gained the well, leaned gasping on the curb.

"You ain't going to trap me?" they heard him say.

Eva's gesture was queenly.

"What do you s'pose?" she said scornfully. "Drop in there."

The man read her face, dropped into the opening. She let fall the cover. Despite her deadly pallor, she was businesslike. She shot a glance of

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"'This,' she said, and handed it to Pettle"

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annoyance at Mrs. West, who now came hurrying to the screened porch, crying out, "Suz save us!" Yet it was to her that Eva ran, and poured out something of this that had happened, and seemed to confer with the woman, who instantly sobered and nodded with a look of no less than intelligence. Simon and Andrea were left standing detached and distinctly unrelated to all that had taken place. Simon said, "How extraordinary of her!" and Andrea's word was, "Really!"

From the oak-grove came riding four horsemen; six, seven. They cantered down the slope, bringing with them a certain air of festivity, as if they had been merely riding forth into the greenwood this June morning. They were bending forward in the saddle, they were red, they were laughing.

"Where 'd he go?" they demanded variously.

They drew rein, uttering the half-articulate in all the businesslike aspect of the man-chase. It was as if they were making a sport. Only they were rather too sure of their man. They had started him up from cover, they explained, quite close to the cottage, and had run him to the opening.

"Which way 'd he go?" they inquired. "You saw him, of course?"

"Oh, yes," said Eva, "we saw him." She was standing by the horse of a huge red man who seemed to be their leader. Her undeveloped profile, her ineffectual little nose, showed childishly against the group. "We saw him, Mr. Pettle," she said quietly.

"Well," shouted Mr. Pettle, aggressively, "we got no time to lose."

"What 's the man done?" asked Simon.

There was about Simon something so tranquil, so gentle, that the high key of the others was instantly lowered.

"Stole fifty dollars off'n me," said the man Pettle. "Took it out'n the till. I happen to be the sheriff; I 'll show 'im!"

"Fifty dollars!" Eva cried.

"You 're sure you 're after the right man?" Simon persisted.

"Said his wife was sick, the liar," cried Pettle, and jerked stupidly at his horse's bridle.

"Sick?" said Eva. Her face changed, lighted. "Said his wife was sick?"

"She 's sick right enough, and so 's he. Coughing his head off was how we come on him in the woods."

Eva stood still, her eyes on the red man's face. Her jaw was slightly fallen; she was squinting; she bore every inch the look of the incompetent, of the underbred. But when she spoke, her words rang and mounted above Mrs. West's rumblings.

"Sick!" Eva cried with passion, "and you chasing him! I should think you 'd be ashamed of yourselves —the whole of you."

Pettle's jaws closed, and his eyes narrowed.

"Look here," he said, "what reason you got for not telling us where the fellow went?"

"The reason is," said Eva, "that he left something here for you."

"Left something!" cried Pettle, and stared and swore.

She ran to the house. Mrs. West followed her, talking. Simon saw how the terrible air of the men gave place to curiosity and amazement not the less physical. Simon felt repelled; he felt ill; he was distressed that Andrea should be witness to this sordid and hideous moment, that they should

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both in a measure be parties to the occasion. Was it the same world down which he had wandered only an hour ago in a gracious companionship, in a beauty that was like fine flowing substance? And Eva in secret communication with that thief! Who would have thought it of her stupidity?

Eva came running back, flushed, brilliant. In her hand was a little bag of cloth.

"This," she said, and handed it to Pettle.

Pettle's clumsy fingers fumbled at the strings. He drew out bills neatly folded, creased, pressed in their places —twenty, forty, fifty dollars.

"There it is," said Eva. "He said you 'd come this way. Now you leave him be." She spoke with passion.

Pettle stared, muttered, swore, grinned round at the others. Then he recovered himself, blustered, talked about the law and its satisfaction. But he really meant his own satisfaction, and pocketed the money. But leave the man look out of their way, that was all. Leave him look out. They rode away, pitiful exponents of the law which is satisfied with payment in money, in blood, or in suffering.

Eva turned to Simon. She seemed commanding; she seemed tall.

"Would you and Miss What's-name go off down there a little ways?" she said. "I don't want—I guess it 'll be better if aunt and I—"

She looked toward the white arch above the well. Andrea and Simon understood and went mutely.

§ 5

Once more Simon took the path to the wood. He had caught Andrea's horse, walked beside her to the stile, watched her ride away. Neither had spoken much. Both were busy analyzing, and neither, perhaps, was complacent at the result.

Andrea had said:

"How shocking to have all this forced upon one! And yet Eva—"

"Eva was magnificent," said Simon; and then, after a moment, he said thoughtfully: "She was—literally divine."

"Simon!"

Something in her cry shook him. He knew that it was irrelevant, that her thought had left the late occasion and was seeking to encompass all the situation in which they found themselves. She seemed frail and bewildered and like a little girl. All her manner had fallen from her; she was looking up at him from her secret being. She was Andrea, who loved him.

But she was saying:

"I am not fine enough. Simon, I can't share this that you want your life to be. I am sure of it."

His arms were about her, but he was looking away from her, into the deep green—the tragic, far look of the immemorial lover who hears another voice.

"Live your life, dear," she said. "Leave me behind. I am quite reasonable if there is a development which you can reach without me and not with me. Oh, don't you see? If it were for the good of your art, I would give you up. Why not for the good of your soul?"

Simon muttered distastefully:

"My soul!" Put like this, he had no relish for it. This spiritual level that he glimpsed was so much finer than its terminology. He was swept by the besetting sweetness of his new knowledge that life is something other

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than that which we believe it to be, that the race is certainly to break through to lovely levels of perception unknown to it now, and that those who see this hope must toil at it as at an art.

"You would lose it all," Andrea was saying, "in a life with me."

Her words opened to him that home which would be theirs, in the suburbs, twenty-five minutes out, the shingled garage, the shrubbery, the young married commuters dropping in for bridge.

"Unless," she breathed, "love counted. And here, Simon, love might be in the way."

Crude terminology again. Put so, this was heresy and absurdity. He tried to phrase it.

"I think," said Simon, "that some day men and women will look back on 'romantic love' as we look back on chivalry. We do not even suspect what love is, this tremendous mystery of duality in nature. Everything traceable to sex, yes; but what *is* that? Perhaps only one of countless creative powers which we shall claim—the only one which so far lets us guess at our godhood. Except—"

If he could tell her of his strange new sense which released him, even as love releases, to new areas of living; light beside which love's color of rose is a dimness; presence which might be the actual presence of God.

"Except what?" Andrea had asked wistfully, and then cried: "You cannot tell me; I should not understand. I know—you cannot take me with you in this any more than at dying."

He had cried out he hardly knew what in protest, knowing the truth of what she said. She had ridden away. But even then her eyes summoned him.

Now, lying on the bank of Blacklocks Force, Simon was not wondering as he had wondered before whether indeed Andrea could share his new life, his new birth into life. Instead he was repeating what he had said of Eva: she had done something literally divine. *Eva!* And Andrea and he had merely been in the way. Eva had instantly made her adjustment, had caught the command to help the man, had felt the wrong in harboring him unless she paid his price. Her whole action had seemed without conscious choice, had seemed involuntary, the fruit of some intuitive knowledge, as if her otherness were already bred into the race. And Andrea and he had merely been in the way.

He looked down at the brook, flowing from what hidden source to what destiny; his eye ran to the opposite slope, damascened with sun. Then he looked about him in slow bewilderment. For now everything bore its ancient accustomed aspect, as all had looked before his new sense of life had come upon him. The rollicking brook, the rocks, the tamaracks, they were cold, metallic. Their color lay upon the outside. The light was merely reflected, was decorative, did not drench and permeate. He covered his eyes. Yes, a violence had been done to himself, to this nascent sense of spiritual revivification to which he had tried to give himself. He had somehow cut himself off from the current which since March had been flowing free. He was looking on his visible world as an amateur might look. Certain rays had ceased to be discernible, or certain emanations had refused to act, or lovely particles no longer gave out their influence. And Blacklocks Force, the wood, the slope,

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Eugene O'Neill

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may be dying. Yes, we took him in. Somebody 's got to go and telephone for the doctor. Oh, maybe you ain't willing—"

Running through the moonlight to the farm-house, Simon found himself wishing that the distance were greater, the hills steeper, the night a night of storm, anything to increase his service. And it was Eva who had taught him this.

When the physician was on his way and Simon back at the cottage, he came on Eva in the kitchen, stooping at the stove, and he demanded rudely that he be set at work.

"But he *is* a thief, you know," Eva whispered. "He told us everything. He 'd just served time, and thought he could start living again; then he found his wife dying, and he took that money—"

"I don't care whether his wife is dying or not," Simon said, but Eva knew that he meant only to disavow need of explanation.

Together they worked over the man. Simon was humble before Eva, who was so deft, wise, instant. He was aware of Mrs. West, her silence, her capability. He was himself able and useful through sheer pressing desire to be so. When the man battled for breath and was lifted by Simon, Simon was curiously aware of a kind of friendliness outraying from himself upon the man, like power.

At dawn, when the doctor was leaving and Eva was to drive back with him to bring some necessities, Simon stood for a moment beside her in the doorway.

"I wanted to tell you," Simon said awkwardly, "yesterday you were wonderful. I—we both thought so."

All her brisk proficiency fell from her, and she seemed again the crude little country girl, ill at ease before him. There was her smile, however, which hid itself at the turning of her head.

"Goodness," she said in embarrassment, "that was n't anything more 'n you 'd have done if you 'd thought of it."

"Ah," said Simon, "but I did n't think. I want to ask you something," he added. "You did n't plan it—to give him that money?"

"Goodness, no!"

"But before that you were hiding him—a thief—from the law."

Her eyes flashed.

"Law! Mebbe you call such men and bloody hounds the law. I don't!"

She stepped awkwardly into the doctor's car and was gone.

§ 7

In the lovely dawn Simon once more went down the valley of the brook and ascended to the green plateau on the other side. Here rose the chapel, stone laid upon stone by the departed Orwoods. Among the trees the stations of the cross, every one in its little wooden kiosk, had been painted by the artist brother, figures fine, unfaded, living. Now peering in at the window, Simon saw the neat altar, the rude benches, all speaking intolerably of the past. At these things he stared and doubted his entire revelation. These forgotten Orwoods, with their withdrawals, their preparations to divine more of the preciousness of life, what had they availed? And he with his perception of a heightened level of living? He had called it life more abundant, but was it that? For these Orwoods and he and Andrea had all been shamed by the crude

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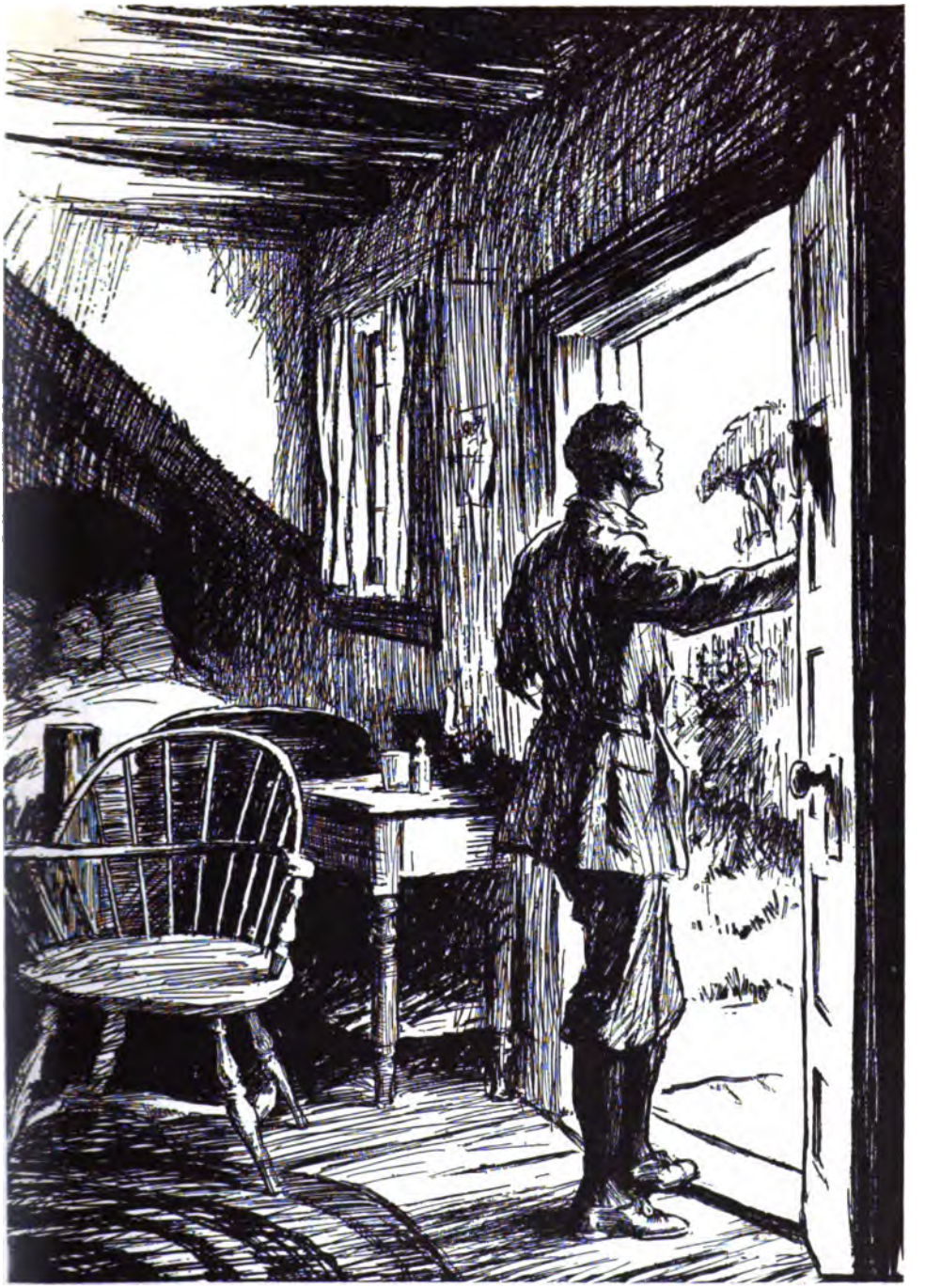

"Simon rose, and stood in the doorway, open upon that light which was more than sunshine, more than color. Andrea! He wanted to tell all this to Andrea."

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literal child and by Mrs. West herself.

"God help me!" said Simon, and lay down on the tall, dry grass. Life pressed upon him like a weight, as if life were but a mode of death.

He woke to the faint sound of the water below the little plateau, and saw it flowing from what hidden source to what hidden destiny. The sun was now surging against the tree-tops, pouring through the leaves, was received in the thick grass where mandrakes slept. He was in the mysterious freshness of wakening from ever mysterious sleep. The words with which he had fallen asleep were still present in that creative activity of the spoken word. And while he lay looking at the little stream he was aware of some sweetness current with the sense: fragrance not of flowers; a slant of glowing light; a lift of spirit as in laughter; the vibration of some loved presence.

It had come again, his new sense of life holding him, drawing him, devouring him. It was a distinct dilation of his consciousness, a catching up into some higher norm of perception, of existence. It was literally the creative mood descending upon him not for creative work, but for creative understanding of reality.

He sprang up, and something else ran with his thought: the man down there in the cottage, he must get back to him.

He found Mrs. West nodding beside her sleeping patient, and Simon took her place. As he sat beside the man Simon was planning. When the man awoke, Eva would ask him about his wife, and they would take help to her. He himself would see to that. And Eva—how could he persuade her to let him replace that fifty dollars? And he was possessed by his pity for the poor fellow in the bed, the fine, pale face with its definite inheritance of gentleness and decency somehow gone astray. With a flash of wonder Simon knew that he would be feeling the same if here were some poor battered thing, empty of endowment.

Simon rose, and stood in the doorway, open upon that light which was more than sunshine, more than color. Andrea! He wanted to tell all this to Andrea. It was certain that this she would understand.

He stepped from the house, and there was Andrea coming toward him, her horse already grazing near. She was starry with some preoccupation.

"Simon," she cried, "that man—can we do something? I 've thought about him all night."

He met her mutely, searched her face. She came close to him.

"Dear," she said, "it 's no use. I can't follow you. The truth is, I don't know what you were talking about yesterday. 'Other powers within us,' and all that. I 'm not detached; I 'm not spiritually up to you—"

"Andrea, wait—"

"Oh, I 'm not. I see it now. I can't feel this that you have been feeling. I 'm away down on some lower level. I can do only things like helping that man—"

They were alone there in the morning sun. He stood before her humbly, held out his arms, saw her face bright against the background of the valley beauty—a beauty like fine flowing substance.

"Beloved!" he said.

Eva, laden with parcels, was entering the yard. They met her, shared her burdens, followed her within the house to take her orders.

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The Real Eugene O'Neill

By Oliver M. Sayler

Drawing by William Zorach

One of our most unmistakable traits as Americans is to personify ideas and movements in human guise. We like, for instance, to make Foch stand for Allied invincibility, Lenine for the spirit of revolution, or Edison for our native ingenuity. Having our idol or devil, we set about to inquire with prying curiosity into the inmost intimacies of those whom we have chosen thus to honor. It is a bit disconcerting to us, therefore, after agreeing upon Eugene G. O'Neill as the personal symbol of our awakening American drama, to find that little is known about the man himself. True, he has had four plays on Broadway in the last two seasons, "Beyond the Horizon," "The Emperor Jones," "Diff'rent," and "Gold." Two more will have reached the stage by the time these lines are read, "The Straw" and "Anna Christie," while a third, based on a legend as old as man, is likely to be disclosed before another summer arrives. Yet despite this wide and growing acquaintance with O'Neill as a dramatist, the man remains for the general public only a name, a symbol, a luring and mysterious example of that association with the sea which has always stirred the imagination.

I doubt whether any other contemporary has bothered so little as O'Neill whether the public was curious about him or not. Certainly, there is in his work no deliberate challenge to find out, if you can, what he is like, no conscious bait for the busybody. That is probably only another way of saying that he is primarily the artist, that there is nothing of the propagandist in him, no desire to stimulate interest in his dogmas and theories or in himself as guaranty of further attention to those theories. I do not believe he has any theories; theories are fallible, undependable things.

After all, though, there is close kinship between O'Neill the playwright and the man, and to know the man is to understand his work the more clearly. For out of the life he has lived and the philosophy he has gained from it he draws many of the characters and scenes and ideas for his plays; and even when he goes to his imagination for the raw material, his checkered experiences on sea and land invariably color the use of it.

§ 2

O'Neill's life has been composed of just those struggles, and he has overridden just those obstacles, in just those ways that we like to think are characteristic of our continent. The old Barrett House at Forty-third Street and Broadway was his birthplace a little over thirty years ago, and from Gotham he was carried to the

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four winds of the country by his father, the late James O'Neill, then at the height of his fame in "Monte Cristo." Private schooling prepared him for Princeton, but he soon ran afoul of the authorities there, and began a vagabond career that led far beyond the horizon. Secretary to a mail-order firm in lower Broadway and boon comrade of Benjamin Tucker and other radicals; gold prospector in Honduras, and victim of fever there; assistant manager for Viola Allen in "The White Sister" in the Middle West—these were the early chapters. Lured then by Conrad's "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*," he shipped on a Norwegian bark for Buenos Aires, and the Argentine capital held him exile for a year and a half in service to Westinghouse, Swift & Singer. A voyage to Durban, South Africa, and back was holiday, and finally he returned on a British tramp to New York, whence he shipped several times as able seaman in the American Line. Further adventures on land as denizen of the docks, friend of gamblers and Tammany ward-heelers, actor and newspaper reporter, culminated in an attack of tuberculosis, and incidentally in leisure to set to paper his first crude dramatic experiments, "Thirst and Other Plays," published at his father's expense in 1914. The following winter he devoted to Professor Baker's English 47 at Harvard, and thenceforth the scenes of his labors as growing playwright have been those two aspects of the same mood, Greenwich Village, Manhattan, and Provincetown, Massachusetts.

To-day, in the old coast-guard station at Peaked Hill Bar, on the ocean, across the shifting sand-dunes from the village of Provincetown, while his young son Shane plays on the beach, and his wife, Agnes Boulton, writes short stories in the room where they used to lay out the corpses after a wreck, he sits listening to the eternal tale of the surf he loves, and molds in form of plays the struggles of men and women he has known and of those from other times whom his experience has taught him to understand. Beneath the sun in the sand of some secluded cove he lies dreaming like primitive and pagan man. And when the sea is fine or when it is n't,—it does n't much matter,—he is off alone in his kayak over the waves, a startling visitor at times to the deep-sea fishermen, who are too much astounded at the apparition to heed his plea for a sample of their catch. For life is constrained at Peaked Hill Bar. The outward conveniences of civilization are there, installed at the whim of Samuel Lewisohn, who for a fleeting holiday rescued the coast guards' abandoned cabin from decay a few years ago and then sold it to O'Neill. But the larder is dependent on the wagon that crosses the dunes once a week, and in sand-locked exile the vagrant of the seas pays for his repose and privacy in terms of some of the difficulties he knew in the forecastle.

This lifetime of adventure, crammed into a few aimless, wild, carousing, feverish years, has left its record stamped relentlessly on O'Neill's face, his manner, and his mind. The nature of that record, though, reveals a personality immune to the usual results of such adventure. There is no slackening of the inner fire, no flabbiness of muscle or of mental fiber. He has caught himself and found himself in time, and the same boundless energy which carried him across the

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conventional boundaries of living, instead of being scattered and wasted, is now concentrated on the single task of expressing himself through the medium of the theater. Tall and trim of frame and dark of complexion, with eyes that pierce when they look up, and with a mouth that takes nothing in life for granted, he presents a singularly intense, but reticent, figure. Life has given him poise and severe judgment and a corresponding deliberateness of mental process and of speech. Nothing ruffles him or excites him. He is neither ashamed nor proud of his devil-may-care past. There it is, in the past; and here he is now. And what else matters? Therein lies the real realist. And with all these more sober traits, alongside disillusionment and a fatalism that is almost cynical at times, there are a kindliness in little things, a naïve simplicity, and a sense of quiet humor. It is well to call these traits to the attention of those who dub him our prize pessimist, for sooner or later they may find expression in his work as leaven for prevailing gloom.

§ 3

O'Neill entered the theater by the side door of the one-act play. Some of the earlier ones were incredibly bad. If he had written nothing better than "Thirst" and "Fog" and the others in that early groping volume, his name would not be known beyond the amateur stages of the Little Theaters. But in association with The Provincetown Players and The Washington Square Players he struck his pace, and the seven resultant sketches of life at sea, published recently under title of "The Moon of the Caribbees," are sufficient to themselves, and at the same time foreshadow the longer, more sustained work that has followed. With Richard Bennett's production of "Beyond the Horizon" in February, 1920, the playwright came professionally of age, and that arrival at majority was doubly confirmed last season with "The Emperor Jones" and "Diff'rent," both of which were first disclosed by The Provincetown Players in Macdougall Street, and later were taken to Broadway for wider audience. "Gold," in the final month of the season, neither added to nor subtracted from his reputation, for the production was too inept to bring out the play's merits or reveal its defects. Like its successors this season, "The Straw" and "Anna Christie," it is fair to consider it here only in its unacted form.

Just as O'Neill the man is largely the result of the life he has lived, so O'Neill the artist is product and expression of the man. The impact of life upon him, which opens his eyes to things as they are, finds creative outlet in the somber and ironic etchings of "The Moon of the Caribbees" series, in the grim and candid severities of "Beyond the Horizon" and "Diff'rent," in the meticulous chronicle of stalking disease of "The Straw," and in the frank moral adjustments of "Anna Christie." It is just like him to see and admit and reveal the pitiable intimacies of common sailors in his one-act sketches, the tragic consequences of misplaced careers in "Beyond the Horizon," the appalling dénouement of sex repression in "Diff'rent," the heartrending realization of love after it is too late in "The Straw," and the futile efforts of a vengeful mariner to outwit the sea, the "Old Davil," in "Anna Christie."

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All these plays are the logical outcome of a mind that has known life bitterly face to face, but not long enough to become cowed by it or sentimental over it. Call this cynicism if you like, but there is nothing of the cheap striving for effect which we usually associate with cynicism. Neither is it mere sophomoric impatience with a disillusioning world. O'Neill is too terribly in earnest and too firmly grounded in experience to make either of those mistakes. It is just possible that greater maturity will temper his harshness without relaxing his honesty and conviction. It did that with Ibsen. It did not with Strindberg.

The plays in one act published as "The Moon of the Caribbees" are like the pencil-sketches an artist makes before he sets to work with oil and canvas. And just as the preliminary drawings of Leonardo and Turner and Whistler are preserved not only for their sentimental associations, but even more for their intrinsic worth, these short dramatic studies by O'Neill are bound to retain the respect they commanded on their first appearance. They may even be valued more highly as time goes on. The best of the playwright's early work has been gathered together in this group, and it will serve as base-line for consideration of whatever else he has done or will do.

The heart of this early work is a series of episodes in the life on sea and land of the motley crew of the British tramp steamer *Glencairn*. Scotch and Irish, Swede and Russian, Yank and Briton, all rub shoulders and match their wit and profanity on deck and in forecastle and in sea-port dive. These are the men the playwright knew in his own years before the mast, and he has drawn them with swift, sure strokes. To meet them on the printed page, though, is to catch only fleeting glimpses of them. O'Neill's instinct for the theater is already unmistakable here, for these men and their women become their vivid selves only when embodied on the stage. And when they are so embodied, the comparative lack of plot or story is forgotten in the realization that these outcasts have known close contact with some profound moment of life.

In "The Moon of the Caribbees" that chastening moment comes to *Smitty*, the "Duke," when memories of a girl back home, assisted by the stimulus of rum, steel him against the luring temptations of the bumboat negresses and the crooning chant from shore in West Indian harborage. "S'pose there 's a gal mixed up in it some place, ain't there?" puts in the donkeyman to the restive *Smitty*, and the reply comes stiffly: "What makes you think so?" "Always is when a man lets music bother 'im," is the retort. "An' she said she threw you over 'cause you was drunk; an' you said you was drunk 'cause she threw you over. Queer thing, love, ain't it?" Beyond the range of *Smitty's* testing, the play is just a picture, a vivid, startling canvas like those in the current exhibitions, with bold splashes of color applied carelessly, it would seem at first glance, but really with unerring precision.

Similar impact of the essence of life upon the humdrum course of every day, against the same vivid pictorial backgrounds, characterizes the other three plays of the *Glencairn* series: the incomprehensibility of death when it strikes one of the crew in "Bound East for Cardiff," the fatal recurrence

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of accident which keeps a homesick sailor tied to the sea in "The Long Voyage Home," and the mutual humiliation which abashes both victim and tormentors when, as conclusion to the panicky solemnities of "In the Zone," a parcel of *Smitty's* is found to be a bunch of old love-letters instead of the suspected bomb. Of the remaining plays preserved in this volume from their experimental production, one of them, "Where the Cross is Made," is interesting chiefly as the germ from which the longer play "Gold" was made. "The Rope" is a study in the sour and sardonic consequences of greed, while "Ile" penetrates to the frozen North to relate the coming of madness to the wife of a whaling captain, crazed by the loneliness of the polar sea.

"Beyond the Horizon" was O'Neill's first full-length play, and the first of any length to reach the professional stage. It bears the marks of immaturity and early composition. It is too long by a fourth or a fifth, and has to be compressed that much in performance. It is broken up into too many scenes—two for each of its three acts—for the most effective interpretation by our clumsy contemporary stage machinery. It is needlessly disregardful of the practical limitations of the theater, too, in demanding realistic outdoor settings that the designer cannot make illusive, and its psychology is marred by the presence of a youngster of two who speaks the language of four at the least. But, despite these flaws, it is sound and convincing drama, a play that cuts clean home to the primal facts of life and stirs the tragic emotions like no American contribution to the theater since "The Easiest Way." The award to its author of the Pulitzer prize for 1920 was frank and prompt recognition of its superior merits.

I know of few plays in the modern theater which plunge so inexorably downward in tragic disintegration of human hopes as "Beyond the Horizon." There is no compromise here with life or with the traditions of the stage. There is something almost Greek in the austerity of the tragedy, for, despite the homely and starkly honest realism of scenes and characters and speech, the catastrophe is classic in that it proceeds not so much from conscious or avoidable mistakes as from the grim fatality of a choice whose innate consequences its victims were unprepared to foresee.

O'Neill's accomplishment, it seems to me, consists not only in following this catastrophe with stern veracity to its inevitable conclusion, but also in conveying by subtle and unobtrusive touches the impression of unremitting dissolution, of the appalling gloom of the years that intervene between the mile-posts of these crucial episodes he has selected to bear the burden of his narrative.

§ 4

In "Diff'rent" O'Neill has done both a greater and a lesser piece of work than in "Beyond the Horizon"—lesser in the extent of his canvas and in the restricted significance of his psychological problem; greater in its concentration, in its capitalization of inherent difficulties, in its disturbingly frank and realistic speech, and in the same keen and searching insight into human motives as applied to more elusive and unusual characters and situations.

It may seem contradictory to say

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that a play loses in importance by its limited subject and gains by the playwright's skilful treatment of that subject, but the paradox is more apparent than actual. The greatest plays of all time have been written about the simple and primal problems of human life. But there is a fineness and precision of workmanship in miniature, as it were, which is not to be despised and which until now has been monopolized by European dramatists like Strindberg and Tchehoff and Wedekind. Such a detailed mastery of the nuances of life is probably the goal and the function of realism in the theater as well as in the other arts. Heretofore we have had no American playwright sufficiently sensitive to these back-waters of human experience or articulate enough in reporting his observations to bring to us an American counterpart of "The Father" or "The Sea-Gull" or "The Awakening of Spring." Among his varied talents, O'Neill has proved that he possesses this mastery of miniature, for "Diff'rent" is unquestionably the most expert, if not the most powerful and moving, example of realistic drama that we have produced in this country.

The very qualities which give "Diff'rent" its value make it almost impossible to convey any accurate idea of its substance or its peculiar merits. It is easy, of course, to point out the obstacle of the gap between the two acts, which ordinarily would break the tragedy into two separate plays; but it is not so easy to specify the shadings and contrasts of scene and language and character by which the author has made the interval serve the purposes of a deeper unity. These are the subtle privacies of the theater, as untranslatable in words as the modulations of the musician or the color harmonies of the painter. Such are the means, too, by which the inmost thoughts and feelings of these distraught figures are revealed with an intimacy that makes observation of them almost embarrassing.

Something of the same problem faced O'Neill in "The Straw," another realistic tragedy, with its setting in a sanatorium for consumptives. "The Straw" was written long before "Diff'rent," but though available in published form, it has reached the stage too recently to be considered here as acted and actable drama, the only way it is fair to judge works so manifestly intended for the actual stage as those of O'Neill. From a reading of the play, though, it seems to me that he was not yet so sure of his touch when he composed it. Like "Beyond the Horizon," it is far too long, and, unlike "Diff'rent," it seems to leave too little to the imagination, as even the realist must do if he is to make art out of photography. Still, the story of *Eileen Carmody's* unrequited love for her fellow-patient in the sanatorium, Stephen Murray, her wasting away and his realization, when it is too late to save her, that he, too, has come to love passionately, is a tale as deeply and pitifully moving as any O'Neill has yet devised. "Anna Christie" is still in guarded manuscript as this survey is made.

§ 5

So much for the playwright as realist. Then there is the other side of O'Neill—the side that may, perhaps, be counted on to mitigate the severity of his realism if it does n't altogether displace it. It is the quality which was first feebly discernible in

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"Fog," published with "Thirst" seven years ago—the quality which found surer expression in "Where the Cross is Made" and the longer play derived from it, "Gold"; the quality which was finally dominant for the first time in "The Emperor Jones," that soul-baring tragedy of a black monarch thrown back on his personal and racial fears in flight from his rebellious subjects. It is the quality of the imaginative, of a new and virile kind of romance, which has thus grown to a ruling-place among O'Neill's several styles of expression. Here, too, as in his realism, the issue is tragic, but with a profounder pity, a readier sympathy and admiration for the struggler against fate. This is the O'Neill whose eyes have got the better of his mouth, whose own vital force found anchorage in time, but not before he had seen the essential tragedy of life face to face on stormy seas, in unkempt lodging-houses, and notorious barrooms.

It has been O'Neill's misfortune to have his plays reach the stage out of the order of their composition. "Gold," therefore, seems to have been the successor to "The Emperor Jones," though in reality it is a considerably older piece of work. Its progenitor, the one-act sketch, "Where the Cross is Made," is a fantastic study of an old sea-captain who finds what he thinks is treasure while marooned on a tropic isle, who sends his comrades back to rescue it, and who goes mad awaiting their return. There is too much antecedent action, too much to be explained for the one-act form, and O'Neill, therefore, expanded his material into a full-length play, with the first scene on the island, the second and third at home preparatory to the dubious voyage, and the last in Captain Bartlett's ghostly cabin atop his home, whence in his madness he peers out to sea in vain for the lost *Sarah Allen*. It is almost impossible to tell from the clumsy production of the play just what are the values and the possibilities of "Gold." It is fairly evident, though, that the second and third acts are weak and that the author was feeling his way toward a new romanticism in the psychology of the mystical and the subconscious.

I asked O'Neill not long ago what the theater meant to him and life.

"The theater to me," he said, "is life—the substance and interpretation of life."

"And life?"

"Life is struggle, often, if not usually, unsuccessful struggle; for most of us have something within us which prevents us from accomplishing what we dream and desire. And then, as we progress, we are always seeing further than we can reach. I suppose that is one reason why I have come to feel so indifferent toward political and social movements of all kinds. Time was when I was an active socialist, and, after that, a philosophical anarchist. But to-day I can't feel that anything like that really matters. It is rather amusing to me to see how seriously some people take politics and social questions and how much they expect of them. Life as a whole is changed very little, if at all, as a result of their course. It seems to me that, as far as we can judge, man is much the same creature, with the same primal emotions and ambitions and motives, the same powers and the same weaknesses, as in the time when the Aryan race started toward Europe

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from the slopes of the Himalayas. He has become better acquainted with those powers and those weaknesses, and he is learning ever so slowly how to control them. The birth-cry of the higher men is almost audible, but they will not come by tinkering with externals or by legislative or social fiat. They will come at the command of the imagination and the will."

All of O'Neill's plays have reached the stage from their author's imagination by medium of a penciled handwriting so small that it takes a lens to read it. Several times he has tried to enlarge his script so that some one else could copy it, but he has always relapsed after a few pages into blinding miniature. Meticulous and deliberate, perfectly formed, a page from the drawing-board on which he composes seems to typify the exactitude, the power of penetration, and the relentlessness of the mind that guides the hand. In that same intense, introspective cipher, with a patience born of hours and months at sea, is emerging slowly the ambitious panorama of his legend drama. In it, later, will come another negro play as original in conception as "The Emperor Jones," and a trilogy analyzing and interpreting our materialistic civilization that is still dimly in the back of his head.

It is too early yet to try to place Eugene O'Neill as playwright and as artist. He has just begun his career, but in some ways he seems to have begun it at a point beyond where many others have left off. Whether he can sustain the pace he has set himself and develop it with the variety and the flexibility demanded by the day in which he lives, is a question for time to answer. I do not think he is nearly so much interested in the answer as he is in completing the job in hand. And that is a good sign. It is a good sign, too, that he has chosen as his headmaster in his profession such a one as Synge, and it is an even better sign that he has caught the secret of the master without slavishly copying him; for no one more than O'Neill recalls so distinctly the lyric speech of the author of "The Playboy of the Western World," that quality in dialogue which cries out to be spoken aloud—a quality observed by both with a quick ear for the cadence of the colloquial.

After all, though, O'Neill is roundly and soundly American, the product of our life and our thought and our civilization. To call him our greatest living playwright, though, even if he deserved it, would not be very flattering just now. Greater than what other? The field is discouragingly barren. Perhaps it is just as well to leave the question open by admitting that he points the way toward one worthier than himself, and that he himself in full maturity may be the one to whom he shows the way.

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The Convalescence of Europe

By ALFRED E. ZIMMERN, *Author of* "THE GREEK COMMONWEALTH," *etc.*

LIKE every one of the years since 1914, 1922 opens for Europe with a large question-mark. No man can say what it will bring forth; what political disturbances, what economic fluctuations or even upheavals, what ebullitions of national or class feeling, may mark its course. We are living through the final period of a huge convulsion, and there is not a country in Europe where men's minds have returned to the normal or where a combination of circumstances may not at any moment precipitate some unforseen and disturbing development. But, as always after a storm, despite occasional setbacks the general tendency is toward calm and steady weather.

It is therefore not so paradoxical as it sounds to declare that it is easier to make a prediction for the Europe of ten or twenty years hence than for the Europe of the coming year. When the storm has finally passed and the sun shines once more upon the stricken, but reviving, country-side, the permanent changes in the landscape will be easier to discern and to appraise. The present writer, at any rate, is one of those who, deeply aware though he is of the full extent of the upheaval, which he has seen with his own eyes both in devastated France and Serbia and in the blockaded area of the old German and Hapsburg empires, holds firmly to the view that the old Continent is still full of vitality, and that the long-distance effects of the war will institute a new and inspiring era in her life.

What are those long-distance effects? It is the purpose of this article not to describe them,—this would require many volumes,—but to set the discerning reader of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE upon their track.

The first and most conspicuous achievement of the war in Europe is a work of destruction. You look upon the familiar country-side, or, to vary the metaphor, let us say the familiar map, and you miss a number of the old names. The German Empire has disappeared, to be replaced by a republic. The Austro-Hungarian, or, as it was often called, the Hapsburg Monarchy, has diappeared, to be replaced by a number of states established upon the basis of nationality. Russia, shorn of Poland, Finland, and the Baltic States, no longer extends into central Europe, and, pushed back, as it were, in time as well as in space, has become for the present both an Asiatic and a medieval country. Of the six great European powers,—that is, of those who were concerned in the pre-war struggle for the balance of power,—two are eliminated from the ranks of the great powers, while a third—Germany—has changed its character almost beyond recognition. Great Britain, France, and Italy remain, together with Spain, the Scandinavian states, and the other old names on the map,

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but side by side also with nine new creations of the war, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Jugoslavia, Austria, Hungary, Finland, Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia. Nearly all are republics.

Here is, indeed, a new landscape, a new Europe, undreamed of by statesmen and thinkers before the war.

§ 2

The destruction of Austria-Hungary, together with the elimination of Russia and the Ottoman Empire from the life of Europe, involves more, however, than a mere change of names or of frontiers. It means the emergence of a new type of state to prominence in the European system. Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Turkey were *multi-national* states, empires composed of a large variety of races and cultures. Multi-national states are not necessarily unprogressive, still less tyrannical. The British and American commonwealths are both, in the truest sense of the word, multi-national. They number in the ranks of their citizens men and women—whether resident for many generations, like the Canadian French or the South African Dutch, or recently arrived, as is more frequently the case in the United States—embodying the most various heredities and traditions. A multi-national commonwealth, if it is a commonwealth,—if, that is, its citizens feel themselves to be bound by a solemn and equal obligation, confirmed by equal rights, to uphold their common country,—is a long stage beyond the purely national state upon the road toward the ultimate world-unit.

But it was the tragedy of the old multi-national empires of Europe that they failed to transform themselves into commonwealths. It would have saved Europe much blood and tears had they been able to do so. But they did not, and that is why their disintegration, although it has involved a surgical process very painful for many private persons and interests, was really necessary to set Europe upon the road to assured freedom and good government.

The wisest statesman in Europe today is President Masaryk, the revered ruler of Czecho-Slovakia, and there is no man in Europe more aware than he that "the national state," the rearrangement of the map upon the basis of nationality, is not the last word in European political organization. Indeed, he delivered a lecture upon this very theme in London during the war. But for Europe as she was in 1914 a break-up of the multi-national empires was a necessary stage in her evolution, and no one who has breathed the air of these new republics can help feeling that they will contribute a powerful new element of health and vigor to the life of the old Continent.

A few months ago the present writer was chatting with M. Edouard Benes, the able foreign minister, now also prime minister of Czecho-Slovakia, in his room in the old Hapsburg castle at Prague, which is set on a hill overlooking the picturesque city and its river. We were discussing the theme, a familiar indictment both in Great Britain and America, that the break-up of the Hapsburg Monarchy was a disaster, that it involved the "Balkanization" of central Europe. The statesman led me to the window and pointed to the city of spires outspread below.

"People who talk of Balkanization," he said, "do not understand how artificial the previous unity was or how

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intensely individual and personal is the life of the nationalities of the Danube area. So far from their association having been broken up by force, it would need force, very compelling force, to bind them together. The statesman who attempted it would be faced at once with a movement of disintegration; not with one war of secession, but with several."

It is the tragedy in the life of the nations of central and eastern Europe that they have been driven by bad government to politicize their national sentiment, to divert it from its natural channels, from manners and taste, from music, art, and literature, to external organization and even to propaganda. But now that the tyrannical and alien governments which provoked them have disappeared, there is no reason why these old antagonisms and embitterments should endure. Nature intended the dwellers in the Danube basin to coöperate together as peacefully and uninterruptedly as those in the Mississipi; and there are enough discerning minds in the countries concerned to secure that nature's wishes shall not be ignored. But to induce the enemies of yesterday to enter into a business partnership is a task that needs time and patience.

The first step is to unite those whose political interests run together. This has been achieved in the formation of the so-called "Little Entente" between Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania, which is regarded by its authors not only as the surest guaranty for the maintenance of peace and stability in southeastern Europe, but as the nucleus of a process of crystallization which may one day extend from the Baltic to the Black Sea and the Adriatic.

But such large-scale thinking, although quite in the vein of President Masaryk, makes too big a tax on the imagination of the older generation of southeastern Europeans to-day. When the new states have had time to set their own affairs in order, they will be more willing to consider ideas of unification or federation. At present, to the plain man, they smack too much of the "empires" from which he has recently been delivered.

Meanwhile the vigor and enthusiasm of these newly liberated nationalities is one of the most striking and hopeful features in present-day Europe. To be in Prague or Belgrade or Laibach, the capital of Slovenia, to-day is to breathe a tonic air. One feels that one is living amid a rejuvenated people and that for every one, from the highest to the humblest, life has taken on a new zest. There is something almost American in the fierce energy displayed in "making things go," in meeting the large and complex problems of organization and administration involved in the break-up of the old governing authority. But it is an enthusiasm not, as in America, turning its back on the past and looking only toward the future, but compounded of memory, tradition, and reverence. In Prague, for instance, city of spires and bookshops, John Huss, who led the way for Luther as a reformer, as he led it for Masaryk as a nationalist, though he died seventy-seven years before the discovery of America, is perhaps the most living name on men's lips; and there is not a workman who does not honor the old university building, dating from the fourteenth century, for what it has meant for the life, language, and literature of the nation. It is not the intellectuals and the doc-

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trinaires who have kept the Czech tradition alive. The laborer, traveling in the train toward his employment, and the apple-woman, sitting behind her stall, may be found engrossed in serious reading, and it is because adult education, a new conception for the English-speaking world, has been a force in Bohemian life for generations, it is because book-shops are as prominent in the Czech metropolis as liquor saloons in less-favored capitals, that the newly liberated nation has realized Plato's dream by choosing a philosopher for its ruler and has been able in a time of general chaos and uncertainty to face the tremendous practical tasks of reconstruction. Among the Southern Slavs, cut off from their kinsmen by the Hungarian plain, there is the same vigor and intrepidity.

§ 3

In Belgrade, the village metropolis on the first Balkan slope overlooking the featureless Danube basin, men's minds go constantly back to the age-long struggle against the two great empires, the Austrian and the Ottoman, which hemmed in their warring nation, and the new kingdom of Jugoslavia, with its congeries of provinces and nationalities, its Catholics and Orthodox, Moslem and Jewish populations, knit together by men who seem to radiate strength by virtue of what they and their fathers have suffered and withstood. The Serbs are indeed a truly heroic people. Sadly diminished in numbers, victims both of direct assault, like France and Belgium, and of the hardships of the blockade, like the Central empires, with their capital in ruins, and a vast new territory to administer from its improvised public offices, they do not boast or whine or display their wounds to a pitying world, but go proudly and confidently about their business. "To have been through the Albanian retreat," said a Serbian officer, recently, "is to have been born again, and baptized with fire." All through Europe one finds men who have drawn new spiritual strength out of the war agony, but it is in Serbia that this is most frequently found. The Serbs are a race of individualists. They combine the depth and passion of the Russian with the energy, the will power, and the self-control of a race of sturdy mountaineers. They have been as fearless in facing their new responsibilities both at home and abroad as they were in resisting the Austrian ultimatum; they have shown the patience of true statesmanship in the long-drawn controversy over Fiume; and their new unitary constitution, over which faint hearts are shaking their heads, reveals a courage and, so far as the outsider can judge, a wisdom as great as that of Alexander Hamilton or the framers of the South African Union.

All that is now needed to consummate the unity of the Southern Slavs is a period of political calm. The next decade will be full of difficulty and disillusionment for Jugoslavia, as it was for Italy after 1860, but the most hopeful feature is that the problems of the new state are clearly recognized by its younger leaders, and that, whatever mistakes may be made, they will not be due either to blindness or cowardice or lack of devotion.

Thus, if it could be said in general before the war that America was the continent of hope and Europe the continent of memory and tradition, there are great parts of Europe to-day

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where hope and memory have joined hands in the effort to institute a new era in which the best of the past will be fused with the best of the present.

The most conspicuous examples of this new and inspiring determination are the newly liberated Slav countries, with their new possibilities of expression for the rich and abounding vitality of the Slav peoples. But it is not confined to them; the war has also given birth to a new Italy, a new Belgium, a new France, and a new Germany.

§ 4

For Italy the war marked the first great united effort undertaken since the foundation of the new kingdom. Italy achieved her unity, as Rumania has achieved hers, rather by skilful diplomacy and by the enthusiasm and propaganda of a minority than by the conscious and deliberate effort of all classes within her wide-spread borders. The number of lives actually lost in battle for Italian unity was 6000, no more, as an Italian writer has lately reminded his countrymen, than the casualty list of many a single day's fighting in the Great War. For half a century Italy had been growing together, but nothing had yet occurred to test the tie. The war, or rather the disgrace of Caporetto, provided the occasion. Officers and men, peasants and townsmen, pulled themselves together and stayed the onset on the Piave in a sudden realization of what Italy meant to them. Many of the common soldiers—over a third, according to the latest figures—could neither read nor write and were ignorant of the complex relations of European politics that had called them from their olive- or orange-groves to face the horrible carnage of the Carso.

But, as those who lived through it love to recount to the stranger, the moment of need taught them more than a generation of politics and propaganda. They stood fast, and Italy was saved; indeed, more than saved, enlarged to her natural confines. The war ended, the peasant, who forms the bulk of the Italian population, returned to his home with a strange medley of new ideas. He knew that he was an Italian, but he knew also that he had been fighting for freedom, and the town workman had taught him some of its economic applications. The result was that for a time Italy, always a fruitful seed-plot of ideas, witnessed the curious phenomenon of an agricultural Bolshevism. Prosperous tenant farmers, who had made substantial profits out of the sale of their produce, looked to Lenine as their patron saint, and men who had properties to lose and little to gain by social change adopted revolution as a watchword.

It was a strange, but short-lived, phase, which produced an inevitable reaction, equally short-lived, in the Fascisti movement, an organization established and financed in the towns in order to save society by discrediting "Bolshevism." But both the revolutionary and the nationalist agitation were only surface indications of a much deeper movement. Italy is, perhaps, better placed than any other country in Europe to realize that the war has opened a new era, and to profit by it. Extended to her natural Alpine frontier, she has nothing to be afraid of; and at the same time she enters upon this new stage of her existence without the gaping wound that troubles France or the complex adminstrative problems that perplex the succession states. Moreover, she

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has abounding vitality, and the cradle has already given back what the Alps and the Carso had taken.

So it is not to be wondered at that Italian thinkers, such as Prezzolini and Jahier, should have been among the first to realize the significance of the war as the end of an epoch of *political* efforts for a better world, and should be urging men to look deeper than the League of Nations and to grapple boldly with the master-key of religion; or that Italian women, as Matthew Arnold predicted sixty years ago that they could and would, should be making a wholly new contribution to the women's movement. For to a generation which has learned its feminism from the university woman and the suffragists, it is a little starting to be recalled, as one is recalled in Italy, to Dante's Beatrice and to hear the deep, underlying intimacies and difficulties, which have been characteristically shirked throughout the controversy in English-speaking lands, brought out into the open and discussed cleanly and truthfully, with the realism of knowledge and the idealism of reverence, before mixed audiences of the younger generation. Those who are tempted to judge Italy by the manœuvers of her less reputable politicians, should remember that the land which gave birth to Dante and Michelangelo and Mazzini has never ceased to think and to aspire, and may once more make a bid for the intellectual primacy of the world.

§ 5

To pass from Italy to Belgium is a familiar experience in a picture-gallery, and here, as always, art is only the expression of the quality and texture of the life to which it owes its origin. Belgium, too, has been rejuvenated by the war. She, too, has made her first great effort as a nation and has proved her title to independence. The war has emancipated her from an enforced neutrality that was as enervating as it proved futile, and made her an active unit in the state system of Europe. But how differently she has taken her experience! To listen to Belgians talk about the war or the state of Europe or the German occupation is to realize the uniqueness of nationality. What in France is matter for sorrow and for anxiety, in Germany for bitterness and perplexity, in Italy for flooding emotion and aspiration, is to the healthy sensibilities of this vigorous and invincibly self-confident people matter for enlivening and humorous recollection.

As I write, my mind flies back to a sunny afternoon last May when we visited in his home in the heart of Flanders a Belgian friend who had spent the war-period in Great Britain. It was close to the scene of one of the battles not in the last or in the last but one, but in the last but two, of the great wars for which Belgium was the cockpit, near the Oudenarde of Marlborough. But all around us was peace, inward as well as outward, and with it a solid contentment and prosperity. Life had resumed its normal course. The ripening grain rose man-high in the yellow fields, and on every hill of the rolling country outstretched before us revolved a windmill. The burgomaster of the village came to pay us his respects and to offer us the hospitality of his mansion, offered perforce to Germans during the war. But first he led us through his orchard and then, with a pride that was almost piety, through the great cellar skilfully

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concealed from the *Boche*. Later, when we had clinked glasses and tasted the cherished nectar, the talk began.

Our host had been in charge of his native village, where his family had lived for generations, all through the war and the occupation. In the face of that overwhelming military power had he been overawed or even deprecating? On the contrary, he had been upstanding, punctilious, and even impertinent; he had actually enjoyed himself. He had learned how to put the German officers in their place and how to make the rank and file, so docile and yielding, so different from the hard-headed and refractory Belgian, act, when occasion demanded, under his orders. When he was asked for lists of materials to be commandeered from the village, he presented a ridiculous inventory and persuaded his guests to accept it. When he was asked for a list of laborers to be used for their deportation, he flatly refused, and when soldiers were sent to arrest him, he entertained them till they were so intoxicated that he himself had to help them home. And so the tales went on. Suspense, anguish, even bereavement, must have come his way and the way of the village; but they had been forgotten or wiped away in the rude joy of living and in the satisfaction of victory. What survives, as a lasting possession for his little people, whom fate has placed on the threshold of a sixty-million neighbor, is the sense that one Belgian freeman, independent-minded and ready-witted, is worth ten uniformed and goose-stepped Germans. And it is with the élan of this belief that Belgium has gone back to work, and has outstripped all Europe in the speed of her recuperation.

Belgium and France went through the war together. They are allies still, and only a seemingly artificial frontier divides them. But their sensibilities are poles apart. Engrossed in the mere delight of living, Belgium can forget her wounds; France, foremost in action at the moment of need, sits apart from life and remembers. If Belgium is a land of victory, France is, and will long remain, a land of mourning and memory. "Whenever the issue was in doubt, it was French regiments that were sent to stay the onrush. Those are the heroes whom France mourns and misses today." Not once, but over and over again, the remark falls from the lips of men who, if only they were coarse-grained, if they did not combine the sensibility of the artist and the logical preceptions of the thinker in their survey of the political outlook, might be as optimistic as their Flemish neighbors.

§ 6

But Frenchmen have never been optimistic. They have looked too long, too curiously, too truthfully into the medley of passions and activities which constitutes the life of men and nations. They did not believe in the Wilsonian panacea or in the approaching regeneration of Germany, and they were not disillusioned at the disappointment of British and American expectations. They remain anxious, vigilant, and critical; anxious at the survival of a strong and embittered Germany, vigilant to note every effort or possibility for a new attack, and critical of the guaranties afforded them for meeting it. And this anxiety, this fear, is no creature of the imagination. It springs from a power to divine

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that in Germany which is really formidable—the wounded pride and the embittered self-respect rather than the outward evidence of Germany's present disarmament. Till France has received first real relief for her wounded provinces, much more extensive than Belgium's, and, second, real guaranties for her future security, she will remain an uneasy and tortured spirit, difficult in council and sometimes exasperating in policy, yet also true to herself; for she cannot feign a calm she does not feel. Unlike the English, France has never learned, has not even felt the need for learning, to control her feelings. If she shows the world what she is, sometimes to its embarrassment, at least no one can call her hypocrite.

Reparation is a financial problem, and the key to it lies with Great Britain and America. Great Britain, by renouncing her claim under the iniquitous pensions clauses, and America, by a *beau geste* in the matter of her debts, have it in their power to give the healing touch. Security, in its psychological aspect, is a German problem and must be left aside for the moment. What must be made clear here in a survey of the recuperative forces in the life of Europe, is that, with these two problems solved there is as strong a root of health and vigor in France, despite all the discussions about her decadence, as anywhere else on the Continent. The heart of France is in her fields, and the peasant has emerged from the war not only enriched, but strengthened in influence and numbers. It is estimated that there are a million more landholders in France to-day than before the war, so many changes of advantage have war-time prices brought to laborers and other would-be proprietors, and so keen is the desire to own a free peasant holding. France, feeding herself, importing relatively little raw material from outside, is immune from the depression which has overcome more highly industrialized communities. All she needs is the serenity of soul with which to build up once more that fabric of the spirit in which she and lovers of French civilization in all lands delight to dwell.

§ 7

From the new France, visible below the surface for all who have eyes to see and sympathy to understand, we pass to the new Germany. The transition is not so abrupt as it might seem. To the outside world France and Germany may appear predestined to remain eternal foes, but those who know them from within are aware how intimate and far-reaching are the cultural and historical associations which they enjoy in common. Brittany and Berlin are indeed wide apart, nor is there much spiritual contact between the Basques of the Pyrenees and the Junkers of East Prussia. But the real heart of German civilization is in those western and southern German lands that shared with France, Italy, and Switzerland the feudal and municipal life of the Middle Ages and then the sweeping tide of the Renaissance and the Reformation. With Frankfort and Amiens, Nuremberg and Arras, Luther and Calvin, Lessing and Diderot, Goethe and Voltaire, Beethoven and César Franck, the German name calls up in each case a very different image and association from the French; but both are part of a great common tradition.

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And the life and culture of the intervening border-reigons, which have for centuries been a cause of strife between the two, from Flanders and Luxemburg to Lorraine and Alsace, illustrate for any one who can pierce beneath the surface controversies of politics, how easily and naturally—much more easily and naturally than between English and Welsh, Scotch and Irish, Slav and Italian, or Prussian and Pole—French and German elements can be blended in a harmonious whole. Alsace and Lorraine have endured all the bitterness of having been made the foot-ball of ambitious policies, of constituting a first-class political problem, but that stage in their life is now definitely ended. They have been spared the far more harassing fate of having been made the scene of a cultural problem, of being the cockpit of two rival and incompatible civilizations. In their new security and convalescence they are now free to develop what is best in their French and German heritage alike, in their own characteristic border-land fashion.

What of Germany herself, that great agglomeration of sixty million patient, industrious, and docile heads and hands that fills so large and, as it seemed in 1914, so menacing a space in the center of the European continent? It is hard to speak of Germany, for the crux of her problem is that she does not know herself. She is still unnerved, bewildered, and leaderless.

It is this condition of collapse, not so much physical as moral and intellectual, in which Germany has been living since her *Welt-politik* fell down like a house of cards with the Bulgarian armistice on September 29, 1918. Physically, indeed, she has recuperated more rapidly than those who knew her in the two terrible winters of 1916–17 and 1918–19 believed possible. Her workmen have recovered their marvelous power of industry, and her business men their nerve and their capacity for patient and elaborate organization; but her soul is still wandering in a wilderness. She cannot yet realize what has happened to her; how she has fallen from a high to a low estate among the nations. Still less can she realize what she has done—the calamity she has brought upon Europe and upon the world. It always costs a moral struggle for a human being to accept the responsibility for his sin. It is far harder for a nation, and it is hardest of all when the nation is not only a sinner, but has been sinned against, and knows it.

There can be no new life, no peace of mind, no new direction of the spirit for Germany till she realizes the nature of her responsibility not simply for the events of July and August, 1914, which is indelibly proved in the record of her own official documents, but for the tension and war atmosphere in the life of Europe from the retirement of Bismarck, or at least from the Kruger telegram, onward. Every well-informed German knows that his country has sinned and that in a civilized community, however much politics may be left to specialists, the individual citizen cannot be acquitted of responsibility for the acts of his government.

That is why Germans, by a well-known law of psycho-analysis, are continually returning to the question of "war guilt" and resorting to every means of excuse or propaganda in order to clear their conscience of what lies upon it as a dead weight. It will not

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avail them; they will neither convince mankind nor cure their own inward malady by any such organized incantations. Let them rather look outward at the regions upon which they have wrought disaster, and if they are too much embarrassed or too unskilled in the generous acknowledgment of wrong-doing to give public expression to their remorse, let them show, by their reverent eagerness to repair their own destruction, that the wall of isolation and self-justification which they have raised between themselves and the world has been broken down and that common suffering can be made a new and holy basis for common intercourse.

It is right that Germans should face this duty apart from any reference to the terms imposed upon them since the armistice. The war has happened; it is a part of history, and nothing can alter it or wipe out the German responsibility. But it is right also for those who seek to understand the mind of the European peoples to realize that it will be hard for Germans to face their own wrong-doing until their late enemies also face theirs, or, to put it in more specific language, till the pensions, the fiscal, and certain other manifestly indefensible clauses in the Treaty of Versailles have been supplemented or reinterpreted. (I avoid the word "revised" because of the difficulties of procedure involved and of the reaction which revision would exercise upon the authority of the other peace treaties.) For the Allies to remove the mote—indeed, it is more than a mote—in their own eye is the best way to induce Germany to face the only means to her own healing—to acknowledge the beam that is in her own.

With Germany, then, as with France, there is an immediate psychological obstacle which retards the process of convalescence. But what is below is sound and healthy material. The German is not only industrious and docile, fatally docile; he has a strong, rich, and indeed turbid store of emotion of what he himself calls "*Gemut*." Less intellectual than the French, for all their boasted apparatus of culture, less practical than the English, for all their boasted apparatus of organization, the Germans have always excelled, when the schoolmaster and the drill-sergeant have not stood in the way, in that great submerged region of the human spirit which is the treasure-house of music, of broodings upon human destiny, of a yearning mysticism, and an earnest and childlike romanticism; of the raw material of love and faith, of religion and philosophy, and of every kind of idealistic ardor and speculation. Fundamentally unintellectual as he is, although so clever in using his brains for mechanical ends, the German is weakest when he argues and strongest when he dreams. His political judgment is despicable and his diplomacy a byword for clumsiness; his philosophy, obscure in its outward expression, is strong by virtue of the urge and earnestness and integrity underneath: his music, when uncorrupted, is the truest expression of his thought. If Germany needs advice for her convalescence, it is easily given. Let her look within, deep within, and find herself. The Rheingold is there if she will only unearth it.

§ 8

We have seen the new spirit and possibilities that are working like a

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leaven among nations still shaken by the ordeal of the war. Space does not allow us to trace it in all its forms. Poland, Hungary, and Rumania, Greece, Bulgaria, and the Baltic States among the war-stricken peoples, Spain and Switzerland among the neutrals, have also been profoundly affected by the war and are seeking for a new direction. It will be years, perhaps a generation, before its full effects are visible above the surface. The upheaval has been too great for men as yet to grasp its meaning or to relate it to their own outlook or religious scheme. "Poetry," said Wordsworth, in an inspired epigram, "is emotion remembered in tranquillity." Europe has need of tranquillity before she can clothe in the power of poetry or in the harmony of philosophic interpretation the great experience through which she has lived.

The literature of the war, the great outpouring of imaginative expression evoked by the unique experience and suffering through which the present generation of Europeans has passed, will not be written in words upon paper or heard in the harmonies of music till those whom the creative spirit has touched with its finger will have had brooding-time to make a new unity out of what the pang of war, the long ennui of the trenches, and the disillusionment of the peace have torn asunder. It is the young men, the generation which the war seized from school or college or the early years of livelihood, to be engulfed in its gigantic furnace, who hear the soul of Europe within their breasts. The new Europe exists indeed, but it exists in embryo. How soon it will emerge, and what new stamp it will imprint upon the scarred and suffering body of the old Continent, no man can as yet tell. But to look into the faces and to explore the minds of those in every country who have faced death for months and years, and returned, still half astonished at their resurrection, to the normal daily tasks of existence, is to feel that Europe is not only convalescent, but that she still reserves, in the fullness of time, some great contribution for the life of mankind.

That contribution may well be not on the political, but on a deeper, plane. "Patriotism," said Edith Cavell, "is not enough." We might give her words a deeper meaning and add, "Politics is not enough." The war, with the bankruptcy of statesmanship which preceded it, is a call to a more searching analysis and exploration—to a resurvey not only of political methods and institutions, but of that deeper region where dwell the passions and sentiments that form the material which the statesman can direct and manipulate, but is powerless to create. In this voyage of exploration, this Dantesque adventure into the hidden regions of man's inner nature, Europe, young Europe, will be in the van. And it is from this inner search, this striving to attain a unity in human life, not applying to public affairs only, but extending all the way from the innermost to the outermost, from Mansoul to Geneva and Washington, that the best hope resides for the tortured and long-suffering peoples of our little world.

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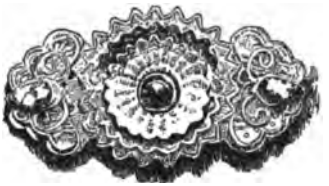

TIBETAN DRAWINGS

BY

ANDREW AVINOFF

THE drawings in these pages were rendered by Mr. Avinoff from the sketch-books of his trips through India, Kashmir, western Tibet, and through the Karakoram Pass into Turkestan. The purpose of these expeditions by the artist was to add to his collection of Paleartic butterflies, the largest in the world, containing sixty-five thousand specimens. The greater part of the collection was destroyed during the Revolution, and the remainder has been nationalized by the Soviet Government. Mr. Avinoff has exhibited his paintings in Russia and the United States, is a member of many European scientific societies, and was awarded the golden medal of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society for his zoögraphical work.

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Below the Toji-la Pass in the Himalayas, a typical Tibetan landscape of bare country divided by great mountain-ranges from the woods and alpine meadows of Kashmir. The transparent atmosphere of the high altitudes lends peculiar sharpness to the distant hills, with shadows unusually dark and clear

The ex-king of Ladak, Kashmir, scion of the ancient dynasty of Namghal, lives in Leh, the capital of his former possessions, and is still esteemed as a religious authority. The cocking of the eye is a family tradition, artificially induced.

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Lamayuru, in the province of Ladak, a Lamaist monastery, high and inaccessible on its abrupt precipices. Clinging to cliffs honeycombed with caves and chasms, it rises above the plains like some enchanted city.

A western Tibet village chief. The Ladak "lombardar," as the village authority is called, wears the shabby purple-red robe that is also the dress of the lamas. The two main religious sects are distinguished by red and yellow caps.

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The fortress of Kalatze, on the Indus, scene of many a battle between local tribes. Stones about the fortress bear inscriptions nearly a thousand years old.

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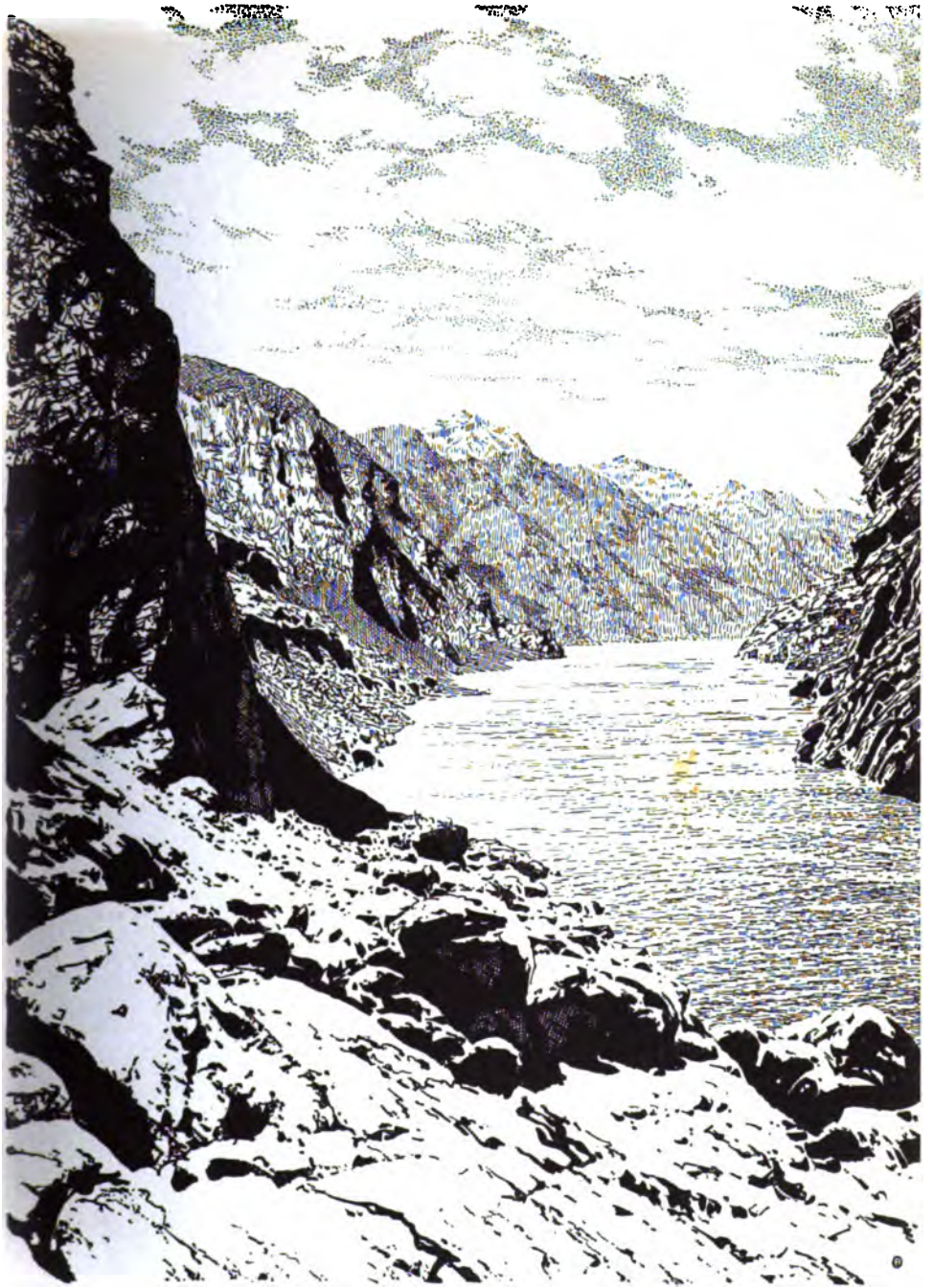

With its source near the almost inaccessible, sacred lake of Massaravar, the Indus River flows through western Tibet, now a swift mountain current, again widening into a broad stream down open valleys walled by towering ranges.

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A camp in the Karakoram Mountains. Here lofty peaks, ranging from twenty-five thousand to twenty-eight thousand feet in height, rise entirely bare of vegetation, the wind-worn rock-needles resembling a moonscape.

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The Playground of the Spoilers

Would War with Japan Solve the Far-Eastern Problem?

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

IN a previous issue of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE I pointed out the parallel that exists between the relations of Japan and the United States to-day and those of Great Britain and Germany twenty years ago. I stated my conviction that barely understood forces are drawing Japan and the United States remorselessly to the same destination. I desire now to show why those forces, powerful as they may be, are in our own control and are capable of arrest; why, further, in bare common sense and not in altruism or humanitarianism, they must be arrested. I want, in short, to subject to analysis what may be called the inevitability complex that is already working in both nations.

It is a ghastly subject. It is incredible that one should have to discuss it. With the blood scarcely dried on the battle-fields of Europe and the horror not yet out of the eyes of mankind, it is incredible that one has even to think of the next war. But we are both thinking and talking of it. Events constrain us, whether we will or no. Let there be no misunderstanding of the meaning of the events that have been going forward since signature was put not three years ago to the compact that ended the war that was to end war. Let there be no misunderstanding of the meaning of the succession of claims and counter-claims, of intrigue matched with intrigue, for possession of bases and ports in the Pacific, dots in a broad ocean valueless other than for war. More important, let there be no misunderstanding of the meaning of the transfer of America's main naval strength to the Pacific. We ourselves may be oblivious of the meaning of that. The Japanese are not. To them it is a portent. Nor can they be blamed for so taking it, and for acting on it. Let there be no self-deception also as to the meaning of the international conference in Washington. It is corroboration of the seriousness of the situation in the Pacific, not refutation. Nor can it achieve solution of that situation. It can at best bring about amelioration. A situation that has been building for years, building out of elements inherent in the nature of international politics, cannot be undone in weeks. The law of cause and effect is not suspended by declaration. Lasting benefits may accrue from this conference. The evil of competitive armaments may be lessened, some of the more conspicuous misunderstandings in the Far East may be removed; but the basic relations of Japan and the United States cannot be determined now. The conference may give them direction; the working of time will give them ultimate form. For the imme-

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diate future they will remain serious, even if less serious than now.

What is this situation? What is this juncture of affairs that has brought America, long proud of its isolation and its freedom from foreign involvements, and only three years ago major prophet of a new international régime for peaceful accommodation of national disputes—what is it that has thrust America into, perhaps, its most dangerous foreign entanglement, five thousand miles away? Therein is an irony of history, an anomaly entirely inexplicable. For some historian there will some day be a fascinating piece of research in tracing back the accident of circumstance that has brought America into direct conflict with Japan over the Far East in general and China in particular; that has made it, as I have said before, protagonist of the West against Japan; that makes this conference not so much an international assembly as a diplomatic duel between Japan and America.

Japan as one of the participants in such a duel, yes; but why America as the other? It is a practical, material, realistic world, yet America's stake in the Far East, in China, has always been smaller than that of three or more other great Western powers. Even to-day, increased as it may be, it is yet vastly less than Great Britain's. If Japan menaces the Western powers in the Far East, if it jeopardizes Western interests in China, it menaces Great Britain far more than it does America. But explicable or not, ironical or not, America does stand as protagonist of the West and champion of China. It stands in direct conflict with Japan over the future of the eastern hemisphere. Between the aims of the two countries as now formulated there is a clear-cut breach. Japan's foreign policy is based on the principle of dominance of the Asiatic continent and the establishment of its own position of intermediary in all relations between the West and the Far East. America's Far-Eastern policy is based on the principle of an equal standing for all powers in China. The two are irreconcilable. Eventually, one power or the other must change its policy or yield. That, in its briefest, is the Far-Eastern situation and perhaps the key problem of world politics in the next half-century.

On the premise there can be no difference of opinion: there is this fundamental conflict of policy. The purposes of Japanese imperialism are hostile to the development of legitimate American interests. As to the nature of Japanese imperialism also there need be no disagreement. I am not offering here the conventional defense of Japan; I am not pro-Japanese. In passing it may be noted as significant that one must already declare oneself "pro" or "anti." That is significant not so much of the pass to which our relations have already come, as of the peculiar reaction of Occidentals to Japan. There is something about Japan and its actions that makes nine men in ten definitely one or the other, "pro" or "anti." More conspicuously than in the contact of any other two races nerves come into play rather than reason. I am not pro-Japanese. I live in China. I have seen the working of Japanese imperialism at first hand in Peking, in Shan-tung, in Korea. It is a hideous, sinister thing, cruelly brutal in its inflictions on the helpless peoples over whom it strides. It is militarism

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at its worst; worse even than the militarism of other powers, because still new and raw, still undisciplined to moderation by long use.

All that may be granted. On the premise, as I say, there can be no difference of opinion. It is the validity of the conclusion therefrom that I wish to question. In the rough logic of international politics such a premise has only one conclusion—a conclusion reached by well-marked stages: mutual suspicion, friction, diplomatic dueling, competitive arming, and war. The conclusion is always war.

§ 2

Need war be the only conclusion? Is it even the logical conclusion? From the point of view not of diplomats and "experts" and students of *Welt-politik* concerned with "policies" and obsessed by the necessity of consistency, but of the ordinary man, whose son will go under fire and whose income will be reduced through his lifetime to pay the cost, what could such a war accomplish for America in furtherance of its aims? I urge now no humanitarian considerations of the suffering entailed by war and do not press the truth, amply proved again between 1914 and 1918, that war always is futile. I am arguing now in the most "practical" sense.

The end that America hopes to achieve in the Far East, the object for which it would be fighting if the issue were pressed to war, is, in short, equality of opportunity in China; the right to trade anywhere in China on an equal footing with every other country and unrestricted by any monopoly held by any other country. That is to say, a sovereign and unhampered China; for only in a sovereign and unhampered China can there be a fair deal for every country. That is to say, only by grace of the "open door," as it is called. Now, nobody who has read carefully the history of China for the last fifty years or who looks with open eyes at the situation as it exists to-day can believe that that object would be achieved by fighting Japan only. In a previous article I sought to show that not Japan alone menaces China's sovereignty. Not Japan alone claims and holds special rights in China. Throughout the last thirty years at least every European power of consequence has made similar claims and exercised them. Germany and Russia have been eliminated by the World War. Great Britain and France remain, and to them has been added Japan, strongest and most aggressive of all.

Just before leaving the Far East a few months ago I was in South China. In common with other Americans who have been there in the last year, I left with the conviction that what Japan is in North China, Great Britain is in South China, only in a lesser degree and more subtly and with less ruthlessness in the human element. There it, too, seeks to keep China weak, to frustrate any development for China's benefit if that will lessen the value of its monopoly, centered in Hong-Kong, to play the dog in the manger. One need not have been in Indo-China personally to know that there the French have not curbed their ambitions or changed their methods of a generation ago. The old spheres of influence may have been modified. They may have been disturbed by realinements and shifting of power, but the principle of spheres of influence still obtains. Whatever

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illusions we may have held during the World War that the Western powers had given up their selfish ambitions in China as a corollary of the new idealism resulting from the war—and in the Far East we held those illusions with pathetic trust—have been dispelled by harsh realities. In 1922, as a generation ago, the only nation that has purely commercial aims in China, the only nation that has not political and monopolistic ambitions, is the United States.

If America is convinced that its interests in China are sufficiently vital to be worth the price of war, which I maintain they now very clearly are not, let it at least be logical. Let it realize that it must then do what no sane American can or would contemplate. It must build a fleet large enough to be able to fight in both oceans. It must fight the great powers combined. To fight Japan alone and even to win a crushing victory is still to leave China a ground for spoils, freed, it is true, of its most active and dangerous despoiler, but freed only of that one. The problem of the Far East would remain. China would still not be a sovereign and independent nation; there would still be no equality of opportunity for trade by all nations, and America's policy would still be far from realization. We should be only where we were before, with blood and money sacrificed in vain. That truth cannot be blinked, and the fact that it is either ignored or glossed in all the angry flood that has been poured out on Japan by a certain school of Americans has resulted only in giving us a one-sided and erroneous picture of China and Japan and the whole Far-Eastern question.

Let it be assumed, however, that Japan is the only power that threatens China and that it continues to prosecute its policy of gaining hegemony over China, to the exclusion of American interests, even to the locking out of America from the Asiatic mainland. Let it be assumed even that Japan is in a fair way to make China a colonial possession, as it has Korea. What, then, from America's point of view?

Certainly the trifling trade we have in China now does not warrant the extremity of war. It is not vitally necessary to our existence now, and the time when the trade of China will be is so distant and the possibilities of new and unpredictable elements entering into the situation in the intervening years so great, that to contemplate war now or in the immediate future is fantastic.

§ 3

There is the much-vaunted specter of the Yellow Peril. It has been said so often that it has come to be believed that Japan would get command of China's enormous man power and with that set out to terrorize the world, subjugating America as the first in its path. That hallucination must once and for all be dispelled if we are to do any straight thinking about the Far East.

The most obvious fact in the Far East to-day is the bitterness of the Chinese against the Japanese. It is one of the few bonds that unites Chinese of all classes. It extends into depths of the interior where many of the people do not yet know that the monarchy no longer exists. I have found it among peasants who have never seen a newspaper and know of such things as the telegraph only

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by legend and are skeptical thereof. The fact that certain elements in China's corrupt officialdom have sold themselves to Japan only accentuates it.

This bitterness roots deeper than mere resentment at Japan's recent aggressions and the brutality that has accompanied those aggressions. It is partly racial. There is just enough kinship between the two peoples to make the wide differences between them the more irritating mutually.

It is partly historical also. For centuries the Chinese were masters of the East. To them came envoys out of all Asia bearing tribute. Theirs was the civilization that lifted other Far-Eastern peoples out of barbarism. Now the Chinese are sunk in subjection, prey for the world's plucking, which the Japanese, whom they taught to read, to write, to express themselves in the arts, to garb themselves beautifully, to integrate themselves in the universe through philosophy, to worship their gods, have suddenly risen to world eminence, and show their contempt correspondingly. The bitterness of the Chinese is the response of the pride of a broken people to that contempt.

Of this bitterness the Japanese of the ruling classes have become fully aware. Into whatever folly the stupidity of the militarist mind may betray them, it will not lead them to suicide. They may seek to impose conquest on China. Because they are well equipped in modern armament, and the Chinese are not, they may succeed; but they will not stir the somnolent man power of China. They are a nation of sixty million people on a group of little islands. The Chinese are four hundred millions, stretched over half a continent just twelve hours away. To arm and train in the use of arms those four hundred millions, smarting with the anguish of a subject race fallen in grandeur, might set them on a career of world conquest; but their first act would be to crush their conquerors as a gorilla mangles a peanut. And Japan knows it. Not for generations, not until the feeling between the two peoples has disappeared—and history proves that suppressed nationalisms have never been extinguished—would the Japanese venture on that enterprise.

§ 4

Even command of a willing man power, however, would mean little to the Japanese by way of war asset. In modern warfare military strength is measured not so much by numbers as by the degree of advancement a nation has reached in technical development. Not in millions of men, but in effective industrial organization, lies strength. The Chinese millions might be ever so eager to spring to arms at the mikado's call, but until railroads cross China in every direction, until its coal and iron are mined, and steel mills are erected, and factories are at work everywhere, until a population exists trained in industrial efficiency, the Chinese millions will be militarily of little use. That day is hazily remote.

Only on the outermost edges of the fringe has China as yet emerged from the handicraft state of production. Everywhere except in the districts contiguous to the larger centers, which have had some foreign contact, life is organized as it was before the Christian era. Nor can it successfully

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emerge from that state into industrialism until it has gone through a great social and political transition, until the whole structure of its civilization is built anew. That, too, is a matter of generations. Only when those generations have passed is there practical possibility of Japan's being able to use China's millions for purposes of war against the United States or any other country.

It is urged, also, that Japan's conquest of China would give it, if not man power, at least command of the untold wealth of China's resources, to be turned to account for military purposes. That, too, needs close examination. Great resources there are in China, to be sure, coal and iron and metals and minerals and oil and cotton, all the raw materials of one of the world's great arsenals. But the development of those resources is contingent on the building up, first, of a strong, stable, centralized government capable of maintaining order and functioning efficiently in a complex national organization. Principally, it must be able to maintain order; to-day it is impossible to make surveys for a railway a hundred miles from a provincial capital because of robber bands. How long and tortuous will be the course of events before there is such a government we have come to realize who have watched China wallowing in the trough since the republic was established. For that, too, means a reconstruction of civilization. And when that comes, when China is unified and coördinated, when its people have a responsive and informed political consciousness, when they can act unitedly for a common purpose, it will go hard with an alien conqueror, whether Japan or any other. Just as effectively as arming them will the establishment of a strong and efficient government put into the hands of the Chinese the means of their liberation. If China can be conquered now, that is only because it is weak, unorganized, and undeveloped. It can be held in subjugation only so long as it remains weak, unorganized, and undeveloped. While it remains in that condition, its man power is of no military utility and its resources must remain in the soil.

All this is to say that if Japan is able to conquer China or even to establish itself securely enough to have exclusive access to its resources; if it is able to maintain itself in conquest, being thereby the only nation that has succeeded in so doing in two thousand years, as witness the Tatars, the Mongols, and the Manchus; if it is able to overcome the bitterness of the Chinese and persuade them to renounce their nationality; if China succeeds in going through the unmeasurably complicated processes of political, social, and economic transition to a new form of civilization; if, then, the resources of China are developed and China industrialized into an effective unit of steel and steam, and the Chinese be meanwhile hypnotized into refraining from the use of that power to reassert their national identity, as marked a national identity as exists in the world, then, possibly, Japan will have forged an invincible human weapon of the Chinese. And only then. Of such stuff is the menace that Japan presents to America now and in the early future by reason of its designs on China—a menace so thinned, so paled, so remote, that seriously to contemplate war as a measure of foresight against that distant day and to sacrifice thousands of lives therein is

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to propose a form of insurance so costly as to be palpably absurd.

§ 5

There enters at this point the whole question of the weakness and disorganization of China and the invitation to external spoliation that constitutes. On that the whole Far-Eastern problem turns. It has created the problem as posed in the present, and it will determine the form the problem takes in the future. An independent, stable, and self-sustained China is indispensable not only to maintenance of equality of opportunity for traders of various nations. It is indispensable also to the maintenance of peace. A helpless and disorganized China has been and always must be a standing temptation to foreign meddling, to international intrigue. It must always be a diplomatic and financial battle-ground, a Balkans on a much larger scale and with the inevitable ultimate consequences.

Now, it is indisputable that Japan to-day stands squarely in the way of stabilization and reconstruction in China. It debauches the Government by bribery, incites internal disturbance, subsidizes disorder, and commits direct territorial, political, and economic aggressions. Until it moderates its ambitions and changes the scope of its designs on the continent, China cannot set its house in order. But the military defeat of Japan by another power and its elimination as a disturbing element in China would not necessarily lead to China's setting its house in order. If the islands that make up Japan were by some unimaginable act of nature suddenly submerged to the bottom of the Pacific, and every Japanese soul with them, that would not follow. China would remain weak, corrupt, chaotic, with only the one disturbing element removed.

The cause of that condition goes deeper than the acts of Japan or the whole of foreign meddling. That has complicated the condition, but it has not caused it. So also must the remedy go deeper. The cause is inherent in the nature of Chinese society in this stage of history. It is concerned with the breakdown of Chinese forms, partly under the pressure of time, partly under the pressure of contact with the outer world as the result of the wider reach of communications that have ended China's isolation. It is in the world, but not of it. There can be no remedy save by the slow course of social and political evolution, the transition of which I have been talking, of which there is already a beginning, albeit a pitiful one. Freedom from all foreign interference will accelerate the course of evolution, but only in that way will anything outside China affect it.

§ 6

Freedom from Japanese encroachment doubtless would speed China's progress, but it is conceivable that freedom brought about by the efforts of another power might have the opposite effect. It is quite conceivable that no greater disservice could be done China than for America to come to its rescue from Japan. The ground already given the Chinese for believing that America will do so has already had its ill effects. It tends to make them more complacent in their lethargy, and until they themselves are stirred to work out their

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own salvation and are brought to see and to act on the need for purification of their political life and the revivification of their political, social, and economic system, they will remain, as I have said, prey to foreign exploitation. The expectation of American help, furthermore, salves the conscience of those classes now engaged in betraying the country and its resources to Japan. They can remain comfortable in the assurance that America will get back all they have sold, anyway.

There has grown up in recent times in China a considerable traffic in treason, to the profit of high officials. By trading on the mutual jealousy of the powers they can sell now to one, now another, knowing that when any one has acquired so much as to disturb the balance of power, the others will step in to readjust it, by war if necessary. The situation will then be restored, with the officials' profits left undisturbed, and the process can be repeated.

Thus, in the eighteen-nineties, officialdom was turning a neat profit by selling both territory and resources to Russia. Already the forces were being marshaled against Russia, Germany working now with Russia and now against it, Great Britain and Japan working openly against it and finally concluding their now famous alliance to that end. A decade later the war came, the Russo-Japanese War, and Russia was defeated and made to disgorge, Japan stepping in as its successor. Now the betrayal is all to Japan. Let it not be forgotten that much of the alienation of China's rights is the result of Chinese official venality as much as of Japanese imperialistic unscrupulousness. The guilt of the bribe-giver is no greater than that of the bribe-taker; less, in fact, since it is both national honor and national existence that is being sold.

Now, the Chinese, even the corrupt officialdom, are not without race pride; to the contrary, if anything. And I am convinced for myself that treason is made easier to their souls by virtue of their belief, for which Americans themselves are largely responsible, that America will intervene in time with force and make Japan disgorge, as Japan did Russia. Whether they expect or fear that America will step into Japan's place as Japan did Russia's and become in its turn the threatening shadow over China I cannot say. They have a deep trust in American idealism because of America's long tradition of fair play in the Far East. Perhaps they think America less dangerous. Perhaps they believe that some other power, likewise fearful of undue disturbance of the balance, will eventually step in to make America disgorge. I do not know, but I am convinced that reckless promises of American help and reckless threats of American war against Japan are making for corruption among Chinese officialdom and for greater supineness among those of the educated laity who are aware of the dangerous plight of their country. Even the carrying out of that threat and the deliverance of China from Japan might only work out in stifling the impulse to act for themselves that national humiliation and suffering might otherwise kindle in the Chinese.

By no means an unimportant consideration is that question of just what America would do with a victory. I think it will be conceded that America would be victorious, though we

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need entertain no illusion as to its being an easy victory. America has just reached its political majority. It stands at the parting of the ways. Which way will it take? Will it continue in its old path of living its life within itself and abide by the tradition, maintained on the whole with unique fidelity, of fair play in its foreign relations? Or will it take the path of imperialism and self-aggrandizement trod by every other great nation at the height of its power?

Let us be frank with ourselves and look honestly at the effect on ourselves of our latest war and the forces it released in us. Let us consider honestly the implications of the spur given to extreme nationalism and national intolerance, the cry for great armaments and for a more aggressive policy abroad. Let us remember the heavy vested interest in foreign affairs our international banking groups already have acquired. If it is too uncharitable to say that we became drunk with victory and are not yet quite sober, surely it is no more than reading the record to say that we had our heads turned by it. And if victory in that war, in which, after all, we had none too intimate a concern, in which there was no deep-rooted and long-standing emotionalism and in which, above all, our sacrifice was comparatively light—if victory in that war had the effect on us that it did, what would victory in this war do—a war over which there is already strong feeling and which would entail a really heavy sacrifice in energy, wealth, and human life?

We might, indeed, have no choice. Just as the Spanish War left overseas possessions in our hands and forced us against our desire into a modest imperialism, so this one probably would catch us in an enmeshment from which we never should be able to extricate ourselves. And I am not sure it would be involuntary. Our sacrifice would be heavy. We should be left with an enormous vested interest in China on our hands. The precedent of exacting payment from China for services in its cause is long and powerful. It would be only human to take that vested interest for payment and aggrandize it as time passed. And as time passed and habit hardened, we should consider it a permanent possession. We should be launched irrevocably on a course of world imperialism, and because of our preponderance of power in wealth, resources, and military establishment, it would be the most dangerous imperialism in the world. Most of all, it would be our abandonment of the finest fact in our history and our highest contribution to mankind—our dedication to the task of working out a democracy in the brotherhood of man, a nation that has given no other nation cause for hate.

§ 7

I have been engaged here in outlining what appears to be a dilemma. I have said that there is a fundamental conflict of aims between the Japanese and ourselves, and that the aims of Japanese imperialism are hostile to the development of legitimate American interests. Japanese imperialism is bent on hegemony over China. That America cannot permit. It is more than derogatory of American rights. It is a menace to the peace of the world, for the peace of the world demands an independent and unmolested China. With China anything but

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independent and unmolested, it must become another Balkans, over the partition of which the whole world will ultimately be embattled. I have said further that Japanese imperialism in the manner of its striving to achieve its objects is cruel and offensive, and that with it as such there can be no compromise.

What, then, shall America do? Fight? To what end? The objects of our policy we cannot achieve by fighting Japan alone. They are obstructed almost as much by the other powers. They are conditioned also on the real awakening and reconstruction of China, which must take a long time, half a century, perhaps; perhaps a century. Our interests in China are not so vital and compelling that there is any actual need to fight for their preservation. Nor from the point of view of a defensive strategy is there need to fight. I have tried to show that the accomplishment of Japan's designs in China would not raise any material threat to our existence in the near future, either by the man power or the resources of China. On the contrary, such a war might work to China's disadvantage by postponing China's awakening. It might also set America on a course of imperialism and conquest by which America itself and all mankind would be the losers. In fine, not only is there no need for such a war; nothing would even be gained by it. Much even would be lost.

What, then? If not war and not submission, what other course is there to follow? There is only one other avenue in which lies any hope. That is the dawning of a new spirit in Japan itself. There has been ignited in Japan in the last few years a tiny spark of liberalism. It is only alight as yet, no more. For reasons understandable in a country which has recently emerged from military feudalism and is even now governed by a military oligarchy, the spark will kindle no flame for a long time. But it is alight; and as it burns, it will illumine.

Already the Japanese people have begun to question a little and even to assert. As their questioning becomes more insistent, more of the privileges and perquisites of democracy will be accorded them; and as they win more of these privileges and perquisites, they will assert the more loudly. From the Japanese people, democratized, there need be little fear; from no people as an aggregate of human beings seeking only to lead as full lives as possible need there be fear. The Japanese people as a people have small concern with grandiose imperial "destinies," any more than any other people. From those there is little for them to gain; theirs is only to pay the price. These are the concerns of a small class of militarists, financial exploiters, and captains of statecraft, in Japan as everywhere. In the coming to power of the Japanese people over their oligarchy is our hope.

It is yet a faint, feeble hope, for it will be long before the Japanese people come to power, and it has not yet been established that democracies will not go careering in conquest as well as autocracies. But if we have any faith in the material world to-day, it is in democracy. Until the Japanese people do come to power and while the militarists and imperialists have full sway, there will be no change, little change, in the ambitions and methods of Japan. That is to say, until then

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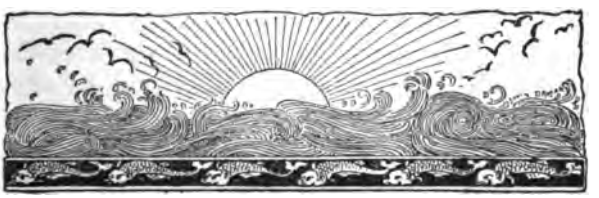
Japan will continue its domineering and exploiting of the Far East, with all the wrongs that will inflict on the Far-Eastern peoples and the provocation it will give America. In the meantime the peoples of the Far East must pay the price in oppression and the obstruction of their efforts for progress. That is the price, I suppose, weak peoples must pay in a world that knows no higher law than the law of force. It is ugly, but there is no alternative.

In the meantime there is for America only the counsel of patience. It can use its moral force in protest, and in support and encouragement of the democratic elements in Japan. Therefore it must refrain from threats, suppress hate propaganda, withhold gestures with armies and navies; for those only play into the hands of the Japanese militarists. It can make use of its diplomatic weapons in international councils to compel moderation. It can make use of such occasions for compromise, as at the present conference in Washington.

This is the counsel of negation, doubtless, and of sterility, perhaps even of failure. I grant that it may fail, and, quite obviously, it will entail temporary sacrifice. And if it does? We dedicated ourselves in the last war to the end that war pass forever as the arbitrament of national disputes. We asked our associates in that war in the moment of victory to sacrifice their material gains to the achievement of that end. There is only consistency now in hardening ourselves to a sacrifice of our material gains. As I said in dealing with the conference, there is no royal road to peace. There is no road save by the will to peace, and the will to peace is no greater than men's willingness to sacrifice for it.

What other counsel is there? Let us be practical, then. Let us face the situation as it exists. There is either that or there is war. And not only would the sacrifice of fighting be vastly greater than that entailed in waiting; it would be immeasurably greater than anything that could be gained thereby. For we should do more than spill the blood of guiltless youth, Japanese and American alike. By reason of the last war the world hovers to-day precariously on the edge of a pit. Who shall say now that another war, more destructive by far than the last, will not put it over the edge? For us the decision is not whether we shall have a few million more or less in foreign trade; it is whether civilization shall survive. By every consideration of humanity, by every calculation of cold logic, let us resolutely declare, no war. Above all, no war.



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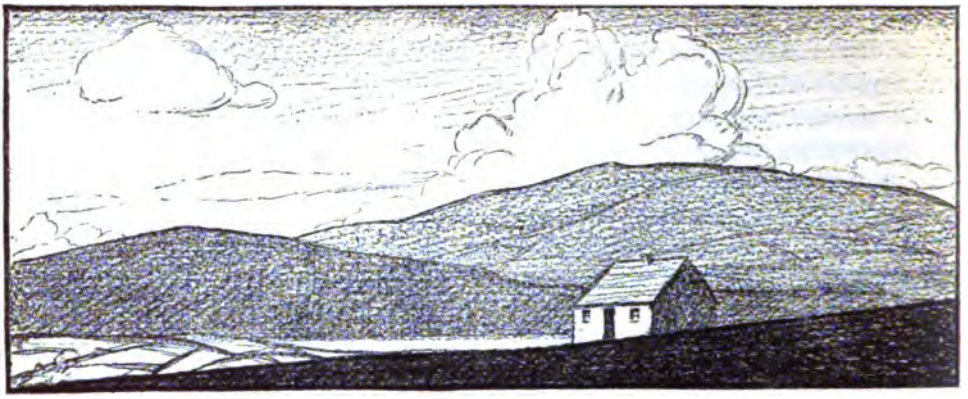

On the Run

By Maude Radford Warren

Drawings by Power O'Malley

THAT afternoon I was wandering on the sand-hills. Never had they seemed so lonely, never had the crash of the sea sounded so menacingly against the shore. Never before had I felt unhappy in Ireland, although she is the sorrowful land, because always from her sorrow has sprung poetry and beauty, self-sacrifice and courage. But as I stood in the bitter wind that day I kept wondering how even the purest qualities are to be built on sheer rock-ribbed ruin and desolation. There must be some soil for the roots of the spirit.

As I turned to go back to the town I saw in the fold of the next hill a figure. It hesitated, turned, walked away a few paces, and then came toward me. It was Shaun Connolly. I had known him since he was a little boy, but now the face approaching was defiant.

"What are you doing out here in this bitter cold, Shaun?" I asked.

" 'T is hard to tell these days," said he in a surly voice, "who is a friend and who is not. A man can't trust the nearest neighbor that he was reared beside. But I don't think you are an informer, ma'am, whatever side you take."

"Ah, Shaun, I don't take any side," I said. "I love Ireland as well as if I had been born here. As you know, I have been here again and again. I have friends in all parties, on both sides. I am only heartsick at what I have seen."

"You may have kept out of it so far," he said, "but you can't stay in Ireland these days without taking one side or another. Have you seen my mother the day?"

"I saw her yesterday, Shaun. I can see her for you if you like."

"Will you be afther telling her I am all right. Say I was warrum and comfortable. There is no need telling her I have n't had a bite since yesterday. And bitther cold it is here in this wind."

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"I have some bacon and bread, Shaun," I told him. "I was going to have a sort of picnic—"

"God save us all, how queer Americans and people are!" said Shaun, laughing. "A picnic on a crass day like this, and all by your lone! Shure, if you give me these things, won't it be giving comfort to the enemy, like? No, I won't take that woolen thing of yours."

I pressed my sweater on him.

"I don't need it. I wish you 'd take it. Is there anything I can say to make you? I hate its color. It 's old and shabby; my family will burn it if I dare carry it home. Do you remember, Shaun, when I was twenty and you perhaps seven or eight, that I met you on these hills, crying because some bully had taken away the fish you had earned for your mother and because it was cold? The two of us walked home under my coat that time—"

"Were you that lady? I had forgot'. I will take the jacket, and thank you kindly, ma'am. Will you say to my mother whatever will comfort her? I will go now. These very hills have eyes."

"Then you are on the run, Shaun?" I asked.

"What else? Were n't the police barracks in the next town burned, and was n't there an ambush, too? No matter who did it, it is n't safe for a man that 's wanted to be where he can be found these days. I will go now."

A wrinkle in the hills swallowed him. I labored over the sand till I came to the road, and hurried in the direction of the town. Presently, I saw a policeman walking with slow, steady pace. I overtook him, and dropped into step beside him.

"It 's a cold evening, Officer," I said.

He smiled and saluted. No one but Americans ever call English or Irish policemen "officer." Being distinctly human, they like the word.

"A cold night, miss, and a lonely road."

An Irish policeman or man of any sort will always call an unattended woman "miss," a delicate and much appreciated compliment to one who is "ma'am," but hopes she does n't look too weighted with years.

"A lonely road indeed," I agreed.

"It is n't the loneliness, but what that means these days. I never know when I walk along here, or any other place, when a bullet will crack and end me. A man has queer thoughts walking these days. Now I look up at this sky that I 've known all my life. Will I ever get another look at it? How do I know? Will I ever see again my little gerrl that I 'm promised to? How do I know? It maybe something 's happing to the cottage that she lives in. They 'd murder every one of us if they could, the Sinn Fein—murder us and all belonging to us, murder and burn, till they have Ireland to themselves."

"That 's what they say of you, Officer," I replied.

"And is it in sympathy with them you are?" he asked, stiffening.

"No, Officer, I am a neutral. I wish the killing on both sides would stop. I don't want you killed; I don't want the nearest Sinn Fein boy who is on the run killed."

"You won't stay long in this country without taking sides," he said. "But, sure, Americans seem to have the gift of being neutral."

We both laughed, and he said:

"It does me good to laugh, and it

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does me good to walk with some one."

"It makes you feel more human, less as if the world were all upside down?"

He nodded.

"That 's it; that 's it."

We reached the cross-roads. Three little cottages were there, silent, the yards deserted.

"Shinnies live there," said the policeman; "the Cartys and the Grogans and the Lehans. They were once good enough friends of mine. Many 's the time before the war I talked to them about the gossip that was goin'. I even helped make a marriage for one of the Carty gerrls in that house there. And for all I know they 'll shoot me when I make the turn to go back after l'aving you. They 've all gone in their houses; they think I 'm ready to shoot them, too; they 've even dragged the pigs in afther them. No, there 's old Terence Grogan, standing peeping at us behind the pigsty there. Can you see his old twisted figure, like a shillelagh that got a couple of bends in it? He has held me on his knee and told me stories of the fairies many a time, but he thinks I 'd hurrt him now. Well, God help this disthracted land! Good-by. Miss, if I were you, I 'd not be out to-night. I can say no more than that; don't be afther goin' out."

"I won't be out to-night," I assured him.

But before I went to the house where I was staying, I hurried down a steep little lane on the outskirts of the town, to a little slate-roofed cottage where lived Shaun's mother, Mrs. Connolly. Many a time I had talked with her when she was a young widow working in the house of my friends. I knew that her comfortable little home was a symbol of her efforts, just as was her boy Shaun. Honoria Connolly had been the beauty of her neighborhood, but she had had no money, and many a lad who would have been glad to court her had been obliged to pass her by. The Irish peasant may be led to love by the light of the eyes and the heart, but he must be led to the altar by property. So Honoria's lovers had sighed and departed, all except Sheumus Connolly. His father, a small farmer, had refused to let him marry Honoria, but he had borrowed money from a brother in America, had rented a three-acre patch, married his choice, and worked as a day laborer until his father had relented and given him a cow and a couple of pigs, helped him build a cottage with a thatched roof, and welcomed baby Shaun with loud prophecies of his being a priest, or some one great in the place. Old Shaun and young Sheumus had died within a week of each other. The old man's farm had gone to other sons, and Honoria had been left with no resources other than the cow, the pigs, and a little furniture. But she would not give up the future that she and old Shaun and Sheumus had planned for the boy. He should not miss his father if she could help it. She had sold milk to the creamery and reared thriving calves; she had been canny in her bargains with her pigs at the market. She had washed and scrubbed and toiled in big houses here and there in the neighborhood of the town. She had darned and turned her old clothes; she had accepted gifts of second-hand garments, though not a soul in the chapel but knew whence they came. But this she could bear for little Shaun. She had seen that the furniture was added to, and, a

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crowning glory, that a slate roof was put on the cottage, and all this without breaking into the hoard she had set aside for Shaun's education.

And what an education Shaun had had! To her real grief, he had had no vocation for the priesthood, but he had shown great brains entirely, nevertheless. He even had a term or two at the Irish university in Dublin. Then he was articled to a solicitor. Great pride the widow had in him, and a love that rose above jealousy, so that when he was ready to marry, she was ready to welcome his wife. The one thing she would have resented was a girl without a dowry; but Maureen Flynn brought fine oak furniture to the slate-roofed cottage, two feather-beds, a second cow, and three acres of land that her father had bought under the new land act. A warm welcome did the Widow Connolly give the property as well as the slim, white girl to whom it belonged. But when Baby Maureen was born, the delicate mother died. The widow cared for the child and she comforted her forlorn son. When she found in him a growing interest in the Sinn Fein movement, she encouraged it.

"Sure, why not?" she said to me three years ago. "If the men like to talk politics, let them. If they think a few Sinn Fein members of Parliament, sitting here and doing nothing, can do more than those that sit over in London and do nothing, sure, let them have their thought. I would rather have a couple of good calves myself, or a good litther of pigs than all the M.P.'s that ever flourished. If people can get a good living these days, why trouble wit' politics? But sure I 'm glad poor Shaun can find ease for his heart."

So she encouraged her son's growing interest, and was pleased when he was given a little share in the administration of the "republic."

"The day will come, Mother," he boasted, "when I will be a Sinn Fein M.P. myself."

As I hurried down the steep lane to her little cottage, I was thinking of all this, and I was filled with that foreboding that I had felt on the sand-hills as I listened to the lashing sea, and that I had found in the face and the voice of Shaun Connolly, wandering among the dreary hills. After I knocked on the door, I heard a hesitating footstep. Then I heard the bolt pushed back and the key turned.

"Is it yourself?" said Mrs. Connolly, her tone of welcome undershot with anxiety. "I never know these days whether to l'ave the door barred or not, though God knows I never had it barred till these late times. Will you come in by the fire? The child 's asleep; she had a restless night for dreaming of the stories she heard the neighbors telling me. I thought at first you were Ellen Clancy, and I was all for shutting her out. The things she said in the hearing of the child! And, indade, I don't know whether to trust her or not. Lived alongside of her I have these twenty-odd years, and I not to know if she is spying on my poor Shaun or not. Did you know Shaun was wanted?"

"He led me to think so," I said. "I saw him just now."

As I told her of Shaun, I looked about the comfortable kitchen, with its stove and its strong oak dresser, with its rush-bottomed chairs. Through the open door I could see into the "best room," with its sewing-machine and mahogany card-table,

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Honoria Connolly

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lamp with jingling lusters hanging from the shade, its cheap oil-paintings and lace-trimmed white curtains. Here lay token after token of the widow's toil. I knew what it meant to her. She must have followed my eyes, and in part my thoughts, for she said:

"A fine place it is, and 't is my own; it does n't belong to Shaun. I 'll tell any one that. There 's Maureen up-stairs. Sure, they would n't burn the roof over a woman and child, would they, now? Sure, there 's no need for me to take Maureen and go to the sand-hills myself. It would be bad for the child, so it would. And have n't I sprinkled the house with holy wather? And am I not praying all day to the Sacred Heart, to Whom I dedicated it? Sure, what harrm could come to a woman and child here?"

There was nothing I could say.

"Will you go out of this now, ma'am?" said the Widow Connolly, forcing a little laugh. "'T is growing late, and you ought n't to be out at all. We 'll be safe; 't is safe we 'll be."

It was several days before I saw the Widow Connolly again, but I will tell you exactly what happened to her and what went through her mind, for I know it as well as if I had been there. After I had gone she did an odd job or two, and well after darkness had drawn down she had her tea. After she had washed the dishes, she sat by the fire, with knitting between her hands. An uncertain knock sounded at the door. She drew back the bolts; outside was shrinking Ellen Clancy, a woman with eyes hard, but not shifty, with a face selfish, but not cruel.

"What do you want?" asked the widow.

"To come in, Honoria. I 'm afraid to be alone." Then, as the widow hesitated, she added: "I 'll conceal nothing from you, Honoria. You have to stay in this house because of Maureen. You have plenty compared to me. I have shut up my little place in the hopes that if it 's all dark and cold, no one will harm it. 'T is all I have, and I without your strength and skill. But I don't want to wander me lone on the sand-hills the night through or walk up and down the lane. Will you l'ave me in to sit by the fire with you? And whatever happens, I 'll share it with you, and if your house goes and mine is spared, I 'll give you shelter, even if they put a price on Shaun's head. God help him!"

"Come in, Ellen, in the name of God," said the widow, quietly.

The two women sat together silently by the fire. Then they said the rosary.

"Would n't it be better if we went to bed?" quavered Ellen.

"Then if anything happened, we 'd not save the clothes on our backs," said the widow. "I 've put some of the good furniture out in the pigsty. I have the cows where I can get to them quickly. There 's some things buried in a place I have marked in the sand-hills."

"And you done all that since the barracks was burned? The great sinse you have! No wonder you have so much property."

"The more to have, the more to lose in these bad times," said the widow, briefly.

"Did you hear there was an ambush this afternoon, and two Black and Tans wounded? 'T is why I have fear on me to-night."

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"Shaun was n't in that; he has been out of the place this twenty-four hours. Was that the child crying? No, 't was not."

The women sat silent. An hour passed; two hours; then, far away, shots sounded.

"Mother o' God!" whimpered Ellen Clancy. "'T is begun! Will they come this way, Honoria? Oh, will they come?"

"I put the child in bed dressed," said the widow. "I have other warm things for her pinned under my skirt. Are the shots coming nearer?"

"They are, they are," wailed Ellen, "and I can hear the motors. O most blessed Virgin, more than martyr in thy suffering, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph—O Honoria, they 're coming!"

The Widow Connolly was silent. She could hear the whir of motor-lorries, the shouts of men.

"It may be they will go by to the next town," whispered the widow. "Hush your crying, Ellen! If you cry, they might think—"

She fell silent, for the lorries had halted in front of her cottage. She heard footsteps running to the back of the house.

"Is it any harrm they will do the creatures?" she said. "I 'll unbar the door."

A thunderous knock sounded on the door. It was pushed open. The kitchen seemed full of men in khaki, wearing the tam-o'-shanters of Black and Tans. Two of them stood beside the staircase that led to the second story, two others entered the best room. The lieutenant spoke to the women.

"Which is the Widow Connolly?"

"I 'm Honoria Connolly," said Shaun's mother, and, despite her will, her voice was unsteady; she was thinking of her son.

"Where 's Shaun Connolly?"

"He is not in it. He has not been here this week pasht."

"You date him back before these recent murders, don't you?" sneered the officer. "They all do that. Where is he?"

"I don't know." She looked at one face after another. Decent enough English faces they were, but to Honoria they had the look of devils. Were they not after her son?

"You do know. He is in this house."

"He 's not, then. Only ourselves here, and the child up-stairs asleep."

"Mitchell," said the lieutenant to one of his soldiers, "go above, you and Clark, and see if Connolly is hiding there. If there is a child, bring it down."

The men leaped up the short stairway. Presently Maureen's frightened crying sounded. One of the soldiers came down-stairs with her in his arms, and gave her over, not ungently, to the widow. He reported that Connolly was not up-stairs.

"If he is," said the officer, "he 'll roast to death in a minute, as our poor fellows did in the police barracks. We 're going to set the place on fire directly. You have two minutes to get out."

"For God's sake, you would n't do that!" cried the widow. "This place is mine, not Shaun's. Any one will tell you how I worked and slaved for it these twenty years. And what harm have I done you? Politics is nothing to me, and any one will tell you that."

"It 's nothing to me what you say," said the officer. "I have no time to

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argue. This is the house where a man lives who has broken the law. This is in the neighborhood where Sinn Fein raids have been made. We are going to teach you people a lesson. Two minutes."

The widow wrapped up the crying child; she put on her cloak, and picked up a basket she had packed with provisions. Then she signed to the weeping Ellen and went out to the cow-shed. A soldier stood on guard there.

"The officer said I could take my cows," panted Mrs. Connolly. "I am nothing but a poor widow. Ellen, will you hold your whist and carry the child while I drive the cows?"

As the widow drove the two cows, behind her she could hear the trampling of feet, and presently the explosion of a grenade. Not once did she look around. Followed by the weeping Ellen, she drove the cows at a run across the field behind her house, and then across a neighbor's field. Only when she had them near the road that led to the sand-hills did she look back. Then she saw her home in flames, dark figures outlined against the light.

"I don't know is the cow-shed on fire, too," she panted. "If only I get the cows away! If only they don't find Shaun! But, sure, he 's safe in the hills."

"They 've done nothing to my little place yet," said Ellen Clancy. "But, O Honoria, God help you, woman, and all your nice things gone, the keepsakes and all! All Shaun's prizes that he took in the school, and the little keepsakes your mother gave you that were in the box up-stairs."

"Will you hold your tongue, woman! Do you want to frighten the child to death? And will you head off the cows? For I think they 're coming along this road toward the hills. Be still, and 't is like' they won't see us."

"If they 're coming this way, then, they 'll l'ave my house alone," said Ellen.

"You might l'ave off thinking of yourself for wunce," replied the widow. "There 'll be others besides me this night with nothing over their heads but the far sky."

Along the road were racing two lorries filled with shouting, shooting men. In their wake lay two or three burning cottages. The flames from the widow's place were dying down, but the other two blazed and tossed in the growing wind. Little Maureen lifted her face from Ellen's breast and saw the fires.

"Granny! Granny!" she wailed, "take me!"

The widow held out her arms for the child. The women listened to the sounds from the lorries, and looked at the burning houses.

"They can't get to the sand-hills in them lorries, glory be to God!" said the widow. "Ellen, Ellen, they 're firing the houses at the crass-roads. O, Mother o' God, they 're shooting! Pray Heaven not at the people!"

For an hour or more the women stood there shivering in the bitter wind, straining to hear. Then they heard the sound of the lorries returning. Ellen again took Maureen, and the widow guarded the cows. The lorries passed; there was no more shouting or shooting. Voices had died as the flames of the burning houses were dying. When there were no more noises, the widow and Ellen drove the cows to the edge of the field, got them through a gap in the hedge, and set them on the road. Be-

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hind them they could see people making, like themselves, for the sand-hills. In front was the cross-roads, marked by three burning cottages. They hurried on. Beside Terence Gegan's cottage, the most distant one, lay the figure of a man, three others standing beside him. They saw old Terence Gegan among them, one arm lifted high.

"God rest the soul of that poor fellow!" muttered the widow as they hurried on. "Pl'ase God the Cartys and the Grogans and the Lehans is safe in the hills! L'ave me take the child now, Ellen."

"I 'll mind her a bit yet; I 'll mind her, Honoria. God knows it must all lie heavy on your heart this night. 'T is little pleasure you have had out of your life. Early and late have you slaved, and look at it all now!"

"I hope Shaun will be with the others in the hills," said the widow. "I think he will come out to meet us all, and why would n't he? It 's safe enough in the hills, and the night's work is over."

They toiled on, turning into the sandy track that led to the sand-hills, here and there overtaking knots of people who were standing irresolutely, waiting for their friends or for news. Bits of talk floated to them.

"Is it thrue that Dan Carty was burned in his bed?"

"No, they dragged Dan out; 't was Dennis Grogan."

" 'T was not, then; I seen him myself galloping for these hills, and his wife behind him, bawling to him to help her carry the churn that she 'd put the hins in."

" 'T was said to me that they 'd shot Dennis, and he lying beside his cottage."

" 'T was n't Dennis; 't was another. Maybe Sheumus Grogan, for 't is known that he is a secretary. Old Bridget Morrissey that has n't walked a step this five years was limping along wid the best of them, cursing like mad."

The two women dragged on, driving the cows before them. After another hour's walking they came to a shelter between two hills, where other refugees had halted. They were protected here from the bite of the wind, but they could hear it shriek outside, and they could hear the loud swinging of the sea.

"Watch the cows, Ellen, and keep Maureen," said the widow. "I must get news of Shaun."

She toiled up and down among the groups, asking if any one had seen her Shaun. Other men and women were going back and forth, asking for news of their friends and relatives. The question of "Have you seen Shaun?" was answered with the question, "No; but have you see Malachy?" People made vague attempts to comfort one another, but they were too dazed or distracted to know what they said.

The widow went back to Ellen and sat down beside her. The child was asleep. The cows were standing quiet. For the short remainder of the night she looked straight before her, gathering strength for the morning, when she could go and look for her son. Now and then she fingered her rosary. Concentrated on her son, she was unaware of the sounds and sights about her.

With the gray dawn came a chill rain. The widow lifted her head and looked about her. Terrified people, some of them very old, were huddled

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in groups in the sand. There were two women she knew with babies not a month old. Half-dressed little boys were leading about horses that had become frightened with the flames and excitement, and who would not be still. Children were crying. Here and there arose a muttered oath. People were again beginning to ask after their friends, and were counting their poor possessions: a little bonham, a few ducks, a bundle of blankets, a perambulator filled with household treasures.

The widow rose stiffly and said to the drowsy Ellen:

"There 's food in the basket I carried for the child. Will you tell her, if she wakes, I 've gone to fetch her da?"

Painfully she toiled her way out of the shelter between the hills. A harsh wind met her; she bent to it, and plowed along the sand track. Half-way to the road she came on old Terence Grogan, mumbling to himself, and shaking his head, and staggering in the sand.

"All gone—all I worked for the msot of my life," she heard him say. "All gone up in a few licks of the fire; a tin of petrol, a torch to it, and all gone entirely. A terrible harrd thing for an old man."

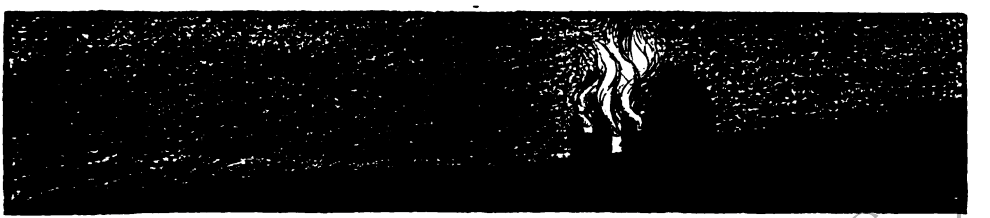
"God save you, Terence," the widow said. "It was His adorable will, and you have your life itself. 'T was not your Dennis or your Sheumus that got hurted, I hope."

The old man looked at her, first uncertainly and then with a burst of recognition that straightened him and strengthened his voice.

"God help you this day, Honoria!" he said. "He saw flames of the first house they fired, and he thought it was his own. He came out of the hills to save you, and was pelting down the road when one of the shots from the lorry got him. Praise be to God, Father Considine was walking along the road, he going to see old Bridgie Morrissey that was dying again. He was able to prepare Shaun for his death. God help you, woman! He lies by the ruins of my cottage, and one of the byes is watching over him, and people running in from the road, disthracted for fear it is one of their own, and then crying for sorrow for you, Honoria."

Very slowly the sense of his words reached the Widow Connolly. She put up a shaking hand, and brushed away a lock of hair that clouded her eyes; it was as if she had to see the old man clearly to understand. Not a word did she say, but bleak tragedy grew on her face. Old Grogan steadied her swaying figure with his shaking hands.

"Come back to the sand-hills with me, you poor woman," he said; "come back now. The best of your bad luck is that you have nothing more in this sad world to fear; nothing more to fear at all."



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Adventures of an Illustrator

I—In New Orleans with Cable

By Joseph Pennell

Drawings by the author made at the time

THE war killed me, not as it killed millions; but it killed every idea and every ideal I ever had. I was not killed physically or even hurt, though I was at the front twice, and saw on two continents more of the inside of the war than any other outsider. I was in it, not of it. But, morally, it shattered every belief I ever had.

I had arranged the rest of my life; the war disarranged it. I did not lose many friends or much money, but I lost all faith in modern life and in human decency. We have become dreary, dry, driveling savages, lower than any that ever before existed, and we are too stupid, too ignorant, too blind to know it. All we know is that we shall cover our rottenness by exposing the nakedness of our allies and enemies.

I look back, back over forty years of adventures—the adventures of an artist among authors, artists, and editors. I began on THE CENTURY MAGAZINE; I am ending on THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. Times and men and the magazine have changed. Have I?

It is good to look back on those forty years of a busy life; it is good to know that I have had a better, busier, and a fuller life than most people, for most people never live at all; they only exist, because they cannot help it. I have, in my way, enjoyed my life; it has not been made up of hairbreadth escapes or strenuous inanities, but it has been lived as I wanted to live it, or was till the war. The senseless, useless war wiped out all decency and honesty. I had laid up for myself treasures upon earth. They are gone or buried, but I still have the treasures of memory, which

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neither moth nor rust can corrupt.

And these memories are, or some of them are, in these papers. If I do not put them down, some busy penny-a-liner will do so and make a mess of them; so I am telling them as I wish them to be told, not to please the boors and peasants who have wrecked this country by dragging it down to their level, but to please myself and the vanishing few who still know and care, and because it is good to remember these things.

One of the first of my many adventures was with George W. Cable in New Orleans.

One day in the autumn of 1881, shortly after the first article illustrated by me, "A Day in the Ma'sh," was published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, Drake, the art editor, or Gilder, the literary editor, sent for me, and I took the seven o'clock train from Germantown. It was the fastest train, for when at work I always take the best and the fastest, though I did not then know the Florentine proverb, "Never stint thyself in thy work." I would be landed in Jersey City in time to see the big buildings come out of the mist. The biggest downtown was Babbitt's soap works, towering up six or eight stories on West Street. It 's gone now, but the last time I saw it I had to look down to find it. I would walk across to Broadway and take the horse-car up to 743, where the magazine was published, and then I would climb to the attic, and there was Drake, or, through a vista of rooms, the top of his dear bald head.

Though, at ten o'clock, I was usually the first at the office, I could not then, nor can I now, understand why people hate to be early, and have to be made early by daylight saving. If I was not the first, I had to wait in the outer room. There were magazines and illustrated papers to look at, and they were hard to find or afford in those days, for there were no free-loafing libraries, and I belonged to no clubs. Artists did then care for what was being done outside the country. Sometimes others were waiting: students with portfolios and without ideas; engravers with blocks and proofs, deadly afraid of Drake, for he was an engraver, not a business man; painters with wants; process people with schemes; and, once in a while, some one who had "arrived." Howard Pyle would be there, looking like a pompous parson, towering moodily in a corner; or Alfred Brennan, in a green overcoat with Roman coin buttons, would rush in, rush through, and be greeted by Drake. But all got a smile and a hearing from Drake, and that was the reason for his success. Incidentally, it was the reason for the success of the magazine and American illustration, for Drake not only knew, but was willing to learn. Pyle would sulk both artistically and personally. I determined to copy Brennan. I don't mean his green coat, but his way of getting in. Still, I had my scheme, and with some excuse I would pass into the second room and talk to Miss Gleason, the secretary. Oh, I made up to her, and Drake would be sure to see me and call me in, telling me, when he was done with me, to come back to lunch. We would go to the St. Denis or the Vienna Café. What a spree! Otherwise, I might have waited all day. I remember the rage of Pyle once—I heard about it afterward—when I went in before him.

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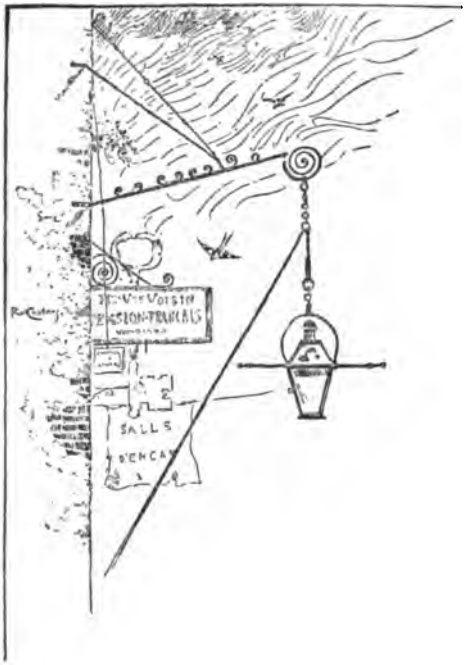

A corner

But this time there was a solemn confab with Roswell Smith, the president, and Gilder. I was told all sorts of nice things, and then told that the editors wished me to go to New Orleans and do the illustrations for a history of Louisiana that G. W. Cable was writing. Would I? Well,—nothing was said about a contract or expenses,—I started.

There were difficulties about getting away. I was just twenty-one. I had voted for the first time, and, till the last election, the only time in my life, for I have never been settled anywhere long enough to get a vote. I had been summoned on a grand jury. I tried to get out of this, for I was working on my first etchings of Philadelphia. I went to the court and stood up and told the judge I was sure the summons was for my father; that I was too innocent and ignorant to be of any use on a jury.

"Sit down," said he; "by the time you get through, you will know as much as any bald-head on it."

I sat down, and continued to sit when we were told to stand up to be sworn, and when the judge commanded me to stand and swear, I said I would not, because I was a Friend, and so, with a growl from him, I was affirmed, for the judge remembered that not long before he had summoned another Friend, who came against his will and walked up the court-room with his hat on. He was in plain clothes, "broad brim and shad belly."

"Tell that man to take his hat off," said the judge to the clerk or the crier.

"Hats off!" yelled the crier. The Friend paid no attention.

"Take his hat off," said the judge. The crier knocked it off. The Friend turned to the judge and said:

"Judge, I give thee and thy court in charge for assault and battery," and walked out of the room, hatless. They had to bring him his hat and an apology. The Friends are a "peculiar people," or they were.

I learned much and made many sketches in that old grand-jury room in the old court at the east end of the state house, now even a worse wreck than it was.

The etchings, more or less, got done, and early in the year of 1882 I left for the South on the CENTURY work. It was the winter Oscar Wilde discovered America. I met him at the Lelands in Philadelphia, and heard him lecture on the memorable day when in velvet and knee-breeches he faced a deputation from the university, each with a sunflower or a lily in his very modern hand, and Oscar, as only he could, brazened that "tribute" out. He and Archibald Forbes

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were on the train to Washington on which I started South for my work with Cable. I chummed up to them and then had n't anything to say to them, or they to me, and did n't know how to get away, nor did they know how to get rid of me.

From Washington I went to Nashville and made an etching of shanties, and then to Memphis, which I remember nothing about. There I took a boat down the river. On the way I met the man who shot Wilkes Booth and asked him to write the story of it for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. Whether or not it appeared I do not remember. At a bank in Memphis I saw the son-in-law of Jefferson Davis and asked him to get Davis to write also. The Davis article, for some reason of policy, did not, I believe, appear. I also got Colonel Boteler, who was at the trial of John Brown, to write of Brown.

Tomb of Governor Claiborne's family

I was really a born journalist and was so regarded when there was journalism in this country instead of smut, drivel, and business, as there mostly is to-day. Now my drawings are sneered at as journalism. So were Dürer's.

There were many experiences on the boat, and endless poker, which I don't play because it and all sports bore me. I would sooner go to bed. By and by we came to a flooded region, with the river spreading as far as one could see, —forty miles, they said,—and people sitting on chimneys and in tree-tops. We took some of them off and made short cuts here and there where the water was deep enough, for ours was a small boat. The people were delightfully miserable. I saw from the railroad last year, going south from Memphis, the descendants of the same people, sitting in the same flooded country, on fence-posts, waiting for the train to pass, but too stolid to move.

I grew tired of the river at Vicksburg, and took the train, and in the dark it waded through the flooded country to New Orleans. There I found the St. Charles Hotel, and I remember my delight in finding in the New Orleans paper an article about the drawings I had made at Bethlehem. Papers took art seriously then. Into the office of the hotel in the morning—a big room with big chairs, big, slouch-hatted men, and big spittoons all about, there came a little man with a black beard. That was Cable. He was charming, and he carried

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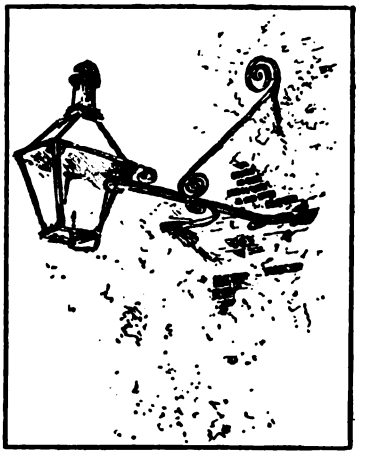
me off at once to find a place to stay in, and, as the work was mostly to be about the Creoles, he chose the French Quarter. We walked over to Canal Street and turned down the Rue Royale, and right into old France. America stopped in the middle of Canal Street. I don't know how it is now, for I have not been there since. But the people on one side were Americans, and on the other were Creoles. The signs on one side were English, and on the other French, and newsboys yelled "The Picayune" on the left and "L'Abeille" on the right.



In the Cabildo

As soon as we got into the Rue Royale, we stepped right into Cable's stories. There were awnings and ironwork and sunlight, and at the end of the street the Cabildo, the courthouse, and, between them, the spires of the cathedral, with the great Place D'Armes in front, and on both sides the Pontalba Mansions, dignified and imposing. Each had a second-story veranda as big as a room, and behind it another big room, as we found after banging at the great front door, where there was a sign of "*Chambre à louer.*" There I was dumped down without anything but my trunk and schoolboy French. The landlady had not even school-book American.

Anyway, I was pitchforked right into France from Philadelphia. Then Cable began to take me about. I remember going first to Madame Antoine's, where I had the first real breakfast I ever had in my life, and then all about the Creole town, Cable's town, to *Madame Delphine's*, to *Jean-ah-Poquelin's*, to Belles Demoiselles Plantation, to his home. I don't know what Cable is like now. He writes me once in a while, and he came to London once and was taken up by a weird lot. But then he was just Cable, just a workman, proud of his work and his family, and keen about his church and his town. I soon found that in the French Quarter it was just as well not to know Cable, for at that time the Creoles could not stand him. For the life of me, I don't really know why, but I believe it all began with "The Grandissimes," and the famous scene of *Raoul Inneraity's* "Louisiana rifusing to hanter the Union."

One day when I asked a man to move in order that I might see what I was drawing, he said:

"I ham a Creole, and you hare han American, and for fifty centa I will cut you into small pi-es-ces." *I* moved.

It is all rather vague, thirty-nine years ago, and I never made a note, and don't know where my letters are. Only, those were delightful days that I spent over my drawings, in courts, on plantations, on the levee, up the bayous in the sunlight, all based on the work of Rico and Fortuny, about which I raved, as did other illustra-

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Billy

tors. And these masters were far better worth study and far more difficult to follow than the slipshod methods and clumsy gods of the present, and that is the reason why they are not followed. All day I worked, stopping only to buy fresh bananas for lunch, if I had any, and thinking of the good dinners with wine, which I learned to drink, at night.

"Don't you wish you did not have to dine?" the new American said to me the other day.

"No; I wish I did not have to do anything else." But I think that one hundred million Americans never have dined.

One morning, after a great storm, there was a telegram from Harpers:

"The New Orleans levee will break and destroy the city. Draw it." So, though I could see no signs of it save that the ships and steamboats looked down more and more on the town the higher the river rose, I did the drawings of the river breaking in, and the first

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house going down. I was right on the spot, and drew the house, and Canal Street a torrent, horse-cars upside down, the cathedral spires crammed with people, the prisoners all being drowned, and all the rest of it. I sent them off to Harpers, and then the levee did n't break after all. It broke down the river, and I spent a day there with Cable, watching the river tumbling, rushing through the crevasse, and spreading over the cane-fields. The perfume from the sugar-mills filled the air, and on the levee a long line of darkies, each with a little bundle and a big umbrella, tramped toward the town, while the planter, on his big horse in front of his big house, said:

Old "Passage de la Bourse"

"See them niggers? You give 'em freedom; now they 're getting it. In the old times I 'd had to feed them for six months; now they can feed themselves, or you Yanks can."

And other days we would cross to Algiers, where things were less changed than elsewhere, to Belles Demoiselles Plantation. There the negro quarters still stood, and the negroes still lived more or less as they did before the war, or, rather, before the invasion of Major Putnam that the people had lived through over there, and which he "brought into print." And there were days on other plantations; days in and about the grisly old prison, with murderers and thieves and debtors wandering about together all day, cooped up at twilight, when the foul black bats, like the spirits of the inmates, with ghoulish chatterings, in clouds, came from under the eaves and darkened the air; visits to the old voudou priestess from whom we could get nothing; and to the battle-field, where we got full evidence of the stupidity of the British in one of the few battles they ever fought for themselves, and visits to people who really had done something, like Judge Gayarré and Lafcadio Hearn, who was on a paper, though he treated Cable scandalously, just as other thieves and imitators were to later, discovering his stories and retelling them badly and brazenly, and gaining great glory while Cable is unknown to the ignorant oafs who direct the taste of our literature.

Then there was a grand excursion

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when a schooner was hired, and the Frenchman came along. We picked her up on Lake Pontchartrain, and meant to sail up and down the bays and bayous; but the wind and tide did n't mean us to, and we spent days among islands inhabited only by distant flamingoes and near pelicans and everlasting alligators. And the Frenchman—I don't remember who he was, but he was going to mix up diplomacy and brick-making in Mexico—had a passion for sport and was near-sighted, and he had to jam his eye-glass on and hold his pith helmet while he let off his gun at the pelicans, which only looked at him sadly as they shook the shots out of their feathers, and at the alligators, which merely opened their eyes and shut their mouths when he fired at them before they rolled off their logs. And my adventures trying to control a jibing boom, which threw me right out of the ship; and the mosquitos. But in the evenings we would pull up by an island, and the captain would make wonderful gumbo soup and mix things out of cans, and then Cable would sing, and sometimes tell a new story. It was down there that I heard for the first time of Lost Island, and all this was before ever he sang or talked in public. We saw that the seas in the river were too big for our boat down by Eads Port and Pilot Town, the river rushing down and the wind blowing up, till the water stood up like a wall, and finally we gave in to the head winds and boarded a steamer, and so got back to town.

Four months passed in hard work, helped by Cable. The last I saw of him he was on the wharf by the levee, and beside him was Jefferson Davis, seeing his daughter off to New York. And then I got back to New York, too, and the editors liked the drawings, and that was the end of it, except that some of them were very good and full of character, and were all engraved on wood, and I received four hundred dollars for forty of them, and paid all my expenses. That was what THE CENTURY MAGAZINE paid me then. There was something else. Drake would give me a cast or a Russian lamp or Roman coin with my voucher, and I had to present that, at a strait and brazen wicket window, to a most severe cashieress, who glared at me, and, as she paid out the notes, it seemed as if she were tearing out her heart or giving up her last cent. She scared every one to death. Only, if it was near lunch-time or dinner, there would be Drake behind me to carry me off in order to feed me up on scallops, or take me home to dinner and show me his last collection, and then out and give me lobster and porter, in the dear dead days, and, happily, I would take the owl-train to Philadelphia.

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"What 's the Matter with the Railroads?"

I—The Sick Man of American Business

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

WHAT 'S the matter with the railroads?"

This question is being asked hundreds of times every day by business men from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; from north to south and back again. These men frankly confess their failure to understand the railroad problem. They are torn by an orgy of conflicting statements. Skilled propagandists succeed only in adding to the confusion. Nowhere, it seems, is a disinterested voice raised in the interest of the common citizen, the man who perhaps is not a wholesale user of our overland transport, but who realizes every time he makes a shipment of goods or himself travels across the country that our national railroad no longer functions with anything like the high efficiency that it had attained twelve or fifteen years ago.

All over the world the railroad is in trouble, but it has not broken down even in Russia, where transport conditions are to-day at their very worst. In fact, a railroad structure may never completely break down. Dying, it must never die. A factory, a merchandizing establishment, even a whole town, may struggle along fitfully for a number of years and then decide to quit, leaving but a forlorn group of ruins as the index of a vanished enterprise. But a railroad may never quit. When a rail highway of any real importance ceases to operate, civilization begins to crumble. Upon the railroad depends the life of the community it serves, not merely the commercial, but the political and social life as well. The problem is not merely to enable the railroad to live, but to live in the fullest strength. It is not enough that a railroad system keep pace with the growth of the community that it is designed to serve; transportation facilities should sufficiently anticipate the transportation needs of the nation in order that the economic progress of the nation need never wait upon the laggard development of transportation.

§ 2

I shall not attempt here to review in detail the causes that have led to the present near-debacle of our railroads; they are all too familiar to any well-read man or woman. Ever since the passage in 1906 of the so-called Hepburn Bill, and the onrush of both federal and state regulations that followed it, the efficiency of the American railroad has greatly decreased, and its development has been slowed down. Yet for fully ten years after 1906 the net earnings of the carriers, with the great growth of the

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nation and its industries, continued to increase until, under the war stress of 1916 and 1917, they had come to the astounding total of almost a billion dollars a year. In other words, the deterioration of our national railroad structure had set in well before the maximum of net earnings had been reached. By the end of 1917 this deterioration had become so serious as to threaten a possible breakdown of our transportation system in the face of one of the gravest crises that the United States has ever faced.

Confronted with such a possibility, President Wilson took over the railroads and made them a direct agency of the Government in the conduct of the war. This is not the place to catalogue fully the accomplishments and the failures of the United States Railroad Administration. It accomplished some very creditable things, some obvious, others most unexpected. It was obvious, for instance, that a highly centralized control could effect large operating economies by ignoring personal jealousies, by completely obliterating competition, and by planning direct routings of heavy traffic, so as to avoid congested centers. It was obvious that by appealing to his patriotism, the Government could obtain from the shipper a better coöperation both in the loading and in the prompt release of the all-valuable freight-car than any private corporation could ever secure. It was not quite so obvious, but wise, nevertheless, that the Railroad Administration should invite labor to its council-tables. Such a representation the private railroads had too long denied.

It was not obvious why as a war measure the Railroad Administration should have entered upon the establishment of great and elaborately fitted city ticket-offices throughout the land, or the wholesale construction of standardized locomotives of strange and untried types, or why it should have gone so far as to create special printing of ten thousand different varieties of forms. For seven years England carried on in much the usual way, except for the elimination of many trains, ticket-offices, and such things. Her entire war-control organization consisted of twenty-six persons, including office-boys and porters; ours had at one time more than twelve hundred exclusive employees upon its rolls and has several hundred remaining even to-day. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why, under the United States Railroad Administration, the net earnings of our roads, the residue between their earnings and their expenses, dropped from the billion-dollar mark of the calendar year of 1917 to only $639,000,000 in the twelve months of 1918; to $445,000,000 in 1919; and in 1920 to a miserable $62,000,000. The Railroad Administration held its control of the carriers through only the first two months of 1920, but the effect of its extravagances, which in the long run far overbalanced its economies, continued. Your high railroader, the average executive whom you may chance to meet upon your travels, will not hesitate to say what he considers the greatest of these extravagances.

"Our wage bill," he will roar out at you, "that is the big reason for our operating expenses being eighty per cent. higher on March 1, 1920, than they were on December 1, 1917. The wholesale raising of all classes of employees, the unionizing of all of these, the granting of the eight-hour

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day, with its consequent addition of 260,000 employees to our pay-rolls, and the recognition of the asinine national minimum wage and working-hour agreements, complete the responsibility of raising our wage bill $1,442,500,000 in a little over two years."

In all fairness, however, it should be said that there are two sides to this wage question. In the fat years before the coming of government control our railroads failed in many cases to pay even a fair wage to their workers. A dangerous decline in railroad morale came because of such neglect; but that, as Kipling would say, is another story, to be discussed in the second of these articles. All I want to suggest now is that the Government's wholesale raising of the wages of the workers did make heavy inroads upon railroad income.

As every one knows, not only wages, but other operating costs, went up; taxes, too. While the prices of materials and supplies have declined somewhat within the last year, they are still seventy per cent. over 1916, taxes of every sort, ninety per cent. The expense of conducting our national railroad structure on March 1, 1920, the day it was returned to its private owners, had attained the enormous figure of $5,250,000,000 a year, or about eighty per cent. over that of 1917. To offset this vast increase, the Government made sweeping increases in both freight and passenger charges. Passenger fares were increased twenty-five per cent.; the freight-rates from fifty to seventy-five. Yet these rate increases failed to keep pace with increased costs of operation, and the result was that, after a little over twenty-six months of government control, there was a deficit of more than two billion dollars.

These are hard facts, yet fundamental to any real understanding of the present plight of the carriers. If that plight could be written down as a mere problem of war-frenzied finance, it would be quite bad enough, but with it comes the deterioration of the properties themselves. A decade ago American rail transport was at the height of its efficiency. For eighty years it had been climbing upward, steadily expanding, broadening, improving; for the last ten it has been slipping backward. I am not forgetting its fine war record. It moved the troops and it moved their supplies with an efficiency that was little short of marvelous—doubly marvelous when you come to consider the worn-out condition of the carriers.

There is hardly a physician who has not at some time seen a patient, terribly ill, rise to meet a supreme emergency. So, four years ago, our sick man of American business arose. Now he has gone back to bed, more ill than before, while many doctors quarrel about his case.

§ 3

To say that the much heralded Transportation Act of 1920 is a failure may be harsh characterization; yet it cannot to-day be called a real success. It has not yet returned to the carriers its promised six per cent. upon their capital. Railroad stocks lie soggy within the market, and gun-shy investors will have little of them. Perhaps in no way was the measure more interesting than in its attempt to substitute a policy of creating rates high enough to enable the road to pay an attractive return to their investors for

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the old policy of keeping rates as low as was possible without violating the constitutional prohibition against confiscation. But even the advantage gained in this way was wiped out by the poor business of the first two months of 1921, and the net outcome of the first twelve months of private operation was an actual slight deficit.

Since then the situation has somewhat improved. The sharp economies made by the railroads in their operating expenses, to say nothing of the half-million-dollar cut in their wage-bill, has begun to show in a somewhat improved net. What they have accomplished in operating economies (unfortunately, in many instances, to the detriment of their patrons and a further lowering of their already badly shattered services) is shown by the fact that to-day, September, 1921, they have brought their operating costs to a little less than eighty cents out of each dollar that they earn. A little more than a year ago this was ninety-six cents. Such a saving carried out on a wholesale scale across the land is bound to have results. And despite what a great many wise railroaders themselves believe to have been an untoward raising of rates, the volume of essential national traffic has continued to move across the land.

All this has helped. It may even be that before the final of these series is read some of the long-haul roads down in our Southwestern territory may be somewhat embarrassed by generous net earnings. Even through the hardest months of depression they were enabled by fortuitous conditions to break even. In a bettering of business they ought to make good money.

Yet these are the exceptions. And even they, with their less fortunate fellows, are inclined to credit much of the financial depression to two things, the vast industrial slump and their huge pay-rolls. Ingeniously, they argued this last point before the Railroad Labor Board at Chicago in the early summer of 1921 and succeeded in getting a cut of some $500,000 in their annual wage-bill. But the average railroader of the rank and file is still paid some one hundred and fifty per cent. more than in 1913, always remembering that this percentage is obtained on a per-hour basis. On a per-day reckoning it is lower. In exact figures his average pay to-day, on an eight-hour-day basis, is $1700 for the twelve-month, as compared with $761 eight years ago. This is the figure, along with that of his increased fuel and tax and material costs that the railroad executive uses when he justifies the increase of his carrying charges.

Yet the fact remains that the high rates are not only not attracting business, but are actually driving it away. The long-haul use of the motor-truck is not due to a lack of box-cars or yard congestion, but is a protest against the existing rates. You can, it seems, advance rates to a point where traffic begins to fade away, to find other pathways for itself or to cease altogether. This is particularly true of passenger travel. A nation-wide rate of almost four cents a mile, including war-taxes, in addition to the heavy increases in the Pullman rates, is not an inducement to travelers.

What is more, the roads have now reversed their custom of many years and no longer grant a lowered per-mile rate to the wholesale user of their service. The so-called mileage or script-book still exists in form, but there is no

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longer an economy in its purchase. The thousandth mile costs just as much as the first.

Contrast this with France, where a man may, upon presentation of a small photograph of himself and six hundred francs in hard cash, receive a card entitling him to ride as much as he pleases upon her railroads for twelve months at half-fare, no matter in which class he elects. Such a plan might not be practicable in the United States, although I do not see why. But it ought to be good business to sell passenger miles at wholesale once more.

In many such ways our railroad men might grow in wisdom by watching their fellows across the seas entice the hesitating traveler. Our managers have utterly disregarded the possibilities of selling different classes of passenger service. But their contention that Americans would not endure the stigma of traveling second class is hardly supported by facts. The Pullman Company has for years successfully operated second-class sleepers under the camouflaged name of "tourist-cars." Americans, after all, are not foolishly proud. We ride in Ford cars and enjoy them; we eat in popular-priced white-fronted restaurants and admit it.

In the United Kingdom the first-class fares are very slightly higher than our standard fares when combined with our Pullman day fares, and the service is quite as good. The second class is almost obsolete, but the third class, at about half first-class rates (a little less than three cents a mile, American), has equipment generally superior to our branch lines and suburban roads.

Yet this is not all. Popular demand and the selling acumen of British passenger-traffic managers has created very low-priced excursion rates of varying sorts throughout the United Kingdom. Trains at midday of a Friday are not ordinarily crowded.

"Very well," says our English traffic man, "we will give a rate down to the sea or up to the mountains that will be good only on one of those trains. We will transform a half-filled train into one well filled. Our returning Sunday trains are crowded to their limits. Therefore our low-priced week-end tickets will not be good for the return until Monday morning. We consider this good transportation salesmanship."

Good transportation salesmanship! What funny words! But they suggest another point in this diagnosis of the sorry plight of our railroads. For seven years we have forgotten the importance of transportation salesmanship. We were in a flush of business and of travel. We did not need to "sell" our transportation. But that was yesterday. To-day there is industrial paralysis all across the land. For the moment there is little congestion in our freight-yards and terminals. The physical debacle of our transportation plant is not so evident. But let our national industries come back to anything like their normal production, let the high gods wish upon us a continued stretch of hard weather, and once again we shall have our overburdened and worn-out railroad plant approaching breakdown and a national clamor for government interference and relief.

§ 4

The physical deterioration of our railroads is all but impossible to ig-

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nore even now. There are the worn, disreputable stations, the shabby locomotives and cars. Fresh paint has become a virtue long ignored. Cleanliness has traveled the same pathway. The condition of the locomotives and cars of many of our railroads had begun to decline seriously even before the days of the Railroad Administration. When that organization came into being, it pledged itself to return to the carriers their properties at least as well equipped as upon the day it took them over. The extent to which it failed in this is shown by the statistics referring to freight-cars. In 1917, the year of private railroad operation immediately preceding the years of government operation, our national transport structure had 2,479,472 freight-cars, which was much less than it should have had. In almost all circumstances they find it necessary each year to scrap approximately one hundred thousand cars. For several years before 1914 their construction of new cars had hardly more than kept pace with this annual loss. The Railroad Administration did not succeed in buying even enough cars to keep pace with those that were being scrapped. In 1918 the total freight-car equipment of our carriers had declined to 2,397,943, in 1919 to 2,361,102, in 1920 to 2,352,911. In other words since 1917 there had been a total decline of 125,561, although the normal increase of our transport plant called for an increase of at least twice this number of cars.

Moreover, not only the number, but the condition, of the individual cars has declined. The small Eastern city in which I reside is a brisk point in interchange freight. It also is a water port of fair importance, to which a large number of coal-cars come in the average summer and autumn. Last autumn I saw that many of these cars were in a pathetic state of disrepair. The yard-master explained to me.

"The first time they come through from the mines," he said, "they will have their hoppers braced with a bit of timber, so as to keep all the coal from spilling out upon the tracks before they even reach here. Somehow the timber will get lost before the car gets back to the mines again. The mine bosses will put in a flooring this time. Fine business, that! The hoppers won't work at all then, and thirty tons of coal have to be shoveled out by hand at the present price of hand labor."

Think of this single instance many times multiplied, combine this fact with that of there being fewer freight-cars upon our rails to-day than at any time in the last five years,—approximately 354,000 freight-cars are to-day reported as being in bad order,—and you begin to get a real idea of how terribly ill our sick man of American business has become.

Returning to the national situation, we find that while fifteen per cent. of our freight-car equipment is unusable, nineteen per cent. of our locomotives are in extreme disrepair and are standing idle upon the sidings.

§ 5

It was partly to remedy such conditions that the so-called Transportation Act was hurriedly passed at the beginning of 1920. It should be noted in this connection that since 1911 there has been little extension of our railroad structure, although in the decade from 1901 to 1911 there were laid down fifty-two thousand miles of

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brand-new line, a larger route mileage than that of almost any other nation in the world. The comparatively small San Diego & Arizona Railroad was completed only a year ago, but this was more than offset by the abandonment and complete removal of the Buffalo & Susquehanna and the Colorado Midland and other lines.

Until ten years ago our railroads were still busy increasing and enlarging their terminals, were double-tracking their single-track lines, and three-tracking and four-tracking their double-track ones. The Union Pacific was laying the first long-distance double-track line in the great West; in the East the Erie, the Lackawanna, and the Baltimore and Ohio were completing their remarkable series of cut-offs and realinements. All this has ceased, though the necessity for it has not ceased. Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and many other important cities cry aloud for an immediate and radical revision and extension of their terminal facilities. But they cry unheeded.

Terminal revision does not necessarily mean the acquisition of large pieces of expensive land in the hearts of our congested cities, but in many cases merely the intensive development of the present areas. We have stumbled along slowly in this important work. For instance, the development of the individual container that can be handled with equal facility upon a motor-truck chassis, a steamship deck, or the floor of a steam or electric railroad flat-car, has halted miserably. The correlation of the motor-truck in terminal service with the freight-car in the long haul has made but little progress. Instead, the motor-truck is assuming an entirely uneconomic burden of long-haul freight traffic all the way across the land, and the taxpayer foots the bill for this freak transport development in the wear and tear upon his public highways, which are rapidly being battered to pieces under traffic for which they were never designed. The motor-truck has a great field in American freight transport, but that field is in terminal service. There have been interesting experiments at Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, but these are still experiments. At Cincinnati the motor-truck in little-used downtown streets has already successfully replaced the switch-engine and the local transfer box-car in the terminal handling of less-than-carload freight. Formerly the typical switch-engine and "trap-car" took on the average two days and fourteen hours to cross one mile of busy city from the freight terminal at its right to those upon its left. In bad weather this time not infrequently ran to seven or eight days. By use of the motor-truck and removable container-body this average was brought down to fourteen minutes. And when the railroaders came to applying this method to the entire terminal system of Cincinnati, they found themselves able not only to save from thirty-five to forty per cent. of their freight-house floor space, a thousand dollars a day or more in expense, but to return the equivalent of some sixty-six thousand box-cars a year from local to through-line service.

Although the motor-truck is without a rival in terminal service, there is also the short-haul service where it is very necessary. The box-car loses its economic efficiency in a haul of under fifty miles; some students of trans-

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portation put this figure as high as eighty. The haulage superiority of the motor-truck ceases somewhere between these figures. In large loads of low-grade freight moving any considerable distance it ceases to be a real economic competitor.

In some such way our American railroads might easily correlate the motor-bus to their services. Whether privately or publicly owned and operated, the automobile is to-day a very serious competitor of the American railroad. Yet how have our roads faced the lowering of their through as well as of their local passenger business? They have either railed against the new-comer in their pastures or else have again reduced their already depleted services, with the immediate result that still more traffic is diverted from their trains. You have only to turn the pages of the "Official Guide" to see the ravages that have been wrought. In the last four or five years trains have been removed from the schedules by the dozens and by the hundreds, and the running-times of many others have been so lengthened as to make riding upon them a dreary business indeed. Again we might learn from the British railways, which have also had to face this sort of competition. It grew particularly acute in the three months of the great coal strike of 1921, when they were compelled to reduce their service to a minimum, and the motor-bus or *char-à-banc*, burning an entirely different sort of fuel, jumped into the breach. But as soon as the strike was broken, the railways underbid the *char-à-bancs* for the traffic, both in rates offered and in services rendered, and regained their own.

Yet they did not wait for this crisis to calculate the passenger possibilities of the motor-car. Ten or a dozen years ago, when the gasolene-propelled unit was still a strange new-comer upon the highways, the English railways were beginning to correlate it with their services upon the steel highways, with the result that to-day in almost every corner of the British Isles gasolene motor-cars and *char-à-bancs* are being operated in connection with, and as feeders to, steam lines. In a similar way two great French railways, the Paris-Orleans and the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean, have long since correlated the motor-omnibus with their steam lines.

The opportunities for such services are just as great in the United States as in Europe. The roads that serve the Catskills, the Adirondacks, the White, and the Green Mountains, the Rockies and the Sierras, could well afford to develop motor-bus routes as auxiliaries. The Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific complain of the competition of the motor-bus along their lines that parallel the Pacific Coast, but have done nothing to meet it. To-day the Northwestern Pacific terminates in the small city of Eureka, in the beautiful Humboldt county section of California two hundred miles north of San Francisco. A motor-bus route almost due east to the line of the Southern Pacific near Dunsmuir would make a circular trip of unusual variety and beauty. The Southern Pacific has already made beginnings along this line, by a highly successful rail-and-automobile route through the Apache Cañon.

Against this alluring and fascinating possibility we have the spectacle of an all but broken-down local service. Instead of light cars and locomotives

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especially designed for the handling of such traffic at a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of cost, we have the extravagance of heavy cars and engines, almost invariably discarded from main-line service, moving creakily and clumsily along once or twice a day. It is urged as argument against motor-car units that, even were the railroads able to finance them, certain working agreements with the unions would compel the employment of a full crew of four or five men to each of these cars, instead of the two men required for an electric car or an interurban line.

§ 6

This point brings us squarely facing another failure of our national railroad, more poignant even than its physical one. The decline of that fine thing which we once called the tradition of our American railroading is pathetic. For the fine loyalty of other days we have substituted the more or less listless efforts of an army of railroaders whose chief allegiance is given to their union heads.

On the other hand, what does the public demand in this railroad situation? What is the opinion of the man on the station platform?

He believes first that transportation in this country, as well as in all others, is not merely railroads or motor-trucks or canal barges or even aëroplanes, but a scientific correlation of all these agents. He believes that each must have its own field, in which it reigns supreme because in that field it is the cheapest and the most efficient form of transport.

I share these beliefs of my friend who stands on the shady platform awaiting his local. I cannot see these agencies as competitors, but as correlators. In the full understanding of modern business competition has little real value; in the conduct of public utilities it has none whatever. Here, then, is perhaps the greatest burden upon the railroad. There are these others, some of which we have already briefly considered, the neglect of transportation salesmanship, the opportunity for the development of terminals, the extension of our national railroad system, the development of electric traction and of the container system of handling goods, and the elimination of our absurd competitive plan.

All these things will have had attention before I am done, but upon the last two of them we shall direct our special attention. The condition of our rails daily grows more precarious. It is obvious that this condition cannot long continue, the service greatly reduced and impaired, the men sullen and often working at direct cross-purposes to the management, the rates raised to the point where traffic turns away, the financial condition so depressed that railroad securities will not sell under absurdly uneconomic conditions.

Out of this miserable mess there must be raised a program, definite and statesmanlike, as sound as the program under which we changed our money situation by the creation of our federal reserve system, from periodic chaos to proved stability. It must be a program of progress, not a continuation of the absurd artifice of competition. In such a program and nowhere else can one hope to find for our railroad problem a solution that even approaches a satisfactory and intelligent permanency.

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The Vision

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

Drawings by K. M. Ballantyne

November 15. The acorn crop has been heavy this year and the Indians late with its gathering. Last week the squaws pounded the remnants of the harvest into meal and began to make ready to depart. They have not far to go. A matter of less than a score of miles, almost in a straight line downward, brings them to a cañon that the snow finds too warm for its comfort. They started on their way to-day. I stood at the gate and called my farewells to them.

"Good-by, John Drake," they said to me. "Good-by until the acorns fall again."

For thirty years I have never missed their final word of parting.

To-morrow the Becks will be leaving for the valley home. Already the boys are rounding up the cattle, and the still autumn air is filled with the jubilant barking of dogs.

November in California is not lit with quite the flame that my childhood knew, but in these high mountain places summer dies more after the fashion of my native New England. I have no use for the soft land below, green before its season and gasping showerless through the heat of midsummer. Its tamed orchards are too sleek, its harnessed streams too docile, its people too comfortable and real. I like nature's moods too well to flee them. I leave such cowardice to the Becks, to the Indians, to the birds who should have a larger faith.

"Good-by, John Drake. Good-by until the acorns fall again."

I have listened undaunted to these words for thirty years.

November 16. This morning the Beck family left for the winter. I went with them as far as Heron Falls and watched them out of sight. Mrs. Beck talked to me all the way, but I did not listen; in my thirty years of service I have learned these parting instructions by heart.

They made a pleasant picture as they swung down the Heron Falls

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Road, old Beck driving, his wife at his side. The two boys were on horseback. They sat in their saddles proudly, and they rode like the body-guards of a king.

Yes, it was a pleasant picture, and I am sure that old Beck felt a thrill of pride as he watched the two youthful figures swaying in their saddles. I shall never know that pride. The only children I shall ever have are the children of my fancy, and I wonder at times whether old Beck can have greater love for these lads of his than I have for the dreams that all my life have haunted me.

I am not an old man as they count age in a day that keeps even women young after their appointed time, but I have lived harshly, wrestling with the wilderness. My hands are knotted, and I stoop. Wind and weather have furrowed my face as the rain furrows a steep clay-bank with its gray fingers. And yet my heart seems as young as on that first day when I rode through old Beck's gateway. Perhaps that is because the picture of a young woman standing among the apple-blossoms of a twisted orchard is still so fresh in my mind—so fresh that I cannot imagine that the figure of Mrs. Beck is that same figure warped by the ugly labor of the years. No, they are not the same: one is a vision, and visions never grow old; the other is the dream made flesh.

When I say that it was this vision that first rooted me to the futile life I have led you will understand. But maybe you have never been enthralled by a vision, or perhaps you have captured this dream of yours as one captures some wild wingèd thing. If this is so, you have watched it struggle for a season, beating against the cage. Then one morning you have looked, only to find it dead or conquered, which is the same thing. For was it not the wildness of its grace that made you desire it? And now that it has lost this charm, it has lost the very thing that tempted you to entrap it. A dead or conquered vision holds no one.

November 20. The last stragglers have gone by. They passed yesterday while I lay among the dead leaves of the apple-orchard, warming myself in the noonday sunlight. I did not see them, but I heard their voices.

"For nigh on to thirty years he 's stayed here, rain or shine, summer or winter," said one. "He was an uncommon lad, too, straight and tall and full of book-learning."

"It do beat all how some men go to seed," said the other.

And with that they were off.

November 25. I have been reveling in the stillness of these last five days. The house echoes to my footsteps like a lover answering my call. The woods are silent, deserted by the birds of midsummer. At nightfall the wind goes up and down the face of the meadow like a lost soul seeking its mate.

I am never lonely. Even if my faithful dog should fail me, I have still the old house. People who pass by speak of it as a silent old place. They do not know. How should they? One must live intimately and alone with four walls to learn their language.

Now that every one is gone and the apple-trees are bare, I can reconstruct my vision; it is easier for fancy to sow *bare* twigs with blossoms.

I am not such an old man, and yet, when I looked into the glass this morning, I wondered why one so

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bitten by the years could still find youth enough in his heart for the memory of that May morning thirty years ago. Why does it persist so vividly? Why should it chain me to the old place? I am like a pocket-hunter, lured by a momentary flash in the pan to follow forever a hopeless quest. Only I sit and wait, and say to myself: "Once I saw beauty face to face in this spot, standing among the apple-blossoms." I do not go in search, but I sit and wait for the miracle to repeat itself, and meanwhile I grow old.

Well, which is better, to pursue the heart's desire and capture it, a dead thing to weep over, or to let it fly away and live forever?

December 1. Yesterday the snow fell all day. There is a silence about falling snow that seems ominous. Sometimes as I watch the flakes fall I wonder whether our hopes are not shaken to earth as quietly and relentlessly. Yes, the process goes on, swiftly or slowly as the case may be, until one day we wake up to a clear sky and the familiar landscape of our dreams blotted out in a mantle of dead hopes.

All day the snow fell, and all day I dreamed before the tiny kitchen window. The pine-logs blazed up in the old stove; the kettle sang with just the proper faintness.

At dusk there came a tapping at my door. I was startled. A clattering up the steps and a heavy pounding would have announced a belated traveler, but this gentle tattoo surprised me. I am a fanciful old man, otherwise I should not have said almost at once to myself, "It is a vision!"

I lit my lantern and flung open the door.

I had expected a vision, and yet I was surprised by it. A gentle figure in a long, green cloak stood drooping on my threshold, and at once I thought, "Spring has wandered out before her season and lost her way."

I put out my hand in welcome, but she drew me gently into the dusk. She said nothing. It was still snowing. I covered my head with a knitted muffler and let her lead me forward.

The blackness had fallen swiftly, and the ominous night sounds were close upon the heels of silence. The pines were shivering; I caught a coyote's hungry snarl. Ahead a flare of light and the crackling of fir-boughs warmed the gloom.

We went swiftly, considering the softness of the snow. My companion's cloak was lined with a red fur that swept the ground and tossed up little white crystals as she led me forward. A patch of gold from my lantern yellowed our pathway and lengthened our dancing shadows.

We walked to where the road bends toward the south and loses itself in the purple forest. The glow of burning fir-boughs was dying. My companion quickened her step, and the next instant we came upon a circle of fire. Within this circle lay the body of a man. I pushed forward eagerly, brushing aside a blazing log. Before I had stooped beside the figure and put my ear close to his silent heart I knew that all was over. His face was still full of the quiet surprise of one who had met a friend unawares. His arms were flung wide apart, his eyes upturned to the night, his breast was bared to the cool caress of whirling flakes. Surrounded thus by a ring of flame, he lay like a god upon a stainless coverlet. His hair, slightly tinged

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with a fiery note, made a little vivid spot that seemed to give the lie to death.

I dropped to my knees and listened for a promise of life. There is nothing so vast and patient as hope. I rose to my feet. The woman was nowhere in sight, but the next instant she appeared, leading two saddle-horses. I stepped out of the circle of fire.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"He fell over suddenly. He was dead before I reached his side."

"Why did you not call me sooner? Perhaps—"

She shook her head.

"I came as soon as I had shut out the wild things with these fires. He was quite dead."

We lifted him gently and set him on his horse. His body drooped forward in the saddle like a conquered prince. The cry of the coyotes had a bolder note, and the snow was falling swiftly. I led the way; the horses followed. When I looked back I saw a white hand steadying the swaying body and a green cloak dragging wearily across the snow.

December 4. For three days she has sat beside him. I made a cradle of pine-boughs, and he sleeps like a wayward child in a darkened corner of the great room where we gather in the heat of midsummer. She does not weep, and her green cloak lies in a little heap where it dropped from her shoulders. Her hat, a quaint bit, smothered in a long green veil, hangs upon the horns of a deer over the fireplace. The food I bring her she does not touch, and she seldom speaks; but in the long watches of the night she rests her slim hand upon mine, and we sit gazing into the livid pine-cones on the old hearth. Yes, at night she deserts him for a season and strengthens herself for another ghostly day.

On the first morning a belated traveler, an old Indian, trudging from Heron Falls to Potterville, startled us by his bold knock upon the door. I welcomed him rather faintly, and he stepped in to warm himself before the fire; but when he saw my guests he hobbled forth again without so much as a word.

I am wondering what is to be done. She cannot sit forever with her cloak thrown to one side. To-morrow I must talk to her. Everything must have an end, even grief.

She tells me that her name is Leda.

December 6. This morning, when I looked out, a strange procession was making its way toward the house—a procession of bright, gaudy people who made the dreary whiteness blossom with color.

"What has brought the Indians up from the valley at this season?" I asked myself.

It seems that the report of death had gone abroad and reached them in twisted fashion. They had heard that I had been stricken and they had come to do my body honor. The men were drab enough except for the brilliant funeral paint smeared upon their faces, but the women had on their gayest colors.

When I had explained everything to them, one of the old men stepped forward and said:

"We have come a long way. Let us do honor to your friends."

I led them into the great room with some misgiving. Leda sat in her usual place before the cradle of pine-boughs. Her hands were clasped before her, and her black hair had escaped imprisonment and fell in

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"They carried their burden out into the open"

mournful freedom about her shoulders.

The company shuffled in and squatted, forming a circle. Leda scarcely raised her eyes. Suddenly one of the women rose and went toward the mourner. Leda looked up with a cry of wounded delight. When I looked again, Leda was weeping. Her face was buried in the crimson lap of her swarthy friend. She was weeping, and I felt glad, but her tears brought me a curious pang. Why had it been given a stranger to melt her stony-faced grief? A stranger? But I forget: friendship is not a matter of years; sometimes it is a matter of days, of hours, of minutes.

I left the silent group and the two weeping women, for they were mingling their tears in the fashion of all daughters of Eve. And I went out and found a pleasant hillside spot that turned toward the sun and harbored a swale of purpling lupines in their appointed season. I scraped away the snow and dug a shallow resting-place among the pine-needles. Then I went back to the house.

I opened the door to the great room and I stood upon the threshold. My boots were covered with bits of damp earth, and in my hand I carried a gleaming shovel. Leda saw me, and her eyes measured my purpose although I said nothing. She gave me a startled look like a wild thing suddenly taken by surprise; then she bowed her head as if waiting for a blow. The company rose.

I laid aside the shovel and I went forward, picking up the green cloak from the floor. Leda stood up almost proudly as I let it fall about her

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shoulders, but she waved aside the hat with the long, green veil.

I beckoned the young men, and half a score lifted the cradle of pine-boughs upon their broad shoulders. They carried their burden out into the open; the snow had ceased falling, and a pale sun was shining. Leda and her comforter followed. The little group indoors came after.

If I were to live forever, I think I should never forget that gaudily solemn procession trudging between the sedate shadows of the pine-trees. It looked for all the world like a company of gay birds blown by truant winds from an island in some sea forever purple with undying summer. I shall never forget the sunlight as it played upon the snow that morning, or the blue-black strand of Leda's hair falling in dusky tears about her drooping shoulders. It seemed as if only this blue-black hair mourned openly and unashamed the figure sleeping in the cradle of pine-boughs. Some day she will bind this weeping hair again in the fashion of every brave woman who binds her grief against the glances of the curious.

December 7. My visitors stayed with me over night. Rolled up in as many blankets, they slept upon the floor of the great room with all the simplicity of children. I made a feast for them next day. They sat in the usual circle upon the floor of the great room, and Leda and I ladled great spoonfuls of steaming venison into their upraised plates. Yes, Leda forgot her grief for a season in the joy of service.

Our friends left us at the noon-hour. I walked with them until the road began to plunge down into the valley. It was a calm, crisp day, with the world all bared and gleaming like a bejeweled woman. As we trudged along I singled out the woman who had comforted Leda, and I spoke to her. Her name is Susan, after the fashion of her white father, who has long since forgotten her. She has the gentle eyes and the soft speech of her tribe, but her walk is bold and confident. She does not shuffle, swaying her hips in the slovenly fashion of her sisters.

"Tell me, Susan; do you know this woman?" I asked her.

"Yes. She comes a long way. She and her man lived all summer under the blue sky, high up, where the lakes gather to feed upon the snowbanks. This man of hers is a wonder-worker, making flowers and trees blossom by means of long, straight brushes dipped in the colors of the rainbow. Upon cloth, stretched tight like the skins that give forth strange sounds at the time of the dance, he makes trees and flowers and birds that never die. Once I sat and watched him all through the day, and instead of these things of which I tell you, he caught up a lake, as one catches up water in the hollow of the hand, and set it, as I have said, upon a bit of white cloth no bigger than a fawn's skin after it has been dried in the sun."

"You watched him, Susan? And what did you do so far from your people—up where the lakes gather to feed upon the snowbanks?"

"What did I do? I slipped away to find a spring that my mother told me of—a clear, silver spring in the juniper-forest above Tenaya where those who would bear a man-child drink. I found many clear, silver springs, but not the one of which my mother spoke. And being worn with searching and heavy with grief, I was stricken before

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my time. This woman and her man took me in, and their hands were tender with a thousand kind deeds. When my child was buried, the man wiped away my tears, and the woman comforted me."

We had reached the point where the road fell away.

"And it was a man-child, Susan?"

"Yes," she answered, and she looked steadily down at the snow.

"Good-by, Susan," I said. "When summer comes again—"

"You will see me long before the summer comes again. She will need me soon. Before the year is out I shall come to her."

I stood upon the brow of the hill and watched the company fade from sight. Half-way down the steep trail Susan turned and looked back. I waved my hand to her.

December 8. Yesterday, when I got back to the house after bidding Susan and her people farewell, I found Leda bustling about. There was a peaceful look in her eyes. "Can it be," thought I, "that she has forgotten so soon?" But when I looked again I saw that her hair was still unbound.

Now that the brave company have gone, I am frightened. Death did not frighten me, or the sight of grief; but I am frightened, as every male is frightened, by the approach of life. If Susan had not promised that she would come again at the appointed time, I should feel a terror at my helplessness.

December 11. This morning I spoke to Leda. She was standing by the window, looking out at the cold, white hills.

"We shall have calm weather for some days. There is a sled in the stable and I have two good horses. Shall we try to make Potterville before it is too late?"

She threw a frightened look at me.

"You, too?" she cried. "Must even you turn me out?"

Until that moment I had not understood the worst. Yet I might have known, except that I am a man.

December 13. The calm days are over. The wind howls all the day, and at night it shames even the coyote's cry with its wailings. We pile the blackened fireplace in the great room with pine-logs, and we sit far into the night, dreaming before it. Of what does Leda think? Does she live again the gold-splashed days of summer, or has she folded up the memory of her dreadful happiness? Somehow I think her eyes are turned toward the future—the future of every mother full of a sweet pain. Last night I said to her:

"The snow is falling in great drifts to-night. At this rate we shall soon be snow-bound. Does the thought frighten you, Leda?"

She pressed my hand.

"No; it makes me feel more secure. It means that everybody, everything, is shut out."

I thought at once of Susan. Will she keep her promise?

December 15. I noticed a strange thing to-day. Leda wears a wedding-ring. A woman would have looked for such a sign at once. She was standing where a rift of sunlight struck her, and suddenly she began to bind up her hair again. Her hands moved about through the dark mass like white birds in the twilight. The sun caught at the thick band of gold, and it twinkled so that I could not escape it. Why does she wear it? Can it mean anything to her? One would think

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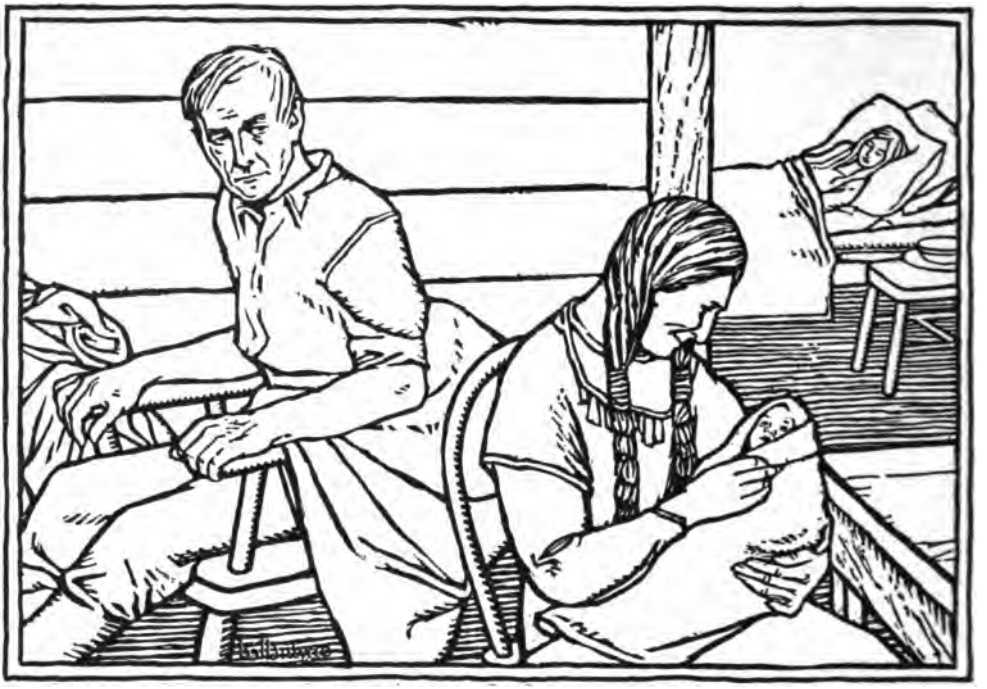

"I watch her holding Leda's child"

that it might have mocked the glory of that purple summer near the rim of heaven.

The storm has spent itself for a brief hour. To-night I look for fury again. The snow is piling up rapidly. It has been years since I have seen such a snowfall.

Why does not Susan come while there is yet a chance to travel?

December 18. I have given up hope of Susan. She cannot possibly make her way to my door in such a winter. What am I to do? I grow sick with anxiety and fear, but Leda seems unafraid. She is quite calm. She does not weep and she seems to have turned her back upon sorrow.

December 20. In a few days it will be Christmas. I went out to-day during a little lull and brought in some fir-boughs, and the air is pungent with their bruised fragrance. The smell of the captured forest always stirs dim memories—memories of my childhood and the vague, shadowy memories of my race. At such times the old Saxon blood begins to leap and tingle, and I wonder, after all, whether I have been held to this mountain fastness by a vision or by the promise of a white winter and evergreen branches freighted with snow.

I can see, too, that Leda is stirred. All day she has sat in a pensive melancholy.

Why does not Susan come?

December 21. The storm is over for a season. The world lies very white and still, and our little shelter is half buried in the snow. Surely Susan will come now.

December 22. Susan has not come. Even Leda is anxious.

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"Will Susan come? Will Susan come?" I repeat this wretched question over and over again.

December 23. If Susan does not come soon it will be too late.

December 24. To-night, when I had given up hope, there came a scratching at the door of the great room. At first I thought it some stray dog or a coyote made bold by hunger. I listened, and a soft voice called me. I threw open the door, and the snow came tumbling into the room. Susan stood before me! She did not wait to warm herself at the fire; she did not even speak of the hardships of her journey.

"Where is she?" was all that Susan said as she threw aside her heavy bearskin covering.

I pointed to the proper door, and without a word Susan left me.

For the first time in weeks I have ceased to fear. Why is it that a man can face danger without shrinking, and yet feel so helpless before this thing which women meet so calmly?

The night is very calm and white and ominous. The snow has stopped falling. A cold moon is high in the heavens. It is Christmas eve.

December 25. The miracle has happened. Before the night had spent itself the faint, weird cry of a child echoed through the house. For a moment I was terrified. Never before have I heard that first wailing note, so full of deep, shadowy promise. I wondered as I sat listening whether such a cry stabbed the heart of Mary with its prophecy, or whether only the good man Joseph trembled.

I feel very old to-day—old and tired and useless. Leda and Susan and the new, mysterious creature that wails feebly are bound by the deep tie of pain. I have no part in this. I might die in my chair before the fire, and these three would be sufficient for themselves. I have set myself apart from life, going about in a company of shadows. Well, shadows are now my portion. I am well punished. I am grateful to Susan, but I am envious of her full cup of service.

January 7. Anxious days have passed. I have stood apart from all the mute bustle, shut out as completely as if I were a wistful pet. But now Susan has told me that everything is as it should be; already her eyes are turned toward her people. She has not set the day of her going, but that is not her way. It may be to-morrow and it may be in a week. I wonder, as I watch her holding Leda's child to her breast, how many dead hopes struggle for life at the touch of such tiny fingers. I think there are times when Susan forgets that this man-child belongs to another. When she departs, I am sure she will bury a little bundle of her affections in the grave of relentless circumstance.

This morning I came upon three blue feathers in the snow. They had dropped from the wings of a belated jay hurrying to join his comrades in some warm, sheltered valley facing the west. They made a pleasant spot of color, like corn-flowers upon a snowy cloth. I picked them up and brought them in as playthings for Leda's child. Susan laughed and even clapped her hands over my foolishness. Secretly, she is pleased and thinks this a good omen.

January 10. Susan has left. Quite suddenly at the noon-hour she came from Leda's room and stood before me. I looked up from my midday dreaming. She had on her bearskin cover-

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ing. I rose and put on my hat, wrapping my knitted muffler about me. We walked in silence. The air was crisp, and the snow firm to our tread. When we came to our parting I said:

"Do not wait until the time of ripe acorns, Susan. Come again at the first call of spring."

But she shook her head.

"She will be gone with the spring. She will go as swiftly as the deer to fresh pastures."

This time Susan did not look back. I watched her in vain, hoping for a gesture of farewell; but she can turn her face on the inevitable with all the courage of her mother's race.

I walked home deeply troubled. *She will be gone with the spring!* Susan's words wake me from a fool's paradise.

January 20. I cannot describe how life has suddenly flooded the old house. Its fretful creaks have turned into the cracked laughter of old age. The querulous snap of my faithful dog is now full of vigor and delight. Each day a new vision is born; visions and hopes are sown as thick as blossoms in a meadow.

At evening it is a good thing to hear Leda singing to her child. She sings well, and I fancy in a happier day she has been something more than a hearthstone singer. The more I watch her, the more I am convinced that she was never bred to a caged life. Even her mother croonings are quivering and passionate. She suggests not happiness, but joy. Happiness is too calm for her; she will forever taste bitter-sweets.

She has put by her wedding-ring. The child has done what even the lover could not do. This gaud of gold that linked her ever so feebly to old ghostly conventions has been melted in the fire of her new love. Now she is free, quite free. But she has escaped only to bind herself to a sweeter captivity.

Susan is right. Some day Leda will go as swiftly as the deer to fresh pastures. And, like a dappled fawn, she will grow with every green delight.

February 15. Many times I have thought to speak to Leda of these other days that she has buried under the dead leaves of forgetfulness. But what does it matter? She has sprung from the past as a lily springs from the soft mud. She is the kind that can lift up her head and forget the unlovliness that once nurtured her.

She has slender, capable hands, but they have seen little service. Yet she uses them with assurance upon every task that her new love demands. Her old life was perhaps a stagnant pool, but it must have mirrored the blue sky successfully.

This has been a month of dreary winds and drifting whiteness, but I rejoice at every flake that helps to bind the spring more securely. Winter is the only friend I have. It imprisons Leda's smiles for my delight, and holds her child's laughter close to my heart.

I am an old man betrayed by a vision and robbed by the years.

March 20. Winter still walls us in, but there is a hint of gentler things to come. The days lengthen, and even the cold blasts are not without vague promise.

Last week a man—a doctor pushing his way to a service midway between Potterville and the blue forests to the east—brought word of spring from the westward valleys.

"In the plowed fields," he said, "the

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poppies are ankle-deep, and already the almond-trees are dusting the orchards with showers of white blossoms."

I went in and told Leda.

"Spring is marching upon us from the west," I said to her.

She held up her child to me.

"It is already our prisoner," she said and she laughed.

April 10. Warm rains are melting the white patches that lie in the sun's path. Susan's farewell sits like a ghost at my feast: *she will go as swiftly as the deer to fresh pastures.*

When will it be? Shall I wake one morning to find the long, green cloak gone from its accustomed place in the great room? My heart grows cold at the prospect. I am an old man and I cannot go on forever feeding my spirit upon visions. Besides, visions are for youth.

May 12. Spring is here indeed. Suddenly in the night it came upon us, shod silently with the west wind. When we awoke, the twisted apple-orchard was pink with bloom.

All day Leda with her child has laughed among the patches of sunlight that fall between the freighted boughs.

May 20. Travelers have begun to use the road again. Leda flees from the sound of their approach like a startled doe. Rumor of the Becks' return drifts in between greetings and the gossip of the hills.

"They will be back by the end of May," says one. "It will be June before the road will be fit for cattle-driving," says another.

I tell Leda none of these things. It will be time enough when I hear that they have started on their pilgrimage.

May 31. The Becks have left the valley. Word came from a forest-ranger who passed them half a day's journey from their winter home. Without mishap they should be here in ten days.

I have said nothing to Leda.

June 3. The Becks camped at Buckeye Flat two days ago. An old, witless Indian, answering the call of the hills before their season, gave me the news this morning.

I went into the house to tell Leda, but her happiness disarmed me. When I hear that the Becks have reached Deadman's Cave I shall tell her.

June 5. The world is full of soft wonder. At nightfall, when the mourning-doves give voice to their melancholy, the air is heavy with the breath of the azaleas. Along the brook, ferns are unfolding drowsily, like spoiled favorites roused from sleep by their lord. Every breeze ripples the lupines into purple fragrance. The jays call gaudily from the branches of the silver firs.

Leda sings to her child at twilight.

June 7. The Becks are at Deadman's Cave.

June 9. The green cloak is gone! This morning as I stood upon the threshold of the great room I saw that it was swept bare of every smiling thing. Upon a chair before the fireplace I found a thick band of gold—Leda's discarded wedding-ring. And drawn through it was one of the three blue feathers that I had plucked from the snow as playthings for Leda's child. A band of gold, a blue feather, and my memories—this is all that is left. Well, which is better? To pursue the heart's desire and capture it, a dead thing to weep over, or to let it fly away and live forever?

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What I Saw in Hungry Russia

By C. E. BECHHOFER, *Author of* "IN DENIKIN'S RUSSIA"

IN my recent tour of the famine districts of Russia I visited the towns of Samara and Suizran, the latter in the Simbirsk province, traveled down the Volga on a river steamer, observing conditions at the stopping-places, and also made journeys to villages lying well away from the towns, where the absence of regular communications makes the position of the starving population more terrible than elsewhere. In this manner it has, I think, been possible to get more than a superficial idea of the extent and horror of the famine.

I arrived at Samara one morning with a party of other journalists under the care of an official interpreter and guide from the Bolshevist commissariat for foreign affairs. But as I had no need of an interpreter, and it seemed to me undesirable that these investigations should be carried out *en masse* by a body of people who were bound to attract public and perhaps official attention, and thus run the risk of collecting deceptive information and impressions, I determined to cut loose from the party and go out into the famine zone by myself.

I had found the authorities at Moscow always extremely suspicious of foreigners, no matter how innocent the latter's intention, and rather irresolute as to what attitude to take up in the matter of the famine. They were anxious to counter whatever at the moment seemed to them the political capital that they supposed, often incorrectly, was being made at their expense by the outside world. For this reason I found that while one official would go out of his way to minimize the extent of the famine, another would conceive it his duty to exaggerate the already sufficiently terrible facts. The same phenomenon was to be seen in the Bolshevist newspapers, which one week would print articles describing the worst horrors of the situation, and the next would declare with equal vehemence that the reports that had previously appeared were overstated.

I was glad, therefore, to get into touch with the local soviet at Samara, because I found that they were only anxious to have the truth told, and had no political campaigns to make or to rebut.

§ 2

It seemed to me that little had changed in the provinces from the old times except that new blood had replaced the old. The suspicious, eagerly propagandist atmosphere of Moscow Government circles did not exist among these simple Russian souls.

First of all, I went for a walk around the town of Samara itself. I found it as dilapidated as all Russian towns are nowadays. A man with whom I entered into conversation in the street complained that people go into a

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house, take no care of it, and when they have reduced it to a point at which it is no longer habitable, desert it for another. As nobody pays rent, the government departments least of all, nobody cares how often they change their dwellings, and one place is as good as another. Certainly, Samara reminded me of the ruins of an ancient Indian city that was inhabited only by nomads and shepherds. The sight of camel-carts in the streets, brought in from the neighboring Asiatic provinces, added to the illusion. Moscow had the same air. However, my interest was not in the city, but in the sufferers from the famine. These were of two kinds, those in the early stages of starvation and those in extremities. The first class was represented by nearly everybody in the town. Russian men and women have always been pale, but in Samara they seemed yellow with undernourishment. Even the children, who in Moscow were often well and cheerful, thanks to the one bright spot in the Bolshevist régime, their care for the babies, in Samara were listless and moody, clearly from lack of good food.

I passed by one or two "children's homes," or official institutions where children were boarded, lodged, and to some slight degree taught, and looked through the railings of the gardens at the children sitting on the parched lawn in front of the houses. Most of them seemed to be sickly; many had sores on their heads, which were probably due to bad food; and one or two of the more sturdy of the brats were actually chewing sunflower-seeds and, for all the world like their parents, spitting out the husks, a diet which, I am sure, is not a healthy one for them. The nurses in attendance on the children, ordinary young women without any sort of uniform, looked thin and hungry. Indeed, in conversation with some of them I discovered that they had in many cases not received rations or had a square meal for many months, and that their inability and that of the doctors to carry on their work any longer under these conditions, together with the increasing difficulty of obtaining food for the children, was leading to the closing of the homes.

The refugees were clustered in a dense crowd in two parts of the town, in the square near the railroad station and beside the steamer wharves on the Volga. They had concentrated in these two places in the hope of being able to travel through them away from the scene of their sufferings. But the transport was insufficient to cope with them, and there hundreds of families remained, waiting hopelessly day after day. Their only shelter consisted of strips of rags stretched from poles to the sides of the carts in which they had transported themselves and their belongings into the town. Usually there was no protection whatever from the sky. In these uncouth tents whole families herded together, old men with emaciated bodies and eyes that scarcely were to be seen in their death's-heads of faces, women hardly able to step from one side of the shelter to the other, and children, innumerable children, sitting listlessly on the ground, too exhausted to move, to talk, or to play.

There was one story common to all these hundreds of people. All through the summer they had watched their soil harden to stone under the

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rays of the terrible sun and the few scattered shoots that had pushed their heads through it, only to blacken and perish. They had been living on the tiny remnants of the last year's harvest, which also, it must be remembered, was a failure, eked out with all kinds of substitutes, as acorns, bark, lime-tree leaves, pigweed, clay, insects beaten into a paste—anything that would hold a modicum of flour together and cheat them into imagining that they were eating something. When at last every morsel of flour was gone and there was no longer hope of any harvest this year, they had sold everything that they could find a purchaser for and migrated to some more favored part of the country.

They had received absurdly small prices for their possessions. A horse brought scarcely the price of a week's supply of flour for an average family. The refugees then harnessed their last horse to their last cart, packed their few remaining pots and pans and their little store of money, and set out for the towns, imagining that they would be able to go from there to the fertile soil of Siberia, Tashkend, or even the legendary realms of the "Indian Czar." By the time they decided to go away most of them were already so exhausted by long months of semi-starvation that they were no longer fit to make the journey, even if it were possible to find a place for them on the crowded and infrequent trains. So they settled down in the open spaces near the station and the wharves and gradually used up their little store of money. When this was gone, they sold their last horses and the few clothes and chattels they had brought with them. And all the time they grew thinner and thinner, and some of them died, and the rest were ready to follow. On their faces was absolute despair. They were enforcedly idle, and could have done no real work if it had been offered to them, for they were already past their strength. They lived like brutes; everything that was human in them was lost in this slow, terrible, public waiting for death.

I got into conversation with them, and they replied without emotion, without resentment.

"One of my children died yesterday," said an old peasant, almost without looking up at me; "another one died three days ago. We shall all die soon."

The rest of his family looked at him without any expression, as if what he was saying was the most natural thing in the world. They had all reached the stage at which it was impossible to feel any emotion about their own or anybody else's fate. They were, just as they said, waiting to die.

There were a few, a very few among all those hundreds, who were making one last effort to drag themselves out of their terrible situation. I met a Tatar soldier, sitting with a woman and a boy and talking eagerly to them. Offering him a cigarette, I sat down beside him and questioned him. He had come down the river from Kazan, he told me, where things were much worse even than in Samara. Typhus, which we had not expected until the winter, had already broken out there, he said, hard on the heels of the cholera epidemic that raged all the earlier part of the summer until the failure of the fruit-crop and the drying up of the streams removed the chief channels of spreading. He told me that he was a

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soldier in the Red Army and was on his way back to Tashkend to rejoin his regiment. But he had brought back his wife and his younger brother from Kazan, thinking to take them with him and save them from famine, but now he could not get a permit for them to travel with him on the train. He did not know what he would do, whether he would stay with them to the end, or leave them to their fate and go alone to Tashkend and safety. Meanwhile he was hoping that somehow or other he would be able to save all three. I could see that the boy, at least, had not long to live. Even if he were to get on board a train the same day, it seemed doubtful if he would ever reach Tashkend alive; for his stomach was protruding with the hard swelling that was due to the eating of bad food. The clay ingredients of the refugees' bread are death for the children. I could only wish them luck and pass on.

I came at last to the filth, the stench, and the flies on the banks of the Volga, which this year was many feet below its usual level. Here were more thousands of refugees camping in the most horrible conditions. Some had come here from the villages in the hope of getting away by boat; others had arrived from the very places where the first wished to go. The whole position was chaotic. There was no road to safety, and the movements of the refugees, as long as they were capable of journeying, were without plan, and merely served to hasten the evil term of their sufferings. The only refugees who could be said to have a real plan were the Ukrainian and German colonists, who set out in long caravans of carts to trek back to the country of their forefathers.

At Samara or in the other towns of the famine regions one could any day see the corpses of men and women who had died of starvation, and others, as their dying struggles and groans showed, in terrible pain and the added agony of disease.

§ 3

I made a boat trip down the Volga with a Red Army commander whom I had met at Samara. Explaining that he was a soldier and could not abide the puritanism of his Government, he brought out a bottle of weak vodka, and we all drank it. The two civilians lay down on a bench to sleep, and the commander and I chatted through the night, until, striking an egotistical vein, he began to talk of himself and Napoleon, a common post-revolutionary obsession, and of the many things they had in common. However, I managed to make him talk of the famine in his district, and to tell me to what extent it was due to the requisitions that the Red Army had made in the previous year. He admitted that his troops had requisitioned brutally and without regard to the needs and supplies of the peasants. He declared, what I take to be the truth, that the Red Army had had to get corn for itself and the towns, and, the only way being to take corn by main force, the army had used this method without there being any organization in existence to guide it how much it could safely take without ruining the peasants. He admitted that they had plundered the peasants' stores, and I spoke of a peasant who had told me that out of the three hundred pood that he had harvested last year, 240 had been taken by the Red Army.

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In the town of Suizran the president of the soviet showed me his reports from the subdistricts under his care. In all of them things were very bad; in every case the harvest had almost completely failed, and the people lived on whatever they could contrive to bake into their bread with their scanty supply of flour. In every subdistrict deaths due directly or indirectly to famine had also been reported. This year the average yield per acre over the whole district had been less than one twenty-fifth that of normal times. In the summer thirty thousand peasants migrated, and the president told me that he had every reason to suppose that at least a third of the total population was now ready to go. This represented almost the whole of the rural population, those remaining being townsfolk.

After I had waited an hour and a half I ventured to go into the room of the secretary of the soviet and inquire how our carriage was getting along. He rang up again, and was again told that it was just coming. Over the telephone the secretary pressed for a more definite statement, and was promised the carriage in about an hour. I suggested that I would go out and get myself some food, as I had not yet eaten anything that day, and the secretary recommended the "Hermitage" restaurant, which was, he said, near by. I walked up the long main street in the direction he had indicated, and soon came to an overgrown wilderness of garden that rejoiced in the name of the "Hermitage," and where some tattered posters showed that a proletarian theater had given a few performances not many weeks before. But as the restaurant was shut, I walked up the street in search of other restaurants. I came to a small and incredibly dirty shop that announced lunches and dinners, but one sniff inside the doors sent me off along the street again, pursued by some of the flies that I had unwittingly released from their breeding haunts. I had much the same experience in two or three other self-styled "restaurants," and at last gulped down a glass of tea and half a piece of bread and butter in the least dirty of them and hurried out. I was afraid that I might keep the secretary waiting, and so took a cab back through the long main street.

I need not have worried, for when I got there just after the appointed time, I found no sign of a carriage. However, at one o'clock a carriage did arrive, as the result of several more telephone calls; but it was obvious that the half-starved horse that drew it could never carry us more than a mile or two. It was sent back with insults, and after another delay the secretary got in touch with the rural department of the soviet, which soon provided us with a fairly presentable horse and carriage.

We came into the country at last. Usually, it is a smiling expanse of corn-fields, the most fertile in all this most fertile of provinces. I have never seen a cultivated place burned so bare. In many of the long strips into which the Russian peasants divide their land there was absolutely nothing to be seen. The crop had simply failed to grow. In others there was wheat about four inches high, and even these dwarf sprouts were thinly distributed. Other crops were in the same case. It was like a Lilliputian corn-field, and we felt like *Gullivers* when we walked through it.

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The tiny ears seemed hardly worth harvesting, so infinitesimal was the amount of flour that could be obtained from them. So in some instances the owners seemed to think, for they had turned out their thin cattle to pasture in the corn-fields. In this manner they saved themselves the trouble of harvesting the almost worthless crop, and at the same time their cattle, whose regular pastures had been ruined because the Volga did not flood them this year, received a small amount of nourishment that otherwise they could not have obtained.

Other crops had grown long and stringy, and, instead of standing up, lay along the ground like brown threads. The foliage of the potatoes and other roots was discolored and sear, and the roots themselves, as we saw for ourselves on plucking out one or two, were like small, hard filbert-nuts. Even the patches of sunflowers were blackened and burned up by the sun's rays. When even this flower suffered, it is obvious enough what the other crops must have been like. For us it was easy to see why everything was ruined. The sun was burning with an intensity that I have hitherto known only in the tropics. Whirlwinds of dust rose on every side, and the whole earth quivered and swam in the heat. Every few hours the weather grew sultry and suffocating, storm-clouds gathered in the sky, and one expected that at last the blessed rain would fall; but every time, just as had been the case all through the year, a terrific wind blew up, dispersed the clouds, and still further ruined the remnants of this pitiable harvest.

Our road was just a track across the country-side. One could imagine it as it usually would be at this time of year—a soft surface running between fields thronged with busy workers. But now it was a sandy line across a wilderness; where it ran up or down, it was as hard as stone, but in the hollows dust and sand were collected so thick that the horse could hardly drag our carriage through. The scorching sun beat down on us, and I began to fear sunstroke. Except for the dust whirls and the maddening shimmer of the horizon, little was to be seen. Our horse shied suddenly as we came near a carcass by the roadside, from which half a dozen crows flew up when we passed. Then perhaps an hour later, while we were still dragging slowly through the desert, we met a little procession of half a dozen carts moving slowly forward toward the town. The same hopeless men were leading the tired horses, with the same bundles of children and things banked up in the carts, while the same mothers leaned their tired bodies against the backs of the carts. This was more than the break-up of a single home; it represented one of two things, either a whole village had abandoned hope and were migrating, or they were Ukrainian settlers or refugees from the war-invaded western provinces who were setting out on a long journey back to their ancestral country. They did not even glance at us as we passed, so full were they of their own misery.

The village secretary introduced himself as Matvey Ivanich; I forget his surname. He told us that most of the men were out in the fields, plowing, though the ground was so hard and they had so little seed coming to them from the town that much of their labor would certainly be in vain. "Besides," said a boy with a cast in

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his eye, "if we sow our seed, we shall have nothing to eat."

§ 4

We all set out for a walk around the village. A few carts, drawn by horses whose bones protruded through their sides, were passing between the village and the fields; but there was little life in the broad, open spaces. The few children whom we saw were not playing; they were walking about slowly and miserably, like old people. Live stock was very scarce; we hardly met half a dozen pigs in the whole village. All had been eaten by their owners or sold to the towns for flour. The village shop, a hut that was once gay with bright-green paint, was now dirty and discolored, bolted and barred. Matvey Ivanich told me that it had been open for a few hours the day before, but only to sell a little salt that had been sent in from the town. Except for this occasion, it had been closed for months.

"Nobody has any money to buy anything with," he explained.

I asked Matvey Ivanich how the present famine compared with others he had been through. He told me that the present disaster was incomparably worse than any of the foregoing. In 1906, 1911, and 1913—he did not mention the years by name, but I placed them from his description—the failure of the crops was considerable, but not to be compared with the present. I asked him to throw back his mind to 1891, and he remembered it, with the assistance of some of the others, as the year when his uncle died of cholera.

"Yes," he said, "that was a terrible year. The famine was great, and the cholera came and killed thousands. But in that year we had potatoes. This year even they are lost."

I went off alone with an old peasant in order that the presence of two soviet officials, one from the town and the other from the village, might not embarrass us, although I am bound to say that I had not noticed anything intimidating about the behavior of either. We soon came to an empty hut, which my guide pointed out to me as that of a man who had just died.

"What did he die of?" I asked. "Did he die of hunger?"

"He died of eating too much," replied the old man. Then with a sardonic grin he explained what he meant.

"This man had not eaten anything for a long time, and then his wheat ripened, and he was so hungry that he ate it as he plucked it, husks and all, instead of taking it to the mill and having it ground. And he ate so much that his stomach swelled up, just like this,"—he described a huge arc in front of him,—"and then he became very ill, and died in two days."

I asked him why he was permitted to go hungry so long. Could not his neighbors have given him a little food to tide him over until his little harvest was ripe?

"Ah, in the old days everybody helped his neighbor. One helped him with flour or horses or labor or whatever he needed, but nowadays none of us has anything to spare. Just look at the bread I 'm eating."

He took out of his pocket a piece of the terrible stuff about which much has been written. It was a loathly greenish-purple mess, doughy in consistency. Looking at it, I saw that its ingredients almost refused to blend in a single mass. There were traces of

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flour embedded in patches of clay, and held together by thin verdigris-like fibers of grass and weeds, the seeds of which had also gone to its making. I tried to eat a bit of the bread, but I could not swallow it. My gorge revolted, there was so little of it that was food and so much that was mere ballast for the stomach.

The peasant looked at me as I handed it back to him.

"Is that bread?" he said bitterly. "Ah, we shall all die from hunger."

My guide pointed out to me the long rows of small thatched barns in which each peasant used to keep his own supply of corn, on which he would live until the next harvest.

"In all of them," he said, "there is not one single ear now. They are all empty, empty."

He led me to a heap of pigweed, an unwholesome-looking plant with a small ear.

"This is what we eat now instead of wheat flour," he said. "But it is hard to get now, for it has all been eaten. Cattle do not like it, but we eat it gladly."

Passing by a church of the Old Believers, who are plentiful in these parts, we found ourselves back again near the soviet. My peasant friend pulled his lump of "bread" from his pocket and began to gnaw at it for his evening meal, gulping it down with difficulty, but without any signs of repulsion. I suppose he had become used to it.

They showed me many houses that were locked and empty. In some cases the owners had gone away with their families much earlier in the year in the hope of getting work in Siberia in some government factory or mine. These had left their land in the charge of some of their neighbors, with an arrangement that the latter should sow it and take the greater part of the harvest. In this way they retained their right to their land, as they hoped to return next year or as soon as the position improved. If, however, the famine continues, they will probably never come back. Other men had gone, but left their families in the village, hoping that their wages would supplement the scanty harvest. It was these women and children who were in the worst position, for they were without food, and the help their distant men-folk sent them was too little to be of much use. Other houses were those of peasants who remained here to the last, and then, with all hopes of a harvest lost, had trekked to the towns. They could not sell their land, for the Government claims possession of all land in Russia. Some of them sold their houses for fuel, and we saw the empty places where some unfortunate had "eaten his house," as the peasants say.

"We are too hungry to work," a station master said to me. "Everybody has forgotten about us; they are thinking all the time for the peasants, but forget how much depends upon the railways. For several months now we have received no rations and no pay. We come to our work with empty stomachs, and of course we cannot work as we would like to. I have lived through this year only by selling to speculators everything that was in my possession. And now I have sold my last things; I have not even a spare shirt left to sell. Still, we railway officials are doing our best. The workmen are in a worse state. They are demoralized. They get no pay or rations, and have to live

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by theft or speculation; they are beginning to run away. Already the carpenters in the repair workshops at Suizran have deserted, and this means that there will be no repairs of engines or rolling-stock on this section of the line, which is a very important one. And, as you know, repairs are our greatest need for the reëstablishment and even the up-keep of our transports. They come and promise us food, but it never comes. Agitators have been sent to us and to the villagers to tell us not to run away, but to stay where we are and to wait for relief; but the relief does n't come. No, they 've forgotten about us."

§ 5

The soviet officials in the provinces, at least the more honorable of them, did not by any means live in luxury. I stayed with one at Suizran and was able to see at first hand how he and his family were placed. He had heard of my distressing adventures among the fly-blown restaurants of the town and had very hospitably invited me to stay at his house.

When I came back from the villages, I went and stayed with him. I found that he and his wife occupied two rooms in a flat in a house situated at the back of a building used as a "Children's Home." One room was used as a workroom, and in the other, which barely held a small bed and a table, they ate and slept. For our dinner we had soup and apologies from the hostess, a small portion of meat and vegetables and more apologies, and then, when the famous samovar was brought in,—the hostess, of course, did all the cooking and housework herself,—I found that still more apologies were forthcoming, since the tea we were to drink was not real tea at all, but the stuff called "Tashkend tea," which consists of dried fruit-blossoms and similar substances, and, when made, resembles tea only in color. They had no sugar, but instead they ate little sweets while they drank their tea. The soviet ration that they received consisted, they told me, only of fifteen pounds of rye bread a month, a very small quantity of unrefined sugar, a little "Tashkend tea," and a few other substitutes of like nature. In order to keep alive, they, like everybody else, have had to sell to speculators whatever they could spare.

I appreciated their truly Russian hospitality the more I saw how hard it was for them to make both ends meet. They settled me for the night on a comfortable divan in the workroom, and generally spared themselves no trouble for my sake. Two or three families were living in the little flat and sharing the same kitchen; so it was perhaps as well that no elaborate menus were any longer possible. The overcrowding in all Russian towns to-day is indescribable, Moscow and Suizran being at one in this respect. So many houses have gone out of use as the result of bad treatment and lack of repair, to say nothing of those which have been destroyed by fighting and fires, that the problem of housing is perhaps the most serious with which the country is faced, after those of the food supply, disease, and transport.

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FIVE WOODCUTS BY JOHN J. A. MURPHY

BY PERMISSION

FIRST A STUDENT IN BOSTON, NEW YORK AND PARIS ART SCHOOLS AND LATER TRAINED IN THE STUDIO OF FRANK BRANGWYN IN LONDON IN SUCH VARIETY OF MEDIUMS AS TO MAKE HIM A THOROUGH CRAFTSMAN, MR. MURPHY IS TODAY ONE OF THE LEADING AMERICAN ARTISTS WORKING IN THE WOOD. HIS AIM IS NOT TO PRESENT A LITERAL LIKENESS OF HIS SUBJECT BUT TO CONVEY A SENSE OF ITS RHYTHMIC VITALITY—RHYTHM OF MASS AND MOVEMENT, OF TONE AND LINE. IN HIS GROUPS OF FIGURES AND LANDSCAPES HE CONCERNS HIMSELF WITH EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION FINDING VISUAL HARMONIES IN BLACK AND WHITE MUCH AS THE MUSICIAN EVOLVES HIS HARMONIES IN SOUND

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WOODCUT NUMBER ONE

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WOODCUT NUMBER TWO

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WOODCUT NUMBER THREE

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WOODCUT NUMBER FOUR

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WOODCUT NUMBER FIVE

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The Making of a Common Will[1]

Toward a Critique of Public Opinion

By WALTER LIPPMANN, *Author of* "A PREFACE TO POLITICS," *etc.*

HOW, in the language of democratic theory, do great numbers of people, each feeling privately about so abstract a picture of the world as they carry about in their heads, develop any common will? How does a simple and constant idea emerge from this complex of variables? How are those things known as the "will of the people" or "the national purpose" or "public opinion" crystallized out of such fleeting and casual imagery?

That there is a real difficulty here was shown by an angry tilt in the spring of 1921 between the American ambassador to England and a very large number of other Americans. Mr. Harvey, speaking at a British dinner-table, had assured the world without the least sign of hesitancy what were the motives of Americans in 1917. As he described them, they were not the motives which President Wilson had insisted upon when *he* enunciated the American mind. Now, of course, neither Mr. Harvey nor Mr. Wilson nor the critics and friends of either nor any one else can know quantitatively and qualitatively what went on in thirty or forty million adult minds. But what everybody knows is that a war was fought and won by a multitude of efforts, stimulated, no one knows in what proportion, by the motives of Wilson and the motives of Harvey and all kinds of hybrids of the two. People enlisted and fought, worked, paid taxes, sacrificed to a common end, and yet no one can begin to say exactly what moved each person to do each thing that he did. It is no use, then, for Mr. Harvey to tell a soldier who thought this was a war to end war that the soldier did not think any such thing. The soldier who thought that *thought that.* And Mr. Harvey, who thought something else, thought *something else.*

In the same speech Mr. Harvey formulated with equal clarity what the voters of 1920 had in their minds. That is a rash thing to do, and if you simply assume that all who voted your ticket voted as you did, then it is a disingenuous thing to do. The count shows that sixteen millions voted Republican, and nine millions Democratic. They voted, says Mr. Harvey, for and against the League of Nations, and in support to this claim he can point to Mr. Wilson's request for a referendum and to the undeniable fact that the Democratic party and Mr. Cox insisted that the league was the issue. But, then, saying that the league was the issue did not make the league the issue, and by counting the votes on election day you do not know the real division of opinion about the league. There were, for example,

[1] This is the third of a series of papers on public opinion culled from Mr. Lippmann's forthcoming book on "Public Opinion." The occasional transition paragraphs in brackets are not Mr. Lippmann's, but are inserted by the editor.—THE EDITOR.

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nine million Democrats. Are you entitled to believe that all of them are stanch supporters of the league? Certainly you are not. For your knowledge of American politics tells you that many of the millions voted, as they always do, to maintain the existing social system in the South, and that whatever their views on the league, they did not vote to express their views. Those of them who wanted the league were no doubt pleased that the Democratic party wanted it, too. Those who disliked the league may have held their noses as they voted. But both groups of Southerners voted the same ticket.

Were the Republicans more unanimous? Anybody can pick out of his circle of friends enough Republican voters to cover the whole gamut of opinion from the irreconcilability of Senator Johnson to the advocacy of Secretary Hoover and Chief-Justice Taft. No one can say definitely how many people felt in any particular way about the league, or how many people let their feelings on that subject determine their vote. When there are only two ways of expressing a hundred varieties of feeling, there is no certain way of knowing what the decisive combination was. Senator Borah found in the Republican ticket a reason for voting Republican, but so did President Lowell. The Republican majority was composed of men and women who thought a Republican victory would kill the league, plus those who thought it the most practical way to secure the league, plus those who thought it the surest way offered to obtain an amended league. All these voters were inextricably entangled with their own desire, or the desire of other voters to improve business, put labor in its place, punish the Democrats for going to war, punish them for not having gone sooner, get rid of Mr. Burleson, improve the price of wheat, lower taxes, stop Mr. Daniels from outbuilding the world, or help Mr. Harding to do the same thing.

And yet a sort of decision emerged; Mr. Harding moved into the White House. For the least common denominator of all the votes was that the Democrats should go and the Republicans come in. That was the only factor remaining after all the contradictions had canceled one another. But that factor was enough to alter policy for four years. The precise reasons why change was desired on that November day in 1920 are not recorded, not even in the memories of the individual voters. The reasons are not fixed. They grow and change and melt into other reasons, so that the public opinions Mr. Harding has to deal with are not the opinions that elected him. That there is no inevitable connection between an assortment of opinions and a particular line of action every one saw in 1916. Elected, apparently, on the cry that he kept us out of war, Mr. Wilson within five months led the country into war.

The working of the popular will, therefore, has always called for explanation. Those who have been most impressed by its erratic working have found a prophet in M. LeBon, and have welcomed generalizations about what Sir Robert Peel called "that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, and newspaper paragraphs which is called public opinion." Others have concluded that since out of drift and incoherence settled

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aims do appear, there must be a mysterious contrivance at work somewhere over and above the inhabitants of a nation. They invoke a collective soul, a national mind, a spirit of the age which imposes order upon random opinion. An over-soul seems to be needed, for the emotions and ideas in the members of a group do not disclose anything so simple and so crystalline as what those same persons will accept as a true statement of their public opinion.

§ 2

But the facts can, I think, be explained more convincingly without the help of the over-soul in any of its manifestations. After all, the art of inducing all sorts of people who think differently to vote alike is practised in every political campaign. In 1916, for example, the Republican candidate had to produce Republican votes out of many different kinds of Republicans. Let us look at Mr. Hughes's first speech after accepting the nomination.

Mr. Hughes knew the occasion was momentous, and he had carefully prepared his manuscript. In a box sat Theodore Roosevelt, just back from Missouri. All over the house sat the veterans of Armageddon in various stages of doubt and dismay. On the platform and in the other boxes the ex-whited sepulchers and ex-second-story men of 1912 were to be seen, obviously in the best of health and in a melting mood. Out beyond the hall there were powerful pro-Germans and powerful pro-Allies; a war party in the East and in the big cities; a peace party in the Middle and Far West. There was strong feeling about Mexico. Mr. Hughes had to form a majority against the Democrats out of people divided into all sorts of combinations on Taft *versus* Roosevelt, pro-Germans *versus* pro-Allies, war *versus* neutrality, Mexican intervention *versus* non-intervention.

About the morality or the wisdom of the affair we are, of course, not concerned here. Our only interest is in the method by which a leader of heterogeneous opinion goes about the business of securing a homogeneous vote.

> This *representative* gathering is a happy augury. It means the strength of *reunion*. It means that the party of *Lincoln* is restored.

The italicized words are binders: *Lincoln* in such a speech has, of course, no relation to Abraham Lincoln. It is merely a stereotype by which the piety which surrounds that name can be transferred to the Republican candidate who now stands in his shoes. Lincoln reminds the Republicans, Bull Moose and Old Guard, that before the schism they had a common history. About the schism no one can afford to speak; but it is there, as yet unhealed.

The speaker must heal it. Now, the schism of 1912 had arisen over domestic questions; the reunion of 1916 was, as Mr. Roosevelt had declared, to be based on a common indignation against Mr. Wilson's conduct of international affairs. But international affairs were also a dangerous source of conflict. It was necessary to find an opening subject which would not only ignore 1912, but would also avoid the explosive conflicts of 1916. The speaker skilfully selected the spoils system in diplomatic appointments. "Deserving Democrats" was

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a discrediting phrase, and Mr. Hughes at once evoked it. The record being indefensible, there was no hesitation in the vigor of the attack. Logically, it was an ideal introduction to a common mood.

Mr. Hughes then turned to Mexico, beginning with a historical review. He had to consider the general sentiment that affairs were going badly in Mexico; also, a no less general sentiment that war should be avoided; and two powerful currents of opinion, one of which said President Wilson was right in not recognizing Huerta, the other which preferred Huerta to Carranza, and intervention to both. Huerta was the first sore spot in the record.

He was certainly in fact the head of the Government in Mexico.

But the moralists who regarded Huerta as a drunken murderer had to be placated.

Whether or not he should be recognized was a question to be determined in the exercise of a sound discretion, but according to correct principles.

So instead of saying that Huerta should have been recognized, the candidate says that correct principles ought to be applied. Everybody believes in correct principles, and everybody, of course, believes he possesses them. To blur the issue still further, President Wilson's policy is described as "intervention." It was that in law perhaps, but not in the sense then currently meant by the word. By stretching the word to cover what Mr. Wilson had done, as well as what the real interventionists wanted, the issue between the two factions was to be repressed.

Having got by the two explosive points, "*Huerta*" and "*intervention*," by letting the words mean all things to all men, the speech passed for a while to safer ground. The candidate told the story of Tampico, Vera Cruz, Villa, Santa Ysabel, Columbus, and Carrizal. Mr. Hughes was specific, either because the facts as known from the newspapers were irritating, or because the true explanation was, as for example in regard to Tampico, too complicated. No contrary passions could be aroused by such a record. But at the end the candidate had to take a position; his audience expected it. The indictment was Mr. Roosevelt's. Would Mr. Hughes adopt his remedy, intervention?

The nation has no policy of aggression toward Mexico. We have no desire for any part of her territory. We wish her to have peace, stability and prosperity. We should be ready to aid her in binding up her wounds, in relieving her from starvation and distress, in giving her in every practicable way the benefits of our disinterested friendship. The conduct of this administration has created difficulties which we shall have to surmount. . . . *We shall have to adopt a new policy*, a policy of *firmness* and consistency through which alone we can promote an enduring *friendship*.

The theme friendship is for the non-interventionists, the theme "new policy" and "firmness" is for the interventionists. On the non-contentious record the detail is overwhelming; on the issue everything is cloudy.

Concerning the European War Mr. Hughes employed an ingenious formula:

I stand for the unflinching maintenance of *all* American rights on land and sea.

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In order to understand the force of that statement at the time it was spoken, we must remember how each faction during the period of neutrality believed that the nations it opposed in Europe were alone violating American rights. Mr. Hughes seemed to say to the pro-Allies: "I would have coerced Germany. But the pro-Germans had been insisting that British sea power was violating most of our rights. The formula covers two diametrically opposed purposes by the symbolic phrase 'American rights.'"

But there was the *Lusitania*. Like the 1912 schism, it was an invincible obstacle to harmony.

> I am confident that there would have been no destruction of American lives by the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

What cannot be compromised must be obliterated. When there is a question on which we cannot all hope to get together, let us pretend that it does not exist. About the future of American relations with Europe Mr. Hughes was silent. Nothing he could say would possibly please the two irreconcilable factions for whose support he was bidding.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Hughes did not invent this technic and did not employ it with the utmost success; but he illustrated how a public opinion constituted out of divergent opinions is clouded, how its meaning approaches the neutral tint formed out of the blending of many colors. Where superficial harmony is the aim and conflict the fact, obscurantism in a public appeal is the usual result. Almost always vagueness at a crucial point in public debate is a symptom of cross-purposes in the public mind.

[President Wilson's Fourteen Points afford another good laboratory example of the way political leadership goes about the task of making a common will out of the medley of private feelings and beliefs.] The Fourteen Points were addressed to all the governments, allied, enemy, neutral, and to all the peoples. They were an attempt to knit together the chief imponderables of a world war. Necessarily, this was a new departure, because this was the first great war in which all the deciding elements of mankind could be brought to think about the same ideas, or at least about the same names for ideas, simultaneously. Without cable, radio, telegraph, and daily press, the experiment of the Fourteen Points would have been impossible. It was an attempt to exploit the modern machinery of communication to start the return to a "common consciousness" throughout the world.

§ 3

But first we must examine some of the circumstances as they presented themselves at the end of 1917. For in the form which the document finally assumed, all these considerations are somehow represented. During the summer and autumn a series of events had occurred which profoundly affected the temper of the people and the course of the war. In July the Russians made their last offensive, had been disastrously beaten, and the process of demoralization which led to the Bolshevik revolution of November had begun. Somewhat earlier the French had suffered an almost disastrous defeat in Champagne, which produced mutinies in the army and a defeatist agitation among the civilians. Eng-

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land was suffering from the effects of the submarine raids, from the terrible losses of the Flanders battles, and in November at Cambrai the British armies met a reverse that appalled the troops at the front and the leaders at home. Extreme war weariness pervaded the whole of western Europe.

In effect, the agony and disappointment had jarred loose men's concentration on the accepted version of the war. Their interests were no longer held by the ordinary official pronouncements, and their attention began to wander, fixing now upon their own suffering, now upon their party and class purposes, now upon general resentments against the governments. That more or less perfect organization of perception by official propaganda, of interest and attention by the stimuli of hope, fear, and hatred, which is called morale, was by way of breaking down. The minds of men everywhere began to search for new attachments that promised relief.

Suddenly they beheld a tremendous drama. On the eastern front there was a Christmas truce, an end of slaughter, an end of noise, a promise of peace. At Brest-Litovsk the dream of all simple people had come to life: it was possible to negotiate, there was some other way to end the ordeal, except by matching lives with the enemy. Timidly, but with rapt attention, people began to turn to the east. Why not, they asked? What was it all for? Do the politicians know what they are doing? Are we really fighting for what they say? Is it possible, perhaps, to secure it without fighting? Under the ban of the censorship, little of this was allowed to show itself in print, but when Lord Lansdowne spoke, there was a response from the heart. The earlier symbols of the war had become hackneyed and had lost their power to unify. Beneath the surface a wide schism was opening up in every Allied country.

Something similar was happening in central Europe. There, too, the original impulse of the war was weakened; the union *sacré* was broken. The vertical cleavages along the battlefront were cut across by horizontal divisions running in all kinds of unforeseeable ways. The moral crisis of the war had arrived before the military decision was in sight. All this President Wilson and his advisers realized. They had not, of course, a perfect knowledge of the situation, but what I have sketched they knew.

They knew also that the Allied governments were bound by a series of engagements that in letter and in spirit ran counter to the popular conception of what the war was about. The resolutions of the Paris economic conference were, of course, public property, and the network of secret treaties had been published by the Bolsheviks in November of 1917.[1] Their terms were only vaguely known to the peoples, but it was definitely believed that they did not comport with the idealistic slogan of self-determination, no annexations, and no indemnities. Popular questioning took the form of asking how many thousand English lives Alsace-Lorraine or Dalmatia were worth, how many French lives Poland or Mesopo-

[1] President Wilson stated at his conference with the senators that he had never heard of these treaties until he reached Paris. That statement was a temporary loss of memory, and did him grave injustice. The Fourteen Points, as the text shows, could not have been formulated without a knowledge of the secret treaties. The substance of those treaties was before the President when he and Colonel House prepared the final published text of the Fourteen Points.

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tamia were worth. Nor was such questioning entirely unknown in America. The whole Allied cause had been put on the defensive by the refusal to participate at Brest-Litovsk.

Here was a highly sensitive state of mind which no competent leader could fail to consider. The ideal response would have been joint action by the Allies. That was found to be impossible when it was considered at the interallied conference of October. But by December the pressure had become so great that Mr. George and Mr. Wilson were moved independently to make some response. The form selected by the President was a statement of peace terms under fourteen heads. The numbering of them was an artifice to secure precision and to create at once the impression that here was a businesslike document. The idea of stating "peace terms" instead of "war aims" arose from the necessity of establishing a genuine alternative to the Brest-Litovsk negotiations. They were intended to compete for attention by substituting for the spectacle of Russo-German parleys the much grander spectacle of a public, world-wide debate.

Having enlisted the interest of the world, it was necessary to hold that interest unified and flexible for all the different possibilities that the situation contained. The terms had to be such that the majority among the Allies would regard them as worth while. They had to meet the national aspirations of each people, and yet to limit those aspirations in order that no one nation would regard itself as a cat's-paw for another. The terms had to satisfy official interests so as not to provoke official disunion, and yet they had to meet popular conceptions so as to prevent the spread of demoralization. They had, in short, to preserve and confirm Allied unity in case the war was to go on.

But they had also to be the terms of a possible peace, so that in case the German center and left were ripe for agitation, they would have a text with which to smite the governing class. The terms had, therefore, to push the Allied governors nearer to their people, drive the German governors away from their people, and establish a line of common understanding between the Allies, the non-official Germans, and the subject peoples of Austria-Hungary. The Fourteen Points were a daring attempt to raise a standard to which almost every one might repair. If a sufficient number of the enemy people were ready, there would be peace; if not, then the Allies would be better prepared to sustain the shock of war.

All these considerations entered into the making of the Fourteen Points. No one man may have had them all in mind, but all the men concerned had some of them in mind. Against this background let us examine some phases of the document. The first five points and the fourteenth deal with "open diplomacy," "freedom of the seas," "equal trade opportunities," "reduction of armaments," no imperialist annexation of colonies, and the League of Nations. They might be described as a statement of the popular generalizations in which every one at that time professed to believe. But Number Three is more specific. It was aimed consciously and directly at the resolutions of the Paris economic conference, and was meant to relieve the German people of their fear of suffocation.

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Number Six is the first point dealing with a particular nation. It was intended as a reply to Russian suspicion of the Allies, and the eloquence of its promises was attuned to the drama of Brest-Litovsk. Number Seven deals with Belgium, and is as absolute in form and purpose as was the conviction of virtually the whole world, including very large sections of central Europe. Over Number Eight we must pause. It begins with an absolute demand for evacuation and restoration of French territory, and then passes on to the question of Alsace-Lorraine. The phrasing of this clause most perfectly illustrates the character of a public statement that must condense a vast complex of interests in a few words. "And the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted." Every word here was chosen with meticulous care. The wrong done should be righted; why not say that Alsace-Lorraine should be restored? It was not said, because it was not certain that all of the French *at that time* would fight on indefinitely for reannexation if they were offered a plebiscite; and because it was even less certain whether the English and Italians would fight on. The formula had, therefore, to cover both contingencies. The word "righted" guaranteed satisfaction to France, but did not read as a commitment to simple annexation. But why speak of the wrong done by *Prussia* in *1871?* The word Prussia was, of course, intended to remind the South Germans that Alsace-Lorraine belonged not to them, but to Prussia. Why speak of peace unsettled for "fifty years," and why the use of "1871"? In the first place, what the French and the rest of the world remembered was 1871. That was the nodal point of their grievance. But the formulators of the Fourteen Points knew that French officialdom planned for more than the Alsace-Lorraine of 1871. The secret memoranda that had passed between the czar's ministers and French officials in 1916 covered the annexation of the Saar Valley and some sort of dismemberment of the Rhineland. It was planned to include the Saar Valley under the term "Alsace-Lorraine" because it had been part of Alsace-Lorraine in 1814, though it had been detached in 1815, and was no part of the territory at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. The official French formula for annexing the Saar was to subsume it under "Alsace-Lorraine," meaning the Alsace-Lorraine of 1814–15. By insistence on "1871" the President was really defining the ultimate boundary between Germany and France, was adverting to the secret treaty, and was casting it aside.

Number Nine, a little less subtly, does the same thing in respect to Italy. "Clearly recognizable lines of nationality" are exactly what the lines of the Treaty of London were not. Those lines were partly strategic, partly economic, partly imperialistic, partly ethnic. The only part of them that could possibly procure Allied sympathy was that which would recover the genuine Italia Irrendenta.

§ 4

It would be a mistake to suppose that the apparently unanimous enthusiasm which greeted the Fourteen Points represented agreement on a

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program. Every one seemed to find something that he liked and stressed this aspect and that detail. But no one risked a discussion. The phrases, so pregnant with the underlying conflicts of the civilized world, were accepted. They stood for conflicting ideas, but they evoked a common emotion. And to that extent they played a part in rallying the Western peoples for the desperate ten months of war that they had still to endure.

As long as the Fourteen Points dealt with that hazy and happy future when the agony was to be over, the real conflicts of interpretation were not made manifest. They were plans for the settlement of a wholly invisible environment, and because these plans inspired all groups, each with its own private hope, all hopes ran together as a public hope. For harmonization, as we saw in Mr. Hughes's speech, is a hierarchy of symbols. As you ascend the hierarchy in order to include more and more factions, you may for a time preserve the emotional connection, though you lose the intellectual. But even the emotion becomes thinner. As you go further away from experience, you go higher into generalization or subtlety. As you go up in the balloon, you throw more and more concrete objects overboard, and when you have reached the top in an omnibus like the "Rights of Humanity" or the "World Made Safe for Democracy," you see far and wide, but you see very little. Yet the people whose emotions are entrained do not remain passive. As the public appeal becomes more and more all things to all men, as the emotion is stirred while the meaning is dispersed, their very private meanings are given a universal application. Whatever you want badly is the "Rights of Humanity." For the phrase, ever more vacant, capable of meaning almost anything, soon comes to mean pretty nearly everything. Mr. Wilson's phrases were understood in endlessly different ways in every corner of the earth. No document negotiated and of public record existed to correct the confusion. And so, when the day of settlement came, everybody expected everything. The European authors of the treaty had a large choice, and they chose to realize those expectations that were held by those of their countrymen who by common consent wielded the most power at home.

They came down the hierarchy from the "Rights of Humanity" to the rights of France, Great Britain, and Italy. They did not abandon the use of symbols. They abandoned only those that after the war had no permanent roots in the imagination of their constituents. They preserved the unity of France by the use of symbolism, but they would not risk anything for the unity of Europe. The symbol France was deeply attached; the symbol Europe had only a recent history. Nevertheless, the distinction between omnibus and symbol is not sharp. The history of states and empires reveals times when the scope of the unifying idea increases and also times when it shrinks. One cannot say that men have moved consistently from smaller loyalties to larger ones, because the facts will not bear out the claim. The Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Empire bellied out further than those national unifications in the nineteenth century from which believers in a world state argue by analogy. Nevertheless, it is probably true that the real integration has

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increased despite the inflation and deflation of empires.

§ 5

Such a real integration has undoubtedly occurred in American history. In the decade before 1789 most men, it seems, felt that their State and their community were real, but that the confederation of States was unreal. The idea of their State, its flag, its most conspicuous leaders, or whatever it was that represented Massachusetts or Virginia, were genuine symbols. That is to say, they were fed by actual experiences from childhood, occupation, residence, and the like. The span of men's experience had rarely traversed the imaginary boundaries of their States. The word "Virginian" was related to pretty nearly everything that most Virginians had ever known or felt. It was the most extensive political idea that had genuine contact with their experience.

Their experience, not their needs; for their needs arose out of their real environment, which in those days was at least as large as the thirteen colonies. They needed a common defense. They needed a financial and economic régime as extensive as the confederation. But as long as the pseudo-environment of the State encompassed them, the state symbols exhausted their political interest. An interstate idea, like the confederation, represented a powerless abstraction. It was an omnibus rather than a symbol, and the harmony among groups which the omnibus creates is transient.

I have said that the idea of confederation was a powerless abstraction. Yet the need of unity existed in the decade before the Constitution was adopted. The need existed in the sense that affairs were askew unless the need of unity was taken into account. Gradually, certain classes in each colony began to break through the state experience. Their personal interests led across the state lines to interstate experiences, and gradually there was constructed in their minds a picture of the American environment which was truly national in scope. For them the idea of federation became a true symbol, and ceased to be an omnibus. The most imaginative of these men was Alexander Hamilton. It happened that he had no primitive attachment to any one State, for he was born in the West Indies, and had, from the very beginning of his active life, been associated with the common interests of all the States. Thus to most men of the time the question of whether the capitol should be in Virginia or in Philadelphia was of enormous importance because they were local-minded. To Hamilton this question was of no emotional consequence: what he wanted was the assumption of the state debts because they would further nationalize the proposed union. So he gladly traded the site of the capitol for two necessary votes from men who represented the Potomac district. To Hamilton the union was a symbol that represented all his interests and his whole experience; to White and Lee, from the Potomac, the symbol of their province was the highest political entity they served, and they served it, though they hated to pay the price. They agreed, says Jefferson, to change their votes, "White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive."

In the crystallizing of a common will there is always an Alexander Hamilton at work.

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Birthright[1]

A Novel in Seven Parts—Part IV

By T. S. Stribling

Drawings by F. Luis Mora

HOWEVER, as Peter approached the Dildine cabin, thoughts of his approaching marriage drove from his mind even old Captain Renfrew's message. His heart beat from having made his first formal step toward wedlock. The thought of having Cissie all to himself swept his nerves in a gust.

He opened the gate, and ran up between the dusty lines of dwarf box, eager to tell her what he had done. He thumped on the cracked, unpainted door, and impatiently waited the skirmish of observation along the edge of the window-blinds. This was unduly drawn out. Presently he heard women's voices whispering to each other inside. They seemed urgent, almost angry voices. Now and then he caught a sentence: "What difference will it make?" "I could n't." "Why could n't you?" "Because—" "That 's because you 've been to Nashville." "Oh, well—" A chair was moved over a bare floor. A little later footsteps came to the entrance, the door opened, and Vannie Dildine, Cissie's withered yellow mother, stood before him.

Vannie offered her hand and inquired after Peter's health with a stopped voice that instantly recalled his mother's death. After the necessary moment of talk, the mulatto inquired for Cissie.

The yellow woman seemed slightly ill at ease.

"Cissie ain't so well, Petuh."

"She 's not ill?"

"N—no; but the excitement an' evuh'thing —" answered Vannie, vaguely.

Peter was keenly disappointed in the flush of his plans.

"It 's very important, Mrs. Dildine."

Vannie's dried yellow face framed the ghost of a smile.

"Evuh'thing a young man has got to say to a gull is ve'y impo'tant, Petuh."

It seemed a poor time for a jest to Peter; his face warmed faintly.

"It—it 's about some of the details of our—our wedding."

"If you 'll excuse huh to-day, Petuh, an' come aftuh suppah—"

Peter hesitated, and was about to go away when Cissie's voice came from an inner room telling her mother to admit him.

The yellow woman glanced at the door on the left side of the hall, crossed the hall, and opened the door, then stood to one side while Peter entered and closed the door after him, leaving the two alone.

The room into which Peter stepped

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

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was dark, after the fashion of negro houses. Only after a moment's survey did he see Cissie sitting near a big fireplace made of rough stone. The girl started to rise as Peter advanced toward her, but he solicitously forbade it and hurried over to her. When he leaned over her and put his arms about her, his ardor was slightly dampened when she gave him her cheek instead of her lips to kiss.

"Surely, you 're not too ill to be kissed?" he rallied faintly.

"You kissed me. I thought we had agreed, Peter, you were not to come in the daytime any more."

"Oh, is that it?" Peter patted her shoulder, cheerfully. "Don't worry; I have just removed any reason why I should n't come any time I want to."

Cissie looked at him, her dark eyes large in the gloom.

"What have you done?"

"Got a preacher to marry us; on my way now for a license. Dropped in to ask if you 'll be ready by to-morrow or next day."

The girl gasped.

"But, Peter—"

Peter drew a chair beside her in a serious argumentative mood.

"Yes, I think we ought to get married at once. No reason why we should n't get it over with—why, what 's the matter?"

"So soon after your mother's death, Peter?"

"It 's to get away from Hooker's Bend, Cissie—to get you away. I don't like for you to stay here. It 's all so—" he broke off, not caring to open the disagreeable subject.

The girl sat staring down at some fagots smoldering on the hearth. At that moment they broke into flame and illuminated her sad face.

"You 'll go, won't you?" asked Peter at last, with a faint uncertainty.

The girl looked up.

"Oh—I—I 'd be glad to, Peter,"—she gave a little shiver—"Ugh, this Nigger Town is a—a terrible place."

Peter leaned over, took one of her hands, and patted it.

"Then we 'll go," he said soothingly. "It 's decided—to-morrow. And we 'll have a perfectly lovely wedding trip," he planned cheerfully, to draw her mind from her mood. "On the car going North I 'll get a whole drawing-room. I 've always wanted a drawing-room, and you 'll be my excuse. We 'll sit and watch the fields and woods and cities slip past us, and know, when we get off, we can walk on the streets as freely as anybody. We 'll be a genuine man and wife."

His recital somehow stirred up an amorous mood. He took her in his arms, pressed her cheek to his, and after a moment kissed her lips with the trembling ardor of a bridegroom.

Cissie remained passive a moment, then put up her hands, turned his face away, and slowly released herself.

Peter was taken aback.

"What *is* the matter, Cissie?"

"I can't go, Peter."

Peter looked at her with a feeling of strangeness.

"Can't go?"

The girl shook her head.

"You mean—you want us to live here?"

Cissie sat exceedingly still and barely shook her head.

The mulatto had a sensation as if the portals which disclosed a new and delicious life were slowly closing against him. He stared into her oval face.

"You don't mean, Cissie—you don't mean you don't want to marry me?"

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The fagots on the hearth burned now with a cheerful flame. Cissie stared at it, breathing rapidly from the top of her lungs. She seemed about to faint. As Peter watched her the jealousy of the male crept over him.

"Look here, Cissie," he said in a queer voice, "you—you don't mean, after all, that Tump Pack is—"

"Oh, no! no!" Her face showed her revulsion. Then she drew a long breath and apparently made up her mind to some sort of ordeal.

"Peter," she asked in a lone tone, "did you ever think what we colored people are trying to reach?" She stared into his uncomprehending eyes. "I mean what is our aim, our goal, whom are we trying to be like?"

"We are n't trying to be like any one." Peter was entirely at a loss.

"The girl sat staring down at some fagots"

"Oh, yes we are," Cissie hurried to say. "Why do colored girls straighten their hair, bleach their skins, pinch their feet? Are n't they trying to look like white girls?"

Peter agreed, wondering at her excitement.

"And you went North to college, Peter, so you could think and act like a white man—"

Peter resisted this at once; he was copying nobody. The whole object of college was to develop one's personality, to bring out—

The girl stopped his objections.

"Oh, don't argue! You know arguing throws me off. I—now I 've forgotten how I meant to say it!" Tears of frustration welled up in her eyes.

Her mood was alarming, almost hysterical. Peter began comforting her.

"There, there, dear, dear Cissie, what is the matter? Don't say it at all." Then inconsistently, he added: "You said I copied white men. Well, what of it?"

Cissie breathed her relief at having been given the thread of her discourse. She sat silent for a moment with the air of one screwing up her courage.

"It 's this," she said in an uncertain voice: "sometimes we—we—girls—here in Nigger Town copy the wrong thing first."

Peter looked blankly at her.

"The wrong thing first, Cissie?"

"Oh, yes; we—we begin on clothes and—and hair, and—and that is n't the real matter."

"Why, n-o-o-o, that is n't the real matter," said Peter, puzzled.

Cissie looked at his face and became hopeless.

"Oh, *don't* you understand! Lots of us—lots of us make that mistake! I—I did; so—so, Peter, I can't go with you!" She flung out the last phrase, and suddenly collapsed on the arm of her chair, sobbing.

Peter was amazed. He got up, sat on the arm of his own chair, and

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shifted her over in his lap, bending over her, mothering her. She was so disturbed that he said as earnestly as his ignorance permitted:

"Yes, Cissie, I understand now." But his tone libeled his words, and the girl shook her head. "Yes, I do, Cissie," he repeated emptily.

But she only shook her head as she leaned over on him, and her tears slowly formed and trickled down on his hand. Then all at once old Caroline's accusation against Cissie flashed into his mind. She had stolen that dinner in the turkey roaster, after all. It so startled him that he sat up straight. Cissie also lifted herself from his lap, stopped crying, and sat looking into the fire.

"You mean—morals?" said Peter in a low tone.

Cissie barely nodded, her wet eyes fixed on the fire.

"I see. I was stupid."

The girl sat a moment, drawing deep breaths. At last she arose slowly.

"Well—I 'm glad it 's over. I 'm glad you know." She stood looking at him almost composedly except for her breathing and her tear-stained face. "You see, Peter, if you had been like Tump Pack or Wince or any of the boys around here, it—it would n't have made much difference; but—but you went off and—and learned to think and feel like a white man. You—you changed your code, Peter." She gave a little shaken sound, something between a sob and a laugh. "I—I don't think th-that 's very fair, Peter, to—to go away an'—an' change an' come back an' judge us with yo' n-new code." Cissie's precise English broke down.

Just then Peter's logic caught at a point.

"If you did n't know anything about my code, how do you know what I feel now?" he asked.

She looked at him with a queer expression.

"I found out when you kissed me under the arbor. It was too late then."

She stood erect, with dismissal very clearly written in her attitude. Peter walked out of the room.

§ 2

With a certain feeling of clumsiness Peter groped in the dark hall for his hat, then, as quietly as he could, let himself out the door. Outside he was surprised to find that daylight still lingered in the sky. He thought night had fallen. The sun lay behind the Big Hill, but its red rays pouring down through the boles of the cedars tinted long delicate avenues in the dusty atmosphere above his head. A sharp chill in the air presaged frost for the night. Somewhere in the crescent a boy yodeled for his dog at about half-minute intervals with the persistence of children.

Peter walked a little distance, but finally came to a stand in the dust, looking at the negro shacks, not knowing where to go or what to do. Cissie's dereliction had destroyed all his plans. It had left him as adynamic as had his mother's death. It seemed to Peter that there was a certain similarity between the two events; both were sudden and desolating. And just as his mother had vanished utterly from his reach, so now it seemed Cissie was no more. Cissie, the clear-eyed, Cissie, the ambitious, Cissie, the refined, had vanished away, and in her place stood a thief.

The thing was grotesque. Peter

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"'Yes, Cissie, I understand now'"

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shuddered in the cold. Then he began moving toward the empty shack where he slept and kept his things. He moved along, talking to himself in the dusty emptiness of the crescent. He decided that he would go home, pack his clothes, and vanish. A St. Louis boat would be down that night, and he would just have time to pack his clothes and catch it. He would not take his books. He would let them remain in the newspapered room until all crumbled into uniform philosophic dust, and the teachings of Aristotle blew about Nigger Town.

Then, as he thought of traveling North, the vision of the honeymoon he had just planned revived his numb brain into a dismal aching. He looked back through the dusk at the Dildine roof. It stood black against an opalescent sky. Out of the foreground, bending over it, rose a clump of tall sunflowers, in whose silhouette hung a suggestion of yellow and green. The whole scene quivered slightly at every throb of his heart. He thought what a fool he was to allow a picaresque past to keep him away from such a woman, how easy it would be to go back to the soft luxury of Cissie, to tell her it made no difference. Just at that moment it seemed to make none.

Then the point of view which Peter had been four years acquiring swept away the impulse, and it left him moving toward his shack again, empty, cold, and planless.

He was drawn out of his reverie by the soft voice of a little negro boy asking him apprehensively who he was talking to.

Peter stopped, drew forth a handkerchief, and dabbed the moisture from his cold face.

"What did you say?" he asked.

The boy was suddenly overcome with the excessive shyness of negro children, and barely managed to whisper:

"Ah-Ah ast wh-who you wuz a-talkin' to."

"Was I talking?"

The little negro nodded, undecided whether to stand his ground or flee. Peter touched the child's crisp hair.

"I was talking to myself," he said, and moved forward again.

The child instantly gained confidence at the slight caress, took a fold of Peter's trousers in his hand for friendliness, and the two trudged on together.

"Wh-whut you talkin' tuh yuhse'f fo'?"

Peter glanced down at the little black head that promised to ask a thousand questions.

"I was wondering where to go."

"Good Lawd! is you los' yo' way?"

He stroked the little head with a rush of self-pity.

"Yes, I have, son; I 've completely lost my way."

The child twisted his head around and peered up alongside Peter's arm. Presently he asked:

"Ain't you Mistah Petuh Sinuh?"

"Yes."

"Ain't you de man whut 's gwinter ma'ie Miss Cissie Dildine?"

Peter looked down at his small companion with a certain concern that his marriage was already gossip known to babes.

"I 'm Peter Siner," he repeated.

"Then I know which way you wants tuh go," piped the youngster in sudden helpfulness. "You wants tuh go ovah tuh Cap'm Renfrew's place acrost de Big Hill. He sont fuh yuh. Mistah Wince Washington tol' me, if I seed yuh, to tell yuh that Cap'm Renfrew wants tuh see yuh. I dunno whut it 's

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about. I ast Wince, an' he did n't know."

Peter recalled the message Nan Berry had given him some hours before. Now the same summons had seeped around to him from another direction.

"Ah-Ah 'll show you de way tuh Cap'm Renfrew's ef-ef you 'll come back wid me thu de cedah glade," proposed the child. "Ah-Ah ain't skeered in de cedah glade, b-b-but hit so dahk, Ah kain't see muh way back home. Ah-Ah—"

Peter thanked him and declined his services. After all, he might as well see Captain Renfrew. He owed the old gentleman some thanks and ten dollars.

The only thing of which Peter Siner was aware during his walk over the Big Hill and through the village was his last scene with Cissie. He went over it again and again, repeating their conversation, inventing new replies, framing new action, questioning more fully into the octoroon's vague confession and his benumbed acceptance of it. The moment his mind completed the little drama, his mind took it up again from the very beginning.

At Captain Renfrew's gate this mental mummery paused long enough for him to vacillate between walking in or going around and shouting from the back gate. It is a point of etiquette in Hooker's Bend that negroes shall enter a white house from the back stoop. Peter had no desire to transgress this custom. On the other hand, if Captain Renfrew was receiving him as a fellow of Harvard, the back door, in its way, would prove equally embarrassing.

After a certain indecision he compromised by entering the front gate and calling the captain's name from the old walk.

The house lay silent, half smothered in a dark tangle of shrubbery. He called twice before he heard the shuffle of slippers, and then saw the captain's dressing-gown at the porch-steps.

"Is that you, Peter?" came a querulous voice.

"Yes, Captain. I was told you wanted to see me."

"You 've been deliberate in coming," criticized the old gentleman, testily. "I sent you word by some black rascal three days ago."

"I just received the message to-day." Peter remained discreetly at the gate.

"Yes; well, come in, come in. See if you can do anything with this damnable lamp."

The old man turned with a dignified drawing of his dressing-gown and moved back. Apparently, the renovation of a cranky lamp was the whole content of Peter's visit.

There was something so characteristic in this task that Peter was moved to a vague sense of mirth. It was just like the old régime to call in a negro, a special negro, from ten miles away to move a jar of ferns across the lawn or trim a box hedge or fix a lamp.

Peter followed the old gentleman around to the back porch, facing his study. There, laid out on the floor, were all the parts of a gasolene-lamp, together with a pipe-wrench, a hammer, a little old-fashioned vise, a bar of iron, and an envelop containing the mantels and the more delicate parts of the lamp.

"It 's extraordinary to me," criticized the captain, "why they can't make a gasolene-lamp that will go and remain in a going condition."

"Has it been out of fix for three

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days?" asked Peter, sorry that the old gentleman should have lacked a light for so long.

"No," growled the captain; "it started gasping at four o'clock last night; so I put it out and went to bed. I 've been working at it this morning. There 's a little hole in the tip,—if I could see it,—a hair-sized hole, painfully small. Why any man wants to make gasolene-lamps with microscopic holes that ordinary intelligence must inform him will become clogged I cannot conceive."

Peter ventured no opinion on this trait in lamp-makers, but said, if the captain knew where he could get an oil hand-lamp for a little more light, he thought he could unstop the hole.

The captain looked at his helper and shook his head.

"I am surprised at you, Peter. When I was your age, I could see an aperture like that hole under the last quarter of the moon. In this strong light I could have—er—lunged the cleaner through it, sir. You must have strained your eyes in college." He paused, then added: "You 'll find hand-lamps in any of the rooms fronting this porch. I don't know whether they have oil in them or not; the shiftless niggers that come around to take care of this building—no dependence to be put in them. When I try it myself, I do even worse."

The old gentleman's tone showed that he was thawing out of his irritable mood, and Peter saw that he meant to be amusing in an austere, unsmiling fashion.

Peter found a lamp in the first room he entered, and sat down on the edge of the porch and began his tinkering. The old captain apparently watched him with profound satisfaction. Presently, after the fashion of the senile, he began endless and minute instructions as to how the lamp should be cleaned.

"Take the wire in your left hand, Peter,—that 's right,—now hold the tip a little closer to the light. No, place the mantels on the right side; that 's the way I do it. Nothing like forming systematic habits." The old captain's monologue ran on and on, and became a murmur in Peter's ears. It was rather soothing than otherwise. Now and then it held tremulous vibrations that might have been from age or that might have been from some deep satisfaction mounting even to joy. But to Peter that seemed hardly probable. No doubt it was senility. He was a tottery old man, past the age for any fundamental joy.

Night had fallen now, and a darkness, musky with autumn weeds, hemmed in the sphere of yellow light on the old porch. A black-and-white cat materialized out of the gloom, purring, and arching against a pillar. The whole place was filled with a sense of endless leisure. The old man, the cat, the perfume of the weeds, soothed in Peter even the rawness of his hurt at Cissie.

Indeed, in a way, the old manor became a sort of apology for the octoroon girl. It suggested a time when a retinue of negroes came and went about its dignified colonnades. Those black folk were a part of the place. They came and went, picked up and used what they could, and that was all life held for them. They were without wage, even without rights to the possession of their own bodies; so by necessity they took what they could. That was only fifty-odd years ago. Thus, in a way, Peter's surroundings began

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a subtle explanation of and apology for Cissie, the whole racial training of black folk in petty thievery. Indeed, the only thing which makes men considerate of the rights of others is having property of their own, which they want protected. Honesty is reciprocity.

§ 3

Peter was aroused from his reverie by the old captain getting out of his chair and saying, "Very good," and then Peter saw that he had finished the lamp. The two men rose and carried it into the study, where Peter pumped and lighted it; a bit later its brilliant white light flooded the room.

"Quite good." The old captain stood rubbing his hands with his odd air of continued delight. "How do you like this place, anyway, Peter?" He wrapped his gown around him, sat down in the old Morris chair beside the book-piled table, and indicated another seat for Peter.

The mulatto took it, aware of a certain flexing of Hooker's Bend custom, where negroes, unless old or infirm, are not supposed to sit in the presence of whites.

"Do you mean the study, Captain?"

"Yes, the study, the whole place."

"It 's very pleasant," replied Peter; "it has the atmosphere of age."

Captain Renfrew nodded.

"These old places," pursued Peter, "always give me an impression of statesmanship, somehow. I always think of grave old gentlemen busy with the cares of public policy."

The old man seemed gratified.

"You are sensitive to atmosphere. If I may say it, every Southron of the old régime was a statesman by nature and training. The complete care of two or three hundred negroes, a regard for their bodily, moral, and spiritual welfare, inevitably led the master into the impersonal attitude of statecraft. It was a training, sir, in leadership, in social thinking, in, if you please, altruism." The old gentleman thumped the arm of his chair with a translucent palm. "Yes, sir, negro slavery was God's great lesson to the South in altruism and loving-kindness, sir. My boy, I do believe with all my heart that the institution of slavery was placed here in God's country to rear up giants of political leadership that our nation might weather the revolutions of the world. Oh, the Yankees are necessary. I know that." The old captain held up a palm at Peter as if repressing an imminent retort. "I know the Yankees are the Marthas of the nation. They furnish food and fuel to the ship of state, but, my boy, the reservoir of our country's spiritual and mental strength, the Mary of our nation, must always be the South. Virginia is the mother of Presidents."

The captain's oration left him rather breathless. He paused a moment, then asked:

"Peter, have you ever thought that we men of the leisure class owe a debt to the world?"

Peter smiled.

"I know the theory of the leisure class, but I 've had very little practical experience with leisure."

"Well, that 's a subject close to my heart. As a scholar and a thinker, I feel that I should give the fruits of my leisure to the world. Er—in fact, Peter, that is why I sent for you to come and see me."

"Why you sent for me?" Peter was surprised at this turn.

"Precisely. You."

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Here the old captain got himself out of his chair, walked across to one of a series of drawers in his book-cases, opened it, took out a sheaf of papers and a quart bottle. He brought the papers and the bottle back to the table, made room for them, put the papers in a neat pile, and set the bottle at a certain distance from the heap.

"Now, Peter, if you will hand me those wine-glasses in the religious section of my library—I always keep two or three glasses among my religious works, Peter, in memory of the fact that our Lord and Master wrought a miracle at the feast of Cana especially to bless the cup. Indeed, Peter, thinking of that miracle at the wedding feast I wonder, sir, how the prohibitionists can defend their conduct even to their own consciences, because logically, sir, logically, the miracle of our gracious Lord completely cuts away the ground from beneath their feet.

"No wonder, when the mikado sent a Japanese envoy to America to make a tentative examination of Christianity as a proper creed for the state religion of Japan—no wonder, with this miracle flouted by the prohibitionists, the embassy carried back the report that Americans really have no faith in the religion they profess. Shameful! Shameful! Place the glass there on the left of the bottle. A little farther away from the bottle, please, just a trifle more. Thank you."

The captain poured himself a tiny glassful, and its bouquet immediately filled the room. There was no guessing how old that whisky was.

"I will not break the laws of my country, Peter, no matter how Godless and sacrilegious those laws may be; therefore I cannot offer you a drink, but you will observe a second glass among the religious works, and the decanter sits in plain view on the table —er—em." He watched Peter avail himself of his opportunity, and then added, "Now, you may just drink to me, standing, as you are, like that."

They drank, Peter standing, the old gentleman seated.

"It is just as necessary," pursued the old connoisseur, when Peter was reseated—"it is just as necessary for a gentleman to have a delicate palate for the tints of the vine as it is for him to have a delicate eye for the tints of the palette. Nature bestowed a taste both in art and wine on man, which he should strive to improve at every opportunity. It is a gift from God. Perhaps you would like another glass. No? Then accommodate me."

He drained this one, with Peter standing, worked his withered lips back and forth to experience its full taste, then swallowed, and smacked.

"Now, Peter," he said, "the reason I asked you to come to see me is that I need a man about this house. That will be one phase of your work. The more important part is, you shall serve as a sort of secretary. I have here a manuscript,"—he patted the pile of papers,—"my handwriting is rather difficult. I want you to copy this matter out and get it ready for the printer."

Peter became more and more astonished.

"Are you offering me a permanent place, Captain Renfrew?" he asked.

The old man nodded.

"I need a man with a certain liberality of culture. I will no doubt have you run through books and periodicals and make note of any points germane to my thesis."

Peter looked at the pile of script.

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"That is very flattering, Captain; but the fact is, I came by your place at this hour because I am just in the act of leaving here on the steamboat to-night."

The captain looked at Peter with concern on his face.

"Leaving Hooker's Bend?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

Peter hesitated.

"Well, my mother is dead—"

"Yes, but your—your—your work is still here, Peter." The captain fell into a certain confusion. "A man's work, Peter; a man's work."

"Do you mean my school-teaching?"

Then came a pause. The conversation somehow had managed to leave them both somewhat at sea. The captain said in a different tone:

"Peter, I wish you to remain here with me for another reason. I am an old man, Peter. Anything could happen to me here in this big house, and nobody would know it. I don't like to think of it, Peter." The old man's tone quite painted his fears. "I am not afraid of death, Peter. I have walked before God all my life save in one or two points, which, I believe, in His mercy, He has forgiven me; but I cannot endure the idea, Peter, of being found here some day in some unconsidered posture, fallen out of a chair, or a-sprawl on the floor. I wish to die with dignity, Peter, as I have lived."

"Then you mean that you want me to stay here with you until—until the end, Captain?"

The old man nodded.

"That is my desire, Peter, for an honorarium which you yourself shall designate. At my death you will receive some proper portion of my estate; in fact, the bulk of my estate, because I leave no other heirs. I am the last Renfrew of my race, Peter."

Peter grew more and more amazed as the old gentleman unfolded this strange proposal. What queerer, pleasanter berth could he find than to stay here in the quietude of the old manor, among books, and tend the feeble flame of this old aristocrat's life? An air of scholasticism hung about the library. In some corner of this dark oaken library his philosophies would rest comfortably.

Then it occurred to Peter that he would have to continue his sleeping and eating in Nigger Town, and since his mother had died and his rupture with Cissie, the squalor and smells of the crescent had become impossible. He told the old captain his objections as diplomatically as possible. The old man made short work of them. He wanted Peter to sleep in the manor in calling distance, and he might begin this very night and stay on for a week or so as a sort of test whether he liked the position or not. The captain awaited with some concern until Peter agreed to a trial.

After that the old gentleman talked on interminably of the South, of the suffrage movement, the destructive influence it would have on the home, the Irish question, the Indian question, whether the mound-builders did not spring from the two lost tribes of Israel—an endless outpouring of curious facts, quaint reasoning, and extraordinary conclusions, all delivered with great dignity and in the flowing periods of an orator.

It was fully two o'clock in the morning when it occurred to the captain that his new secretary might like to go to bed. The old man took the hand-lamp which was still burning and led

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the way out on the back porch, past a number of doors to a corner bedroom.

He shuffled along in his carpet slippers, followed by the black-and-white cat, which ran along, making futile efforts to rub itself against his lean shanks. Peter followed in a sort of stupor from the flood of words, ideas, and strange fancies that had been piled into his ears.

The captain turned off the porch into one of those old-fashioned Southern rooms with full-length windows, which were really glazed doors, a ceiling so high that Peter could make out only vague concentric rings of stucco work among the shadows overhead, and a floor space of ball-room proportions. In one corner was a huge canopy bed, across from it a clothes-press of dark wood, and in another corner a large screen hiding the bathing arrangements.

The captain placed the lamp on a great table and indicated Peter's possession by a wave of the hand.

"If you stay here, Peter, I will put in a call-bell, so I can awaken you if I need you during the night. Now I wish you healthful slumbers and pleasant dreams." With that the old gentleman withdrew ceremoniously.

When the captain was gone, Peter remained standing in the vast expanse, marveling over this queer turn of fortune. Why Captain Renfrew had selected him to be a secretary and companion Peter could not fancy.

The magnificence of his surroundings revived his late dream of a honeymoon with Cissie. He had been mistaken. This great chamber rose about him like a corrected proof of his desire.

Into just such a room he would like to lead Cissie; into this great room that breathed pride and dignity. What a glowing heart the girl would have made for its somber magnificence!

§ 4

A turmoil aroused Peter Siner the next morning, and when he discovered where he was, in the big canopy bed in the great room, he listened curiously and heard a continuous clattering and quarreling. After a minute or two he recognized the voice of an old negress named Rose Hobbett. Rose was cooking the captain's breakfast, and she performed this function in a kind of solitary rage. She banged the vessels, slammed the stove-eyes on and off, flung the stove wood about, and kept up a snarling animadversion upon every topic that drifted through her kinky head. She called the kitchen a rat-hole, stated the captain must be as mean as the devil to live as long as he did, complained that no one ever paid any attention to her, that she might as well be a stray cat, etc.

As Peter grew wider awake, the monotony of the old negress's rancor faded into an unobserved noise. He sat up on the edge of his bed between the parted curtains and divined there was a bath behind the screen in the corner of his room. Sure enough, he found two frayed, but clean, towels, a pan, pitcher, and a small tub all made of tin. Peter assembled his find and began splashing his heavily molded chest with a feeling of well being.

The kitchen to the Renfrew manor was a separate building, and presently Peter saw old Rose carrying great platters across the weed-grown compound into the dining-room. She bore plate after plate piled high with cookery, as if she were feeding a company of men. A little later came a clangor on a rusty

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triangle, as if she were summoning a house party. Old Rose did things in a wholesale spirit.

Peter started for his door, but when he opened the shutter, he stood hesitating. Breakfast introduced another delicate problem. He decided not to go to the dining-room at once, but to wait and allow old Captain Renfrew to indicate whether he, Peter, would break his fast with the master in the dining-room or with old Rose in the kitchen.

A moment later he saw the old gentleman coming down the long back piazza. Peter almost addressed his host, but the old Southerner proceeded into the refectory apparently without seeing Peter at all.

The guest was gathering his breath to call good morning, but took the cue with a negro's sensitiveness, and let his eyes run along the weeds in the compound. A few minutes later a knock came at his door, and old Rose Hobbett entered with a huge salver filled with steaming dishes.

The old woman entered the room scowling, and was bothered a moment just how to shut the door and still hold the tray with both hands. She solved the problem by backing against it tremendously. Then she saw Peter. She straightened and stared at him with outraged dignity.

"Well, 'fo' God, is I bringin' dish here breakfus' to a niggah?"

"I suppose it 's mine," agreed Peter, amused.

"But whuffo, whuffo, niggah, is it dat you ain't come to de kitchen an' eaten off'n de shelf? Is you sick?"

Peter admitted fair bodily vigor.

"Den what de debbil is I got into!" cried Rose, angrily, "I ain't gwine wuck at no sick place, ca'in' breakfus' to uh big beef uv a niggah, stout as a mule. Say, niggah, wha' chu doin' in heah fo', anyway? Huccum dis?"

Peter tried to explain that he was there to do a little writing for the captain.

"Well, 'fo' God, when niggahs gits to writin' fuh white folks, ants 'll be jumpin' fuh bull-frogs—an' havin' othuh niggahs bring dey breakfusses. You jes as much uh niggah as I is, Petuh Sinuh, de brightes' day you evuh seen."

Peter began a conciliatory phrase.

Old Rose banged the platter on the table and then threatened.

"Dis is de las' time I fetches a mouthful to you, Petuh Sinuh, aw any othuh niggah. You ain't no black Jesus, even if you is a wood's calf."

Peter paused in drawing a chair to the table.

"What did you say, Rose?" he asked sharply.

"You hu'd what I says."

A wave of anger went over Peter.

"Yes, I did. You ought to be ashamed to speak ill of the dead."

The crone flung her malicious head, a little abashed, perhaps, yet very glad she had succeeded in hurting Peter. She turned and went out the door mumbling something which might have been apology or renewed invectives.

Peter watched the old virago close the door and then sat down to his breakfast. His anger presently died away, and he sat wondering what could have happened to Rose Hobbett that had corroded her whole existence. Did she enjoy her vituperation, her continual malice? He tried to imagine how she felt.

The breakfast Rose had brought him was delicious: hot biscuits of feathery lightness, three wide slices of ham, a bowl of scrambled eggs, a pot of

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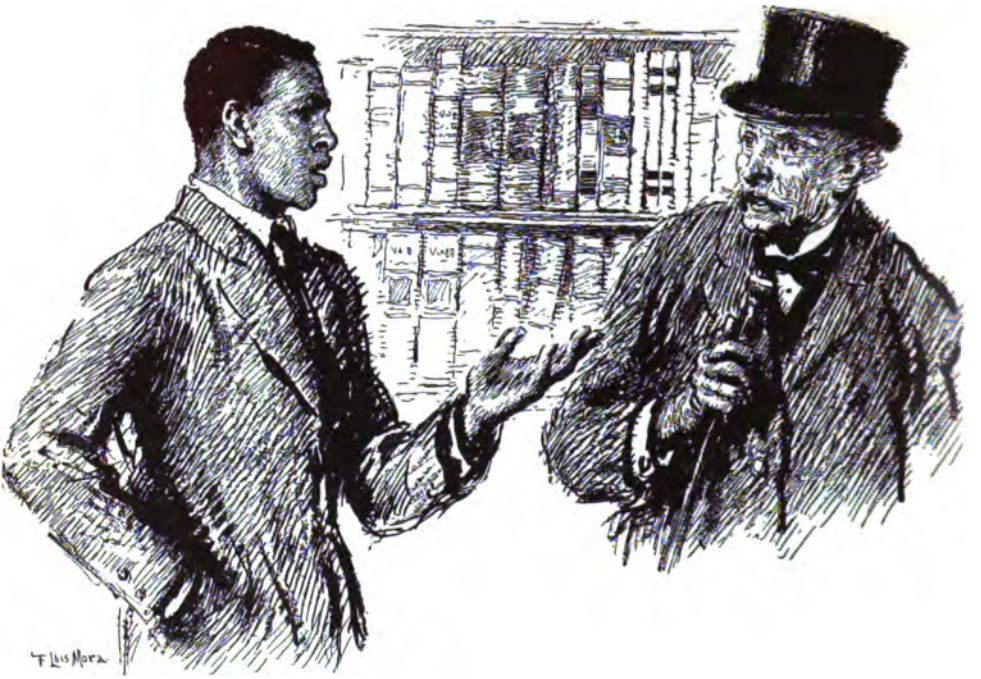

"'I can drink with you standing, but I can't breakfast with you at all'"

coffee, some preserved raspberries, and a tiny glass of whisky.

The plate which Captain Renfrew had set before his guest was a delicate dawn pink ringed with a wreath of holly. It was old Worcester porcelain of about the decade of 1760. The coffee-pot was really an old Whieldon tea-caddy in broad cauliflower design. Age and careless heating had given the surface a fine reticulation. His cup and saucer, on the contrary, were thick pieces of ware such as the cabin boys toss about on steamboats. The whole ceramic mélange told of the fortuities of English colonial and early American life, of the migration of families westward. No doubt, once upon a time, that dawn-pink Worcester had married into a Whieldon cauliflower family. A queer sort of genealogy might be traced among Southern families through their mixtures of tableware.

As Peter mused over these implications of long ancestral lines, it reminded him that he had none. Over his own past, over the lineage of nearly every negro in the South, hung a curtain. Even their names meant nothing, and gave no hint of their kin and clan. At the end of the war between the States, Peter's people had casually selected names for themselves, as children pick up a pretty stone. They meant nothing. It occurred to Peter for the first time, as he sat looking at the china-ware, that he knew nothing about himself; whether his kinsmen were valiant or recreant he did not know. Even his own father he knew little about except that his mother had said his name had been Peter, and that he had gone down the river and was drowned.

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A faint sound attracted Peter's attention. He looked out of his open window and saw old Rose making off the back way with the bulk of something concealed under her petticoat. Peter knew it was the platters of unused ham and biscuit that she had cooked. For once the old negress hurried along without railing at the world. She moved with a silent, but, in a way, with a self-respecting, flight. Peter could see by the tilt of her head and the set of her shoulders that not only did her spoil gratify her enmity to mankind in general and the captain in particular, but that she was well within her rights in her acquisition. She disappeared around a syringa bush, and was heard no more until she reappeared to cook the noon meal, as vitriolic as ever.

§ 5

When Peter entered the library, old Captain Renfrew greeted him with morning wishes, thus confirming the fiction that they had not seen each other before that morning.

The old gentleman seemed pleased, but somewhat excited over his new secretary. He moved some of his books aimlessly from one table to another, placed them in exact piles as if he were just about to plunge into heroic labor, and could not spare the time once he had begun.

As he arranged his books just so, he cleared his throat.

"Now, Peter, we want to get down to this," he announced dynamically; "do this thing, shove this work out." He started with tottery briskness around to his manuscript drawer, but veered off to the left to aline some magazines. "System, Peter, system. Without system one may well be hopeless of performing any great literary labor; but with system, the constant piling up of brick on brick, stone on stone, it 's the way Rome was built, my boy."

Peter made a murmur supposed to acknowledge the correctness of this view.

Eventually, the old captain drew out his drawer of manuscript, stood uncertainly fumbling with it. Now and then he glanced at Peter, a genuine secretary who stood ready to help him in his undertaking. The old gentleman picked up some sheets of his manuscript, seemed about to read them aloud, but after a moment shook his head, and restored them to their places. Finally he turned to his helper.

"Now, Peter," he directed, "in doing this work, I always write at night. It 's quieter then, less distraction. My mornings I spend downtown in conversation with my friends. If you should need me, Peter, you can walk down and find me in front of the livery-stable. I usually sit there for a while each morning."

The gravity with which he gave this schedule of his personal habits amused Peter, who bowed with a serious, "Very well, Captain."

"And in the meantime," pursued the old man, looking vaguely about the room, "you will do well to familiarize yourself with my library in order that you may be properly qualified for your secretarial labors."

Peter agreed again.

"And now if you will procure my hat and coat, I will be off and let you go to work," concluded the captain, with an air of continued urgency.

Peter became thoroughly amused at such an outcome of the old gentleman's headlong attack on his work—a stroll down to the village to hold co-

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versation with friends. The mulatto walked unsmilingly to a little closet where the captain stored his things. He took down the old gentleman's tall hat, a gray greatcoat worn shiny about the shoulders and tail, and a finely carved walnut cane. Some reminiscence of the manners of butlers which Peter had seen in theaters caused him to swing the overcoat across his left arm and polish the thin nap of the old hat with his right sleeve. He presented it to his employer with a certain duplication of a butler's obsequiousness. He offered the overcoat to the old gentleman's arms with the same air. Then he held up the collar of the greatcoat with one hand and with the other reached under its skirts, and drew down the captain's long day coat with little jerks, as if he were going through a ritual.

Peter grew more and more hilarious over his barber's manners. It was his contribution to the old gentleman's literary labors, and he was doing it beautifully, so he thought. He was just making some minute adjustments of the collar when, to his amazement, Captain Renfrew turned on him.

"Damn it, sir," he flared out, "what do you think you are? I did n't engage you for a kowtowing valet in waiting, sir! I asked you, sir, to come under my roof as an intellectual coworker, as one gentleman asks another, and here you are making these niggery motions! They are disgusting! They are defiling! They are beneath the dignity of one gentleman to another, sir! What makes it more degrading, I perceive by your mannerism that you assume a specious servility, sir, as if you would flatter me by it."

The old lawyer's face was white. His angry old eyes jerked Peter out of his slight mummery. He felt oddly like a grammar-school boy caught making faces behind his master's back. It shocked Peter into sincerer manners.

"Captain," he said with a certain stiffness, "I apologize; but may I ask how you desire me to act?"

"Simply, naturally, sir," thundered the captain, "as one alumnus of Harvard to another. It is quite proper for a young man, sir, to assist an old gentleman with his hat and coat, but without fripperies and genuflections and absurdities."

The old man's hauteur touched some spring of resentment in Peter. He shook his head.

"No, Captain; our lack of sympathy goes deeper than manners. My position here is anomalous. For instance, I can talk to you sitting, I can drink with you standing, but I can't breakfast with you at all. I take that *in camera*, like a disgraceful divorce proceeding. It 's precisely as I was treated coming down here South again; it 's as I 've been treated ever since I 've been back; it 's—" He paused abruptly and swallowed down the rancor that filled him. "No," he repeated in a different tone, "there is no earthly excuse for me to remain here, Captain, or to let you go on measuring out your indulgences to me. There is no way for us to get together or to work together—not this far South. Let me thank you for a night's entertainment and go."

Peter turned about, meaning to go to his bedroom for his few belongings and make an end of this queer adventure.

The old captain watched him, and his pallor increased. He lifted an unsteady hand.

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"No, no, Peter," he objected, "not so soon. This has been no trial, no fair trial. The little—little—er—details of our domestic life here, they will—er—arrange themselves, Peter. Gossip—talk, you know, we must avoid that." The old lawyer stood staring at his protégé with strange eyes. "I—I 'm interested in you, Peter. My actions may seem—odd, but—er—a negro boy going off and doing what you have done—extraordinary. I—I have spoken to your mother, Caroline, about you often. In fact, Peter, I—made some little advances in order that you might complete your studies. Now, now, don't thank me! It was purely impersonal. You seemed bright. I have often thought we gentle people of the South ought to do more to encourage our black folk—not—not as social equals—" Here the old gentleman made a wry mouth as if he had tasted salt.

"Stay here and look over the library," he broke off abruptly. "We can arrange some ground of—of common action, some—"

He settled the lapels of his greatcoat with precision, addressed his palm to the knob of his stick, and marched stiffly out of the library, around the porch, and along the dismantled walk to the front gate.

Peter stood utterly astonished at this strange information. Suddenly he ran after the old lawyer, and rounded the turn of the piazza in time to see him walk stiffly down the shaded street with tremulous dignity. The old gentleman was much the same as usual, though a little shakier, perhaps; his tall hat was a little more polished than usual, and his shiny gray overcoat set a little more snugly about the collar.

For the last few days Hooker's Bend had switched from its intellectual staple of conversation to consider the comedy of Tump Pack's undoing. The incident held undeniably comic elements. For Tump to start out carrying a forty-four, meaning to blow a rival out of his path, and to wind up hard at work, picking cotton at nothing a day for a man whose offer of three dollars a day he had just refused, certainly held the makings of a farce.

On the heels of this came the news that Peter Siner meant to take advantage of Tump's arrest and marry Cissie Dildine. Old Parson Ranson was responsible for the spread of this last rumor. He had fumbled badly in his effort to hold Peter's secret. Not once, but many times, always guarded by a pledge of secrecy, had he revealed the approaching wedding. Whenever pressed for a date, the old negro said he was "not at lib'ty tuh tell."

§ 6

Up to this point white criticism viewed the stage-setting of the black comedy with the impersonal interest of a box party. Some of the gossipers said they believed there would be a dead "coon" or so before the affair was over.

Dawson Bobbs, the ponderous constable, went to the trouble to telephone Mr. Cicero Throgmartin, for whom Tump was working, cautioning Throgmartin to make sure that Tump Pack was in the sleeping-shack every night, as he might get wind of the wedding and take a notion to bolt and stop it. "You know, you can't tell what a fool nigger 'll do," finished Bobbs.

Throgmartin was mildly amused, promised the necessary precautions, and said:

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"It looks like Peter has put one over on Tump, and maybe a college education does help a nigger some, after all."

The constable thought it was just luck.

"Well, I dunno," said Throgmartin, who was a philosopher, and inclined to view every matter from various angles. "Peter may of worked this out somehow."

"Have you heard what Henry Hooker done to Siner in the land deal?"

Throgmartin said he had.

"No, I don't mean *that*. I mean Henry's last wrinkle in garnisheeing old Ca'line's estate in his bank for the rest of the purchase money on the Dillihay place?"

There was a pause.

"You don't mean it!"

"Damn 'f I don't."

The constable's sentence shook with suppressed mirth, and the next moment roars of laughter filled the telephone wire.

"Say, ain't he the bird!"

"He 's the original early bird. I 'd like to get a snap-shot of the worm that gets away from him."

Both men laughed heartily again.

"But, say," objected Throgmartin, who was something of a lawyer himself, as, indeed, all Southern men are, "I thought the Sons and Daughters of Benevolence owed Hooker, not Peter Siner, nor Ca'line's estate."

"Well, it *is* the Sons and Daughters, but Ca'line was one of them, and they ain't no limited li'bility 'sociation. Henry can jump on anything any of em 's got. Henry got the Persimmon to bring him a copy of their by-laws."

"Well, I swear! Say, if Henry was n't kind of held back by his religion, he 'd use a gun, would n't he?"

"I dunno. I can say this for Henry's religion. It 's jest like Henry's wife: it 's the dearest thing to his heart; he 'd give his life for it, but it don't do nobody a damn bit of good except jest Henry."

The constable's little eyes twinkled as he heard Throgmartin roaring with laughter and sputtering appreciative oaths.

At that moment a ringing of the bell jarred the ears of both telephonists. A voice asked for Dr. Jallup. It was an ill time to interrupt two gentlemen. The flair of a jest is lost in a pause. The officer stated sharply that he was the constable of Wayne County talking business about the county's prisoners. His tone was so charged with consequence that the voice that wanted a doctor apologized hastily and ceased.

Came a pause in which neither man found anything to say. Laughter is like that, a gay bubble that a touch will destroy. Presently Dobbs continued gravely enough:

"Talking about Siner, he 's staying up at old man Renfrew's now."

" 'At so?"

"Old Rose Hobbett swears he 's doing some sort of writing up there and living in one of the captain's best rooms."

"Hell he is!"

"Yeh?" The constable's voice questioned Throgmartin's opinion about such heresy and expressed his own.

"D' reckon it 's so? Old Rose is such a thief and a liar."

"Nope," declared the constable, "the old nigger never would have made up a lie like that—never would have thought of it. Old Cap'n Renfrew 's getting childish; this nigger 's takin' advantage of it. Down at the liver'-stable the boys were talking about

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"'Damn 'f I don't'"

Siner goin' to get married, an' dern if old man Renfrew did n't git cut up about it!"

"Well," opined Throgmartin, charitably, "the old man living there all by himself—I guess even a nigger is some comp'ny. They're funny damn things, niggers is; never know a care ner trouble. Lord! I wish I was as carefree as they are!"

"Don't you, though!" agreed the constable, with the weight of the white man's burden on his shoulders. For this is a part of the Southern credo, that all negroes are gay, care-free, and happy, and that if one could only be like the negroes, gay, care-free, and happy! Ah, if one could only be like the negroes!

None of this gossip reached Peter directly, but a sort of back-wash did catch him keenly through young Sam Arkwright and serve as a conundrum for several days.

One morning Peter was bringing an armful of groceries up the street to the old manor, and he met the boy coming in the opposite direction. The

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negro's mind was centered on a peculiar problem he had found in the Renfrew library, so, according to a habit he had acquired in Boston, he took the right-hand side of the pavement, which chanced to be the inner side. This violated a Hooker's-Bend convention, which decrees that when a white and a black meet on the sidewalk, the black man invariably shall take the outer side.

For this *faux pas* the gangling youth stopped Peter, fell to abusing and cursing him for his impudence, his egotism, his attempt at social equality, all of which, no doubt, were echoes from the round table. Such wrath over such an offense was unusual. Ordinarily, a white villager would have thought several uncomplimentary things about Peter, but would have said nothing.

Peter stopped with a shock of surprise, then listened to the whole diatribe with a rising sense of irritation and irony. Finally, without a word, he corrected his mistake by retracing his steps and passing Sam again, this time on the outside.

Peter walked on up the street, outwardly calm, but his ears burned, and the queer indignity stuck in his mind. As he went along he invented all sorts of ironical sentences which he could have said to Arkwright, which would have been unwise; then he thought of sober reasoning he could have used, which would perhaps have been just as doubtful. Still later he wondered why Arkwright had fallen into such a rage over such a trifle. Peter felt sure there was some contributing rancor in the youth's mind. Perhaps he had received a scolding at home or a whipping at school, or perhaps he was in the midst of one of those droll attacks of megalomania from which adolescents are chronic sufferers. Peter fancied this and that, but he never came within hail of the actual reason.

(The end of the fourth part of "Birthright")

A New Year's Card

By AMY LOWELL

Every one has their fancies, I suppose,
And to-night I should like to walk round a towered city
Blowing a blue silver trumpet.
Then, when all the people had run out
To see me circling the walls
Playing on a blue trumpet,
I would stop and sing them a song all about your loveliness.
I would make it of the flicker of the air and the sweep of the sun,
And when I had finished, they would see you sitting on a cloud
And know how far you surpassed others in everything.

But there is no towered city,
And I have no blue trumpet,
And those who meet you seem to feel about you much as I do without the aid
of these accessories,
Which proves how very useless a thing a poet is, after all.

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Science from the Side-Lines

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON, *Author of* "CREATIVE CHEMISTRY," *etc.*

SCIENCE is advancing more rapidly than ever and is more quickly applied to the needs of life. But the scientific habit of mind is not common or commonly respected. The material contributions of science to our comfort and luxury are accepted as a matter of course with little thought about the prolonged process of research that precedes the practical application.

Science is more than the father of invention. We can get from the reading of science not only new things to think about, but, what is more important, new ways of thinking about things.

Any one who desires to keep in touch with the progress of the world naturally wants to know in a general way what is being done in the various fields of science. But, unfortunately, he does not find it so easy to follow current movements in science as he does in literature, art, music, politics, and other forms of human activity. Science is mostly printed in a foreign language not only when it appears in French, German, Russian, or Japanese, but also when it seems at first sight to be in ordinary English. Translators of foreign tongues are common and competent, but there are comparatively few writers engaged in the interpretation of technical literature for the layman.

Recognition of the importance of giving the general reader a better opportunity to become familiar with the aims and achievements of modern science has led to the establishment at Washington of a new and unique institution, known as Science Service, for the purpose of acting as a liaison office between scientific circles and the outside world. THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has arranged that Science Service will provide its readers brief articles on interesting movements in the various fields of research, not mere announcements of remarkable discoveries and inventions such as appear in the daily press or abstracts of association addresses, but descriptions in untechnical language of new ideas and their application. This will enable the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to keep step with the march of science from the side-lines, if not to take part in the procession proper. They will be able to understand something of the trend of scientific thought, and not fall into the common error of regarding the man of science solely as a provider of tools and tricks, merely an inventor or magician.

§ 2

Science is more than a wonder-worker. Wonders never cease, but we soon cease to wonder at them. Wonder is a fugitive emotion. A "nine-days' wonder" is the normal

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longevity, and there is no reason why it should live longer, for there are more profitable attitudes. Even when science surprises us by depriving some familiar thing of some attribute deemed essential we do not miss it long. We are quite accustomed to the idea of wireless telephones, smokeless powder, horseless trucks, voiceless drama, fatherless frogs, leatherless soles, strawless straws, tonsilless children, caffeineless coffee, kickless drinks, seedless oranges, and typeless printing.

When a baby sees a strange object, —and to a baby all objects are strange, —he first opens his mouth and stares at it; next, he sticks out his finger and tries to touch it; third, he grabs it and tries to do something with it. These are the three stages through which persons and races pass in their attitude toward the unknown in nature: wonder, curiosity, utilization. Every new sentence in humanity's lesson-book begins with ! to be followed by ? and later perhaps by $.

Some persons and peoples remain always in the earliest infantile attitude of empty awe, and take pride in it. They do not even attempt to pass to the stage of idle curiosity, as does the normal child. From the open mouth to the open mind is often a long and toilsome progress in the history of the race. The ancient Athenians had passed from the "Oh!" stage to the "Why?" stage, but never reached the "What for?" stage. That is why they were overwhelmed by the barbarians, who did not know so much, but knew how to kill people quite as well.

In the earlier culture stages people are curious only about "curiosities." They are not interested in the ordinary. It is the "Wonders of Science" period in literature. The museums are jackdaw nests of pretty stones, queer shells, and outlandish trinkets. Crowds flock to the side-show tents to see the two-headed calf and the bearded lady. They may even go so far as to wonder why the calf is bicephalous and the lady pogoniastic, but they do not even raise the more important question why most calves have only one head and most ladies no beard. They listen with eagerness to the tales of travelers, like Herodotus and Mandeville, who have been, or profess to have been, in remote regions. They are curious of all customs except their own, which, being customary, require no explanation. "Why do they act so?" they say of foreigners, but never, "Why do we act so?" though that is a question that they might more easily answer. Man began his study of the world with the more distant things. He gazed long at the stars before it occurred to him to look at the ground on which he stood, and longer yet before he tried to turn his attention inward to find out what was going on inside of his own head. Astronomy was well grown before geology was born, and psychology has only recently been admitted to the family of the sciences.

§ 3

Ignorance is commonly referred to as "darkness," but it is not so easy as that would imply. The darkness of space offers no impediment to the penetration of light, but the human mind often opposes a specific resistance to the entrance of a new idea. Especially, if it is a big idea that requires some rearrangement of the mental furniture before room can be found for it.

There are those who love darkness

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rather than light, not because their deeds are evil, but just because they like to sit around in the dark and tell ghost-stories to one another. They prefer mystery, where they can imagine whatever they wish, and they fear that science will

Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine,
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

They even seem to regard God, quite blasphemously, as a great conjuror whose tricks may be exposed by some impertinent scientist who turns too much light upon the phenomena of nature. They do not know the simple geometrical principle that as the area of enlightenment enlarges, it lengthens the circle of the surrounding darkness.

The method of science is economy of thought. The aim of science is control of the future. A science arises from some human need, and returns to earth to satisfy some, often some other, human need. It may soar so high into the empyrean as to be out of our sight, but it always comes back in the course of time, bringing food, like Elijah's ravens.

So do not believe a mathematician when he boasts that his newly discovered theorem is of no possible use to anybody. Before he knows it some mechanic will snatch it out of his hand and use it in the shops. No occupation seemed idler than the study of geometry of four dimensions when anybody could see that there were only three; yet now all of a sudden the symbols of the fourth dimension appear in astronomical and physical calculations, and are likely to get into chemistry and biology soon.

§ 4

One cannot, of course, become a scientist by merely reading science, however diligently and long. For a scientist is one who makes science, not one who learns science. A novelist is one who writes novels, not one who reads them. A contortionist is one who makes contortions, not one who watches them. Every real scientist is expected to take part in the advancement of science, to go over the top at least once in his life; when he takes his Ph.D. degree, if never again. But of course the number of those who are in reserve or in training must always outnumber those at the front.

The highest reward of science, the secret satisfaction of standing where no mortal man has ever stood before, is rightly reserved to those who contribute most to its advance. The pure thrill of primal discovery comes only to the explorer who first crosses the crest of the mountain-range that divides the unknown from the known. But if we cannot all feel that thrill to the full, we can at least catch a resonance of it in our own souls by reading about it, as we know something of how Balboa felt when he stared at the Pacific from a peak in Darien, as well as how Keats felt on first opening Chapman's Homer. The lives of explorers are always exciting whether they penetrate to the heart of Africa, like Livingstone, or to the heart of the atom, like Bohr.

At a base-ball game there may be five thousand spectators and only one man at the bat, but do not imagine he is the only one having any fun. He alone can feel the whack on the wood

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that tells him that he has made a three-base hit, but the five thousand participate by proxy in his pleasure, their muscles tense, and their pulses quicken.

There is also fun to be found in sitting on the side-lines of science and watching the international game. Those who are not musicians may get delight from music; those who are not architects, from architecture; those who are not cooks, from food. It is not necessary to be a scientist to get pleasure and profit from scientific researches. This is not a faculty confined to a few. It is common to all who have any capacity for intellectual enjoyment, and those who do not avail themselves of it are curtailing their opportunities for happiness. Appreciation of good music was supposed to be over the ears of the masses until the phonograph brought Beethoven and Wagner to every farm-house and tenement.

Science, too, needs to be democratized and brought within reach of the many, not as a task forced upon children, but as a lifelong recreation. That is one difficulty with our excellent school system; it is so comprehensive that if you suggest to a person that he might find it interesting to study, say, botany or chemistry, he is apt to reply that he "had it" when he was a boy, implying that, like the mumps or measles, he could never catch it again. He does not realize that the sciences are making such rapid progress that even if it "took" well in the first place, the immunity would not last longer than ten years.

The investigator does not like to be bothered when he is busy any more than other people. If you lean over his shoulder and jog his elbow when he is picking a chromosome out of a cell with a Barber pipette, he is apt to say: "Run away, child! You could not understand what I 'm doing if I explained it to you." Doubtless you could not if he explained it to you in his own language. But somebody else who did understand what he was doing and who spoke your language could explain it to you in a way that would be very interesting. This translation of technical terminology into the vulgar tongue is quite another man's job,—no easy job at that,—and the few men of each generation who have the ability and opportunity to do original research of a high order ought not to be expected to take time off for such secondary work.

But the fact that scientists have been compelled to construct a trade language of their own is undoubtedly one reason why they are commonly misunderstood and disesteemed. It is hard not to feel that a foreigner who does not speak our language is a bit stupid or crazy. Then, too, our pride comes into play and constructs a defensive mechanism for us. Our subconscious self suggests to us to say, "Well, if he can't put it into plain English, I guess it does not amount to much, anyway." This is the time to be reminded of an observation by Quiller-Couch:

> I hold there is no surer sign of ill-breeding than to speak, even to feel, slightingly of any knowledge oneself does not happen to possess.

§ 5

If there were only one language of science, the layman might learn it once for all in order to get access to the whole of its literature. But "science" is one of those abstract collective terms

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that get us into trouble. It would be safer always to speak of "the sciences" rather than of "science," since there are many of them and they are not all on speaking terms with one another. Corridor conversations at a session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science sound like a Balkan peace conference, for each is speaking in his own tongue. If a chemist gets by mistake into Section F, and hears a paper being read on "Ecdysis in the Teleostean Agriopus," the chances are that he does not understand any more of it than you or I would, and, between you and me, he is just as much bored by it, though he may grin and bear it, hoping that the biologist will happen in at Section C and hear his paper on "The Internal Strains of the Molecule of Cyclohexane-spiro-cyclopentane-dicarboxylic Acid." Just so in polite conversation you may see a person listening with flattering attention to an unintelligible tale in the hope that he may earn like courtesy when his turn comes. The scientific specialist requires the services of an interpreter as much as the layman, and he needs it more, for he has all he can do to keep up with the voluminous literature of his own subject; yet he must keep an eye out for what is going on in all other fields, even the most remote, for something may happen there that will throw light on his own problems.

Then, too, there is danger that the investigator may become so absorbed in his subject that he will lose sight of its wider aspects, its human interest, its practical possibilities, its relation to the world at large. If one keeps his eye too closely fixed to a microscope, or even a telescope, he is apt to become a trifle near-sighted. A botanist, for instance, may concentrate his attention so exclusively upon questions of taxonomy that it might be said of him

> A primrose by the river's brim
> Primula flava was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

§ 7

The popularization of science does not mean falsification, but its translation from technical terms into ordinary language. Popular science need not be incorrect, but has to be somewhat indefinite. It differs from the exact sciences in being inexact. The scientific mind is set at too sharp a focus for ordinary use. The would-be popularizer is always confronted by the dilemma of comprehensible inaccuracy or incomprehensible accuracy, and the fun of his work lies mainly in the solution of that problem.

It is amusing to see that scientists are stricter with others than they are with themselves, though this is a common human failing. For instance, the bacteriologist is very insistent that the layman shall not confound bacilli and bacteria, but in the laboratory he himself calls them all alike "bugs." The electrician is particular that other people shall use volt and ampere properly, but he tells his assistant "to turn on the juice."

The humanist and the scientist may think they are quarreling when they are merely saying the same thing in different words. Take, for instance, the phenomenon known as "the vernal erethic diathesis" or, in other circles, as "spring's awakening":

> In the spring a young man's fancy
> lightly turns to thoughts of love

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is the way it is put by the poet Tennyson.

> In the spring the chief activating gland of the kinetic system, the thyroid, shows a distinct enlargement

is the way it is said by the scientist Crile.

The so-called "conflict between science and religion" is largely a question of using words in a technical or a general sense. Volumes have been written on the question of whether "the great fish" which the Lord prepared to swallow Jonah might be a whale, and, if so, whether "the whale's belly" could be interpreted to mean his lungs, where the imprisoned prophet would find plenty of air, rather than the whale's stomach, where he would be in danger of digestion.

The ordinary man wants to include whales among fish and potatoes among roots. The zoölogist and the botanist want to confine these words to the stricter meaning that they have imposed upon them. If the question of the use of these words were put up to a court composed of philologists to decide the issue on its historic grounds, the common man would win his case. But it is never good policy to quarrel about words. The writer of popular science will be wise to evade the issue by using, where he can, words to which scientists have not given a restricted meaning. He may speak of "ocean life" or "the denizens of the deep" to avoid getting entangled with the distinction between mammalian and non-mammalian pelagic forms, and he is still allowed to talk about "The underground parts of plants" without going too deep into radical nomenclature. Since science has appropriated so many common words and has created a language of its own over which it has original proprietary rights, it is becoming increasingly difficult to put it in "a tongue understanded of the people," to use the Prayer-Book expression, but there is still some playground left.

"Studies," said Lord Bacon, "serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." The kind of studies classed as natural sciences are, as he was the first clearly to point out, the most useful of all, and their pursuit gives to the mind the same delight as any other; but it must be confessed that they do not serve so well for "ornament," which may in part account for their comparative unpopularity. It is not easy to steer the conversation around to the point where one can quote a quadratic equation or a chemical formula with effect and without affectation, and when one does, it is likely to be no more intelligible than a chorus ending from Euripides. It is true that one may for the moment lightly refer to Einstein or Freud in conversation, and thereby give an impression of erudition that one by no means possesses, but that moment will soon pass, if indeed it has not already passed. In any case, one may only mention their names in common conversation, for if he attempted to explain what either man meant, he would for one reason or another be suppressed.

To this interesting and important task of translating the latest news from the world of the sciences into ordinary English for the layman these pages will be dedicated during the coming year.

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An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By Glenn Frank

The opening of this particular new year is not a time for club-corner introspection and easy resolution regarding personal habits, as was the custom in those apparently more secure and gracious days before 1914. Larger issues seem now to dwarf and dominate our smaller personal concerns. There is something treasonably trivial about the mind and mood of the man to whom the beginning of 1922 suggests nothing beyond a resolution to smoke a bit less and to exercise a bit more during the coming year.

More than three years after the war, a new year opens on a world that is in an ugly tangle from which nothing less than the pooled intelligence of the planet can extricate it. It is still a hungry, disheveled, fear-stricken, and unstable world. There is no conspicuous statesman who can, by a star performance, bring us a magical salvation. The social and economic disintegration now under way throughout the world can be arrested only by a vast collaboration of the minds and wills of all mankind. If we are to play any part in this collaboration, the most important duty of our lives just now is to try really to understand the present state of civilization. Until we achieve such understanding we are likely to be misled by local optimisms, to sulk in the tents of our petty patriotisms, and to deny support to genuine *world* policies which alone can meet world conditions. We can do little to aid world recovery until we realize world conditions. *Mr. Britling* saw it through; we have the equally difficult task of seeing through it—a task that must be undertaken intellectually, without the emotional stimuli that prompted *Mr. Britling*.

It is hard for us in the United States to realize that we are living in a ramshackle world. Far from the facts of world disintegration that cry aloud for a world program, we quibble about obsolete sovereignties and grow childishly enthusiastic about a limitation of armaments that is good as far as it goes, but which leaves untouched most of the causes of modern wars.

We are deluded by the apparent normality of our own lives. Despite the pressure of living costs and the demands of the insatiable tax-collector, life goes on here pretty much as it did before the war. The unemployed walk our streets in a daily indictment of our collective intelligence, but to most of us unemployment is only a table of statistics or, perhaps, an occasional scare-head in our morning paper. We do not feel its poignancy or see its connection with the disordered economic life of the rest of the world. It does not color our thought or alter our attitude toward the basic problem of our time—world recon-

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struction. There is a certain bright, delusive gaiety about American life that prevents our realizing that the United States will prove only a temporary health-spot in a diseased body unless the rest of the world can be restored to economic and social health.

Our geographical isolation has meant an intellectual isolation as well. Most of us have never been in Europe. We have no way of visualizing the Europe of to-day in contrast to the Europe of 1914. Most of us have not with our own eyes seen death stalk through the streets of Vienna and Warsaw. Most of us have not ourselves witnessed the eloquent distress of a famine-stricken peasantry. The best we have been able to do is to get impressions at second-hand. We read Mr. Wells's description of the Petrograd of 1914 and the Petrograd of 1920. We read that in 1914 Petrograd was a city of brilliantly lighted streets, beautiful homes, well-stocked shops, finely equipped hotels, and a pervasive sense of culture and comfort; in 1920 this Petrograd had become a city of streets with yawning holes where the drains had fallen in, of roadways from which the wood paving had been torn for fire-wood, of lamp-posts knocked over and left lying where they fell, a city of deserted shops and decayed markets, a city of depleted population, a city under the paralyzing pall of anxiety, a city of distress and death. We read such descriptions in the comfortable quiet of our clubs and our libraries and experience a momentary emotional flutter, but even Wellsian descriptions do not take us by the throat. We read of this tragic aftermath of the war as we might witness a melodrama behind the footlights. It is more a "show" to us than a cry for help. Print and paper are, after all, poor conductors of such impressions. We forget a page so quickly! We read volume after volume of such reporting, and then go blandly about our small businesses in utter disregard of the fact that the political and economic foreign policy of our Government is the most intimate concern of our personal lives.

If every one of us could take even a hurried trip through post-war Europe, we should return with the petty and perilous interests of partizan politics wiped from our minds and aflame with a determination that America must play its full part in some common organization of the *common* interests of the world. We would see that such united effort alone can pull our disintegrating civilization together. Most of us cannot take such a trip, but we can at least attempt to inform ourselves, to think our way through the tangled facts of world conditions, and to play an intelligent part in the formulation of the American policy for the future. The frankest facing of facts is better than cheap optimism worked up by social cheer-leaders. We dare not base our world policy upon the apparent security and normality of life in America at the moment. We are three thousand miles away from the ugliest features of our time, but, to borrow a phrase from Tennyson, we do not want to be mere happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the ribs of a wreck.

Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Zimmern vividly describes the health-spots and the signs of vitality he has found in the body of post-war Europe. But these signs of vitality do not spell an automatic redemption. It would be regrettable if such a hopeful analysis dulled our sense of danger. Unless we utilize, in more statesmanlike fashion

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than we have, these forces of health which Mr. Zimmern reports, they will do little more than halt for a time the processes of disintegration.

This, then, is an appeal to the reader to make a serious and sustained study of world conditions during 1922.

There are certain broad and, I think, indisputable generalizations that it is well to keep in mind while making such a study of world affairs. I venture to set some of them down rather nakedly without extended discussion.

It is important to remember at the outset that the myth of automatic progress has been exploded. We are facing a plain choice between the conscious control of civilization or chaos. This does not mean that we are to assume the rôle of supermen and spin out of our heads "perfect" systems, and clamp them down over the growing life of future generations. It does mean that we face the duty of constructive imagination, the duty of utilizing intelligently the forces of health and progress that are in the world. Let me revert to an illustration I have used before. Luther Burbank mixes human intelligence with natural laws and natural forces that are already at work, and succeeds thereby in producing in a short while his Shasta daisy, a bigger, better, and finer daisy than nature would have produced in a century if left to herself. We need, now more than ever in human history, Burbanks of politics and of industry. We need to scrap the petty opportunisms of partizan politics, and to bring into the direction of our social, economic, and world relations those prophet-engineer minds which alone can bring order out of disorder.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote that "there are half a dozen men or so who carry in their brains the *ovarian eggs* of the next generation's or century's civilization." We must find these half a dozen men and draft them into the service of practical politics. Campaign histories may give little hope of such a conscription of creative minds, but they must be found, and they must regenerate our politics if we are not to flounder forever in the welter of class conflicts and periodic wars.

On all hands it is agreed that the two fundamental problems of our time are the problem of international relations and the problem of industrial relations. What is not widely enough recognized is that they are one problem, both damned by the same sins, both subject to the same solution.

In the first place, in both international and industrial relations we are faced with the breakdown of the balance-of-power theory of government. In the past we have tried to preserve international peace and insure progress by arriving at such a balance of power between opposing nations or alliances of nations that each will be afraid to attack the other, that each will respect the other, that each will talk to the other as to an equal. It has n't worked. It has meant the piling up of armaments on both sides, and a constant effort on the part of each alliance to tip the balance in its favor. When peace has been preserved, it has been a precarious peace shot through with a disturbing sense of insecurity. In every instance it has ended in a disastrous conflict. It has all along ministered to a sense of conflicting interests where common interests should have been the basis of action. We have had the same thing in industry. Collective bargaining between large scale organizations of

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employers and employees is simply the balance-of-power theory applied to industry, and in industry we have the old sickening cycle of competitive armaments, a sense of conflicting interests, a constant effort on the part of each industrial group to tip the balance in its favor, a sense of insecurity that has halted we know not how much enterprise, and the periodic industrial wars that we hide under the euphemism of a strike. Collective bargaining is a vast advance over the old unequal system of individual wage-contracts, but it is only an expedient adopted on the way toward some intelligent organization of industrial relations.

Both diplomats and industrial leaders must see that continuous administration must supplant intermittent arbitration. We have spent our time devising machinery for the arbitration of disputes after they have arisen. Disputes, however, have become suicidal in an interdependent civilization. We must devise a continuous administration that will greatly minimize, if not wholly prevent, disputes from arising.

Another similarity we must recognize is that both patriotism and class consciousness, in their present perverted sense, are outworn and dangerous emotions. Both are at war with the principle of coöperation which our interdependent world demands. In both fields we must substitute individuality in coöperation for competition in individualism.

In both fields secret diplomacy must be rooted out and forever destroyed. Mystery must be taken out of foreign affairs; mystery must be taken out of business. The clean and antiseptic air of publicity must blow through the council-chambers alike of politics and of industry. We are convinced of the fallacy and peril of secret diplomacy in politics, and many business men are beginning to see that half our labor troubles might be avoided if the facts of costs and the risks of enterprise were frankly submitted to the workmen. The fundamental grievance of labor is not merely material. As some one has put it, hunger and cold cause misery, but men do not revolt against winter or agitate against the desert. We must remove from the masses of men everywhere that sense of disinheritance, that sense of being shut out, which secret diplomacy has aggravated both in international and industrial relations.

In both international and industrial relations we face the problem of security. Our lawless systems of politics and of industry, with their periodic wars and strikes, have created a pervading sense of insecurity that freezes the fountains of enterprise. Our world now goes about its business glancing furtively over its shoulder. This betrays an unhealthy mood in which the world cannot release its energies with that generous abandon which the creative tasks of our time demand.

Educational leadership must see to it that the next generation in all countries will realize the unity of modern civilization and the insanity of any narrow and belligerent *Kultur*. Religious leadership must harness the religious impulse of mankind to the task of creating that world fellowship which has been the dream of all the really great religious leaders of history. But, above all, the times impose upon the individual citizen the duty of sustained study of world affairs, the duty of a world vision, the duty of active service in the remaking of a shattered world order.

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A Famine of Prophets

A Further Word on Religious Leadership

By MILES H. KRUMBINE

ALL leadership has broken down, political, economic, religious. Our religious life is no more confused than our political and economic life.

It is, indeed, a pretty compliment to religious leadership to be so greatly concerned about it. Such concern is tacit acknowledgment of the real worth of religion in social reconstruction. It may well be true that "religion is the only factor capable of acting rapidly upon the character of a people," in the words of Le Bon. Wherefore it becomes exceedingly urgent that our deficiencies in religious leadership be rectified.

To criticize the church and its leadership is a privilege never neglected or long unexercised. Mere criticism is gratuitous. It is very liable to lead to abuse. Moreover, as Glover has pointed out, "the church as a living thing has always had unsuspected powers of readjustment without losing its life." It is always setting at naught its critics just when their bitterest charges seem most true. "Sire," said Théodore de Bèze to the King of Navarre, "it belongs in truth to the Church of God, in the name of which I speak, to receive blows and not to give them; but it will please your Majesty to remember that it is an anvil that has worn out many hammers."

My purpose in these pages is to point out at least two notable reasons for our present deficiency in leadership. These reasons are both cause and effect. They of themselves suggest certain constructive lines of amendment or renewal of effective leadership.

We suffer chiefly not from bad leadership, but small leadership—leadership not vicious, but impotent. The personal character and, frequently, administrative capability of the leaders are above reproach; but the leaders conceive their positions diminutively. They make of their opportunities mere fulfilment of routine duties. If it is not an actual case of "blind leaders of the blind," it certainly is producing the same result. We are in the ditch.

Even so there is something sinister about the popular clamor for adequate religious leadership. It is the cry of fear for social protection rather

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than the outburst of passion for social regeneration. Men are distraught. Customs long held sacred are under suspicion. Certain privileges and so called "rights" are being closely scrutinized and menacingly questioned. In the resultant general alarm disturbed and uneasy persons cry unto the church for help. That their cry is in tones of bitter criticism is a bit of humor that escapes them. The liberal in the church is rather enjoying the situation—enjoying it in the sardonic manner of a Bernard Shaw. In other words, it is pathetically true that, in the judgment of many, "the church is the Tory party at prayer." What they want is not a strong church, but a strong Tory party; hence much clamor for adequate religious leadership. Who but the church can effectively preach the immorality of change and the inviolability of tradition?

Old Anthony Collins, the Essex deist and free-thinker Sir Leslie Stephen wrote about, spread considerable confusion among church leaders and followers of his day by his incisive attacks on church teaching. When he was taken to task by his deist friends because he compelled his servants to attend church regularly, his defense was, "I do it that they may neither rob nor murder me." Many will recognize his type to-day.

These pages are particularly concerned with the more serious and vital phase of the matter. Why is religious leadership so ineffective as a force for social rebuilding? We want not a group of leaders who can teach us all to sing in unison, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen," but a group who can point out such changes as ought be effected in social organization. It is not a leadership that can preach with power and persuasion the immorality of change, but a leadership that can with statesmanlike foresight and prophetic insight take us through "change and decay" that we want. Why have n't we such leadership? What is the matter with our present religious leadership?

§ 2

We are fallen upon evil times. There is a famine of prophets, not a Jonah in all this wide land whom we care to cast overboard; not a man among us gifted with the insight of a Jeremiah or an Isaiah, and thereby enabled to preach a message of doom, the prophet's invariable credential. Nay, let one attempt such a message, and with one accord we all charge against him "*cynicism*, the greatest of all sins." Paradoxical as it may seem, a society may well lose all hope when it knows no preachers of doom in it. Society progresses exactly in proportion to the number of prophetic heretics it has.

Why have we no prophets? There are numerous minor reasons. Our leaders, accepted and recognized as such, are usually men in official positions. Discretion and tact are requisite to successful administration. That at once precludes the development of prophetic powers. When occasionally a prophet does speak forth from some pulpit, apologies are soon made to the wealthy parties most interested, and the lone preacher is neutralized.

But there is an important historic reason why we have no prophets. The history of the origin of the Christian sermon, a very thorough account of which is to be had in "The Influence

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of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church," by Dr. Edwin Hatch, is instructive. In the primitive church preaching was unknown. Instead of the preacher, the church had the prophet. His function was not that of prediction, but of spontaneous utterance. "He preached because he could not help it, because there was a divine breath breathing within him which must needs find utterance." It is in this sense only that the prophets of the early church were preachers.

Inevitably, Christianity made contacts with the Greek world. In the process of interpenetration that followed, Christianity both gave and took. One of the things it gave up was "prophesying"; one of the things it took from the Greek world was that which became the Christian sermon.

There was in the Greek world that Christianity entered a species of public lecturers known as sophists. The subjects of these sophists were usually morality or theology. They preached what we would call "sermons." Robed in a special gown, seated on an elevated professorial chair, before an audience called either by personal invitation of the lecturer or by regular enrolment, the sophist would discourse in the most refined rhetorical forms on these vital themes. His discourses were frequently interrupted by applause or by shouts of "Bravo!" "Wonderful!" "Divine!"

The sophist made both money and reputation out of his trade; frequently he was appointed to lofty positions in the state; sometimes he lived at the public expense. While among the Christians of that period "sophist" was always a word of scorn, nevertheless the influence of sophism upon Christianity was very considerable. Spontaneity of utterance in the primitive church, prophetic utterance, one might say, died almost entirely during the second century. More accurately, it was crushed by the official groups of leaders in the church. Such advocates of spontaneity of utterance as survived in Asia Minor, the Montanists, were quickly charged with heresy and properly condemned. To this very day Tertullian is regarded with grave suspicion by many because he shared the Montanists' view.

By the fourth century spontaneous utterance was unknown, and the Christian sermon, much as we know it, was the order of the day. The sermon was a direct result of Greek contact with Christianity. Whether Christian preachers became enamoured of wealth, such as sophists accumulated readily, or of high position, which was always accorded the more able orators,—one case is on record of a sophist so influential that he could turn the Emperor Antoninus Pius, who had come as a guest unexpectedly when the sophist was absent, out of doors at midnight with impunity,—or whether in unconscious imitation they fell into sophist ways, one cannot at this late date say with certainty. All these motives may have had some influence in accomplishing the change. The fact is that the form and content of the Christian message were changed, and remain changed to this day. The prophet's habit of spontaneous utterance gave way to the orator's habit of polished discourse, adorned with the finest phrases selected from the abundant literature of myth, fable, and classic lore. With the change in habit came a change in spirit and purpose. "The voice of the prophet had ceased;

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the voice of the preacher had begun."

The preacher was usually trained in the rhetorical methods of the day. Chrysostom, for instance, was trained under the well-known Libanius, leading sophist orator of his day, who on his death-bed said of him that he would have been his worthiest successor "if the Christians had not stolen him."

A description of a fourth-century preacher by Chrysostom, the leading light of that century, is instructive:

"There are many preachers who make long sermons: if they are well applauded, they are as glad as if they had obtained a kingdom; if they bring their sermon to an end in silence, their despondency is worse, I may almost say, than hell. It is this that ruins churches, that you do not seek to hear sermons that touch the heart, but sermons that will delight your ears with their intonation and the structure of their phrases, just as if you were listening to singers and lute-players. And we preachers humour your fancies, instead of trying to crush them. We act like a father who gives a sick child a cake or an ice, or something else that is merely nice to eat—just because he asks for it; and takes no pains to give him what is good for him; and then when the doctors blame him says, "I could not bear to hear my child cry." . . . That is what we do when we elaborate beautiful sentences, fine combinations and harmonies, to please and not to profit, to be admired and not to instruct, to delight and not to touch you, to go away with your applause in our ears, and not to better your conduct. Believe me, I am not speaking at random: when you applaud me as I speak, I feel at the moment as it is natural for a man to feel. I will make a clean breast of it. Why should I not? I am delighted and overjoyed. And then when I go home and reflect that the people who have been applauding me have received no benefit, and indeed that whatever benefit they might have had has been killed by the applause and praises, I am sore at heart, and I lament and fall to tears, and I feel as though I had spoken altogether in vain, and I say to myself, what is the good of all your labours, seeing that your hearers don't want to reap any fruit out of all that you say? And I have often thought of laying down a rule absolutely prohibiting all applause, and urging you to listen in silence.

Tradition has it that tumultuous applause followed the delivery of this particular sermon.

Philosophy died, because for all but a small minority it ceased to be real. It passed from the sphere of thought and conduct to that of exposition and literature. Its preachers preached, not because they were bursting with truths which could not help finding expression, but because they were masters of fine phrases and lived in an age in which fine phrases had a value. It died, in short, because it had become sophistry.

Rhetoric thus made philosophy unreal. Similarly, what rhetoric in the Greek world did to philosophy, the adoption of it in the Christian world eventually wrought upon Christianity, in that it destroyed the religious reality of the prophet's message.

So it has been with Christianity. It came into the world in the simple dress of a Prophet of Righteousness. It won that world by the stern reality of its life, by the subtle bonds of its brotherhood, by its message of consolation and of hope. Around it thronged the race of eloquent talkers who persuaded it to change its dress and to assimilate its language to their own. It seemed thereby to win a speedier and completer victory. But it purchased conquest at the price of reality. With that its prog-

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ress stopped. There has been an element of sophistry in it ever since; and so far as in any age that element has been dominant, so far has the progress of Christianity been arrested. Its progress is arrested now, because many of its preachers live in an unreal world. The truths they set forth are truths of utterance rather than truths of their lives. But if Christianity is to be again the power that it was in its earliest ages, it must renounce its costly purchase. A class of rhetorical chemists would be thought of only to be ridiculed: a class of rhetorical religionists is only less anomalous because we are accustomed to it. The hope of Christianity is that the class which was artificially created may ultimately disappear, and that the sophistical element in Christian preaching will melt, as a transient mist, before the preaching of the prophets of the ages to come, who, like the prophets of the ages that are long gone by, will speak only "as the Spirit gives them utterance."

These sentences by Dr. Hatch are solemnly prophetic. They lay bare unwittingly the vital defect of religious leadership—a defect not of organization, but of pulpit experience and utterance. The Christian pulpit lives largely in a realm of unreality or small realities. How can the great mass of Christian people move to the achievement of dominant realities?

The same century that gave mankind the "modern" sermon fastened upon us the "modern" creed. Many preachers feel, a few say openly, that reality must remain foreign to the pulpit message so long as preachers must assume a creed that knows nothing of the work of Jesus, but knows only his metaphysical status, which does not concern the modern man. The very complaint ought to fill us with shame. If we need a battle-cry, let us have one that can and will rally the conscience of Christendom. "For if the trumpet give an uncertain voice, who shall prepare himself for war?" If our present creeds ignore the social aims of the gospel, let us have creeds that proclaim those aims. Why must we, like George Eliot, be *forever* "influenced by minds inferior to our own"? Half indignantly, Glover asks, "But what were the credentials of the bishops to warrant them in settling the Christian Faith?"

Our pulpit masters and creed-mongers need a baptism of prophetic unction. This is the chief deficiency of religious leadership.

The need brings us forthwith face to face with the second major defect of religious leadership—the conspiracy against youth, the wide-spread and prevailing conspiracy against youth.

§ 3

Glance at the faces and figures of our leaders and see if you can detect any signs of youthfulness. At a recent convention of a certain great and notable religious organization, notable for its service to young men in years past, in fact notable in that it is a young men's organization,—it so proclaims itself and is so chartered,—there was on the platform at any given moment not a single man who seemed younger than forty. In no sense was youth impressed upon one. No young men made committee reports, no young men were elected to office, no young men spoke from the floor.

Age is no crime. Nicodemus was an old man, honored and respected by his fellows, "a teacher in Israel." Jesus did not condemn him. He was indeed very patient with him. Yet he "un-

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derstood not these things." When Jesus sought understanding minds, he sought youth. What reliance could he place upon a man coming by night, courteous, curious, but obtuse? Is n't it like putting "new wine into old skins"?

It is contrary to nature to expect Nicodemus to accomplish the work of Paul, for instance. Jesus did not expect it. We note no impression of disappointment in Jesus when the aged leader left him. It was as it must be according to nature. Ross assures us:

> In general it is young men who provide the logic, decision and enthusiasm necessary to relieve society of the crushing burden that each generation seeks to roll upon the shoulders of the next. The Greeks were right in accepting Hesiod's maxim "work for youth, counsel for maturity, prayers for old age"—The domination of gray-beards is equivalent to a fatty degeneration of the social brain.

There is unanimous agreement that the work done by the Council of Nicæa was well done. This great council came at a critical time in the history of our religion. There is, unfortunately perhaps, genuine satisfaction to this very day with the results achieved. Wherefore, I conclude that the leadership was sound and far-seeing; there is no doubt that it was courageous. Yet the great figure that dominated that assembly, Athanasius, is supposed to have been in the neighborhood of thirty years of age.

When the rigid shell of medievalism began to crack and the germinating life within to assert itself, the voice of leadership once more was the voice of youth. Luther, on the day when he nailed the theses on the church door at Wittenberg, was only thirty-four. All his great work was done before he was forty. Carlyle has called the Diet of Worms of 1521 "the greatest moment in modern history." The dominating figure, the great soul through which eternity spoke to time, was Luther, a monk of thirty-eight.

Next to the Reformation of Luther, the greatest movement in modern religious life was the Evangelical Revival led by John Wesley. Among English-speaking peoples this movement has had more wide-spread influence than any other in our history. Coming when it did, at a time when even Bishop Butler had insisted that the church was dead and all that remained was to give it a decent burial, the Wesleyan Revival wrought a complete social regeneration. Lecky assures us that one thing only saved England from the horrors of a revolution similar to the French Revolution. Social conditions were similar. The elements that caused the French Revolution were largely present in English social life. But John Wesley's heart had been warmed in Aldersgate meeting in 1738. From that heart-warming came the passion that purified English social life. The leader of the movement was a young man of thirty-six.

Or what shall one say of the Pilgrim movement? "Pilgrim Fathers" we call them, strangely. Of the one hundred and two persons who shipped in the *Mayflower* thirty-nine were under twenty-one years of age. Bradford, the "greatheart" of the group, was exactly thirty-one; Winslow was twenty-five; Standish was thirty-six; Alden was twenty-one. Only two of the entire group were over fifty years of age, and only nine over forty.

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Veritably, this was an adventure of youth.

Quiet rebellion possesses the hearts of thousands of young men both in pulpit and pew throughout our land. I make this assertion on the basis of the known attitude of scores of my own friends and acquaintances. No one feels more keenly the inadequacy of our religious leadership than the youth of our land. Our leadership is not despised or held in contempt. The valiant men who in their days of youth wrought boldly and courageously, but who have since aged in service, though unfortunately they are still officially the leaders, are held in the greatest respect and reverence by youth. That is not the point. The prophets such as we have, Rauschenbusch, Gladden, Williams, and others have thrilled the hearts of great numbers of young men and women. To many has been imparted social vision, without which "people perish." A deep yearning for daring attempts in the gospel program for social life grips youth, but the conspiracy against youth has prevented this yearning from becoming articulate and thereby becoming effective.

That the situation is similar in England was brought home to me recently. While discussing a certain distinguished and daring leader in the Church of England with a young priest of that church, he said:

"You know, most of us young fellows agree with ———, but we can't say so just yet. The Church of England is too 'fixy.'"

Throughout the church of Jesus Christ—the church, that is, of a young leader — to-day there prevails too much of the sinister spirit Kipling observed among the incompetent English generals in the Boer War. He puts into their mouths these words, so applicable to much religious leadership:

> The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out; but we shall subsist on the smell of it,
> And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our gums and think well of it.
> Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that is the perfectest Hell of it.

There are young Isaiahs a-plenty who at twenty-two have seen "the Lord, sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up." It is a vision of possibilities rather than of actualities. Now that Uzziah, the aged king, is dead,—for it was "in the year that King Uzziah died" that young Isaiah saw the Lord,—some progress in social justice can be made. Hearts are pulsating with passion to lift up the throne of the Lord in the midst of modern social life. Greatly impatient, these young Isaiahs wait and wait and wait for their experienced leaders to lead them into the fray. Those same leaders,

> Abide until the battle is won ere they amble into the fray.

And there you have the situation. Reverence for age and respect for "service records" restrain youth, and meanwhile the church ambles along in an amusing and harmless way—so harmless, in fact, that some one has suggested that the unrighteous profiteer and the iniquitous politician are more afraid of Ramsey Macdonald or Eugene Debs than they are of the whole church of Jesus Christ! Time was when a Peter or a Paul in prison struck terror in the hearts of the official groups.

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The sociologist is quite certain that "new movements are born in young minds, and that lack of experience enables youth eternally to recall civilization to sound bases." History has a stubborn way of insisting upon the validity of this generalization. Not in the life of organized religion alone is this a fact, but in the life of states as well. The eleven men who were destined to become the leaders of the French Revolution averaged, at its inception, thirty-four years of age. The American Constitution, "the grandest work of the hand of man," was fathered by a mere lad, James Madison, aged thirty-six, while at least one of his confrères was an unbearded youth of twenty-one, Jonathan Dayton of New Jersey. Why should the church resist this social law?

§ 4

Three alternatives are before us if we would redeem our religious leadership. Each one is beset with great difficulties. The situation is not without hope, however.

The first alternative is to provide a place for youth in the positions of leadership. That this will be ever done, is most unlikely. Christian councils from Nicæa onward have been "filled with officials and old men." They present a solid wall of opposition to the ardor of youth. To break through to positions of leadership would require a skill in ecclesiastical politics youth has not the patience to acquire.

The second alternative is to substitute extra-ecclesiastical leadership in religion for our present ecclesiastical leadership. That is to say, let official church leaders worry along in their harmless way while we look to sociologists, biologists, editors, poets, professors, and others to lead us in the things of the spirit. It may be easier to develop a new race of leaders from such groups than to restore church leadership to its place of power.

Extra-ecclesiastical leadership in religion would seem to create an anomalous situation. Such a situation is not unknown to history. To wield a power denied him in the pulpit Emerson had to resort to the lecture platform and the essayist's study. His real leadership was extra-ecclesiastical. His was the voice, the "clear and pure voice," which brought a new, moving, and unforgetable strain to the Oxford of Matthew Arnold's youth. It was the voice of certainty. Exactly such a voice we are eager to hear to-day.

In utter despair of the priesthood and the church and in agony of soul, Whittier wrote his great hymns, which became flaming beacons to rally the spiritual and moral forces of the land. A poet again stepped in and led where the appointed leader was wanting. That Whittier's leadership was effective is proved by the fact that Dr. Crandall, a Washington physician, languished in prison until he contracted a fatal illness under sentence for the misdemeanor of reading a borrowed copy of Whittier's pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency."

The supremacy of extra-ecclesiastical leadership is not a comforting thought to the churchman. Social necessity is no respecter of tradition, however. Moreover, for a decade or more the tendency of ardent men has been to forsake the church and its ministry for positions with social agencies where they can, as they say, more easily and wholly fulfil Christ's mission

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of service to humanity. It may well be that out of that group of men will come a new race of leaders.

The third alternative is to develop within the church, among the young men of it, groups of prophetic spirits, such as Wesley's Holy Club at Oxford. From such groups we might reasonably expect another Wesley.

It is not beyond the reach of the imagination to suppose that, if we could develop within the church a "preaching order" made up of men who are relieved of the burden of organization and routine and are expected to furnish intelligent, daring, consecrated leadership according to the Gospel of Jesus, such a "preaching order" might well become a new race of prophets who, like the prophets of the primitive church, preached by "spontaneous utterance."

It may seem rash to risk our social well-being to a leadership of "spontaneous utterance." The psychologist has spoiled our respect for such utterance. It is well to bear in mind, therefore, that Jesus was just that sort of prophet and leader. That, moreover, as Hastings Rashdall has pointed out, "the greatest moral teachers of mankind have not usually been speculative philosophers. That was eminently true with Jesus Christ and his first disciples. An instinct of reverence is apt to blind us to the immense amount of real, hard thinking which was implied in the religious and moral teaching of Jesus. The greatness, the originality, of Jesus was intellectual as well as moral. It came to him by way of intuition." Prophetic preaching does not imply strange visions, ecstasies, tongues, etc. It does imply straight, hard thinking, in terms of reality, upon the vexing issues of our present social life. "Spontaneous utterance" might well be described as giving expression to the deepest convictions of the soul, arrived at after penetrating study of the Gospel of Jesus, combined with a readiness to bear the full consequence of the proclamation of the complete Gospel.

Had we a "preaching order" of neo-prophets now, an order of men (and why not women, too?) whose sole social function would be to present persistently the gospel teaching concerning war and international relations, concerning wages, housing, and industrial relations, concerning social, creedal, sexual relations, we would no doubt witness the reënactment of certain well-known lurid scenes of history, such scenes as the strangling of Savonarola for criticizing the conduct of Pope Alexander VI or the burning of Huss for suggesting the revision of the creeds of the church. We are in a mood of reaction, a mood for betraying prophets, but

> Men betrayed are mighty and great are the wrongfully dead.

One such betrayal, a single social martyrdom of a single person who was "persecuted for righteousness' sake," who suffered for "my sake and the gospel's," would do more to redeem religious leadership from its state of pointlessness—that is, of futility—than all the wit and wisdom contributed by all the critics. Calvary precedes resurrection.

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"The Battle of the Boyne Water"

By Edward Shanks

Drawings by W. R. Leigh

The boy's weariness was even yet not enough to overcome his lively sense of wonder. They had now been traveling for nearly a week, but every moment of every day still offered him new and delightful things. This fifth time that they came to a halt in the early dusk was as beautiful as it had been on the very first night. Everywhere the wide-spread cattle slowed up in their deliberate movement and, bunch by bunch, stood still. Then one would shift a pace or two on, and start a dozen more round him; then these would stop again. It was like the glissade of loose earth down a cliff, massing softly at the bottom and shivering into quietude, while a few last rills of fine soil tremble on over the surface, and at last also are still. The boy watched this ending of the day with a sort of quiet rapture, and with the same rapture saw the distant horsemen, who had been riding in circles round the herd and were already half lost in the thickening darkness, turn toward the camp and grow more distinct again. Now the cook's fire, which, when they first came up, was only a pale blotch of yellow on the light earth, grew all at once vivid and warm. It was night. The night in Australia is sudden and pure; no long twilights or sunset clouds precede it.

The boy shook the reins on his horse's neck and galloped smartly toward the camp, not pulling up until he was almost there. One or two of the horses that were being unsaddled and hobbled, still lively even after the day's work, were disturbed by his approach, and began to prance and curvet.

"Hi, you there, Jacko!" cried a grumbling voice from a person concealed among them. "What are you doing? Don't be such a fool!"

"Sorry, Bill," the boy answered, very small and ashamed; "I was n't thinking." He, too, dismounted, his face red and downcast. He was made miserable by the rebuke, the first since he had been allowed, trembling with incredulous pleasure, to join the mob making its slow southerly journey from up-country to the markets. They had been so kind to him, so large-hearted, so generous! It had been just a matter of getting away when they had taken him up with their fine incuriousness; another few hours even, and his angry father would have found him. Now he was safe from pursuit, and he had entered, however humbly, on the career he longed for. If he could not yet fairly call himself a drover, he was at least among drovers, watching them, diligently learning from them. In time he would be one of them and would rise until he was an overlander, till he had brought cattle all the way across the continent and married a girl who stipulated for that,

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like the girl in the song. All this they had done for him. He was mortified to think that he could have offended one of them by the smallest carelessness. He walked nervously to the camp-fire, afraid that Bill might have denounced him to the others as a blundering young fool. But Bill had not done so: he had already forgotten all about it.

"Come on, kid," he sang out through a full mouth as Jacko approached. "Are n't you tired?" The boy pressed his lips tightly together and shook his head. His relief and gratitude were too melting for him to dare to speak.

"You 're a wonder for a town boy. Is n't he?" Bill swept the circle largely for agreement.

"Not bad," said one.

"Not bad," another echoed faithfully, mouth deep in the pannikin of steaming tea. There was a kind of tolerant affection in their terseness.

They all ate and drank in silence, stretching their aching legs, and leaning forward now and then to take a dip of tea from the billy that stood by the fire. It grew darker, and the whole sky was covered with a glittering web of busy, restless stars. As they finished eating, one by one they filled their pipes and began to smoke.

"I 've left my pipe in my pack," said one of the drovers, indolently letting his head and shoulders fall back. "Will it come if I whistle?"

"I 'll get it, Fred," the boy whispered in his ear. He ran to the place where the saddles were piled, fumbled in Fred's rolled blue blanket, and, warm with pleasure, brought back the pipe.

"You 're a good boy," Fred muttered, "a good boy." His voice fell into a long sleepy grunt. Complete silence charmed the little fire-lit group.

At last Bill moved reluctantly.

"Must n't leave them cattle alone too long," he said. "Here you, Jacko, you can take the first turn round tonight. You 've seen us; you know what to do, don't you?" The boy was rendered dumb with joyful surprise, and did nothing but stiffen in his place, without speaking.

"Go' bless me," Bill, yawning, said, "the poor kid 's gone asleep! All right; don't wake him." The tardy response of the group to his first call for movement took on an air of exaggerated caution. They would not wake the sleeping child. The isolation among them which his age produced made him seem to them mysterious and rather fragile.

But Jacko had sprung up convulsively.

"No, no, Bill, I 'm not. I 'll go; I 'm going." He ran out of the circle, while Bill looked after him with an amused grin. As he cantered toward the fringe of the herd, he cracked the stock-whip he needlessly carried, the first time with success, but the second time bungled it, so that the end of the fine lash curled back and stung his hand. He suppressed his cry of pain for fear a drover so incompetent might be called back and another sent in his place.

The cattle, now not widely dispersed over the plain, made a lake of darkness on the crumbling earth, which was faintly washed with starlight. There came from them a low, continuous murmur of stirring hoofs and lazily champing jaws. Now and again, as the boy loped by, a straggler reared up its heavy quarters and stumbled closer in among the herd. And as he rode, so that the mob might know that it was

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watched, he sang loud and shrill in time with the action of his horse:

"I saw the old homestead and places I loved,
I saw England's valleys and dells,
I listened with joy, as I did when a boy,
To the sound of the old village bells.
The moon was shining brightly;
'T was a night that would banish all sin:
The bells were ringing the Old Year out
And the New Year in."

He sang many other songs and scraps of choruses as he went round the mob, and even a verse from a hymn; but this was his favorite, and he sang it several times. He had learned it from the drovers, whose favorite also it was, for they believed that it soothed the cattle as well as warned them. When he came in, the men were all asleep except Bill, who sat with his elbows on his knees, looking at the red fire.

"Turn in, kid," said Bill, yawning. "I 'm going round now."

Jacko scraped a hole in the loose earth for his hip-bone, wrapped his blanket round him, and was soon asleep.

§ 2

They made an early start the next morning, and Bill drove the "reporter" out of the camp before he had finished his breakfast.

"Go on ahead quick, you lazy dog," he said angrily. "We 're close in to the town; we might run into another mob any minute now." The "reporter" sniveled in the peevishness of early morning, and stared with red eyes into the half-empty pannikin of tea that was too hot to drink quickly. It was the duty of this person to precede the drovers and their charge by an hour or so in order to warn the squatters over whose land they were passing, and to report the presence of any other mob that might be close enough to make a collision possible.

He was about to protest, stopped, and turned half away.

"Go on, you," said Bill, sinking his voice into a kind of guttural growl. Jacko, who was helping the cook to clear up, watched from a distance with sidewise glance, fascinated, half dreading, half desiring a row. But the reporter lurched off to his horse, saddled it with unnecessary fumbling, and rode away.

Soon after the herd slowly began to move. The drovers galloped round its fringes, shouting, cracking their whips, and urging on their dogs to get the cattle on their feet, and Jacko galloped with them, zealous to the extreme limits of an enthusiastic nature, and yelling very loudly in a voice which sometimes cracked. But he did not go far from Bill, whom he watched and imitated as much as he could. Bill was invariably kind to him and often unbending; but the moments when Bill really took notice of him, he thought, were hardly enough, and he hung about, hoping that they might be multiplied.

In Bill and in the other drovers this morning there was a mixture of pleased excitement and irritable tension. They were getting near home, they would soon hand over the cattle, and would then be free to spend their wages; but the nearer they got, the greater were their impatience and their difficulties and the chances of collision with another mob. All men are perhaps at the height of their faculties in such a mixture of strong feelings, which dissipates by its combined power the last remnants of

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human sluggishness and doubt. They live fully, and only then, though they do not know it, are happy.

The boy was penetrated by the unconscious spirit of his companions, and submitted himself to the influence of the moment, possibly with a purer response than theirs. The air was pleasant and a little sharp; even the dry dust that flew into his nostrils from the galloping hoofs of Bill's horse seemed to be invigorating. His own horse was fresh and playful; it bucked slightly now and then, galloped and twisted with exaggeration in answer to the slightest touch on the reins. This did not trouble the boy. He slipped his fingers under the tight monkey-strap, and he and the horse became, as it were, one animal, bouncing about in excitement, like a dog that translates into leaps and barks his own share in his master's joy.

Soon the mob was fairly on the march, straying along with almost imperceptible motion. They continued at an even rate until two hours before noon, when the heat began to be so heavy that it seemed as if it were scorching their shoulders through the thin singlets. Suddenly a faint yell floated back from far away toward the head of the mob. Bill reined in, lifted his head in an attitude of powerful grace, and listened.

Jacko stopped beside him and said: "What is it, Bill?" As he got no answer, he repeated the question. But Bill only frowned, shook his head impatiently, and started forward at full speed. The boy followed, but could not keep up, and was a hundred yards behind when he saw Bill and one of the drovers meeting. Their voices came to him thinly in the clear air, and he could see the drover wave his arms, seeming to point into the distance with a frantic gesture. Bill nodded, and started again abruptly, and Jacko went on as hard as he could, puzzled, excited, and finally anxious. The drover, motionless, sat his horse and waited for him.

"What 's the matter?" cried Jacko as he drew level.

"Two or three thousand head coming up on the left," said the man. "We 're going to have a mix-up. God knows what that reporter has been doing. Hurry back and fetch up some of the chaps."

When the boy returned with help, the mix-up had already begun. The two herds, moving with the slow, ponderous lack of control of ice-fields afloat in the polar seas, had come into collision, and each had penetrated the other. Some of the drovers of the second mob had now arrived, and Bill was withdrawn in hasty consultation with their foreman. Jacko approached them, irrepressibly, just as the other foreman exclaimed in despair:

"O God! we 're in for it! There 's a goring-match beginning now."

"What can I do, Bill?" the boy cried. "What is it?"

"O hell!" Bill returned abstractedly, "get out of it." Then he wheeled his horse round again and spoke with more attention: "Keep clear of this, d' you understand? You don't know anything about this; you 'll only get hurt. If you don't keep away, I 'll cut your heart out." Tears started in the boy's eyes, but he stayed where he was, while the two foremen hurried off. Presently he began to edge a little nearer to the trouble. His conscience told him that he ought to go and help with the part of the herd which was still not involved, but his desire to

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see all that was going on here overmastered him.

As he watched, the scene was faintly obscured by clouds of red dust that the hoofs of horses and cattle scattered in the air. He could dimly see horsemen galloping in among the angry, frightened steers, lashing with their whips and shouting. One raced at full speed to catch an animal that was running amuck, came alongside it, and, leaning from his saddle, viciously threw a handful of pebbles into its ear. It tossed up its head, stamped, bellowed, and kicked, but became quiet. Other men were circling round two frantic beasts that, with horns lowered and blood already streaming from their sides, had engaged in battle. Jacko's heart almost stopped, between terror and admiration, when he saw Bill, on his powerful horse, thrusting himself into the fight. A drift of tawny dust swirled by. When it cleared, one of the steers was on the ground, plunging helplessly with all four legs at once. Bill, by mercilessly screwing its tail round and round, had made it fall, while the others had seized the moment to chase away its enemy. In a minute or two, it seemed, the worst confusion was over, and a wide lane was driven between the two herds; but for nearly another hour skirmishes and collisions occurred here and there as the second mob was driven past by sweating men who cracked their whips and yelled like demons.

At last the two herds were finally and safely separated, and a neutral belt, broad enough to prevent accidents, was cleared between them. In this belt the men gathered together, wiping their faces and panting, while the fine dust settled on their hair and mustaches and necks, and caked on the blood from the gored cattle with which each one of them was sickeningly besmeared. They were still shouting at one another, confusedly and brokenly, accounts of their several adventures when a horseman approached, a cool, trim figure, dressed in white, spotless, and assured.

"It 's the squatter," whispered the other foreman, and he and Bill turned together and saluted with respect the great landowner over whose station they were passing. His greeting in return was an enviable compound of pleasantness and dignity, which impressed itself on the boy, though he could not quite make out all its bewildering elements. The squatter talked to the two foremen for a few minutes in the way of sympathy, but apparently with the purpose of assuring himself that this incident, so troublesome a thing to happen on his land, was really over. When he had delicately obtained a certainty of this, he looked not relieved, for on his serene face there was no room for such an expression, but even more friendly than before. He kept up the conversation a little longer, and ended with the casual, half-muttered remark that he had given the local hotel-keeper ten pounds, to which extent the men were invited to refresh themselves and drink his health. Before they had quite understood, the galloping horse had carried him and his waving hand almost out of sight.

"A white man!" Bill said appreciatively.

"One of the right sort," his fellow added. They beckoned on their men.

The Help-Me-Through-The-World Hotel was a rough building with a roof of corrugated iron and a large public room, which its guests entered by way of a veranda. The men trooped into

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this, with Jacko at their heels, and found the proprietor setting out plates and corned beef and bread on a long trestle-table. He was a stout little cockney, full of a bustling assurance and readiness that seemed to cover a secret dread of these reckless wanderers, not yet assuaged by twenty years spent in the casual service of them and their likes. He had the half-jocular, half-truculent manner of an animal-tamer in the lions' cage.

"Come along, boys!" he shouted in a loud singsong, with an affability comically denied by the stoniness of his small eyes. "Come along! Dinner 's all ready! Thank Mr. Evans and fill yourselves up!"

The two gangs jostled round the table together, making friends and swapping stories of the march and of the day's adventure, and cannoning into one another good-humoredly as they made way for a pale, thin girl who had begun to carry round great mugs of beer. The buzz of voices swelled into a fluctuating and cheerful roar. Jacko, pushed to this side and that by boisterous drovers, fell back gradually to the door, where he stayed, leaning against the wall and feeling rather dismally out of it. The men of his own gang seemed to have forgotten him; the others had not noticed him. They were all chumming together with the violent friendliness of those who have only an hour or two for companionship and will not meet again for ten years, if ever at all. The boy understood with pain that he had been hardly more than a pet, and pets do sometimes get neglected when their masters have novel and more urgent interests. He was grateful when Bill shouted to him over his shoulder to help with cutting the beef. But as he settled to the job, hacking pieces of the dull-red slab, he felt a certain loneliness, a certain absurd pricking in the corners of his eyes.

Without looking round, he threw on to plates the ragged portions he cut, which the pale girl as quickly carried away. But presently, although he tried to absorb himself in his task, he became aware that some kind of disturbance was going on at his shoulder. He made an effort to ignore it, could not, and at last dropped the carving-knife and turned his head. In a corner of the room, in front of a window, hung a large wicker cage in which there was a magpie.

"Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-phee-phi-phee!" the magpie whistled. "Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-phee-phi!" over and over again, with a sort of idiotic cheerfulness, never once moving on its perch. Underneath the unconscious bird, Fatty Ryan, the cook of the boy's gang, was engaged in an only half friendly dispute with one of the strangers. Fatty was a round, pleasant man, by way of being the buffoon of the party, and in his feckless way he had been kind to Jacko. He was expostulating now with a foolish earnestness, waving his short, fat arms and puffing out the red bristles of a thin mustache. His opponent was a taller and leaner man whose irritation was no less obvious, but not quite so laughable.

"Let the bird be!" he repeated monotonously. "I like his singin'."

"I won't let the bird be," Fatty replied. "I 'll have him out of this!"

"Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-*phee*-phi!" came the uninterested obbligato of the magpie. Jacko tried to remember what the tune was, but could make nothing of it, though it seemed a little familiar.

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"I say you will!" cried the tall man.

"And I say I won't!" Fatty shouted, pushing his enemy. "Get away, you blasted tyrant! Have I come ten thousand miles to have my face ground by the like of you?"

"Gr-r-r, you Paddy!" muttered the tall man, astonished by the sudden jab in his stomach. And then he lifted his voice into an amazing whoop and yelled, "To hell with the pope!"

Fatty yelled as loud in answer, but inarticulately, his pale, blue eyes protruding from their sockets and his mustache bristling out straighter than ever.

"I say, what 's all this?" Bill cried, rising, and throwing down a bench. The noise drowned for a moment the voices of the two quarrelers. The other foreman rose at the same time and knocked into Bill as he came forward.

"What is it? What 's the matter? What the devil 's taken Fatty?" The men all got up from their seats at once, tumultuously. There was the loud smashing of a plate, and a jug of beer went over. The men surged round the magpie's cage, crowded together, lurching and swaying. Jacko was trodden on, recoiled abruptly, and was thrown to his knees by some one advancing behind him. He crouched on the floor, shielding his face with his hands.

A bewildering tangle of voices filled the room, with a sort of undertone of angry grunting and panting:

"Sit down!" "Don't be fools!" "Hit him in the eye!" "What is it?" "You leave Fatty alone!" They were all jumbled together, and in the midst of them the invisible Fatty could be heard screaming like a child in a temper. Another invisible person sang in a scraping voice, but with a sort of jovial malignity:

Up to your neck in Irish blood,
Up to your neck in slaughter!
The devil himself—

The singing descended abruptly into a groan of pain. Jacko, still on his knees, looked on with astonishment. Then the mass swayed forward, knocked him flat, and brought down the table with a crash. The magpie's cage was raised high in air on a forest of stretching arms and flew across the room to the door. The boy crawled through the stamping feet into a corner and picked himself up. His shoulder was soaked with beer, and a scrap of beef was sticking to his cheek. When his head had stopped reeling, the crowd was jammed tight in its unanimous effort to get out of the shanty. From its midst came the muttered sound of suppressed fury unable to translate itself into violence.

"Soak him one! Don't let 'em down us!" Suddenly, like an obstinate cork at last leaving a bottle, the mob burst into the open, and dispersed into straggling groups of twos and threes. Jacko followed, and saw with agony his foreman going down heavily under a blow from a man in the other gang. Fatty Ryan had been separated from his first enemy and was maintaining a hopeless battle against another, with a closing right eye and a cut forehead and raw knuckles. The boy caught his breath as he saw those reddened hands swing up once more, feeble, but indomitable, helpless to save Fatty's round, friendly face from the fists that pounded it again and again.

The fight spread over the flat ground in front of the shanty, and each one of the drovers seemed to have found an opponent from the other gang. Only

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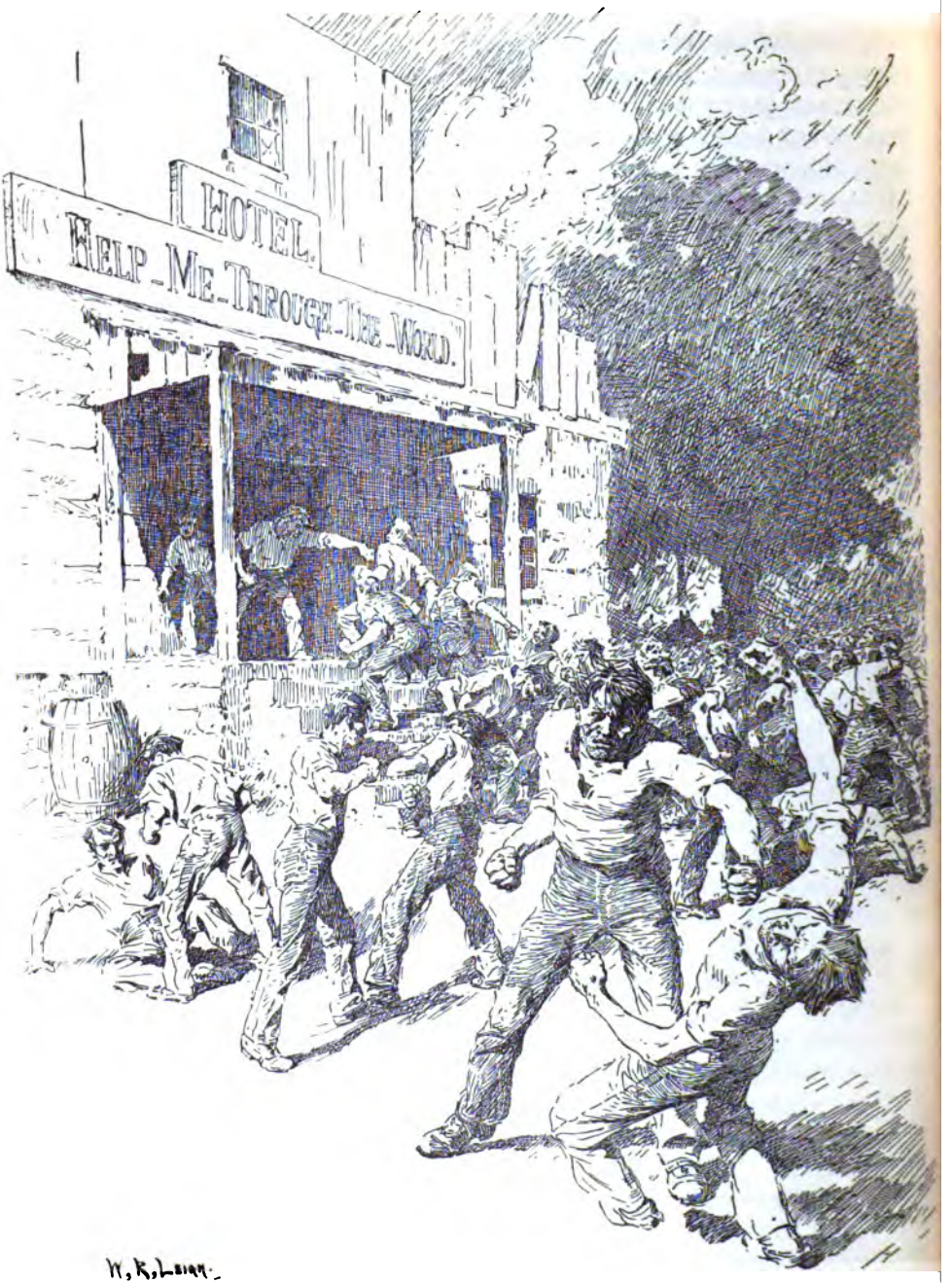

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the boy was left out, alone, terrified by this sudden outburst of causeless hatred and rage. His knees felt weak, and he sat down on the threshold of the hotel, clasping the lintel with painfully contracted fingers. His head swam, and he had odd sensations in his throat and in his stomach. He was not afraid for a moment that he himself might suffer in the conflict. His overwhelming dismay at the injuries his friends were giving and recieving shielded him from such alarms.

The sun had traveled up into the zenith, growing more and more powerful, until it seemed that its heat fused with and animated the blind anger of the mortals it contemptuously surveyed. To Jacko's eyes the scene was like a presentment of hell. The sky drove back his upturned glance as if with a red-hot hand smashed in his face. The air was thick with ocherous, stinging dust that the feet of men and cattle had churned up, and through this infernal haze the trunks of the tall, ring-barked gum-trees, lean and gray and dead, looked down on the senseless struggle as though they felt a sardonic superiority in their own stillness and death.

The boy's back ached, and his head went dizzily round: he felt that he was going to be sick. Couple after couple of frantic men danced grotesquely across his sight, their lips split, their noses crushed, squeezing from tired lungs raging grunts that were meant to be curses. Their own blood flowed red on their dingy singlets and made dark patches on their blue dungarees. His fingers let go of the doorpost and slid down over his knees. With hands helplessly scratching in the dust, he fought his restive stomach, while blurred, horrible colors moved in front of his eyes. Presently he sat up again, trembling all over, shaken, but relieved, the sweat standing coldly on his forehead, though the air was hotter than ever. But when he looked round with watering eyes, he saw Bill and his late opponent limping slowly toward the hotel, their arms linked in apparent friendliness.

"Come in and get us a drink, Jacko," Bill muttered cheerfully through his horribly swollen lips. He and his companion lurched through the door, squeezing close together rather than unlink their arms. Jacko stood up and stared about him. The battle was over; the mysterious angers which had provoked it were mysteriously spent. Some of the drovers were coming in, walking in twos and threes, as they had fought: some lay on their backs on the ground, panting out their exhaustion. All were covered with blood and bruises and caked with dust.

The boy went into the long room, his mind occupied by fantastic and unseizable thoughts. In a dream he fell once more to cutting meat and filling mugs. Soon the room was full again, and the voices volleyed from wall to wall like flights of vociferous birds. He carried round the plates and the beer, asking himself whether he had really seen what he had supposed. In a little while every man had what he wanted, and Bill called to Jacko to go and sit by his side. The boy obeyed gladly, and, as he sat down, heard the foreman swearing that it had been too hot and they were all too tired to go on long with that sort of game.

"You 're right," said his companion and recent enemy, with a solemn expression, taking a long draft of beer. He paused, regarded his mug thought-

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fully, and said again, with an air of judgment still more considered, "You are right." Bill pushed back his plate and puffed out an eloquent breath of contentment.

"Bill," said Jacko at last, in a low voice which was covered by the noisy talking—"Bill, what was it all about?"

"What was it all about?" Bill turned and regarded the questioner with lazy, replete astonishment. "Why, you know, it started with that bird."

"Yes, but why, Bill?"

The foreman seemed puzzled, and for a moment too lazy to give an explanation that required an effort of memory. At last he said:

"It was the tune, d' you see? Fatty 's an Irish papist and he could n't bear to sit in the same room with a magpie that whistled 'The Battle of the Boyne Water.' It 's like a red rag to a bull to them chaps. And the other chap 's an Orangeman from Belfast, so of course he would n't have the bird turned out."

"But why?" asked the boy.

"Don't ask me why," Bill answered profoundly.

The boy rocked back on the bench, drawing up his knees between his hands, and thought over these matters. But he was aware of something obscurely tugging at his consciousness and dragging his mind out of its reverie.

"Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-phee-phi-phee!"

What in the world could it be? But what could be these creatures who behaved so inexplicably and who were so friendly and so terrifying and so magnificent? He would understand one day, for one day he would be like them. His mind struggled with the problem and was again distracted.

"Phee-phi-phi-phee-phi-phee-phi!"

He remembered, and went quietly to the door. Outside, a few yards from the hotel, the wicker cage was lying on its side in the dust, so broken and twisted that it was no longer a prison. But the magpie was still sitting on the perch, whistling, without interest, the only tune it knew.

Prophecy

By ELINOR WYLIE

I shall lie hidden in a hut
  In the middle of an alder wood,
With the back door blind and bolted shut,
  And the front door locked for good.

I shall lie folded like a saint,
  Lapped in a scented linen sheet,
On a bedstead striped with bright-blue paint,
  Narrow and cold and neat.

The midnight will be glassy black
  Behind the panes, with wind about
To set his mouth against a crack
  And blow the candle out.

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The Tale of Tails

A Fable

By Lincoln Steffens

Drawings by O. E. Cesare

In the olden days of long, long ago, before men appeared on the earth, when the most promising people here were the monkeys, then, as now, there was trouble and a great struggle.

The tribes increased, the forests became overcrowded, the trees possessed. Some monkeys had to go to the ground. They hung on, clung on, clamored, fought. They howled till the wilderness was filled with their cries. And it was no use. There simply was not room for them all in the trees. More and more of them had to go under and stay under. And they did. And a strange thing happened.

The change of environment changed the habits of the down-and-outs, and the change of habits changed their ideas. They had to walk: so they said that walking was right; it was wrong to climb and cling.

"A monkey," they declared, "the noblest work of God [up till now]—no self-respecting monkey should scramble around on all fours. He should stand erect, and upright go his way."

And this became the mode. Especially among the younger monkeys, who could not find places in the trees, it was the fad to walk upright on the ground, under the broad branches where the older monkeys sat fat in possession. It was hard. Built to run on all fours, the walking apes had to brace themselves up with sticks, which they carried, first, as canes, afterward, as clubs. And even then, even with these props, they wearied of the unnatural pose and had to crawl off, sometimes on their hands and knees, to lie down and rest their aching backs.

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The common, sensible monkeys saw this and jeered. They pelted the cranks with gibes, with green or rotten fruit, and hard-shell nuts. And then, when the radicals defended themselves in kind, the conservatives got together and indignantly chased the trouble-makers off their very legs. They ran them up trees, whence the owners cast them down as trespassers.

This was persecution, and the persecution raised the new fashion into a cult. The cult became "a cause," something like a religion. And the symbol of the new order was the hidden tail.

The New Monkeys reasoned that, since climbing and clinging were wrong, and tails were useful only for climbing and clinging, it was wrong to have a tail; so they would not allow themselves to use or to show their tails. That, then, was the sign of the new Progressive movement—the hidden tail.

How the old-fashioned monkeys did laugh! And it was indeed ludicrous, because, of course, the new monkeys could not conceal their tails, not entirely. Tails were worn long and thick in that period, and when they were wound up, no matter how tight, they still showed somewhat. And they were awfully in the way. A bulky roll of painful tail made walking almost as awkward then as thinking is to-day. It was folly, the reactionaries said; it was carrying the thing too far; it was against monkey nature.

And the practical, old, successful monkeys, who saw the funny side of all this pretension and posturing, they felt the danger, too—the menace to respectable life in the safe and sane trees of their fathers. They did their best to check the growing evil. They reasoned with the leaders; they offered a few of them soft places on the lower limbs of old trees which bore little fruit, and some of the older, more trusted leaders of the discontented masses rose to these promotions and became successful and sensible. But there were agitators who could not be reasoned with, and there was always the low-down mob that wanted to pull all the monkeys in the world down to their own low level.

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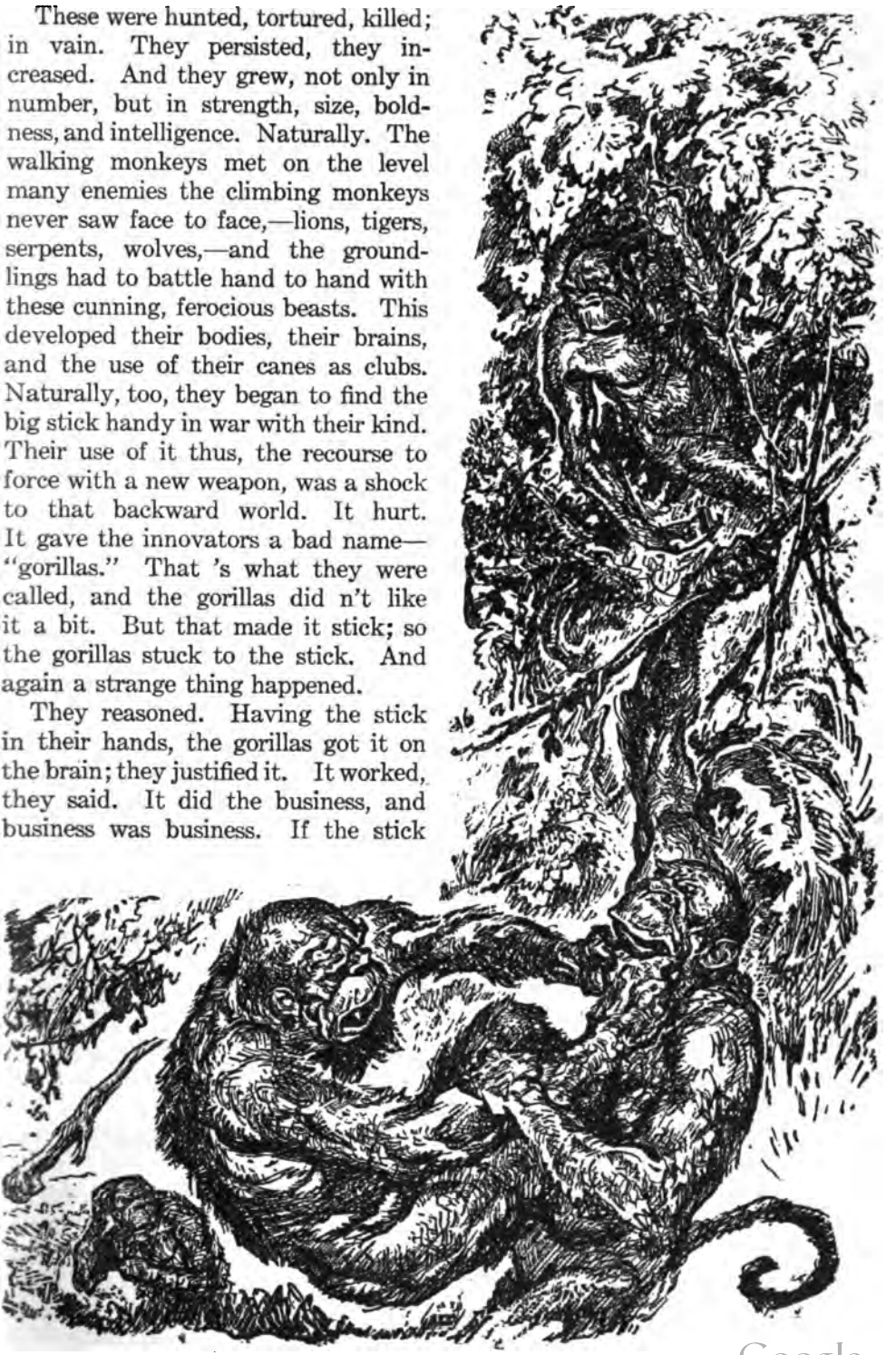
These were hunted, tortured, killed; in vain. They persisted, they increased. And they grew, not only in number, but in strength, size, boldness, and intelligence. Naturally. The walking monkeys met on the level many enemies the climbing monkeys never saw face to face,—lions, tigers, serpents, wolves,—and the groundlings had to battle hand to hand with these cunning, ferocious beasts. This developed their bodies, their brains, and the use of their canes as clubs. Naturally, too, they began to find the big stick handy in war with their kind. Their use of it thus, the recourse to force with a new weapon, was a shock to that backward world. It hurt. It gave the innovators a bad name—"gorillas." That 's what they were called, and the gorillas did n't like it a bit. But that made it stick; so the gorillas stuck to the stick. And again a strange thing happened.

They reasoned. Having the stick in their hands, the gorillas got it on the brain; they justified it. It worked, they said. It did the business, and business was business. If the stick



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struck the conservatives on a sensitive spot, it sent them scampering, screaming all up in the air. That spread confusion above, yes, but it cleared the ground for further progress. In other words, might made right.

The decent world was scandalized. The climbers lashed their tails to the topmost tree-tops, the lions and tigers lashed theirs in the air, the snakes stood pat on theirs and hissed their protests. It was immoral. Even the more upright of the upstanding monkeys would not, could not, stand for what the whole world denounced as gorilla warfare. No; they dropped their sticks, unfurled their hidden tails, and joined forces with the anti-force pacifists in the regular war to enforce law and order.

That settled it. This, the so-called parting of the ways, was the beginning of the end of the struggle. They could not see it so then; they were too near it all. Neither party grasped the full import of the crisis. They would not let one another alone; they wanted to "get together and agree." So they battled on, each side striving consistently for its own ideas, ideals, and principles. Right was right, as it is to-day. The radicals, outnumbered and beaten, went right on contending that monkeys,—not only they, the reds, but the whites also, and the browns and the blacks, all monkeys,—should let go, come down, and stand up, and lose their tails. While these, the conservatives, moderates, and liberals, kept right on repeating what was perfectly true.

A wise, old hundred-per-cent. monkey said it for all time. Sitting one day in his family tree, with his tail, his kin, and his kind close around him, he looked sadly down on the senseless struggle below, and he put into permanent form the public opinion of his age on all this hidden-tail business.

"Humph!" he grunted, "monkeys have got tails, monkeys always did have tails, and," waving his tail proudly, "monkeys always will have tails."

And he was everlastingly right. This happened eons ago, but monkeys still have tails. Those gorillas became men.

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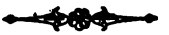
The American Gipsy

By KONRAD BERCOVICI, *Author of* "GHITZA"

Drawings by O. F. HOWARD



IN the last fifty years considerable attention has been paid by ethnologists, folklorists, and philologists to the Gipsies of Europe. The relation of Gipsies to the folk-lore of the world has been traced and followed in so many directions that it has formed a web in which the folk-lore of all the peoples with whom the Gipsies have come into contact is caught.

The practical religion of all European peasants and poor people, most of their customs, ceremonies, and superstitions, home medicines, frequently bordering on shamanism, were no doubt inspired, if not altogether conceived, by the Gipsies. Ever since their appearance in Europe, the Gipsies have been the colporteurs and disseminators of witchcraft, incantations, and a belief in their magic powers. It was largely due to this that the Gipsies were hated and persecuted in Europe by the established faiths and religions of the countries they visited. The peasants feared them, accusing them of the most unspeakable vices, but never hesitated to appeal to them in cases of disease among themselves or their cattle, and paid with gold and silver for the use of witchcraft against their enemies, for love-potions, hate-potions, ointments, and a thousand other things of like kind and value. At all times the European peasant has had a greater belief in the Gipsy's rain-bringing powers than in the prayers of the priests in days of drought.

Almost all the incantations of the Italians, Slavonians, Rumanians, and Bulgarians are of Gipsy origin. The fetishism of the peasantry of Europe and of a certain stratum of the population the world over, the belief in relics, in lucky stones, in rabbits' feet, in corpse candles, hemp ropes, and amulets, the thousand and one variations of customs and beliefs concerning the handling of a knife or the lighting of a match, the superstition against shadow-crossing, the reading of good fortune in sea-shells and cards—all these things and others of like character were given to the world by the Gipsies. It was they who infiltered

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all that into the people with whom they associated. They have uncanny powers of hypnotism, and their sensitiveness and nervousness is so contagious that one finds himself doing their bidding quite contrary to one's intelligence or previous decision.

If the study of folk-lore has done nothing else, it has demonstrated that a certain stratum of the population is never reached by the civilization of any given period. While the upper classes are continually going in a certain direction of improvement and development, the lower classes move so slowly that their upward movement is almost imperceptible, and is frequently entirely out of touch with the march of the upper classes. The gap between the two has never been bridged.

There are as many people to-day who believe in witchcraft and black magic as there were five hundred years ago; as many people who go to fortune-tellers to have them read the cards, the palms, or tell the future as seen in the bottom of an emptied coffee-cup; just as many who buy "dream books" and are convinced that certain men or women—the seventh-born daughter or son of a seventh-born father and mother especially—are able through certain incantations to obtain the favor of Beelzebub or any other good or evil spirit.

Whether the Gipsies themselves ever believed in the powers they professed to have is still a debatable question. From personal experience I know that they do not. I have heard many of them claim that a father or mother or a grandfather or some remote ancestor had had such supernatural powers. I have heard many of them claim that they acted in the belief that such supernatural powers were inherited by them. Some maintained that an ancestor high in Beelzebub's favor was supervising their actions from on high and helping them when they appealed and propitiated; but at no time have I heard a Gipsy tell another Gipsy that he actually communicated with Beelzebub, that he ever felt any contact with the supernatural. The Gipsy man or woman is the very last one to appeal to another Gipsy for supernatural help when in trouble. The hocus-pocus is practised only as a means to an end—to obtain money and to placate the peasants and other credulous people. For, while many Gipsies have been burned at the stake as witches, many have also been killed by the infuriated peasantry because they had not brought down rain in time of drought or had failed to stay the disease that killed their cattle or poultry. The European peasantry takes it for granted that every Gipsy has supernatural powers.

§ 2

Not all the Gipsies now living in Europe belong to one and the same race. It seems that at all times every nation has had a nomadic element, a remainder of the original nomadic instinct. A good many tribes of Italian zingaras are of pure Roman blood. The Spanish gitanos are of Moorish extraction. There are thousands of Croatians and Slavonians roaming through the Balkans in Gipsy fashion. The Romanichels in France are mostly of Alsatian origin. The Gipsies of England are as much Welsh as they are Irish, and the number of Gaelic or Celtic words in their language rivals any group of other words which they use.

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The original Gipsies appeared in Europe at about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is probable that they were of Hindu origin and were either exiled because of their religious beliefs or ran away from the persecution of Tamerlane, or Timur, the great Tatar conqueror who invaded India. As their origin was a mystery to Europe when they appeared on its Eastern plains, some German savant decreed that they were Egyptians. The popular corruption of the word "Egyptian" is the name by which they are now known the world over.

Three reasons are generally given for travel: necessity, pleasure, and accomplishment. Every Gipsy tribe can claim any and all of these three reasons. Except the peasants, who, by the very nature of their occupation, are compelled to remain in the same place, the rest of the people of every nation, whether artisans, merchants, or artists, are continually searching for some device or excuse to take them away from the places in which they happen to be.

The Gipsies are merely a lower stratum of this nomadic world, and because of that they have until recently used only primitive means of transportation and travel. But even they are now beginning, as we shall presently see, to use automobiles instead of horse-drawn wagons.

The slang of traveling salesmen, the argot of most of our travelers, is composed of all the languages now spoken, plus a number of invented words of mysterious origin that continually creep into every language. The lore of traveling salesmen, and the superstitions and fetishes that spring up from their journeying, would in themselves make a study as interesting as, if not more so than, a study of the Gipsy proper. No language can remain pure when other people than those born to it speak it. The train as

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well as the caravan is a corrupter of language.

The German slang contains a great number of Hebrew words. The French argot is burdened with the same. The Austrian *Waltzer* uses almost as much Sanscrit and Hebrew as the two others enumerated, and the slang of the American hobo contains part of all this, plus a number of Indian words and words the origin of which cannot be traced. The only difference is that in the case of the modern traveling element we have all the vices without any of the virtues of the Gipsy, and none of their poetry and song.

Extract the Gipsy element from European music, from Palestrina on through Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Schumann, and Liszt, and there remains as little of it worth listening to as in our American music. Almost the same could be said of the rest of European folk-lore. The Russian, Rumanian, Hungarian, and almost all Balkan lore is Gipsy. The manner in which the old Gipsies traveled lent itself to poetic inspiration, to song and melody; and as they were living by their wits, their wares were the stories and the songs, the products of their brains. One can hardly be inspired in an automobile or on a train. They are too rapid, too prosaic. One does not travel; one is only carried away. Even the old sailor ballads died with the advent of our modern sea-crossing palaces. The engines and the funnels have killed song. A sailor is no longer a sailor; he is a workingman. A caravan stopping in the forest, with its camp-fire, a group of horses pasturing near by, the stars above, is pictorially more beautiful than any steam-driven, electrically pulled vehicle. The leisure of caravan-traveling, the possible dangers, the small distances covered daily, the frequent stopping-places, and therefore the possible association with people on the road; the bathing in the rivers before fording them, and the thousand and one other occurrences weave themselves into poetry and song. Really, art has never even begun to pay its debt to the Gipsy.

§ 3

An old Spanish document urging the governor to punish the Gipsies for their relations with the Indians proves that there were Gipsies this side of the ocean as early as 1580. The governor, replying to his king, assured him he would comply with his request, but that he had until then been unable to find the Gipsies. It is very possible that these Gipsies, then in the Barbadoes, sought refuge with the Indians, intermarried, and were completely assimilated by the aborigines. Perhaps this might also account for some customs common to the American Indians and the Hindus.

In the seventeenth century, the Portuguese transported a number of Gipsies to Brazil, and in his book Dr. Moraes asserts that the whole Brazilian nation is strongly tinctured with Gipsy blood. At about the same time the French Government sent over a load of Gipsies to Louisiana. Whether these Gipsies were of real Hindu stock or Romanichels cannot be told now, but in time they became very wealthy, and assimilated themselves with the French living in Louisiana. A number of the French Gipsies intermarried with the mulattoes.

I have frequently met the descendents of partly mulatto-Gipsies. Their dialect contains a great number of

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French words, which they pronounce with the same accent as that of the Canadian French. In fact, the few tribes of these mulatto descendents that I met roamed through Canada, chiefly in the province of Quebec. As there are a number of Sanscrit words in the language of the Bretons, it is quite possible that the Sanscrit of these Gipsies could be traced to travels of their ancestors through Brittany. Curiously enough, all Gipsies, whether they are zingaras, gitanos, or tzigans, have a tendency to appropriate to their language words of Sanscrit origin that they meet in languages of other people.

The first English Gipsies that came over to this country were transported from Glasgow to a Virginia plantation on the ship *Greenock* in the year 1715. This first transport of English Gipsies formed the original stock from which sprung the great number of English-American Gipsies now living in the United States. Some of these early Gipsies settled in different States, and their descendants are now resident business men, especially in the horse-trade, in the principal cities of the Union. A curious document in Schenectady containing the charge of four pounds ten shillings for whipping Gipsies proves that torturing Gipsies was a lucrative business for the men in charge of the whipping-posts in Schenectady and elsewhere, for nowhere is any reason given for inflicting this punishment. There was the same cry against them here as in Europe; that their women were witches and their men thieves and poisoners of cattle and wells. If an epidemic happened to break out somewhere in New Jersey or Pennsylvania, and if there were Gipsies within a hundred miles, they were blamed for the epidemic and were severely punished.

The English Gipsies living here divide themselves into Irish clans and Scotch tribes. There is not much love lost between the clans and the tribes.

It is idle to speak of a Romany language common to these Gipsies. Not one fifth of the words are alike. The Romany of the clans is based on old Irish of a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago. A good deal of it is really "tinker's talk," and the Hindustani words that flow through the language are few and far between. The *ogam*, or secret language of these Gipsies, the so-called "deep" Romany, consists mostly of inverted old Irish words. So for instance *ad* (two) in Romany is inverted from *da* of the Irish. *Kam* (son) is inverted from the Irish Mac. *Nab* (white) is inverted from Irish *ban*, and so forth. This practice of inversion is used even to-day by the Gipsies. I have frequently been taken unaware by it, and thought I was hearing some new word, but when my attention was drawn to it, I discovered hundreds of words so inverted from English, French, German, Hebrew, and Spanish. The Hebrew words are especially cherished. It is because their meaning can more easily be kept secret from other people.

This particular childish practice is as common with other Gipsies, and I have no doubt that even the Hindustani dialect was frequently so inverted. The same thing is also to be found in thieves' slang of all nations. Known as it is that children also practise inversion of words to deceive grown-ups, it tends to prove a lower intelligence among the peoples using

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inversions as a secret language. We must not forget that the original Gipsies were tribes of "nutts," acrobats in India. The traveling acrobats of Europe to-day belong to the same fraternity that uses thieves' slang.

§ 4

Some time ago Mr. Cosgrave of the Sunday "World" called my attention to a Gipsy tribe then living in the Bronx which had got into trouble with the department of education because their children were not sent to school. I visited the tribe, which had just located itself in a vacant butcher store, and found that my friend Yanko, a Brazilian Gipsy, was in trouble with almost every authority in the United States. The department of health had come to criticize the living quarters when they were living in tents, and compelled them to rent rooms. The store in which they went to live was next to a rag-sorting establishment. The Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Children had taken away their children because they were improperly clad, and a number of other departments had swooped down upon the poor Gipsies, each for a different infraction of some rule. Yanko was a good coppersmith, and as coppersmiths were then in demand, he was making a good income. Unable to get his children back from the S. P. C. C., he quit his job and disappeared, leaving his wife and children in a precarious situation. The women of Yanko's household, three in all, young and noisy and beautiful, would not tell any one where Yanko had gone or when he would return.

In due time the children were discharged from the hospitals, and, clad in conventional garb, they were sent to school to comply with the demands of the authorities. I visited the tribe three weeks later. Yanko had still failed to put in an appearance. The women were very nervous and cried. Yanko was the only male in the family. The three women said they were sisters. I was beginning to suspect that the unusual had happened, and that the Gipsy man had left his family when in trouble and was hiding. But one day when I arrived at the store, Yanko was loading his family into a big van to which he had hitched two newly bought horses, and was taking to the road again. While, before they were compelled to go to school, all the children had been strong and healthy despite the scanty clothing they wore in winter days, it was pitiful to see the pale faces and haggard eyes of the same children after their few months of civilization. I shall never forget the ill-smelling carpet the Gipsy women had been advised to put on the floor by some woman of a welfare committee in order that she might be able to report that she had succeeded in civilizing Gipsies.

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Although the women and Yanko had full confidence in me, none of them would tell me where they intended to go, and Yanko would not even tell me where he had been. A year later I happened to meet the tribe again near Boston, and only then did Yanko confide to me where he had been during his absence from New York. He had gone to warn a number of other tribes who were on the road against coming to New York. It took him three months before he accomplished that, but Yanko never regretted it. He was in mortal fear lest the authorities, in compelling the children of the Gipsies to go to school, might thus destroy the race. Two weeks of life in a "home" had been enough for Yanko.

Meanwhile one of Yanko's children had died, and the family was absolutely sure, and I am inclined to believe it to be so, that the child died because of her experience with civilization. The other child, however, was again looking well, happy in her dirty clothes and bare feet, and was making considerable show with the few letters she could recognize in a printed book. She made her people believe she was actually reading fairy-tales from the book. She was inventing them as she went along, most of them such fairy-tales as she had heard and that would occur only to a Gipsy child.

The same dread of school is to be observed in the Rumanian Gipsies, of which several thousands are now living in the United States and Canada. It is the principal reason why they do not stay longer than they do in or around any of the larger cities, though these larger places offer greater earning possibilities for them. Gipsy musicians in the larger cities live in regular apartment-houses and send their children to school, but the mortality among both adults and children is appalling.

With the English Gipsies the case is slightly different, for I have met among them a number of women and girls who could read and write. The men were almost always illiterate. Indeed, one of the women, Terna O'Hara, belonging to the O'Hara clan, one of the oldest in the United States, is so greatly interested in the history of her own clan and in Gipsies in general that she obtained from libraries and bought or otherwise obtained a number of books on Gipsy lore, which she read. It was Terna who first told me that Sir Richard Burton, the great English explorer, had been a Gipsy. She also claimed Charles Lamb and a number of other English authors as Gipsies. According to Terna, there hardly ever has been a man or woman worth while who did not have Gipsy blood. But just because of her great accomplishments, Terna is the least reliable on the subject of Gipsy lore. She has a very lively imagination. The ballads she sings, and for which she claims old

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Romany origin, are apocryphal; when not, they are strongly tinged with that which she has read at various times. Terna has learned Romany from a dictionary of the Romany language she bought in a book-store.

§ 5

There are now about twelve thousand English-American Gipsies in the United States and Canada. In the last few years most of them have abandoned the old mode of travel, and are using motor-lorries and large cars instead of horse-drawn tent-wagons. And just as their means of transportation, their horses, were formerly the object of their trade, so to-day most of these Gipsies deal in second-hand automobiles. They are just as clever in selling automobiles as they were in selling horses and are as good mechanicians of a sort as they were veterinaries. Not long ago, while near Cleveland with one of the Smith tribes, I saw an old Ford car in the morning become a Chevrolet at noontime, a Pierce-Arrow before nightfall, an hour after breakfast the following day it was a Rolls-Royce, and the evening of the same day a Ford again! The four or five operations of trading which these changes necessitated netted my friend Smith over five hundred dollars. And he still had a Ford! Sam Smith was not the only trader of his camp. There were five other men on the road with automobiles. He had eighteen different bank-accounts in banks in the principal cities from New York to the Pacific coast. The smallest of these accounts was eighteen hundred dollars, and the largest, ten thousand dollars. The women of Smith's tribe did no trading, fortune-telling, or basket-weaving. They took care of the kitchen and children. They dressed in gaudy colors, and the heavy braids of their lustrous hair, parted in the middle, were plaited with gold pieces. Their necks were virtually covered with chains of white gold and pearls. They wore twenty-dollar shoes and four-dollar stockings and believed in the "Good Book," which they quoted malapropos very frequently. I have seldom seen women treated with more consideration by their men. The cheek-bones of the females of the tribe were just a trifle higher than those of the men, and there was a curious tinge of blue in their lips and about their nostrils.

From Terna O'Hara I learned that the Smiths, who belonged to the original transport of Gipsies from Glasgow, had Indian blood in them. Some great Indian chief who had sinned against the law had come to live in their fold. I am inclined to believe Terna this time, for she does not think much of the Indians and she hates the Smiths.

Every other year the O'Hara clans of Gipsies meet somewhere outside of Atlanta, Georgia. There in a privately owned cemetery they bury their dead. No matter where an O'Hara man or woman dies, the body is prepared and shipped to an undertaker in Atlanta, who keeps it embalmed until the general meeting of the clans. No amount of coaxing could make any of the O'Haras tell me the reason for this curious custom. Not even after I had pointed out that a good deal of their common earnings was given to the undertaker would they tell me any reason for the custom. But one day Terna told me the secret: John O'Hara was buried

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there. John O'Hara is looked upon by the rest of the O'Haras as a sort of prophet. And all those buried near him, the version is, will rise together with him on the great day when all

the dead are resurrected. Then, as all the O'Haras will be together while the people of all the other nations will be scattered all over the country, the O'Haras, as the strongest, will rule the world.

A few days later I told the story to a man of the O'Hara tribe. He became very angry and told me that I had *mokered* (spoiled) our friendship and had forced out of Terna's *rusta* (lips) *lavs* (words) she had had no business to tell me. *"Dik abri!"* ("Look out!") he called after me in warning. "You know too much." Whether what Terna told me was true or not, it has cost me my friendship with that particular O'Hara tribe. But the beauty and simplicity of the story are worth even that price.

§ 6

The old accusation against the Gipsies, the stealing of children, probably rests upon the fact that whenever Gipsies stop anywhere, the children of the neighborhood, their nomadic instinct being awakened, are so attracted to their camp that they follow the caravans, frequently hide in their wagons, and, becoming alarmed, very soon return home with the tale that they had been stolen by the Gipsies and had made a miraculous and heroic escape. The romantic and nomadic instinct of children in general has cost the Gipsies much blood and is responsible for a good deal of the persecution against them the world over. Sometimes a mother, during a child's absence, raises the cry that the Gipsies have taken her child away. It sometimes happens that the older and more adventurous children do follow the camp for a length of time, but I know of only very rare instances both here and in Europe in which the Gipsies did not do their utmost, and succeeded, to dissuade those adventurous spirits from staying with them. The Gipsy families are usually so numerous that they have no need of the children of white men. Children are an encumbrance, a nuisance, and useless mouths are not desirable in caravan life.

A curious instance of mob hysteria was witnessed by me some time ago. A band of Gipsies had camped near Plainfield for a few days. On the morning that they left, in fact within the hour that they had left camp, a woman keeping a general store in the village had raised the cry that her little six-year-old girl had been stolen by the Gipsies. In less than five minutes all the neighbors were on the road with pitchforks, axes, and shot-guns, intent upon following the Gipsies and punishing the misdeed. No one seemed to know the direction the caravan had taken. Each one

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took a different route at top speed. All the time the child was standing near the pump in front of her own home. Nearly every one, including the mother, had passed her by! But so hypnotized were they by the old belief that Gipsies kidnapped children, they did not see her, although she was making quite as much noise as the rest of the people. "I thought it was Lisby standing there," the mother explained when the child was shown to her; but Lisby was fully four years older and was herself one of the mob.

While the Brazilian and the Rumanian Gipsies living in this country travel continually and are as likely to be found at a certain period of the year in Florida as in California, in Colorado, or in New York, the English-American Gipsies are more insular. They frequently keep within one State for years at a time. Indeed, the Louisiana Gipsies seldom go out of their State, and I have met several tribes of French Romanichels around Providence who had for generations been camping within a radius of fifty miles, and were as well known in the neighborhood as the baker's delivery-wagon. Everybody knew all the Gipsies and called them by their first names. This particular tribe traded in cattle with the farmers and had become so commercialized and modern that they even offered credit and held notes from the farmers. They owned houses and farms, which they rented to others while they themselves lived in tent-wagons. One of them, Jan Defour, had sent his daughter to college and had ambitious plans for her. He wanted her to become a teacher, claiming that she had the best *sherro* (head) in the world, and that this was to be his *bitchapen* (contribution) to his tribe. Like some of the more ambitious peasants, Defour had set his mind on giving an education to his daughter, no matter what the cost. His sons did not need education, he claimed, but it was good for women. Yet despite this modern-

ism, Defour believed in Periani, the bearer of thunder, and was as afraid of Lilith, the mother of all goblins, as any other Gipsy I ever met. His daughter, too, was very superstitious and believed she failed at her exams because she had stepped out of the room with her left foot first. But this should not be counted for much against Defour and his tribe. It should be remembered that blessed candles were sold in one of the churches in Philadelphia as late as 1880, and the buyers of those candles were assured by the clergymen that they would cure all disorders of the throat.

While European Gipsies are frequently polygamists, and I have occasionally met polyandric tribes, the morals of the English-American Gipsy are as conventional as those of the rest of the world. The young

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duduye (girl) of the English-American Gipsy seldom marries before eighteen. She is not at all like her Brazilian or Rumanian sister, who is with *cavo* (child) before she is twelve years old, and looks like an old woman before she has reached twenty.

If we were to look at the Gipsy from a certain point of view, we might say that the English-American Romany is a more civilized being. But as Gipsy he is below par. His poetry, as shown in his ballads, is artistically far below that of any other Gipsy. His musical ability is absolutely nil. The English-American Gipsies neither play any instruments nor sing. They have perhaps much more wit and a better sense of humor than other Gipsies, a twinkling repartee and flash very much like the Irish, but of poetry and music there is hardly any trace. They are very good traders, but very bad story-tellers. They are personally much cleaner than the zingara, but much less picturesque. They have an eye for the practical. The men dress as inconspicuously and as conventionally as possible. The love of color and adornment is still to be found with the women, but lately very sober gray and Scotch plaid have taken the place of the multi-colored, richly pleated skirts. The *guli romni* is in the process of becoming a lady.

The old trade of silversmith has almost completely died out among American Gipsies. The ornaments that the women now wear are bought in the five- and ten-cent stores or in the jewelry-shops of the villages they pass. Some sort of Romany is still spoken by the older ones. The younger generation uses only a sprinkling of Romany words in their English. Most of the time these words are really not Romany at all, but, as I have previously shown, inversions of English and international slang. In Toledo, Ohio, and that neighborhood several of the women have recently gone to work in shops and factories.

§ 7

Yet one need not think that the Gipsy is disappearing in America. On the contrary, if the nomadic life is the essential of the Gipsy, the number of people living such life is increasing daily. One meets on the highroads from New York to the Pacific coast freshly formed caravans of recently arrived immigrants of all nationalities taking to the road. I have met whole families of Jewish peddlers living the Gipsy life as they traveled and sold their wares. I have met several ambulant Italian barbers and their families traveling from village to village, plying their trade as they went along; a number of tinkers, welders, coppersmiths, and a good many for whom the eighteenth amendment has opened the purses of villagers and farmers. While in Ohio recently I found one morning a camp of negroes who traveled in a big motor-lorry. The men were dancing cake-walks on the street corners for the amusement of the villagers and for pay, and the women were attempting to tell fortunes and sell baskets and amulets. When I questioned Sandro, telling him that I had never before seen colored people camp outdoors in that fashion, he answered with pride, "We is n't colored people any moh; we is Gipsies."

Some of the Croatians and Slavonians who came here years ago to work in the mines have, after a year or two of that existence, changed their mode

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of life and have returned to the making of rat-traps, bread-baskets, and other domestic necessities, which they fashion out of steel and copper wire, hawking their wares as they travel through village streets and farming regions. A few families get together, purchase two horses and a rickety wagon, and with a milch goat tied behind, a dog running alongside, with a few rolls of wire, a few pincers, the family is provided with food and shelter.

During the first year or so these freshly formed Gipsy tribes do not go out of the State they happen to be in. Frequently, it is only because they want to be near their church, to be certain of proper baptism and proper burial. But soon a more venturesome spirit takes the lead,—for even the smallest and the newest Gipsy tribe is not without its chief,—and the sphere of action is widened. Superstitions take the place of religion. A woman, remembering a few incantations, which she combines with the strangest remedies, takes the place of the doctor. The words they pick up on the road from the occasional tribes of Gipsies they meet are incorporated into their language; an intermarriage with a colored man or woman who joins the tribe, and a generation later we have a new kind of Gipsy. Once this form of life has been tasted and tested by people who formerly lived in the open, by people of more recent emergence from primitivity, they can never again go back to work in mines and factories.

The number of Gipsying people is increasing from year to year. Especially is this the case where families have gone from the East to the Pacific coast because of their health. The ease with which one can travel now because of automobiles, and the possibility of making a living while on the open road in peddling different things, have made this sort of life more and more attractive to a greater number of people who never would have thought of it before.

Life in the open has a tendency to breed curious customs, some of which hark back to the days of paganism, and some of which are invented by the more imaginative members of traveling families for purely poetic reasons. Other customs are imitative ones. While visiting recently with a Gipsy tribe which had come here from England only a few years ago, I remarked that one of the women was blessing candles every Friday night and making a number of mysterious passes with her hands over them while so doing. The candles were then allowed to burn overnight, and what remained of them was carefully preserved. Upon inquiry I discovered that one of the women had at one time been a wet nurse in a Jewish family where she had seen the custom of candle-blessing on Friday. Suspecting that it was probably some means of propitiating the evil one and calling down the blessings of the Great One, as she put it, she brought the custom to her people.

Every year a greater number of Gipsies immigrate to this country from Europe. Every year a greater number of them cross the Rio Grande into the United States. Every year a greater number of people take to the road. A certain fusion among all these people living the same manner of life is inevitable. A beginning of that can already be seen. Truly, only a very slight beginning, but a beginning nevertheless. With the

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passing of a few generations we shall have an entirely new type of Gipsy, just as the fusion of the rest of the people living in America is evolving a new type of American.

Once we are no longer afraid of them, because of our own freedom from superstitions, and when we no longer believe in witchcraft and accuse the Gipsies of kidnapping, we shall tolerate them as the nomadic element of our population. It is hardly conceivable that they will ever be completely absorbed. In a certain sense they will remain as apart from the rest of the population as our negroes and our Indians. And when they have ceased to be material for our poets and curious objects for ethnologists and folklorists, we shall completely lose interest in them. By that time the electrically pulled caravan-wagon will be a traveling palace, with desk and typewriter and a regular system of bookkeeping in charge of the younger Gipsy ladies; and there will be no more song among them than there is to-day among the negroes working as elevator-operators or factory hands in the large cities. In a measure the Gipsy will be civilized, but the loss of his freedom will be largely felt by the permanently resident population, who will no longer be able to live even vicariously the nomadic life of their prehistoric ancestors.

It has been made plain, I think, that the term "Gipsy," as now applied, should be understood not wholly as a racial name, but as a term meaning a people living a nomadic life in caravans. In whatever land the Gipsy has appeared he has proved a magnet, drawing out the latent nomadic instinct of certain native folk, who have either followed after him or aped his wandering habits. This non-Gipsy element justifies "Gipsy" as a covering term for all who turn nomad to satisfy the eternal wanderlust. It is contrary to fact to believe that we are less nomadic than our prehistoric ancestors. As a matter of fact, most of human ingenuity and invention was and is applied to make travel easier, more comfortable, and more rapid. Whether we use caravan-wagons, automobiles, trains, or flying-machines, and whether we give different excuses for these travels, at bottom the real reason is the same nomadic instinct that drives the Gipsy from place to place.

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The Young Romantics

An Interpretative Survey of Recent Fiction

By Henry Seidel Canby

We have talked about the younger generation as if youth were a new phenomenon that had to be named and described, like a strange animal in the Garden of Eden. No wonder that our juniors have become self-conscious and have begun to defend themselves. Nevertheless, the generation born after the eighties has had an experience unique in our era. It has been urged, first by men and then by events, to discredit the statements of historians, the pictures of poets and novelists, and it has accepted the challenge. The result is a literature which speaks for the younger writers better, perhaps, than they speak for themselves, and this literature no reader of the 1920's whose brain is still flexible can afford to neglect; for to pass by youth for maturity is sooner or later to lose step with life.

In recent decades the novel especially, but also poetry, has drifted toward biography and autobiography. The older poets, who yesterday were the younger poets, such men as Masters, Robinson, Frost, Lindsay, have passed from lyric to biographic narrative; the younger poets more and more write of themselves. In the novel the trend is even more marked. An acute critic, Mr. Wilson Follett, has recently noted that the novel of class or social consciousness, which only ten years ago those who teach literature were discussing as the latest of late developments, has already given way to a vigorous rival. It has yielded room, if not given place, to the novel of the discontented person. The young men, and in a less degree the young women, especially in America, where the youngest generation is, I believe, more vigorous than elsewhere, have taken to biographical fiction. Furthermore, what began as biography, usually of a youth trying to discover how to plan his career, has drifted more and more toward autobiography —an autobiography of discontent.

There is, of course, nothing particularly new about biographical fiction. There is nothing generically new about the particular kind of demi-autobiographies that the advanced are writing just now. The last two decades have been rich in stories that need only a set of notes to reveal their approximate faithfulness to things that actually happened. But there is an emphasis upon revolt and disillusion and confusion in these latest novels that is new. They are no longer on the defensive, no longer stories of boys struggling to adapt themselves to a difficult world (men of forty-odd still write such stories); their authors are on the offensive, and with a reckless desire to accomplish their objectives, they shower us with such a

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profusion of detail, desert the paths of use and want in fiction so freely, and so often disregard the comfort, not to speak of the niceties, of the reader, that "the young realists" has seemed a fair, although, as I think, a misleading title, for their authors. To a critic they are most interesting, for the novel of the alleged young realist is like a fresh country boy on a foot-ball field, powerful, promising, and utterly wasteful of its strength.

§ 2

American literature in 1920 and 1921 has been especially rich in such novels. There was, for example, Fitzgerald's ragged, but brilliant, "This Side of Paradise," which conducted aimless and expansive youth from childhood through college. There was the much more impressive "Main Street," biographic in form, but with teeth set on edge in revolt. There was the vivid and ill-controlled sex novel "Erik Dorn," and Evelyn Scott's "The Narrow House," in which the miseries of a young girl caught in the squalid and the commonplace had their airing. There is Stephen Benét's "The Beginning of Wisdom," where the revolt is a poet's, and the realist's detail selected from beauty instead of from ugliness; and Aikman's "Zell," in which youth rubs its sore shoulders against city blocks instead of university quadrangles. There is Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," in which the boy hero is crushed by the war machine his elders have made. There was Floyd Dell's notable "Moon-Calf." These are type examples, possibly not the best, certainly not the worst, drawn from the workshops of the so-called young realists.

What is the biography of this modern youth? His father, in the romantic nineties, usually conquered the life of his elders, seldom complained of it, never spurned it. His son-in-the-novel is born into a world of intense sensation, usually disagreeable. Instead of a *Peter Ibbetson* boyhood, he encounters disillusion after disillusion. At the age of seven or thereabout he sees through his parents and characterizes them in a phrase. At fourteen he sees through his education and begins to dodge it. At eighteen he sees through morality and steps over it. At twenty he loses respect for his home town, and at twenty-one discovers that our social and economic system is ridiculous. At twenty-three his story ends because the author has run through society to date and does not know what to do next. Life is ahead of the hero, and presumably a new society of his own making. This latter, however, does not appear in any of the books, and for good reasons.

In brief, this literature of the youngest generation is a literature of revolt, which is not surprising, but also a literature characterized by a minute and painful examination of environment. Youth, in the old days, when it rebelled, escaped to romantic climes or adventurous experience from a world which some one else had made for it. That is what the hacks of the movies and the grown-up children who write certain kinds of novels are still doing. But true youth is giving us this absorbed examination of all possible experiences that can come to a boy or girl who does not escape from every-day life, this unflattering picture of a world that does not fit, worked out with as much evidence as

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if each novel were to be part of a brief of youth against society. Indeed, the implied argument is often more important than the story, when there is a story. And the argument consists chiefly of "*this* happened to me," "I saw *this* and did not like it," "I was driven to *this* or *that*," until the mass of circumstantial incident and sensation reminds one of the works of Zola and the scientific naturalists who half a century ago tried to put society as an organism into fiction and art.

No better example has been given us than Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," a book that would be tiresome (and is tiresome to many) in its night after night and day after day crammed with every possible unpleasant sensation and experience that three young men could have had in the A. E. F. And that the experiences recorded were unpleasant ones, forced upon youth, not chosen by its will, is thoroughly characteristic. If it had not been for the rebellious pacifism in this book, it is questionable whether readers who had not been in France, and so could not relish the vivid reality of the descriptions, would have read to the end.

The cause of all this is interesting, more interesting than some of the results. The full result we can scarcely judge yet, for despite signs of power and beauty and originality, only one or two of these books, "Main Street," perhaps, and "Moon-Calf," have reached artistic maturity; but we can prepare to comprehend it.

§ 3

Here, roughly, is what I believe has happened, and if I confine my conclusions to fiction, it is not because I fail to realize that the effects are and will be far broader.

The youths of our epoch were born and grew up in a period of criticism and disintegration. They were children when the attack upon orthodox conceptions of society succeeded the attack upon orthodox conceptions of religion. We know how "the conflict between religion and science" reverberated in nineteenth-century literature and shaped its ends. The new attack was quite different. Instead of scrutinizing a set of beliefs, it scrutinized a method of living. Insensibly, the intelligent youth became aware that the distribution of wealth and the means of getting it were under attack; that questions were raised as to the rights of property and the causes and necessity of war. Soon moral concepts began to be shaken. He learned that prostitution might be regarded as an economic evil. He found that sex morality was regarded by some as a useful taboo; psychology taught him that repression could be as harmful as excess; the collapse of the Darwinian optimists, who believed that all curves were upward, left him with the inner conviction that everything, including principle, was in a state of flux. And his intellectual guides, first Shaw, and then, when Shaw became *vieux jeu*, Gourmont, favored that conclusion.

Then came the war, which at a stroke destroyed his sense of security and with that his respect for the older generation that had guaranteed his world. Propaganda first enlightened him as to the evil meanings of imperialistic politics, and afterward left him suspicious of all politics. Cruelty and violent change became familiar.

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He had seen civilization disintegrate on the battle-field, and was prepared to find it shaky at home.

Then he resumed, or began, his reading and his writing. His reading of fiction and poetry, especially when it dealt with youth, irritated him. The pictures of life in Dickens, in "The Idylls of the King," in the Henty books, in the popular romantic novels and the conventional social studies, did not correspond with his pictures. They in no sense corresponded with the descriptions of society given by the new social thinkers whose ideas had leaked through to him. They did not square with his own experience. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" rang false to a member of the 26th Division. Quiet stories of idyllic youth in New England towns jarred upon the memories of a class-conscious youngster in modern New York. Youth began to scrutinize its own past, and then to write, with a passionate desire to tell the real truth, all of it, pleasant, unpleasant, or dirty, regardless of narrative relevance.

The result was this new naturalism, a propaganda of the experience of youth, where the fact that mother's face was ugly, not angelic, is supremely important, more important than the story, just because it was the truth. And as the surest way to get all the truth is to tell your own story, every potential novelist wrote his own story, enriching it, where sensation was thin, from the biographies of his intimates. Rousseau was reborn without his social philosophy. Defoe was reincarnated, but more anxious now to describe precisely what happened to him than to tell an effective tale.

This is a very different kind of truth-telling from, let us say, Mrs. Wharton's in "The Age of Innocence" or Zona Gale's in "Miss Lulu Bett." It does not spring from a desire to tell the truth about human nature. These asserters of youth are not much interested in any human nature except their own, not much, indeed, in that, but only in the friction between their ego and the world. It is passionate truth, which is very different from cool truth; it is subjective, not objective; romantic, not classical, to use the old terms which few nowadays except Professor Babbitt's readers understand. Nor is it the truth that Wells, let us say, or, to use a greater name, Tolstoy was seeking. It is not didactic or even interpretative, but only the truth about the difference between the world as it is and the world as it was expected to be; an impressionistic truth; in fact, the truth about *my* experiences, which is very different from what I may sometime think to be the truth about mankind.

§ 4

It will be strange if nothing very good comes from this impulse, for the purpose to "tell the world" that my vision of America is startlingly different from what I have read about America is identical with that break with the past which has again and again been prelude to a new era. I do not wish to discuss the alleged new era. Like the younger generation, it has been discussed too much and is becoming evidently self-conscious. But if the autobiographical novel is to be regarded as its literary herald (and they are all prophetic Declarations of Independence), then we may ask what has the new generation given us so far in the way of literary art.

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Apparently the novel and the short story, as we have known them, are to be scrapped. Plot, which began to break down with the Russians, has crumbled into a maze of incident. You can no longer assume that the hero's encounter with a Gipsy in Chapter II is preparation for a tragedy in Chapter XXIX. In all probability the Gipsy will never be heard from again. She is irrelevant except as a figment in the author's memory, as an incident in autobiography. Setting, the old familiar background, put on the story like wall-paper on a living-room, has suffered a sea change also. It comes now by flashes, like a movie-film. What the ego remembers, that it describes, whether the drip of a faucet or the pimple on the face of a subway conductor. As for character, there is usually but one, the hero; for the others live only as he sees them, and fade out when he looks away. If he is highly sexed, like *Erik Dorn*, the other figures appear in terms of sex, just as certain rays of light will bring out only one color in the objects they shine against.

The novel, in fact, has melted and run down into a diary, with sometimes no unity except the personality whose sensations are recorded. Many of us have wished to see the conventional story forms broken to bits. It was getting so that the first sentence of a short story or the first chapter of a novel gave the whole show away. We welcomed the English stories of a decade ago that began to give the complexities of life instead of the conventions of a plot. But this complete liquidation rather appals us.

It is not surprising that, having given up plot, these writers escape from other restraints also. The more energetic among them revel in expression, and it seems to make little difference whether it is the exquisite chiaroscuro of Chicago they are describing, or spots on a greasy apron. The less enthusiastic are content to be as full of gritty realistic facts as a fig of seeds; but with all of them everything from end to beginning, from bottom to top, must be said.

And just here lies the explanation of the whole matter. As one considers the excessive naturalism of the young realists and asks just why they find it necessary to be so excessively, so effusively realistic, the conviction is inborn that they are not realists at all as Hardy, Howells, even James were realists; they are romanticists of a deep, if not the deepest, dye, even the heartiest lover of sordid incident among them all.

The novels I have mentioned so far in this article have all together not enough plot to set up one lively Victorian novel. Benét, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald—the flood-gates of each mind have been opened, and all that the years had dammed up bursts forth in a deluge of waters, carrying flotsam and jetsam and good things and mud.

I am aware, of course, that "romantic" is a dangerous word, more overworked than any other in the vocabulary of criticism, and very difficult to define. But in contrast with its opposites it can be made to mean something definite. Now, the romanticism of the juniors is not the opposite of realism; it sometimes embraces realism too lovingly for the reader's comfort. But it is the opposite of classicism. It is emotional expansiveness as contrasted with the classic doctrine of measure and re-

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straint. By this, the older meaning of romanticism, we may put a tag upon the new men that will help to identify them. Their desire is to free their souls from the restraints of circumstance, to break through rule and convention, to let their hearts expand.

But they do not fly into Byronic melancholy or Wordsworthian enthusiasm for the mysterious abstract; they are far more likely to fly away from them. Byron and Wordsworth do not interest them, and Tennyson they hate. Romantic in mood, they are realistic, never classical, in their contact with experience. In poetry they prefer free verse, in prose they eschew grand phrases and sonorous words. It has been the hard realism of an unfriendly world that has scraped them to the raw, and they retaliate by vividly describing all the unpleasant things they remember. Taught by the social philosophers and war's disillusions that Denmark is decaying, they do not escape to Cathay or Bohemia, but stay at home and passionately narrate what Denmark has done to them. Romantic Zolas, they have stolen the weapons of realism to fight the battle of their ego. And the fact that a few, like Ben Hecht, Dos Passos, and Stephen Benét, pause in their naturalism to soar into idyllic description or the rapture of beauty merely proves my point, that they are fundamentally romantics seeking escape, and that autobiographical realism is merely romanticism *à la mode.*

Let us criticize it as such, remembering that we may be reading the first characteristic work of a new literary era. Let us give over being shocked. Those who were shocked by Byron, the apostle of expansiveness, merely encouraged him to be more shocking. Nor is it any use to sit upon the hydrant of this new expansiveness. If a youth desires to tell the world what has happened to him, he must be allowed to do so, provided he has skill and power enough to make us listen. And these juniors have power even when skill has not yet been granted them. What is needed is a hose to stop the waste of literary energy, to conserve and direct it. Call for a hose, then, as much as you please, but do not try to stop the waters with your Moses's rod of conservative indignation.

§ 5

It is no crime to be a romantic,—it is a virtue, if that is the impulse of the age,—but it is a shame to be a wasteful romantic. Waste has always been the romantic vice—waste of emotion, waste of words, the waste that comes from easy profusion of sentiment and the formlessness that permits it. Think of "The Excursion," of Southey, and the early poems of Shelley, of Scott at his wordiest. And these writers also are wasteful, in proportion to their strength.

They waste especially their imagination. Books like "The Three Soldiers" spill over in all directions—spill into poetry, philosophy, into endless conversation, and into everything describable. Books like "The Beginning of Wisdom" are still more wasteful. Here is the poignant biography of a boy who loves his environment even when it slays him, plus a collection of prose idylls, plus a group of poems, plus a good piece of special reporting, plus an assortment of brilliant letters; and imbedded in the mass, like a thread of gold in a

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tangle of yarn, as fresh and exquisite a love-story as we have had in recent English. Of course I do not mean that all these elements cannot be woven into, made relevant to, a theme, a story. Stendhal, himself a romantic, as these men are romantics, could do it. But our romantics do not so weave them; they fling them out as contributions to life's evidence, they fail to relate them to a single interpretation of living, and half of the best incidents are waste, and clog the slow-rolling wheels of the story.

They waste their energy also. So keenly do they love their own conception of true living that their imaginations dwell with a kind of horrid fascination upon the ugly things that thwart them. Hence in a novel like "Main Street," the interest slackens as one begins to feel that the very vividness of the story comes from a vision strained and aslant, unable to tear eyes from the things that have cramped life instead of expanding it. The things that these writers love in life often they never reach until the last chapter, and about them they have little to say, being exhausted by earlier virulence.

Waste, of course, is a symptom of youth and vitality as well as of unbridled romanticism, but that is no reason for praising a book because it is disorderly. We do not praise young, vigorous states for being disorderly. Life may not be orderly, but literature must be. That is a platitude which it seems necessary to repeat.

§ 6

It is difficult to estimate absolute achievement except across time, and the time has been too brief to judge of the merits of the young romanticists. My guess is that some of them will go far. But the diagnosis at present seems to show an inflammation of the ego. The new generation is discovering its soul by the pain of its bruises, as a baby is made aware of its body by pin-pricks and chafes. It is explaining its dissatisfactions with more violence than art.

Therefore at present the satirists and the educators hold the best cards, and most of them are elderly. No one of *les jeunes* writes with the skill, with the art, of Mrs. Wharton, Miss Sinclair, Tarkington, Galsworthy, or Wells. It should not long be so in a creative generation. In sheer emotion, in vivid protest that is not merely didactic, the advantage is all with the youngsters. But they waste it. They have learned to criticize their elders, but not themselves. They have boycotted the books of writers who were young just before themselves, but they have not learned to put a curb on their own expansiveness. We readers suffer. We do not appreciate their talents as we might, because we lose our bearings in hectic words or undigested incident. We lose by the slow realization of their art.

Youth is a disease that cures itself, though sometimes too late. The criticism I have made, in so far as it refers to youthful impetuosity, is merely the sort of thing that has to be said to every generation, and very loudly to the romantic ones. But if these autobiographians are, as I believe, expansive romanticists, that is of deeper significance, and my hope is that the definition may prove useful to them as well as to readers who with an amazed affection persist in following them wherever they lead.

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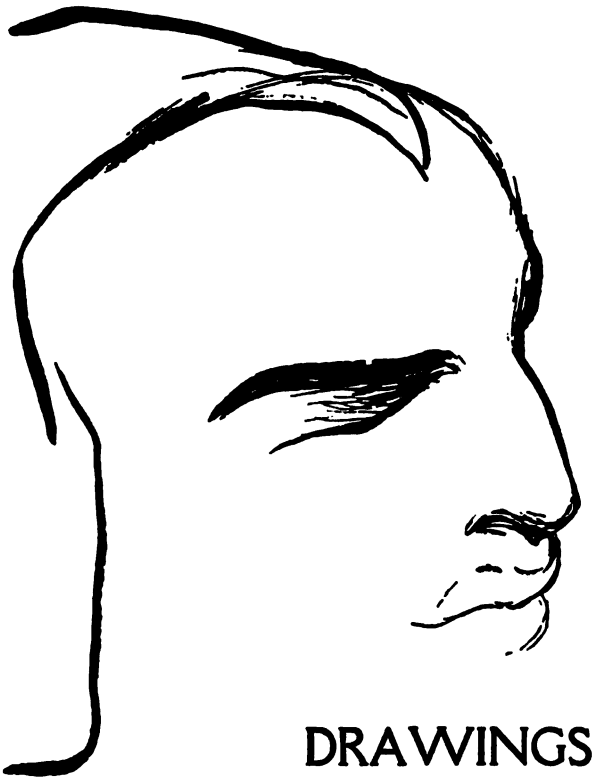

DRAWINGS BY ROSE O'NEILL

Behind the Rose O'Neill best known to the American public only through her kewpies is the serious artist the latest phase of whose work is herewith reproduced for the first time. Miss O'Neill has exhibited in Paris, where the critics were quick to appreciate the tremendous poetic imagination which lies back of a power of expression so virile and forceful as to be comparable to Rodin, the more because of a technic which has the plastic quality of sculpture. Her first American exhibit is soon to be held in New York. Arsène Alexandre, the well known French critic, has written of her drawings:

"One will not be surprised, in coming upon the drawings by Rose O'Neill, to learn that this strange and profound artist is also a poet. Her melodious and haunting verses, written in the tongue of Edgar Allan Poe, are both the product and stimulus of a sensitive soul. But for us it is our opportunity at this moment to enjoy only the visions traced by her pencil, and these are enough to bring us pleasure—pleasure a little strong and disquieting, to be sure, but very rare in this hour—in significant form adequate to express significant thought. Rose O'Neill has achieved the alliance of pagan force with an intellectual conception that the pagan world could not have produced. Her drawings are at once mysterious and revealing, exalted and terrifying. If she draws her inspiration in a certain measure from the ancient Greek, an influence modified by intense modern culture, it is from Pan rather than from Apollo that she receives it."

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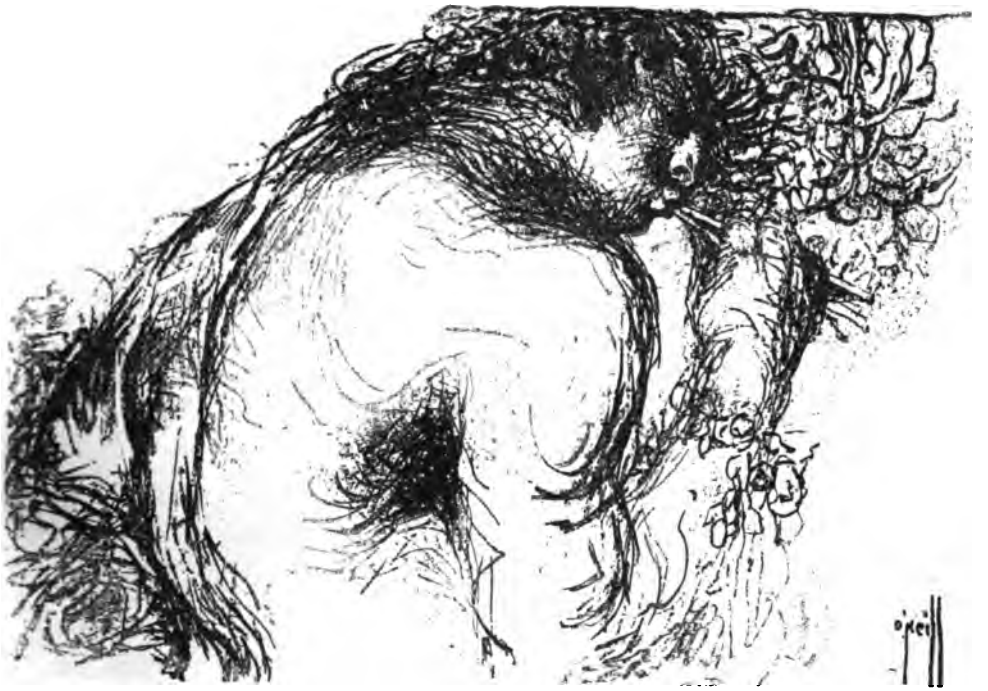

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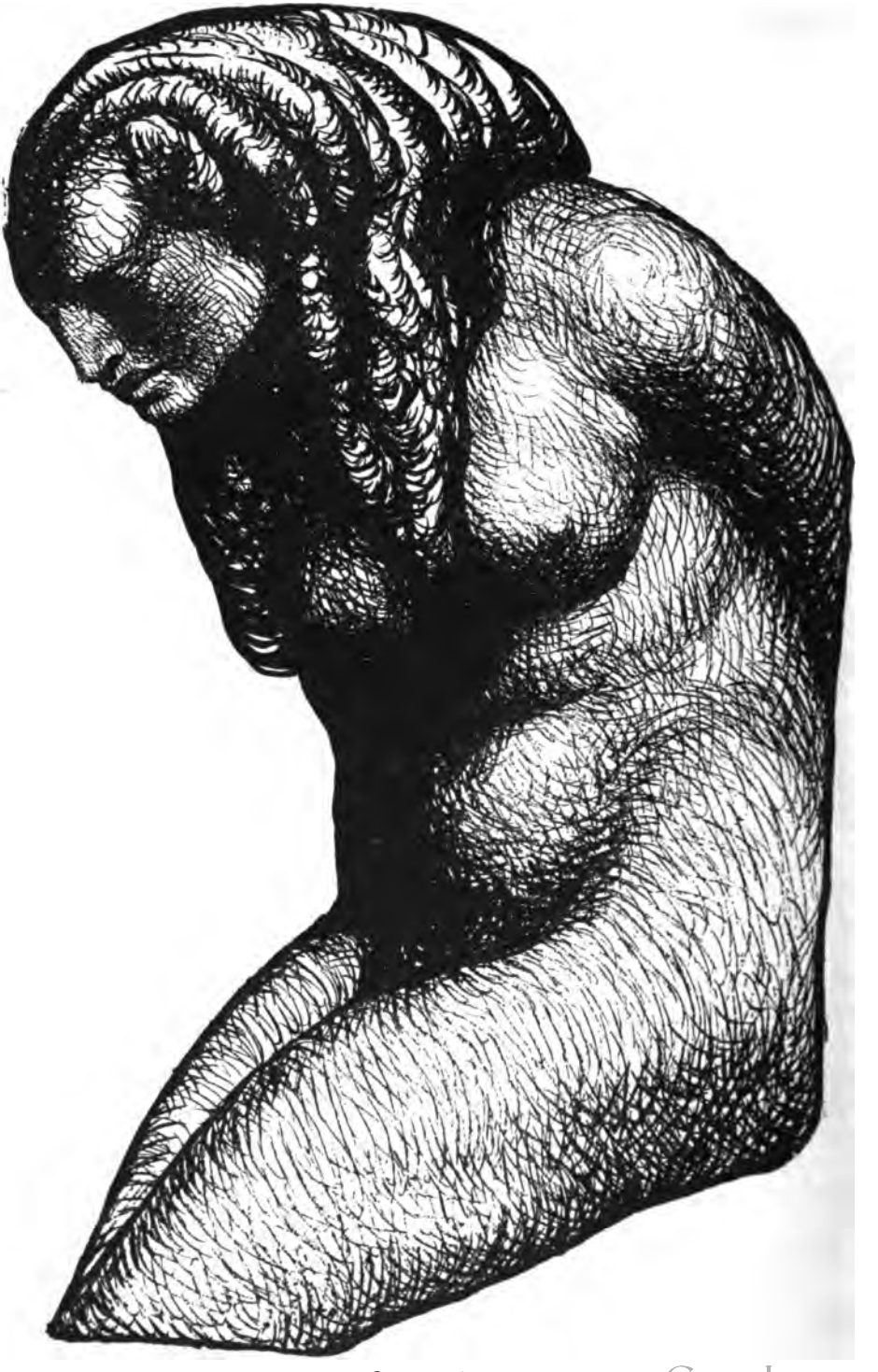

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Inscrutable

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Saga of Kweetchel

By M. L. C. Pickthall

Drawings by C. LeRoy Baldridge

Kweetchel was a young man when it happened, and that was before the days when the red coho and the Sitka spruce had brought numbers of white men to his part of the world. Kweetchel had seen few white men. He had never seen a compass until he took one from the body of a dead sailor that he found in a drifting boat.

He was out in the summer fog, fishing for halibut with bits of octopus arm for bait, and the boat came sliding sidewise out of the fog and rubbed gently against his dugout. Kweetchel looked into it and saw the dead sailor, bearded, and dressed in thick sea-clothes.

There was nothing in the sailor's pockets but a twist of tobacco and a compass. Kweetchel wondered what he should do next, and a sooty albatross veered out of the fog and screamed at him. Kweetchel's *snam* was an albatross; therefore he took this to mean that he 'd better have nothing more to do with the white man's boat or its contents. He sent the boat off with a push, and the fog closed round it again forever; but Kweetchel kept the compass. There seemed no harm in that.

Kweetchel went ashore. The compass was in a bright little brass case, and he intended to give it to the girl he liked best, either Kolite or Oala. The trouble was that he could n't decide which he preferred. Oala's silver lip-stud was nearly twice the size of Kolite's, but Kolite's eyes were as soft and bright as deep river water, and looked kindly on Kweetchel.

He sat down to think this out, the compass in his hands, and his heart beat, Kolite? Oala? Kolite? Oala? Then Kweetchel saw that the needle of the compass was pointing straight at Kolite's house.

Kolite's house was north of Kweetchel as he sat on the beach among the carved dugouts, the barbed cods' heads, and the fighting dogs; but of course he did not know what this had to do with the question. It seemed like an answer to it. "My holy *snam*," said Kweetchel, or gutturals to that effect, "but there is a strong spirit in this little box." He decided then and there that he would keep the compass himself; but he went off immediately and made arrangements to marry Kolite.

So Kweetchel, guided by the spirit in the compass, took Kolite to wife, and very soon forgot about Oala. He was very happy. Kolite was an excellent housekeeper as far as *oalachan*-oil and dried seaweed goes. Kweetchel made a beautiful hutch for the compass to live in, well-grained male-wood, greased black, incised with albatross-wings and inlaid

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with pearl studs. The days and the nights went over Kweetchel and Kolite, and it was a long while ago. The west winds, which had last touched the eyes of lovers in the peony-gardens of Japan, now swept across the Pacific and touched as softly the eyes of Kweetchel and Kolite.

A sub-chief gave a great potlatch. Kweetchel was a dandy and he had himself tattooed for the occasion in a design of conventionalized compasses. But the wounds inflamed, and when the day of the feast came, Kweetchel was a sick man. He lay on his bed in a fever, talking wild ghost-words, and Kolite fanned him with a cedar-bark fan.

The second day of that feast Kweetchel's mind came back to him. He sat up in the dark house, and saw it empty but for Kolite. He heard outside the howls of the drinkers, the groans of the eaters, the wails of the neglected children, the worrying of the dogs. A sense of deep and immediate calamity laid hold on Kweetchel that was worse than the fever. He seemed to hear the warning screams of albatrosses everywhere. Trembling, he said to Kolite:

"Bring me the hutch, for I must talk with the thing inside."

Kolite brought the hutch, and covered her eyes with her mantle-fringe while Kweetchel looked at the compass, for it was holy. Kweetchel held the compass in his two hands. The needle, after shaking a little, hung true on the north.

Putting aside Kolite, Kweetchel crawled out of his house and stood up and gazed north. A great white fog-belt hung low across the sea. Kweetchel saw three black specks break from this fog, one after the other. He knew them at once for what they were, canoes under twin-sails. He watched a moment longer, then, with a yell, he ran staggering to the potlatch-house. He flung himself at the swinging door between the monstrous faces on the butts of the totem-poles. As man of Kent or Essex might have flung himself into an English hall, crying, "The vikings! the vikings!" so Kweetchel, naked and shouting, burst upon the revelers in the smoky dark within, crying, "The Haida! the Haida!"

Wailing and shrieking, that crapulous rabble huddled to the defense. They tried to launch the long dug-outs, in order that they might meet the sea-hawks on the sea. Only one got off, Kweetchel, for all his weakness, in her. Women and children fled to the fir-forest, but Kolite climbed to a high rock above the beach, wrapped her fine woven mantle about her, and sat as still as a stone, watching the hopeless fight on the sands below.

The Haida war-canoes came down under full sail, swift and beautiful among the beautiful boats that men have made in the world. With drunken courage and a scattering fire of old muskets, the canoe from shore put out to intercept the leading one. The Haida swept on until scarcely twenty feet divided the two. Then her sails came down, and her great tall crew stood up, laughing. Bullets, spears, clubs, stone-headed axes rained on the other boat, from which rose a great cry of pain, fear, and death. The Haida's way swept her on. Her terrible sharp prow, with the painted eyes glaring on each side, ground into the side of her adversary, which heeled over. The Haida was sixty feet long. She passed on to the

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shore and beached on the sand, leaving the living and dying struggling in the water. The second canoe picked up a few of the former for slaves. Then the massacre of men too sodden to stand, of men too gorged to run, began. The houses were fired. Kolite did not stir at all while the sound of it and the smell of burning went past her. Only she covered her face. Feet sounded on the high rock. A man stood by her, breathing hard. He said:

"Who are you?"

Kolite said:

"I was the wife of Kweetchel."

The man looked at her, at the fine weaving of her fringed mantle, on which black whales moved in a green sea, and at her long black hair. He tore the mantle from her face. Kolite bent her head to the ground. The man laughed. He picked her up and carried her down to the boats. He was gentle with her, for love for her had entered his heart when he saw her face.

Kolite looked to see if her husband was among the other prisoners, but he was not. Then she lay down, and it was as if her life went from her. Kweetchel was dead, and she was the slave of the Haida chief, Annoish-Haung.

But Kweetchel was not dead. He had been slightly wounded, and had fallen into the sea when his boat was run down. He swam under water like a seal while his breath held. When he came up, he was under the lee of a rock that hid him from sight. What with the fever and the wound, Kweetchel was in a bad way. He had no clear idea of what was happening. Later, he recovered enough to swim to shore. This finished him. He crawled above tide-mark and dropped, lying all night under the vast Pacific moon in the company of men stiller and colder than he.

When the sun rose, Kweetchel woke. He looked at the dead, at the charred houses, and at the marks of the Haida prows above the tide. He staggered up the beach, calling, "Kolite! Kolite!" but only the gulls screamed. He ran into the forest, calling, "Kolite!" but none answered. He searched to and fro in the hot ash of blackened wood. A great totem-pole, burned through at the base, crashed to the ground. That was the only answer to his cries. He went and sat in the ashes of his house, waiting to die.

He probably would have died there with savage ease, but his hands, moving as his sorrow hurt him, touched something cold and hard. It was the compass, dropped when he ran to give warning of the Haida, and overlooked in the looting. Kweetchel took it up and looked at it.

"Spirit of the bright box," he said, "where is Kolite?"

The needle shook, quivered, and hung true on the north. There was not the least doubt about it.

Kweetchel hung the compass round his neck on a string, found his own dugout unharmed, provisioned her with a cask of water, some nice fresh sea-urchins, fish-lines, harpoons, and everything needful to a long journey that he could gather from the ruins, and went off after Kolite.

His account of what happened during the next month is confused. He seems to have traveled up the west coast of Vancouver Island, skulking in the fiords for fear of the Haida, but always following doggedly where

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the needle pointed. He seems to have hung about Cape Scott, between Sea Otter Cove and Fisherman Bay, waiting for a favorable opportunity to cross to the Queen Charlottes, and reprovisioning his little canoe for that stormy passage where the full Pacific rolls into the sound. He made it at last, sustained by the moral support of the compass, which always pointed him the way he should go; and he landed at last under the mist-veiled mountains of the Lak-Haida, in a tiny bay notched into a bigger one, which was notched into a fiord, and at the foot of the mightiest cedar-forest of the world. Here, on the edge of the forest, he hid himself and his canoe, and rested that day. He dared not light a fire. He did not know what to do next, or where to look for Kolite in this hostile and terrible island, where lived neither wolf nor deer, but only the tall Haida devils, the spirits of the storm. But the needle obstinately indicated a point on the opposite side of the bay where he was hidden, and Kweetchel lay and watched this point and prayed to his *snam*.

Just at nightfall a woman parted the dark, dripping cedar-branches here. She stood beside the still salt water, with her head bowed. She carried a little torch in her hand, which she quenched in the sea. Kweetchel's heart hurt him, for it was Kolite.

A shadow in the shadows of the forest, she slipped out of the robes she wore. The torch had shown him that these were bright, the robes of a Haida chieftainess, red and blue. Bare and as softly dark as the young night sweet with cedar and with rain, she stepped into the water. Flames of the pale phosphorescence traveled her body. She had a knife in her hand. Broad bands of hammered silver shone on her arms. She began to make prayer to the powers of the sea.

"O Scanawa, Un-Una," said Kolite in very good Haida, "I entreat you to punish the great men who killed my husband. I entreat you to rise, O Scanawa, Un-Una, Soul of Storms, and to upset their canoes and fill their nets with the dogfish and the mother of the dogfish, drive away the otter and bite holes in their baskets and spoil their copper shields and break their abalone shells. O Scanawa, Un-Una, I have nothing to give you. I am only the slave-wife of Annoish-Haung, but I will give you all that I can. Only hear me, Scanawa, Un-Una, and make Kweetchel alive again, so that I need fear no more the hollow night and the arms of Annoish-Haung." And Kolite cut the long locks of black hair from her head, and they floated in the sea.

Kweetchel did not understand Haida, but he understood Kolite. He could keep still no longer. He leaped into the water and swam to her. Kolite saw him coming, and ran and crouched on the edge of the forest. And Kweetchel stood up out of the sea and said:

"I have come back, Kolite."

They had no words to fit what they felt, but they sat together and touched each other softly and smiled. Then Kweetchel said, "Come," and Kolite swam with him across the little bay, carrying her robes on her head, and they found his dugout. In the dim night, in the cedar-scented rain, they crept out to sea.

Kolite said:

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"Let us go home." Kweetchel wanted to go home, but the compass pointed north. So north they went.

An old woman had followed Kolite from the Haida town, had heard her prayer to Un-Una, and seen Kweetchel return to her. This old woman went back and told everything to Annoish-Haung. And when in the dawn Kweetchel looked about the silver disk of sea, he saw four black specks between him and the cloudy summits of the Lak-Haida.

Kolite saw them, too. She stood up and screamed defiance at the canoes of Annoish-Haung. But Kweetchel grunted between his teeth. He had been paddling all night, and must paddle longer. The long silver swell lifted the little dugout; it climbed, sank, climbed. The four canoes pursuing it altered their course, converging like ducks upon a fish. Kweetchel's canoe had been seen.

"If we had a sail, it would help," he said stolidly.

Kolite stripped off her bright mantle and spread it upon spears. The wind filled it. She steadied it with her arms. The wet wind stung her, and she leaned back and smiled at Kweetchel, who loved her exceedingly in that moment.

The little canoe went fast, but faster were the four big canoes of Annoish-Haung. When Kweetchel looked back again, they were like eagles, and the foam about their beaked prows was like the white feathers of an eagle's neck.

"Shall we jump into the sea together?" asked Kolite, dark daughter of the sea. But Kweetchel said:

"I am a well-born man, and my ears are pierced. I would rather die fighting Annoish-Haung."

There were small islands to westward, and Kweetchel tried to edge toward them. Among their cloudy channels he might yet find shelter. But he lost way, and his paddle dragged. He glanced at the compass and then groaned, for the thing would have none of it. North he must go. The thing was actually pulling him north. He ceased fighting the current and resigned himself. North he went, and Annoish-Haung followed.

But now Kweetchel was spent. He looked despairingly at the mountains, at the canoes hunting him down. His chest heaved, water ran down his face. Kolite left the sail and knelt beside him and wiped his face with her hands. Then she wrenched the bracelets of hammered silver from her arms and threw them into the sea.

"O, Scanawa, Un-Una, hear us!"

Scanawa, Un-Una, Soul of the Sea, heard. Suddenly down from the tall mountains of the Lak-Haida swept the squall. Between the small boat and the others it drove a sudden wedge of wind and hail. The waves lifted, the air and the sea mingled together. Un-Una reached up and shook the canoes of Annoish-Haung and the souls of the men in them. Kolite seized the paddle, and Kweetchel staggered forward and stayed the sail. He saw an albatross riding the gale like a ship above his head, and astern the Soul of the Sea fought for them.

The squall broke away south in a flying rainbow. The sea about them was driving green and blue, flashing with foam. Kweetchel looked back. So swiftly had the storm struck and departed that the big canoes had had no time to lower their sails. One

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staggering shape, waterlogged, reeled from the rim of the storm and came battling after Kweetchel. Annoish-Haung still followed.

Kolite bent to the paddle. The little canoe rode the waves like a duck. Grimly behind her labored the big canoe of the Haida. She was lightening each moment as the slaves of Annoish-Haung bailed out the brine. Kweetchel once more took the paddle.

He glanced at the compass. It still headed them resolutely north. Among the low cloud-banks to east and west they saw islands of refuge, channels that offered escape, but Kweetchel passed them one by one, and Annoish-Haung followed fast. He fled north into the clear running sea.

Ahead of them reared a great crag, an islet of honey-gold rock, grown with bright-green moss and all hollowed with the sea. Round its base the jade-green rollers broke forever in a thresh and thunder along hidden reefs, and in time they could see the sea-lions lying as thick along the reefs as grubs on a leaf; the roaring of the happy sea-bulls mingled with the roaring of the foam.

Toward this crag Kweetchel drove straight, and Kolite thought, "This is the end," for she believed he meant to dash against the rocks and die.

Kweetchel believed at first that this was what the thing meant; then he saw, due ahead, a break in the surf and a dark hollow behind it.

He glanced back. The big canoe was very near, but hesitating—so near that he could see Annoish-Haung striking his slaves, who had no stomach for the surf, flashing and thundering in the silver sun. Kweetchel headed for the narrow break in the reef.

The rocks seemed to leap forward and close about them like jaws—granite jaws streaming with bronze kelp-curtains. From the ledges the sea-bulls reared to gaze and bellow, and right and left the cows dived into the sea. The surf thundered to right and left of them, to east and west. Only on the path of the needle was a narrow channel of deep water.

Kweetchel yelled aloud and dug the paddle deep. The little canoe heaved, heaved, heaved to heaven; the dark mouth of the cave seemed to spin toward them; there was about one chance in a hundred.

They were through, and a sheet of foam shouldered them quietly into the cave.

Rocks buttressed the entrance, whitened with the droppings of a million tern, and these and the reefs allowed only the overflow of the foam to enter the cave. It was a very still place, floored with this shallow pool. The rocks were all covered with a rose-red incrustation, and tufted with brown and emerald weeds, in which lived enormous noduled crabs, purple and scarlet. In one wall of the cave was a rosy recess, like a shrine. Kweetchel ran the canoe behind one of the buttresses that flanked the mouth of the cave, and lifted Kolite out, and set her in this recess. Then he caught up a spear and looked from the entrance.

There was a cry of death. Death had struck the sea-hawk on the sea. The hands of the weary slaves had not been so true as the hand of Kweetchel. He saw the Haida lift for the opening of the reef, plunge forward on the shoulders of the rollers, and miss it. In an instant the great canoe was flung aside. Her

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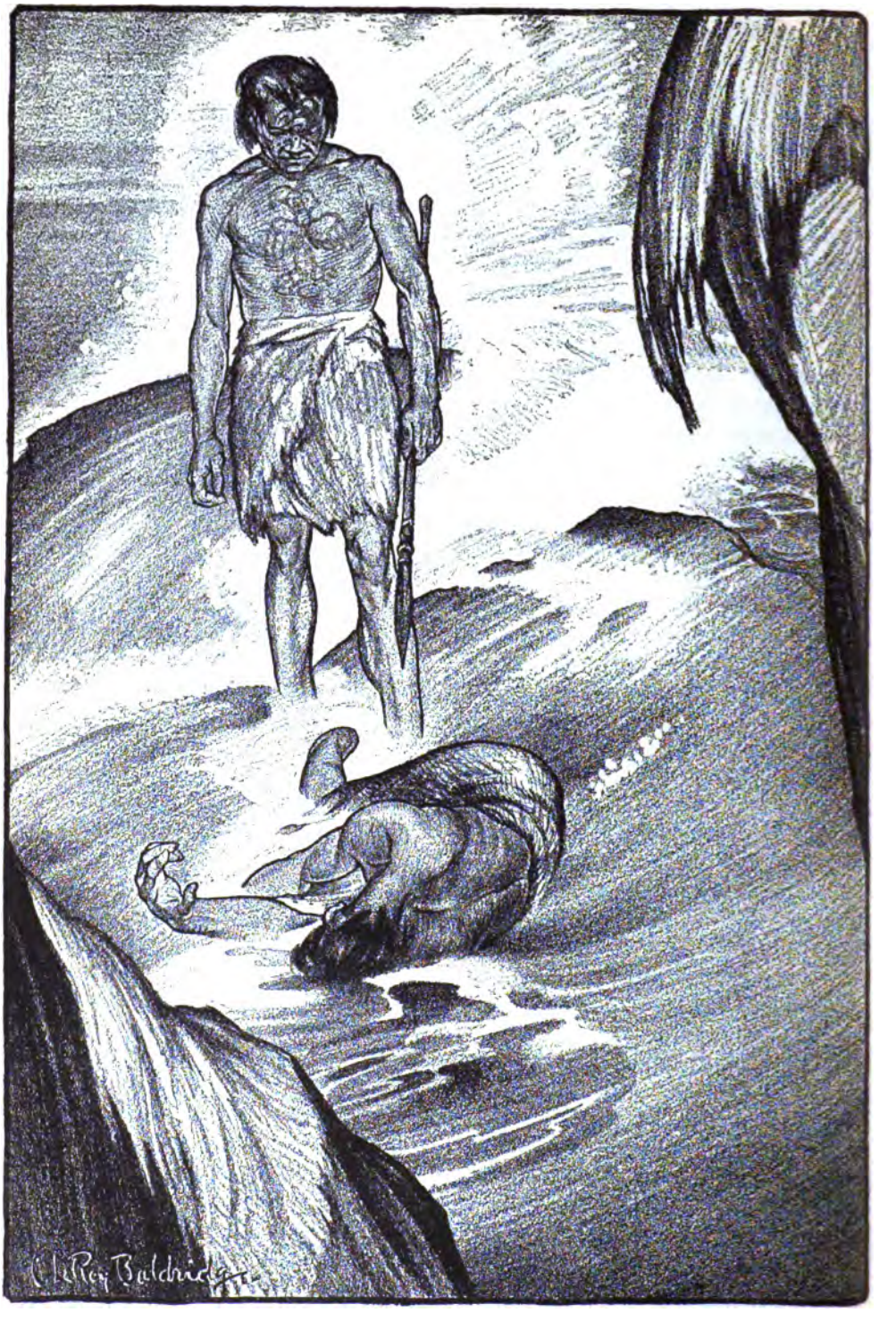

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carved prow crashed upon the rock, and she split from prow to stern and sank. The slaves went down in the rush of the foam; they were broken against the reefs. Only one man, holding a spear in his teeth, leaped clear, dragged himself upward by the slippery kelp to the ledge where the sea-lions roared and swerved and made ready to charge, and staggered toward the cave. It was Annoish-Haung.

He came to the entrance of the cave, and Kweetchel met him there. They closed at once, stabbing with shortened spears. Great and fierce was Annoish-Haung among the fierce Haida, and now he was half mad with anger. He drove Kweetchel back and back into the cave. They splashed and thundered in the still pool. Their blood stained it. The water rocked, and green reflections flowed upon the rosy walls. The huge crabs ran sidewise, winnowing the water with their horrid feathered jaws. And in the niche Kolite shuddered.

Annoish-Haung shouted his war-cry and drove with his spear. Kweetchel avoided it, and the impetus of the stroke carried the Haida past him. Annoish-Haung recovered instantly, but Kweetchel had had time for just one slash with the blade of his spear, across the forehead, under the head-band with its silver crest.

Blood from the shallow cut blinded Annoish-Haung. Before he could clear his eyes, Kweetchel had run in again and slashed his knee. He dropped to the other. He flung his spear, but he could not see, and it went wide. Kweetchel drove his spear into the body of Annoish-Haung. The Haida plunged forward and fell at the mouth of the cave, crashing into the shallow pool.

Red ripples ran and broke about the knees of Kweetchel. He stood heaving, panting, staring at Annoish-Haung, who lay very still. Kweetchel ran forward to look at him. Kolite screamed, but she was too late.

Stricken to death, the sea-hawk could still slay. As Kweetchel bent above him, his arms shot upward and wrapped about the body of Kweetchel. Kweetchel struggled, but he could not break away. Still bound in the embrace, but gripping his spear, he fell. The dying Haida, holding Kweetchel, hurled himself from the mouth of the cave into the sea.

Kolite ran from the recess. She leaned from the lip of the entrance and gazed down into the realms of Scanawa. She did not pray now. All her being was in her eyes.

Two minutes passed, three minutes. There was a boiling trouble in the wash of the surf. Something dark emerged. It was a man's head. A man's hands clawed feebly at the streaming rock beneath the mouth of the cave. The surf heaved him upward, sucked him away. It was Kweetchel.

Kolite stripped off her girdle. She lay on the rock, gripping with one hand. With the other, as Kweetchel was lifted again on the wave, she flung the girdle. He caught it. Somehow, on the shoulder of the wave, she dragged him into the cave. He fell forward, breathing terribly. She thought he was dead. She took his head on her knees and patted his face with her hands. In a little while Kweetchel looked at her and said:

"Annoish-Haung is dead. I killed him in the sea."

They spent three fireless days on the rock, eating sea-urchins and dulse,

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while Kweetchel recovered a little from his wounds, and, like another traveler before him, frapped his ship; for the canoe had been scraped on the reef, and Kweetchel must kill a sea-lion and wrap her with strips of the hide, and brace her with splinters of Annoish-Haung's canoe washed up on the tide. He also made a very fine song about the fight in the cave, and sang it to Kolite, beating on the side of the dugout for a drum. Then, suffering badly from thirst, they put to sea again.

Their one desire was to go home. But the thing still pointed implacably north, and they did not dare disobey a spirit that had done so much for them. So north they went once more. They went north forty-eight hours straight, paddling against half a gale, the dugout making water badly. They were nearly dead when they fell in with a small trading-schooner beating down from Gold Harbor, and the captain took them on board. He could n't speak Kweetchel's language, but he knew some Haida, and Kolite told him their story. At the end of it he said:

"Where do you want to go now?"

"We want to go home," said Kweetchel, sadly, through Kolite, "but we dare n't do it, because the spirit in the box says go north." And he showed the sacred compass to the white man.

The white man began to laugh. It is a way they have at the most reasonable things. He laughed and laughed. Then something in the faces of Kweetchel and Kolite made him grave.

"But you can go south," he said kindly.

"*Yetzhahada*, the thing says north," said Kolite, resignedly.

"It says south, too. Look."

Of course, when one end of the compass-needle pointed north, the other pointed south; only Kweetchel did not happen to notice this before. Their troubles were over. If they had not fallen in with the schooner, they would probably have gone on to the north pole. Now everything was all right. They could go home without fear of angering the masterful thing.

They were very happy. The captain of the schooner gave them a passage, and eventually landed them near their old village. He vainly tried to explain to Kweetchel the compass.

Kweetchel stayed with the remnant of his own people. In time missionaries found him, and he stopped eating dogs and keeping slaves, and sang hymns and wore a second-hand hat instead. He himself told me this story, with trimmings, years ago.

He was a very old man then. I thought he must have died since, but the other day I saw a little totem-pole in a store in Victoria. It was two feet high, carved of yellow cedar, and gaily painted, such as old Indians make to sell to the summer tourists on the coast. And soon as I saw it, I knew Kweetchel must have made it, for it was carved with all the characters of his saga. He was there, with Kolite and the big canoe and the little canoe and a sea-lion and an albatross, and a terrible representation of Un-Una swallowing up Annoish-Haung. On the very top was something.

I went into the store. They wanted ten dollars for the pole, which was dear.

"But, as you can see," they said, "it has a heap on it. Only no one knows what the thing on the top is."

I bought the pole, because, you see, I knew all about it, and what the thing on the top was. It was a conventionalized mariner's compass.

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Adventures of an Illustrator

II—In London with Henry James

By Joseph Pennell

Drawings by the author made at the time[1]

I am not sure where or when I first met Henry James, but I distinctly remember the first important letter I got from him, though I cannot find it now. Had I been able to find it, I would have tried to get it in the very unintelligible volume that recently appeared of James's letters. I say unintelligible because I would defy any one who did not know the people of those circles to understand the volumes of letters of James, Meredith, and Swinburne. There are few or no explanations as to people and things in the letters, and the letters do not explain themselves.

Though, as I say, I am not wholly certain when or where I first met James, I remember his first letter.

I had made a series of drawings for an article by him on London, and from the train somewhere between Lyons and Paris he wrote me that, getting out at the Lyons station for a cup of bouillon, he picked up The Century Magazine on a book-stall and liked the drawings so much he had to tell me so, which is a great deal more than most authors do. But, then, James was more than most authors. And a little while after, I ran into him in Macmillan's office in London, and he asked me to lunch at his flat in DeVere Gardens. I remember it was hot, and James was standing in a red undershirt, before a high writing-desk in a dark room, which was n't exactly the usual idea of him. And I remember, too, that he told me he was settling Daumier in his place

[1] The French drawings are from "A Little Tour in France" by Henry James. Houghton Mifflin Company.

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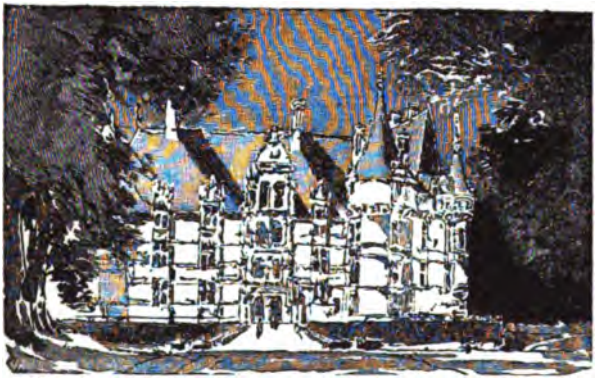
in the art world by the article he was writing; and I, with one of those inspired bursts of cheek which come to me sometimes, told him that he was not able to do so. I remember that he was somewhat surprised. I don't think the lunch was a very great success, and I do not know whether the article ever appeared; but I do know that no author who is not an artist has any right to discuss the fine arts any more than an artist who cannot write should criticize literature, and Henry James, unlike William, never tried to become one.

Off and on, at various times and places, including our own and Gosse's, in London, he used to turn up. One afternoon I found him at Keats's grave, in Rome, and another, walking the *calle* of Venice. We would have, or I would have, coffee and a talk, and he would disappear. But it was not until 1899, when Heinemann suggested making an illustrated edition of "A Little Tour in France," that I really did anything with him, and even then, as the book was published, he only rearranged the chapters and wrote a new preface and did not seem very keen about that; for though the best book of the sort, it had never been a success. I am glad to say this edition was. But I think I made a pretty book of it, visiting every one of the places on a bicycle and making every drawing on the spot. Before this, even before the London article, there was an event, however, which produced rather a sensation, and the inside history has never been told. It was arranged that I should make a series of drawings of the scenery of "Faust," which Henry Irving had produced with great success at the Lyceum, and that James should write of the production for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. To cut the matter short, I never did the drawings, and James did not write exactly the article Irving looked for, and matters were somewhat strained. It was my only experience on the stage, though with Anstie Guthrie I once did music halls in London, and with P. T. Barnum did his circus in Brooklyn. We used to take William Archer to East London in his frail list shoes,—I think we paid a shilling for the box,—and Barnum put us in a box with two-headed twins and bearded infants and horse-faced men. Anstie's article came out in "Harper's," and the Barnum one in "St. Nicholas." There was a lot of fun in the music halls, and Anstie has some of it in "Punch." He made some really funny music-hall parodies, a strange thing in that organ of unequaled dreariness, regarded as funny only by the cultivated classes of this country. Gilbert once said to Burnand:



Azay-le-Rideau

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"You must get such funny things sent in to 'Punch'!"

"Yes," said Burnand.

"Well, then," suggested Gilbert, "why don't you print one?"

Tours

I hate the theater, because I was brought up a Friend, and therefore I was taught to avoid it, and it was not till I was grown up that I was ever in one. Then I saw, and was extremely bored by, Salvini in "Othello" or "Hamlet," I forget which. He had no interest for me, and later I saw Aimée in "Madame Angot," and thought it naughty, but nice; and finally, just before I went to Europe, I saw the "Romany Rye," I believe it was. I went with some wicked young imps, and when the villain jumped into real water, we demanded an encore, to see if he was wet, and we nearly got thrown out. I always wanted to see "Handy Andy, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street," at Saddlers' Wells, in London, the play which is given once a year, in which the client goes in as a city gent to be shaved and comes out sausages. I did see, however, a dissected house in York, England, with six murders going on in six different rooms at once, and I loved the "Penny Gaff" with *Pepper's Ghost*, and when Irving's "Faust" came out, I went to the Elephant and Castle and saw the play up to date; for in that *Margaret* marries *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* weds *Martha*, and they live happily ever after. But Irving's Lyceum "Faust" was different. It was the real thing, and Blake Wirgman was to do the actors, and I was to draw the scenery. Irving had taken lots of trouble over this, and had sent Hawes Craven to Nuremberg and Rothenburg to make studies, and it was as real as could be, and all London went to see it. When the curtain was up from the front it was fine, but from the O. P. box it was another thing.

Loches

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I used to sit in the little corner behind the proscenium, I believe you call it, and I was told to keep my head back so I could not be seen. Ellen Terry used to squeeze in beside me, and her comments when off were as interesting as the play, and when on, her asides were more so. One night when *Alexander* was telling her in the garden scene how he loved her, she told him, so I alone could hear, that he did n't, and that if her kissed her, she would slap him; and another time she bet *Tyars* in the duel that he did not dare kill Irving, who, between frightful lunges, kept telling her to shut up. And when she came on, sometimes she would, if late, slide down the banisters from her dressing-room as the quickest way to get on; and when there had been great applause and the curtain was down, she would start a follow-my-leader round the stage, jumping over chairs, and dragging Irving growling after her till the curtain began to go up for the bows. But the finest was her death in prison, and the scene with the angels at the end. The stage and the dungeon were strewed with straw and made ready, and a thing like the upper part of an eight-oar outrigger was brought on, laid on the stage, and eight lovely little lady angels lay down on it, and were tightly strapped to it. When they were strapped tight, she would go round and tickle them with straws, and then they were furiously, but slowly, wafted to heaven. But the language those angels used was not heard by the audience in the solemn death-scene.

Bourges

I am afraid that this side of the play interested me so much that I scarcely made a drawing, and I don't remember what Wirgman did. But I do remember that the article came out without any illustrations, and that it made such a row the pictures were forgotten. After that I was never again asked to the Lyceum, but, as I said, I never go to the theater, and it did not matter, though I believe Irving thought it did. Bram Stoker, however, got over it, and I used to go to see him and Poultney Bigelow in Tite Street. It was in the days when Poultney ran "Outing" and London, and, like Roosevelt, managed the kaiser. Only Poultney had the imperial signature written with a diamond on a front window-pane, and an offset of it framed on a blotting-pad in his library. And there were legends in the street that when church was letting out,—though I don't think many went to church from those parts, Mrs. Whistler being the only one I ever heard of,—Poultney and the kaiser, who came over to spend week-ends with him, used to dance Highland flings or czardas for the multitude, or maybe for Oscar, who lived there. Or was it in Beaufort Street that

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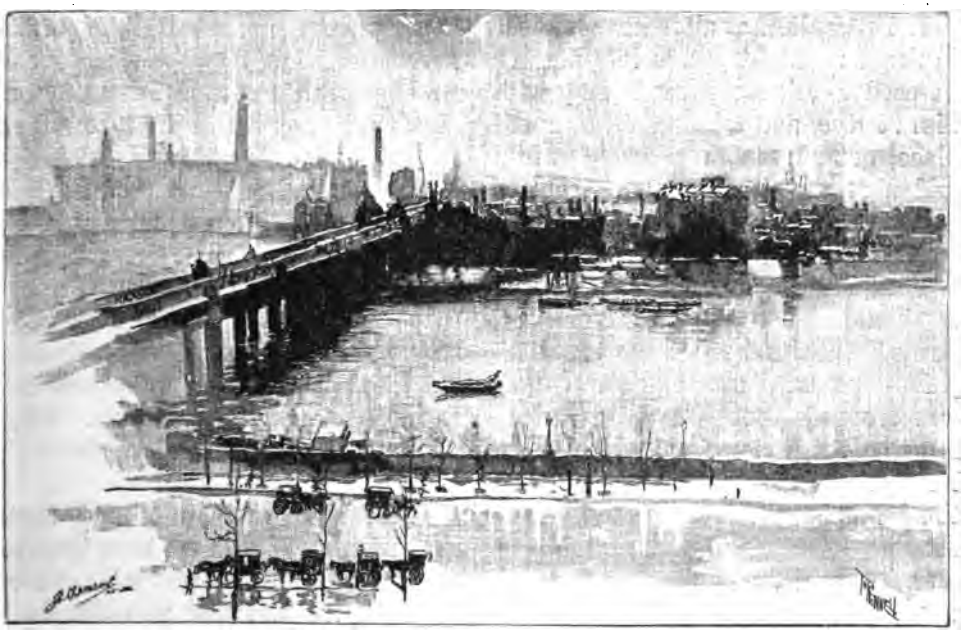
these things happened? Otherwise, how Mrs. Abbey and Mr. Sargent must have been shocked! Speaking of Oscar in Tite Street, I went to his sale to buy the alleged portrait of Sarah by Whistler,—only it was n't a portrait of Sarah,—but when it was bid up to ten pounds I stopped, and got what I believed was a water-color for ten shillings; for Whistler's works were mostly not wanted, and the sale was diversified by fights, and I had to call in the police, who were in readiness to be called in, and help to carry off under police protection the admirers and defenders of Oscar, who were then, as always, eager to defend him.

Later I was press agent for a masque of the Art Workers' Guild, the real beginning of the modern pageant, and on that we lost five thousand pounds. But that is another story.

The only other theatrical reminiscence of James I have is that one day we all got free tickets to a play by the son of a very distinguished man. It was a sort of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and there was James. I only remember a few details. It was given at the theater at the foot of Northumberland Avenue, a matinée. The play was full of action. In one scene the bloodhounds, we were informed, were upon the heels of the escaping hero, and to prove it, while the audience held their breath, he remarked, "I hear them," though we heard in the street only the yelps of a terrier. And again as we listened for the signal, Bernard Partridge, who was then acting as well as drawing, told us he heard the signal upon which fate and future hung, but we heard the horn of the Brighton coach, which just then came round the corner *tootely-tootely toot-toot.* Even James smiled. I forget whether it was before or after this that James



South London

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had the experience of being hissed when his play was put on and he thought he was sure to make a fortune. But it had no more success than his books with the people. This was probably the first time the pit and the gallery ever heard of him, and they did not approve of him.

After "The Little Tour in France," which is the best guide-book to that country I know, I did a series with James, "Italian Hours," and then English "Vistas." I don't think he liked them very much, but Heinemann, the publisher, seemed to, and I did my best, and they are much better than any one else's or any other series. In the series also are Hay's "Castilian Days" and Howells's "Italian Journeys," and the making of these books took me all over France and Spain and Italy in the most delightful fashion. Howells never said a word to me about the illustrations,—such is the author,—and Hay was dead.

If James did not altogether like the books, I think he got to like me, for he used to ask me down to stay with him at Rye, and take me all over the place; but I was always afraid of him and nervous with him, and tried to hurry up his stories and give him a word, though that was impossible.

Then, later, there was a scheme that I should illustrate his "American Scene," but that never came off. The pair of us were too expensive; so I was dropped, though I did give him some points of view from which to see New York,—the rubber-neck boat, the Jersey City ferry, and the top of the Singer Building,—and he thanked me afterward for suggesting the first two. But the last, the sky-scraper, was not for him.

"But for you, they are yours to draw; but—ah—oh—just, yes, think of it—difficult, yes; no, impossible; each forty stories, each story forty windows, each window forty people, each person forty tales—my God! maddening! What could—no—um—yes—certainly not, of course—do with such a thing?"

I can't get any nearer to it, and only those who knew him will understand. I saw more and heard more of him in the last years, when he used to come to us and sit by the fire in the twilight. And again I went down to Rye once or twice, and he showed me the town; but as he always would take his little dog with him, and as motors tore through the streets, he was frightened for the dog. But I was far more afraid he would get run over, though I think the dog did in the end. In the balcony of the Reform Club or round the big lower hall he used to take rapid constitutionals. At that time he was living there; Sargent and Abbey and I were the other American members. And one of the last times I saw him was at a Christmas dinner in 1914, when he sat beside his hostess, solemnly, on his head a foolscap that he had pulled out of a Christmas cracker. Why in the world he gave up his nationality I do not know, and I never asked him. He could not even have answered as Legros, the Frenchman, did, who, when he became a naturalized Englishman and was asked why, said, "*Moi, j'ai gagné la bataille de Vaterloo.*"

These are some traits and facts about James which have been ignored or omitted by others who never worked with him half as much as I have worked with him.

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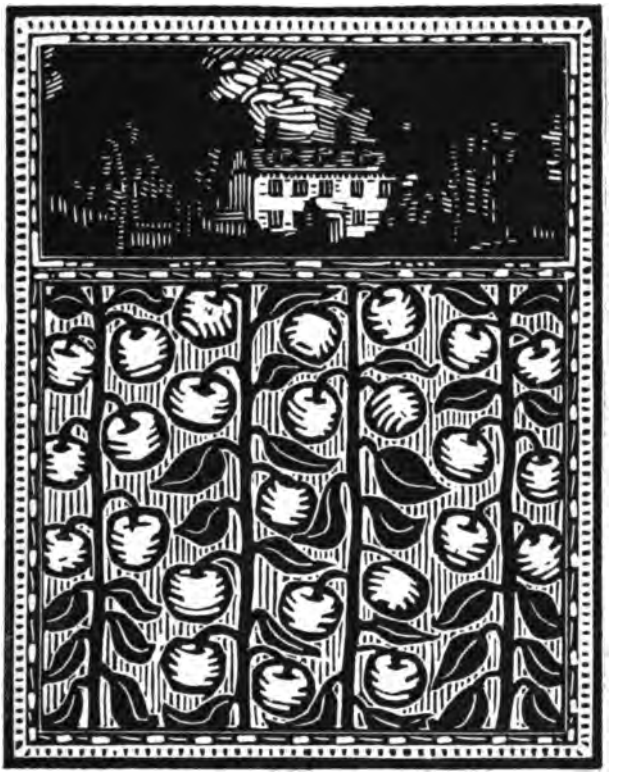

THE HOUSE IN MAIN STREET

NARRATIVE POEM BY AMY LOWELL

DECORATIVE WOODCUTS
BY JOHN J. A. MURPHY

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THE HOUSE IN MAIN STREET

YOU want I should tell yer 'bout old James Boott, do yer, boys?
Well, 'tain't much of a story I guess,
But I ain't never fergot it.
Hitch yer cheer up t' th' stove, Sam.
And, 'Lige, you fetch that cracker-box out o' the corner.
Two o' you can set on that.
Now jest wait a mite till I git my pipe a-drawin'—
Ther!

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WELL, you know I warn't raised here,
My father did n't hold with farmin'.
He was a carpenter over to Pelham,
An' I was a real town boy all my growin' up.
Only Pelham warn't near the city 'tis now.
It set in the middle o' a great space o' fields
An' I could n't never ha' done with runnin' over 'em.
I 'd hire out with the farmers fer Saturday afternoons,
An' I never was so happy as when I was hoein' beans,
Or pitchin' hay,
Or beatin' a tin pan when a beehive swarmed.

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I can see the critters now,
Black, an' gold, an' buzzin'.
They was like sparks from a pin-wheel,
All scatterin' up in the sunlight,
An' the great trees bendin' over 'em like butterfly nets.
No, I could n't relish carpenterin',
An' when the time come fer me to fix on a trade
I went to farmin';
An' I been at it fifty year now,
Fifty year o' freeze, an' thaw, an' drought.
Well! Well! 'Tain't no bed o' eider-down, farmin' ain't,
An' that 's the Lord's truth.
Now don't you worrit me, Sam,
I'll git to James Boott presently.
When we old fellers once starts in rememberin',
Ther' ain't no beginnin' nor end, I guess.

James Boott was a fine man to look at,
Bearin' his years right smart,
Only fer a stoop he had,
An' a lameness the rheumatiz settled on him.
But he was queer as Dick's hat-band.
He come by it straight 'nough;
One o' his brothers shot himself,
An' t'other died in the 'sylum,
But old James warn't really mad,
He was jest diff'rent.
He had a mint o' money,
All his own an' what his brothers lef' him,
But for all that he boarded in a couple o' rooms to Parson Tole's.

He could ha' bought half the town
Ef he'd been so minded,
As 'twas he owned a house,
An' I do think 'twas the prettiest house I ever see.
It stood right up in the main street,
With the Common jest acrost the road;

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The Court House cornered it one end,
An' Parson Tole's church, with the new spire peekin' over the barberry hedge,
Was on the South side.
'Twas a mighty fine house,
An' tidy warn't the word fer the way James Boott kep' it.
He had the box borders either side the stone path to the front door
As flat an' square as a plate.
An' my, but the hollyhocks he had under the winders!
They was as big an' bright es ef they was stamped chintz
An' not jest wood an' sap.
Nobody ever see 'em fade.
One day they was ther'
An' the next day they warn't,
An' that was all ther' was to it.
'Twas the same way with all the flowers,
Pansies, an' gillyflowers, an' snapdragons,
Nobody ever could pint out a faded flower
In James Boott's yard.
It costs a sight o' money
To keep things redded up that way,
But James had the money
An' his yard showed it.
Why, even the laylocks warn't let ripen;
I never see nothin' like it.
Seemed as ef the place was painted on cardboard
An' held to the drawin'.
He was pertic'lar 'bout the house-paintin' too,
He could n't never abide no blisters
An' 'twas all burnt down to the bare wood

Every time it needed a new coat.
That paintin' brought it out elegant;
Ther' was the pilasters, an' the twisted tops o' the pillars,
As spick an' span as washed ivory.
But the blinds was al'ays shut,
An' that made the house seem kind o' lonesome

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Spite o' the grand bloomin' o' the flowers.
I guess 'twas a little mite sad fer him too.
Folks said he 'd bought it to marry on,
An' then he never did marry.
But ther' set the house,
Starin' at him with its white paint
An' sort o' pintin' back'ards.
I guess when he bought it, it told him "Bime-by, Bime-by," all the time,
But afterwards it fairly hollered, "Too late!"
It stood like a lady all dizened up fer a party
An' carryin' a bouquet,
But when you come to look at her, she was blind.
I mind I used to think 'twas awful creepy
When the moon dazzled it of a June evenin',
An' the flowers was noddin', and jostlin',
An' whisperin'.
I used to commence runnin' at the Court House
An' keep on clear past the church
When I had to pass it.
An' that was queer too,
Fer Joseph Peters, the hired man,
Lived in the back part,
An' I 'd go in once in a while with young Joe
An' git a ginger-cookie.
Mrs. Peters liked us to come in.
Maybe she felt lonesome with that great, empty, echoin' house
Behind her.
You see, boys,
The kitchen part give on a lane

So we did n't have to go through the yard at all.
Even Joe did n't care about the front after sunset.
'Twas like two houses,
One livin' an' one dead,
An' the dead house meant the most, I guess.

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I was goin' on fer twelve year old
When a new doctor come to Pelham.
He 'd had hospital trainin' down to Boston,
An' only fer his havin' a weak heart
He 'd never ha' left the city.
'Twas a fine thing fer Pelham to git him.
He was full o' notions 'bout sprains an' fevers,
An' one o' them was that the old doctor's house was a pesky little
place
Fer the likes o' him,
He must have somethin' better.
Well, boys, you know how 'tis,
Most o' th' houses was lived in a'ready,
So Doctor Busby he peered roun' and roun'
But could n't hit on a place to suit him
'Ceptin' James Boott's house,
An' that he fixed his mind to
Till ther' warn't no movin' him.
Folks told him 'twould n't do,
That James would n't sell,
But he only said, "Tut! Tut! We 'll see,"
And walked off down the street, steppin' out real jaunty
In a way he had.

One day I was shootin' marbles all alone,
Playin' one hand agin t'other,
In the drive by the Court House,
When I seed 'em comin'.
Doctor Busby was hustlin' 'long with his big stride,
An' James Boott was creepin' toward him

Tappin' the flags with his malaccer stick.
I guess 'twas the tappin' o' th' stick
Made me look up.
They stopped jest opposite the white house
An' I thought it 'peared brighter 'n usual
With the big, shiny clouds blowin' over the chimblies.

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"Good-mornin', Mr. Boott," says Dr. Busby.
"Good-mornin', Doctor," says James.
An' 'twas jest like a little fife
Answerin' a big bass drum.
Well, the doctor started right in sayin' he wanted to buy the house.
And James listened to him,
Leanin' on his stick, an' sort o' quiverin'.
Leastways I thought he quivered,
But maybe 'twas only the shadows o' the leaves from the great elm-tree
Dancin' on his shoulders.
"The house ain't fer sale," says James,
Short and quick.
"But you don't live in it," persisted the doctor.
"My hired man does," snapped James,
An' jerked up as though fer walkin' on.
"But, my dear sir," the doctor was al'ays polite
Even when he was drawin' a tooth,
"Surely you ain't a-goin' to keep a valuable house empty
Jest fer the sake o' your servant?"
Now that 's what all Pelham had been saying fer years
But nobody had n't never durst say it to James afore.
"That, Dr. Busby, is my affair," the old man lashed out,
An' I declare he was stan'in' up as straight as a new willer shoot,
An' gimletin' his eyes right into the doctor.
I cal'late Dr. Busby thought he 'd gone too fer,
For he started praisin' the hollyhocks and dahlias,
An' after a while he got round to the way the house was built,
An' kep' a speakin' o' Doric columns, an' the fan-light over the door,
An' a heap o' things I could n't understan'.
I could see the old gentleman was pleased,
But when the doctor come to money
He shied like a colt
An' turned off on to somethin' else quick as a flash.
I declare I felt as ef I was to a badger-baitin'.
The doctor he up and at it agin and agin,

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But James give him the slip every time.
An' all the while the little shadows kep' bobbin' over 'em,
And the great clouds breezin' above.
I call to mind I watched 'em
And tried to figger out how many men like them two
Could stand on one of 'em.
Boys do have queer fancies sometimes.
Well, the long an' the short o' it was
That the doctor did n't git ahead a mite.
It made me chuckle
To think o' that old man,
Teeterin' on his cane
An' not able to take a step without it,
Jest blockin' the way fer that great big doctor.
In the end he give over an' 'lowed he was beaten.
"I see you won't sell," says he,
"But maybe at least you 'll let me see the inside o' that beautiful house,
Mr. Boott."
I 'most squealed at that;
I 'd 'bout come to believin' ther' warn't no inside.
Old James he stroked his chin.
"It 's a handsome house,
A handsome house, doctor,
But I ain't kep' it up inside," he says.
That fair riled me,
Not kep' up the inside,
With all the outside fixed like a parlour!
But the doctor did n't seem to care,
He said the woodwork would be ther'
An' the chimbley-pieces.
'T warn't woodwork an' chimbley-pieces I was set on,
But my ears was fit to bust listenin', jest the same.
I wondered would James hit him with his cane,
Or would he take him into the Court House
An' have the law on him fer trespassin'.
But he did n't do neither.

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He jest turned a sort o' dark pink
All over his wrinkled face,
An' then he said, hollow-like,
"Very well, Dr. Busby,
I will take you int' th' house.
Would four o'clock on Thursday afternoon suit you?"
The doctor said 'twould,
An' then they parted.
I heered the tappin' o' that malaccer cane
Fer three good minutes after the doctor's steps
Had stopped soundin' in the other direction.

I guess Thursday was awful long a-comin' ter me,
Fer, you understan', I 'd made my mind up
To see the house too.
So I sized up that yard
Same as though I was huntin' fer a jack-knife I 'd lost.
I squatted behind the flower-beds
An' squeezed under the bushes,
An' when four o'clock Thursday come
I was ther';
But I guess 'twould ha' taken more 'n old James Boott's eyes ter see me
Even with his spectacles on.
I can't tell you how I felt when I heered the key
Strikin' on the lock.
I could n't see nothin' where I was hidin',
But I 'd heered the malaccer cane a-comin'
Way down the road,
An' I was ready.
I declare I git gooseflesh now,

Jest rememberin' the awful moan the door give
When James pushed it open.
'Twas like a livin' thing cryin' out,
An' somethin' come rushin' out o' that door too,
Damp an' musty,
An' ther warn't nothin' at all.

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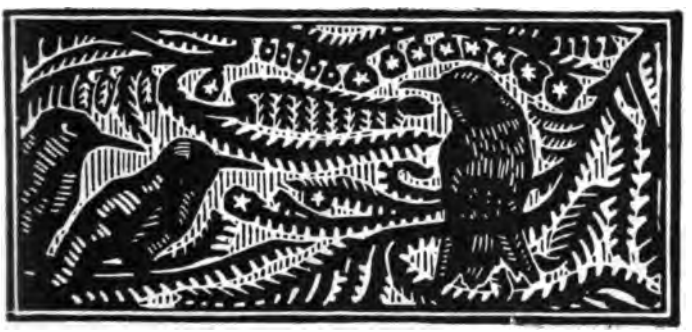
'Twas mortal hard fer me to git up and go in,
But I did.
They was ahead o' me,
I could hear 'em talkin' in one o' the rooms.
Oh, Lor! How queer that house was!
'Twas August,
But that hall was so cold my teeth chattered,
And the floor felt funny.
'Twas like walkin' on velvet,
An' the softness give me a dret'ful start.
You see I was barefoot,
An' the dust was so thick
It oozed up between my toes
An' sucked me down,
The way snow does.
'Twas dark too,
'Count o' the shut blinds,
Did n't seem like the same world was outside.
I looked out o' the door,
An' the glassy green o' the box hedges,
An' the swingin' chains o' the Common fence beyond,
Helped me some,
They looked so nat'ral.
Bimeby I got used to it bein' so dim in ther'
An' I could see the steps they 'd made in the dust,
An' the little round plop where the malaccer cane had set.
So I follered,
Makin' no noise
'Cause o' my bare feet.
Oh, it was a house!



There was carvin's everywher',
Flowers an' vines all runnin' and blowin'.
Ther' was a whole orchard over the chimblies,
But the paint was all peelin' off
An' the dust choked the ribs o' the pillars till they was pretty near smooth.

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Ther' was a great glass chandelier in every room
Hangin' so still.
They did n't shine much,
But they did a little,
An' that shinin' was so empty an' cold,
I had to go under 'em without lookin'.
'Twas as ef they had n't had nothin' to reflect
For so many years
They was makin' up time by reflectin' me double.
Not that I seed anythin',
I jest sensed it.
Halfway up the stairs was a great standin' glass,
A mirror, I think they call it.
It did n't show what was in front of it
Bein' all run as 'twere,
An' yet I seemed to see things movin' through it.
When I looked, they weren't ther',
An' when I did n't look, they war.
It kep' me on the stairs a terr'ble time,
An' I had to rec'lect George Washington real hard
To git by at all.
When I got up to the first floor,
I heered James Boott an' the doctor
In a room over the front porch,
So I crep' over and peeked thru the crack o' the door.
I don't know what I seed,
Nothin' at first, I guess,
Fer the blue light from the blinds did n't make fer seein',
But, Gosh! What I smelled!
Apples, boys!

Apples!
They was so sweet and strong
I thought I 'd ha' dropped with the surprise o' it.
They did make my mouth water.
Then I heered the doctor say:
"Why, Mr. Boott, what are you doing with all these apples on the

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mantel-piece?"
An' old Boott's voice, like a cracked fiddle, answerin':
"I find this an excellent place to ripen apples, Dr. Busby."
"Do you mean to tell me you keep this house to ripen a few dozen apples in?"
That voice did me good,
An' I braced up an' stared into the blue room
An' ther' was old James fingerin' his apples
With a queer, scared look on his face.
He was pattin' 'em,
An' cossetin' 'em,
I don't know why, but it made me shiver to see him.
He picked up a red bald'in
An' sniffed it,
An' his eyes looked narrer an' greedy.
"I like apples," he said.
Then I give a awful jump
For the malaccer cane fell down on the floor with a clatter.
I guess I pushed the door some, too,
'Cause I seem to remember standin' up ther' in the doorway
Lookin' straight at 'em.
But they did n't see me.
The doctor started forward an' grabbed the old man's arm.
"You poor soul!" he said.
That was all,
An' it did n't seem much,
But James Boott jest crumpled up
An' would ha' fell only fer the doctor's holdin' him.
Somethin' seemed to claw out o' his throat.
I suppose 'twas a sob,

But it sounded like some critter inside fightin' loose.
It echoed an' echoed 'bout that room
An' set the chandelier jiggin';
It seemed everywher',
Back an' front,
An' when I turned roun',

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Ther was somethin' wigglin' in the big mirror, fer sartin.
I guess now 'twas the reflection
O' the movin' chandelier,
But I did n't think so then.
Anyhow, I jumped down them stairs
Quicker 'n winkin',
An' I out int' th' yard
An' run till I was in bed in my own room.
My mother thought I had a chill
But I knowed diff'rent.
I knowed a lot,
But I never found out what 'twas I really knowed.
Fer nothin' happened.
James Boott lived a couple o' years after that
An' when he died Dr. Busby bought the house,
An' his daughter was livin' in it when I was last to Pelham.
'Twarn't much, was it?
An' yet I don't know—
I ain't never forgot it.

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The Dictatorship of the Dull

By ALEXANDER BLACK, *Author of* "THE GREAT DESIRE," *etc.*

THE biographer of Philip II described the Inquisition as a "heavenly remedy, a guardian angel of Paradise." No despotism can be so galling as to quench every apologist. Naturally, the despot has a good word for himself, and it is a part of his business to prod his press agent. Quite as naturally, the press agent completes the calamity. On one of those days when we feel the presence of Mr. Conrad's two veiled figures, Doubt and Melancholy, "pacing endlessly in the sunshine of the world," the press agent does the trick. The right rhapsody finishes that which oppression began. We bear an oppression because it may have enveloped us gradually with the seeming unavoidableness of a changed temperature; or, if it comes a bit suddenly, like the contact of a shrinking shoe, we may try adjusting ourselves as to an inevitable annoyance; but when some one drives in the nail of the enabling adjective, philosophy fails.

We should, of course, cultivate with regard to life what Montaigne cultivated with regard to books, "a skipping wit." But one can't skip a despotism unless it is distant enough. We can be academic about those that are far enough off. We can look at Russia and decide that the dictatorship of a proletariat is good or bad, according to our ideals, and especially, perhaps, according to our information. Perhaps, too, we may decide with regard to a dictatorship in Russia that it gets a good deal of attention not because it is a dictatorship, but because it is different.

All of us who are governed live under some sort of dictatorship. The benevolent despotism of democracy can be like a padded cell in which one is supposed not to be able to hurt oneself. Mostly, radicalism expresses consolations equivalent to a hunger strike. And all dictatorship is not political. The doctrine of supply and demand sets up a mighty dictatorship. So does all dogma for all who accept. So do fashion and family. There is dictatorship in science's word "normal." The prefix "ab" builds an inquisitorial spiked chair for rebel or genius.

There are moments when a sense of individual security may reach so nearly the dimensions of an individual serenity as to remind us that it takes two to make a dictatorship. There are other moments when we feel sharply impelled to go out and look for the dictators and have the thing done with. In our evenest mood, one in which we feel most assured of being balanced, and reasonably, if not fanatically, forbearing, we can scarcely hope to escape consciousness of that widest and most permeative of all dictatorships, the dictatorship of the dull.

The dull; not the frail who have never begun, but the free who have finished; not the stupid who cannot think, but the dull who object to thinking; not the submerged, the thwarted

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who have never had a chance, but the mediocre who admire themselves, the complacent who have fixed the final mold—all who make up the legion of self-halted men and the sisterhoods of smugness. These have an immensity of numbers. They swarm to the horizon, though they never seem to recognize that there is an horizon. There is no thinkable situation in which they do not impinge. In our arrogant moments we think of them all as barrier. In our weak moments we may wonder, in the matter of the vast, sticky obstacle, whether we ourselves are not entangled and have not begun to belong to the hopelessly finished.

§ 2

Of course only a mood in which we can quite securely feel that we do not belong can be effective for attack. A plunge into the past is a great help in affecting a sense of detachment. History makes it plain enough that sinister cleverness could not have succeeded without the support of the dull, but it seldom shows how steadfastly dullness itself has stabilized the uncomfortable, how its sheer pervasiveness has affected the eternal conflict between idealism and the forces supporting inertia. Inertia is often confused with dullness. Inertia is, in fact, merely dullness's operating weight. It gives it the formidable displacement that helps block the way. Inertia does not intrude. It has no passion to prohibit, for example. It lets everything alone, good and bad. It giggles or whimpers, and subsides. But dullness can be both obstinate and aggressive. It can assert. Intrusion is indispensable to certain of its moods, because it has its pride, its sense of responsibility, its recognition of a common enemy—the creative.

How definitely dullness represents a mental condition rather than a class, yet quite surely assembles its class in all ages and in all places, is echoed in every creative adventure, whether the adventure be political, industrial, social, educational, or artistic. It mingles in every group. It hates the radical more than it hates the reactionary, but it shadows both. If liberality cannot be trusted to respect dullness, neither can conservatism. When dullness can see nothing else, it can see its duty. It is the most active censor.

Of course all criticism is a form of censorship. When it is creative criticism, we are in the habit of saying that it fills a high office. When it is dullness in action, we ought to have no trouble in recognizing the source, yet furies of resentment often lead us to forget that dullness did not invent criticism or introduce censorship. Doing away with criticism because it is frequently stupid would be like abandoning any other useful implement because the foolish or vicious may misuse it.

But dullness's worst offense is not giving any good implement a bad name. Its worst offense is the benumbing influence of its presence. It casts a pall over the creative. It perverts the acoustics of the world. It tramples the gardens of invention, not always by any wish to destroy, as exasperation is ever ready to conclude, yet with all the destructive effects of its weight and pervasiveness. The odd thing is that, with so much of mass, it is frequently and violently contemptuous of "the masses." It is willing to be the public, but never willing to be a crowd. It is as glib about "mobs" as about morality.

Thus all creative effort encounters

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dullness as the foreground obstacle; and since creative effort can have its bigotries, deadlocks are repeated. One sees this again and again in the matter of audiences. It is to be read in myths like that of the tired business man. Dullness's dislike of thinking leads it to use all sorts of evasions to escape admitting the trait; such, for example, as the familiar plea as to having thought so much that it wants a rest. People who are annoyed by intelligent plays or intelligent books do not turn away because they are tired, but because they care more for something else. They may not always be dull. They may only have been dulled. Life has extraordinarily diverse effects on people who live through it. Some people learn to want life to be livelier. Others want it to be quieter; it hurts their eyes and ears. Some people are sharpened by life; others are blunted by it. Dislike of thinking can emerge from all experience with its prejudice unimpaired; it is a sturdy growth. By an effort it can "set and think," but it can "just set" with a more normal facility. And it can "just set" in a legislature quite as definitely as in a dooryard.

§ 3

So that to ask thinking is in many situations to ask a sacrifice. It is true that audiences which protest against being asked to think are often able to make out a fairly plausible case against art. Artists are sometimes caught in the act of maintaining that art must not think, but must only feel. If, as Mr. Max Eastman has reminded us again, art must be "playful" to be successfully creative, if it must be "very free and irresponsible," it is hard to see how audiences can be denied the right to be playful and to watch or to listen or to read in a very free and irresponsible mood. The paradox is, of course, that a playful thing, representing pure response to emotion, is often saturated with thought, and that a joyous response is not denied the right to be intelligent. We have to remember, too, that an audience in a given place is handicapped in thinking where it is not handicapped in feeling. Mass accentuates emotion where it retards thought. With a reader the case is different. Except for the infectious influence of ballyhooing about a book, the reader is left to be kindled by the writer's direct action. Maybe there is for the writer some advantage in this. Yet without the help of spectacle the writer must begin with a larger assumption as to thinking, or at least with a larger assumption as to attention, and the total must count as a handicap in the earning of response. Demanding attention is the beginning of a demand for thinking, and the writer who asks for prolonged concentration asks for something that narrows his audience automatically. He must first lose all who cannot think or who object to thinking, then all who are good only for a spurt. In time he may come to have the pathetic satisfaction of sharply recognizing the dividing-line between people who really read and people who only own sets.

The motion-picture hall has been called a haven for the dull. Certain complaints against the motion-picture have been grotesquely severe. Though it begins at zero and can entertain without asking more than mere consciousness, the cinema has an almost unlimited range so far as its possibilities go. I have seen the "Odyssey" and "Macbeth" on the screen. Both

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were admirably done, but they had a short life. The cinema, by the conditions of its present distribution, cannot appeal to special groups, and always to appeal to general groups is to pass under the censorship of the dull. No official censorship could be so relentless. An official censorship can be diagrammed, because it starts with a diagram. The censorship of the dull is immeasurable. One arouses shrieks of protest. The other is accepted as a phenomenon of sale. The strong probability that the preferences of dullness will be translated by another dullness, or by a bewildered producer who is pretty well dulled by the pressure, accounts for the feeble average of merit and repeated failure to please even the dull.

Education knows the dictatorship. It knows how often education bleeds between the two millstones. It knows how completely prodigious dullness in school committees and university trustees may reflect the dullness that sentinels and selects. It knows the penalty of offending dullness. It learns to prefer the lock-step of conformity to the strait-jacket in solitary. It knows why, among all the things that are taught, early or late, thinking is taboo. To teach thinking is to teach individuality, and the original is the enemy of the curriculum and the committee. The efficiency theory of education is of a machine with standardized parts. If any teacher breaks, it is convenient to be able to pick up a machine-punched duplicate at any service station. The theory makes a profound appeal to dullness, because it avoids contact with originality, because it does n't disturb the finished. When dullness starts out to buy an education for its boy it wants the efficiency kind. It wants standard goods, not the sort that puts ideas into his head.

A *liberal* education! Suppose it *should* happen! Suppose the boy came home with new notions about Rome or the Pilgrims; suppose he came home not with the proper impress of machine-made parts, but with a new *feeling* about history and life, a new sense of personal privilege, a new impulse as to what he was going to do with himself and the world. What is dullness then to conclude about the system? What is it to conclude as to that bunch of "dangerous radicals" down there? Are the trustees asleep? Somebody ought to be disciplined. Dullness did n't raise its boy to be a Bolshevik.

§ 4

To dullness thinking is a radicalism. If you begin by being disrespectful as to your grandfather, everybody knows that you are likely to end by being seditious as to your congressman. If you use your pulpit for talk about life and growth instead of sticking to Jeremiah; if you preach about poverty as a living fact instead of being content to quote it as a literary illustration of a strictly theological compassion; if you forget that revelation is historic, that religion is finished; if you turn from the labor in a biblical vineyard to the labor in your own town factories, dullness will find a way of reminding you that it is no part of a preacher's business to meddle in "politics."

When I wrangled with Emma Goldman about "social pressure," we reached no disagreement as to the reality of that phenomenon. The anarchist thought such pressure was all-sufficing. I thought it needed its written wishes and its committee. But

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there was no escape by either logic from the enormous, enveloping, and unconquerable reality of the pressure itself. I emerged with an impression that the anarchist saw the great force as reaching a kind of unity, like gravitation, and she could call to her support the formidable philosophy of monism. Yet I saw groups rather than a group; I saw oneness as a destination or an ideal rather than as a working fact, and felt that the anarchism which wanted no law, and any antipodal theory which wanted more law, both were ignoring the persistent diversity that disturbs the oneness of the world. I saw the inert (in all "classes") who go after nothing; the "winged creatures without feet," their eyes fixed on infinity; the real creators and pathfinders; the mothering people who ask least and give most; the herders, the procurers, and the leeches; and I saw the dull who dominate the middle and think they are stability because they are a weight.

As a stablizer dullness always feels itself to be the appointed custodian of respectability. It finds war respectable and a boxing-match an infamy. It is not the sole supporter of war or the sole objector to the boxing-match, but it is a mainstay to both contentions. It is the mainstay of jails. Plenty of jails here and hereafter becomes a concomitant of the dull brand of righteousness. The comfort of being out of jail assumes the presence of a substantial proportion of the duly padlocked. A dull heaven is predicated on a populous hell. Of all the arguments used to keep a dreamer like Eugene Debs in a cell there has been, naturally, none that could stress the disappointment to dullness that must result from letting him out.

Yet dullness loves to save if it may discriminate. It saves cats, but is inclined to find the saving of babies as rather messy. In fact, it indicates that babies, by and large, are an indelicacy. Babies suggest sex, and sex —well, you know what sex is. Dullness has n't been able effectively to rebuke nature's invention of sex, but it has done all it can. It is still respectable to belong to one sex or the other. Beyond that you are in danger.

The dull get themselves divorced, but they dislike divorce as too frequently noisy. They take here the same position they occupy in an apartment-house. It is n't the landlord who dislikes children. His discomfort is occasioned not by the children, but by the complaints of the dull tenants who resent the ill-advised fecundity of those who have yet to learn that it is bad form to breed in captivity.

Moreover, to the dull, children are likely to seem an economic error, frightfully expensive as well as complicating. Perhaps this is why dullness, after its first violent attack on birth-control propaganda, attained an equally violent silence. The offense of reproducing seems to be mitigated by avoidance of the plural. If one child expresses the idea, why be tautological? Theory, in this instance, is illustrated by the story of the practical man whose wife first had twins, then triplets. When, on a third adventure, she produced a single baby, the husband remarked that he was glad she had at last got down to a good business basis.

The dull are profound believers in "prosperity." They believe in holding the thought. To face toward prosperity one must turn his back on the opposite. It is well enough to s a slum from a sight-seeing bus, bu

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you contact it too closely, if you admit it fully, you are letting it influence you, and if you let it influence you, how can you give single-minded attention to prosperity? How can you "get on" if you stop to listen to all the blind or maimed or sick that line the path? There was a Galilean who stopped repeatedly. Dullness crucified him.

§ 5

Where "Society" has a capital S, dullness is in charge. American "Society" is accused of being the dullest in the world because it alone leaves out the intellectuals. We cannot deny that it omits certain elements indispensable to a European social group, but it might be inaccurate to contend that it has not tried to get these elements in. It is possible that American intellectuals are less perfectly housebroken than the European sort. And it would be foolish to assume that scientists, writers, and political pretenders cannot, when rightly chosen, add a harmonious dullness to a society anywhere. It is sufficient to note that the organized emptiness called "Society" is utterly congenial to dullness. To be free of any of these people with ideas, to dodge books and paintings, to dismiss with a stale adjective some play dullness has interrupted by coming in late, to shake off the horror of "labor troubles," to talk a jargon, dance nakedly, devour filigrees of food, and fatten in limousines, appeal to dullness as an inexhaustible resource.

Yet dullness is so sensitive as to any frivolity in which it may not happen to join that one of its most persistent activities of intrusion is in demonstrating that an indecent levity is the other fellow's amusement. In avoiding an issue that might be convicting to itself it is fertile in devices of segregation, and is equally fertile in ways of breaking in upon situations its own cowardice has invented. Wicked gambling is the kind it does not practise or has not agreed to overlook. Naturally, it seeks to hold the copyright on all definitions of sin, and particularly to guarantee that no sinners shall be amused. Macaulay supplied the classic characterization when he said of the Puritans that they objected to bear-baiting not so much because it hurt the bear as because the spectators got too much fun out of it.

It is equally plain that the dull do not deserve the distinction implicit in the cries of savage irritation that are always being wrung from those who feel challenged. A thousand confessions prove that this rage can become a preoccupation. "We begin to live," says Mr. Yeats, "when we have conceived life as a tragedy." Who shall say how much this sense of the woeful may be due to that overlaid irritant of dullness? One of the ablest of American literary artists turned to me, in the midst of a social adventure of an eminent pleasantness, and quite as if the thing had flashed to him out of nowhere, to remark that all great art is created in a state of acute exasperation toward life. I was reminded afterward, when we are reminded of most things, that a conspicuous absence of dullness in the occasion had doubtless given twist to the thought. Perhaps Flaubert and others who have flung out parallel acerbities have reached incandescence at times when relief from pressure reminded them of its essential unendurableness.

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Wonder

By Charles Hanson Towne

Three things there be that seem to me
The loveliest, as life runs by:
The endless legend of the grass,
The sunlight on the green morass,
And the great silence of the sky.

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"What 's the Matter with the Railroads?"

II—The Man Factor of the Problem

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

FOR more than two decades imagination, virility, foresight, have been upon the wane in our American railroads, until to-day these qualities are quite gone from many of them; the debacle of the national machine is all but complete. The man with an idea may be needed upon our carriers, but he is not wanted. They are ruled by conservatism, carried to the last degree. Yesterday the man with an idea was at a premium in railroading; the roads themselves were known for their daring, their strength, their progress. To-day the men who operate them are the abject slaves of a system; the only ideas that they may safely advance are those leading to immediate economies. Immediate expenses, even with great and far-reaching economies as their ultimate result, are quite taboo. The railroader may no longer think; he may, apparently, only execute.

What is the reason for this? A hundred answers will be made to this question. The one most often advanced is the excessive degree of regulation which to-day hampers the railroads of the United States. "These government sharks have killed railroad initiative," is said time and time again. There is some truth in that answer; yet I myself think that there is greater truth in the fact that absentee ownership of the carriers—long-distance banker control, if I may be permitted to speak frankly—has done far more than either state or federal regulation to kill initiative and progress in our transport machine.

Folk in Wall Street, and a good many others outside of that famous thoroughfare, think of the difficulties of our railroad problem as things merely of dollars and cents. They feel that the questions of rates and wages, of income and outgo, are the sole factors to decide the future weal or woe of the roads. If the rates are put high enough and the wages and other items of expenditure are kept low enough, they will prosper again. These folk feel that the problem is solely an economic one.

I believe that they are wrong. I feel that the prime point of the entire question is contained in three words, "the human factor." This factor comes first, not last. Because Wall Street and other cocksure folk have in the past placed it behind the problem of finance, is one of the very great reasons why our American railroads are having extremely hard sledding at the present moment.

The human problem of the railroad may fairly be said to be divided into two classes, the patron and the employee. There is that meaningful phrase, "the fine tradition of our American railroading," for it stands

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for something very definite—the thing that was largely responsible for the first growth and strength of our railroads, and whose loss within recent years has been chiefly responsible for their downfall. It was that tradition, that old-fashioned affection for, and loyalty to, railroading, that made men work not eight hours, but ten or twelve at a single stretch, and under the stress of a great emergency, such as a flood or a blizzard, sometimes sixteen or twenty-four or even forty-eight hours at a stretch. To-day they will not do this. Why?

It is not a story quickly told. To understand why the railroader of to-day will not work long hours, even in reasonable emergencies, save under the spur of high overtime pay, why he goes about with indifference in his manner and a lurking grudge in his heart, one must dive beneath the surface of the situation.

§ 2

The beginnings of that tradition are in the beginnings of the American railroad itself, when romance rode the steel highway, thrust its stout tendrils everywhere, and earnings and enterprise and initiative were all alike unlimited; when, in a word, the banker's clerk would be a president, and the supreme ambition of a farmer's boy was to drive a fast passenger-locomotive.

Despite the fact that the swing of the pendulum to-day is all in favor of the rank and file of men who work with their hands upon the railroad, the farmer's boy has lost his ambition. For the old romance is gone, and the two and a half millions of the rank and file of railroad workers have become a political asset. Their votes were a bait that few shrewd politicians could ignore. That they were not ignored has recently been shown repeatedly in the passage by this state legislature and that of various protective statutes for the railroaders, some of them good and some of them asinine; in the thrusting through Congress of the Adamson Eight Hour Law; and in the deference shown by the first Federal Director-General of Railroads to the big brotherhoods and other unions of transport employees. The final result was that those groups of railroad labor that had remained unorganized up to the period of federal control promptly proceeded to organize themselves. The stake was too good.

Incidentally, it may be stated that in the past the average railroad executive himself was the largest single force toward the propagation of trade-unionism within his industry. While decrying its steady growth, he placed a premium upon its advantages. Let me explain. A few years ago, say ten or fifteen at the most, there were only four unions of railroad employees: the four great brotherhoods of train-workers, engineers, firemen, conductors, and trainmen. These were, and still are, high-grade organizations, tremendously independent, refusing for many years even to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. The men who conducted them were high-grade men of great principle and considerable vision. They fought for the rights of their fellows and they fought well, with the result that there were few times when train employees were not adequately paid.

At that time, when the rest of railroad labor, with very few exceptions, had no national organization, its individual loyalty was given to the properties for which it worked. With what result?

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Then as now conductors belonged almost without exception to their strong trade organization, the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors. It took good care of its own. A conductor on a fairly good run might easily earn from $175 to $200 a month even in those prosaic days of twenty-five-cents-a-pound butter. It was good pay, yet one could hardly say that the average conductor was overpaid, for he was far more than a mere train employee, particularly if he had a passenger run. He was a great point of personal contact between a railroad and its patrons. Upon his tact and diplomacy and understanding, or the lack of these qualities, his road might rise or fall. True at all times, this was intensified in a hotly competitive territory. A good conductor might easily bring or hold patrons for his road; a poor one might drive them away to the other line.

Yet I think that all will agree with me that at least an equal point of contact between the railroad and its patron is the man whom a patron meets before he boards the train—the station agent. *His* tact and diplomacy and understanding have a good deal to do with attracting patronage to the road. Yet it was not more than a decade ago that I found in a certain small, brisk Eastern city of twenty-five thousand people the chief representative of an important railroad working seven days a week, twelve or fourteen hours a day, and paid $85 a month! He knew what the conductors who ran the trains past his station were receiving, and it rankled.

§ 3

In fairness and in simple justice to that same railroad administration it should be set down that, no matter what its motive, it did seek to place railroad labor on a more scientific and more human basis to its employer than any private corporation had ever succeeded in placing it. It tried to place the railroad wage on a basis more directly in accord with living costs, and less with that of mere supply and demand. That in some of these last cases, particularly those of certain of the so-called national agreements, it went entirely too far is not to be denied. That is now proved by the willingness of the new federal tribunal, the Railroad Labor Board, out at Chicago, to abrogate these agreements as soon as the individual carriers succeed in making new ones with their workers.

This, however, is easier said than done. Months are slipping by, and the outrageous and expensive agreements still stand, along with some others that are neither outrageous nor expensive.

The versatile Mr. Henry Ford recently has sought to straddle the entire situation by tearing up all the cumbersome and complicated standardized national agreements between the men of the small railroad that he now owns and substituting for them a generous minimum wage and the right of the road to utilize a man at whatever work it so pleases within his established eight hours of labor. On Mr. Ford's railroad an employee may drive a locomotive for ninety minutes and then spend five hours and a half washing car-windows, or trucking cases upon a freight-house platform. And the astonishing thing is that, in this one instance at least, the plan has worked.

It may be that Mr. Ford has reached the solution of the problem. I am not at all sure that he has not; but I feel

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that, if he has, a large number of railroad executives and sub-executives will forget their annoyances at the Detroit gentleman's publicity methods in connection with his personal railroad and begin to call him blessed. They have had little fortune as yet in handling the standardized national agreements with their men that were their unwilling inheritance from Uncle Sam, railroader sublime. Despite the professed entire willingness of the Railroad Labor Board to abrogate them, the argreements still stand, for the simple reason that no acceptable substitute for them has yet been brought forward. If the roads had only to deal with their four big brotherhoods of other days, their path would be nowhere near so difficult. It is with their newer union affiliations, particularly those in their many repair-shops, that they are now involved in the greatest difficulties. Some of them have met the situation, rather clumsily to be sure, by letting out their car repair work to outside shops. One road, the Erie, has gone so far as to rent its repair-shops at several division points to private local corporations for operation. It started this experiment very quietly at Hornell, New York, three years ago, and gradually has extended it across its system. Gradually, too, the practice has extended to other railroads throughout the land.

The purpose of such a move is fairly obvious. In an outside machine or car repair-shop the McAdoo agreements do not obtain. The privately operated car-shop obtains its labor at lowest market rulings, particularly in these days of an oversupply of labor, and does the best that it can. That it generally does pretty well is shown by the experience of such a concern up in Buffalo, which upon an actual invested capital of $80,000 cleaned up more than $160,000 actual profits in 1920 and expected to double that figure in 1921. Yet it was able to repair freight-cars for the New York Central and some other railroads entering that important center for about $600 each, which was about $200 less than the railroads could do it for themselves.

§ 4

That the Railroad Labor Board has shown a Solomon-like judgment in its rulings is not to be claimed, but that it has not tried to do its best in an exceedingly difficult business could hardly be charged against it with fairness. Yet the very method under which it works at the present time, the holding of almost innumerable and unending hearings, is bad. Contrast it with the one that recently has been adopted in Great Britain, and which so far has given complete satisfaction to both the rail-workers and their employers. Under the wage agreements between the railway-workers of the United Kingdom and their executives the wage scales have been fixed upon a basis that permits them to rise or fall as the cost of living rises or falls. These agreements were signed more than a year ago. The official charts issued by the British Board of Trade, and held by all save a few of the most radical of labor leaders to be accurate and impartial, are taken as the basis of the railway wage. The charts come as the result of repeated and regular investigations by the board of trade agents into house rentals, clothing, food stuffs, and all the other essential factors that enter into living costs. Upon them an arbitrary reckoning of 125 points was fixed as the maximum

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that these should reach after the period of after-the-war readjustments was fixed.

But despite this fixing of a purely arbitrary figure the cost of living refused to stay put. It steadily rose, until two years after the signing of the armistice the board of trade figures had reached 169 points. And British railway wages had risen even more than ours. A station porter who in the pleasant English days before the coming of Armageddon had been content to receive fifteen shillings a week found himself in January, 1921, receiving sixty-six, an increase of considerably more than three hundred per cent. To-day he is getting a little less pay. At the time that these paragraphs are being written (June, 1921) the board of trade's arbitrary, but very scientific, reckoning of living costs has already dropped to 141 points, and is going down further. The station porter's weekly wage has dropped three shillings, and Sir Eric Geddes, the British Minister of Transport, has begun to predict that a continuation of this lowering of wage cost will be reflected in the not distant future in lowered passenger fares and freight rates.

For definitely it is fixed that for every five points that the board of trade's cost of living report drops or rises, the railway employees' wages shall drop or rise a shilling a week, though never to the depths of the former pay envelop. Minimums have been fixed, ranging all the way from two hundred per cent. of the pre-war wages upward. In the case of our station porter the minimum of the future is to be forty shillings a week, which is considerably better than fifteen. Yet fifteen was in truth an outrageously low figure even eight or ten years ago. British railway wages were then decidedly too low. Now they are nearer a fair figure, and so are likely to remain.

§ 5

To-day another factor enters into this complicated railroad labor situation. In a nation where at the moment more than six million workers are out of employment the perfectly human fear of losing one's job becomes a decided factor both in the statistics of labor turnover and in the individual morale of the worker. In a single instance of a typical large trunk-line railroad, a total force of 80,895 workers in June, 1920, had been reduced by June, 1921, to only 56,091, and has been dropping ever since. This means quite naturally that the men who remain are spurred to the best of their endeavor. The road tested this the other day. It asked all of its employees to go out in their spare hours and see if they could solicit some freight for it. In ninety days these men, entirely apart from the regular solicitation forces of the line, had brought in more than 1400 carloads of freight that otherwise would have gone to its competitors. A good percentage showing was made by the mechanics and other workers of one of its smaller shops. Yet in the early part of 1920 the men at this shop had all gone out on strike because a train accident had delayed the arrival of their pay envelops for two brief hours!

Here, then, is morale brought back in a perfectly human fashion. Yet I doubt if in a good one. In the long run fear cannot make loyalty or initiative or ambition. The day will come when abounding prosperity will return to the carriers, when the labor markets

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across the land will be empty of possible material. Then labor may remember.

I feel that we shall be compelled to find far better ways of bringing loyalty and initiative and ambition into the hearts of our workers of to-morrow, the other qualities that go to the making of that highly modern word, morale, and thus bring back a genuine revival of our American railroad tradition. We shall start, of course, with a good wage. We already have accomplished that much. As I showed in my preceding article, the average annual wage of the American railroader is now $1700 for eight hours of daily work, figured on the per-hour basis. In 1913 he worked ten hours a day and received only $761 on an average. His wage per hour is now about 150 per cent. more than it was eight years ago.

I am not arguing that the railroader is overpaid to-day. I do not believe that he is more than well paid; but I do believe that his entire pay arrangements are still far from being upon an entirely just and equitable basis. The conditions of his working arrangements, so vital to the return of our American railroad morale and tradition, are still in the infancy of a really scientific and human adjustment. Here again the situation is open to further explanation.

There are, roughly speaking, three classes of railroad employees. The railroad president and the small group of high-priced executives close about him constitute the first of these classes. This is small in number. It contrasts with the two and a half millions of the rank and file of railroad employees in the United States.

Here, then, are the right and the left wings of our railroading. Between them is a third class, not often in the public eye, but in many ways the keystone of the arch of operation. This third class, not large in numbers, consists of the minor officers of the various active departments of the railroad. It is an immensely valuable factor in successful operation; in fact, the great driving force behind it. Yet its position is not a happy one. At all times it is a buffer; it is caught between the upper and the lower stones of a mill that attempts to grind finely. From below comes the natural and unending pressure to increase expenses; from the high executive officers above there comes another pressure, to hold down expenditure. From somewhere between these grindings the division superintendent or engineer or mechanical superintendent must produce results. Of necessity is his a driving job.

But the middle class of the railroad personnel, like the middle class of the world outside, is caught to-day not only with responsibility for its job, but with a deal of worry, too, for its wallet. Salaries between the upper and lowest classes of railroad workers take a great fall. In theory they should form a gentle curve, a sloping sort of descent. In practice, too, they should curve. In truth they do not. They drop. I have known of repeated cases where the superintendents of railroad divisions—a railroad superintendent is supposedly the prince of a transportation principality—have actually received less than some of the locomotive-engineers who are working for them. In any such scheme of affairs the incentive or desire for promotion cannot be very great.

As a matter of fact, very much of that desire or opportunity for promotion passed away long ago, which is

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one of the significant reasons for the sad decline of our American railroad tradition. This is also one of the most alarming symptoms of the serious illness of our sick man of American business. He is making no provision for the future, in this serious necessity of providing good new railroading blood for oncoming years. There should be fresh generations of material for future railroad executives tramping forward, and there are none.

Add to these things the fact that the business itself has taken very little thought as to the morrow in this vital question of renewing personnel, has not only failed to establish courses in the various phases of railroading in the technical schools of the land, or made any concerted effort to bring the best of their graduates to their ranks.

Here is a most serious phase of our railroad debacle. It is not one that can be quickly mended. Take the nearest "Who 's Who" and note the birth-dates of the railroad men that you find there. With a few exceptions they are not young men.

A young man whose heart and soul alike thirsted for a better knowledge of the rail-transport business recently asked a veteran railroader of my acquaintance how he could get into it. He had been offered a job in the local interchange yard, firing a switch-engine. That job had a good deal of appeal to him. He was perfectly willing to don overalls and get down to hard manual work with a shovel. But the old railroader shook his head.

"No, no, Harry, that is not the way that it is being done nowadays," said he. "Let me advise you."

Then he explained. Harry might and probably would develop into a good fireman, like President W——. Eventually, he would probably have a fine passenger run and get as much money, perhaps, as his division superintendent, probably more than his trainmaster or his road foreman of engines. But that would end it. He would be a working-man, albeit a well-paid working-man, but nothing else. Never an officer. The new caste in our railroading would hold him tightly down. Far better that he should pocket his pride as a graduate of a good Eastern university and become an office boy in some railroad office and study all the phases of the business at every opportunity that presented itself. There was chance there of his getting ahead in railroading, perhaps to the very head of it. The taint or stigma of unionism would not be upon his shoulders to draw him down in the estimation of the big men who own and control the great railroads of the country.

How can this distressing situation be avoided in the future? Easily enough. It comes down in the end to a wage question. Our railroads can and should establish courses in the various phases of their business in many of the large colleges and training schools of the land; they should have methods of systematically scanning the output of these schools and of securing for themselves at least their fair share of it. Other industries in America long since have shown the possibilities of such methods. Yet even such a course will fail if the salary inducement is not made both fair and attractive. I spoke only a moment ago of the lack of curvature in the salary line between the top class of railroad personnel and the bottom. It, too, has arisen in other businesses, and they have had to solve it.

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No fair-minded man would wish a return to the outrageously long hours, low pay, and difficult working conditions of, say, twenty years ago. Yet there ought to be a happy medium between those conditions and the ones of to-day. It should not have been difficult, after all, to figure out a fair compensation and fair hours and keep a reasonable amount of affection and loyalty in the heart and mind of the employee for the property that he serves. Without these perfectly human qualities working for it within its personnel, no railroad, limited by overwhelmingly difficult conditions of superintendency and inspection, can operate at anything like efficiency. It suffers and suffers greatly. And its patrons suffer in consequence.

§ 6

Any perceptible lowering of the quality of railroad service of a community brings instant trouble and discomfort to it. When, as a war measure, the old-time station agent, reared in loyalty and tradition to render a real service to his public, became even for a time the government bureaucrat, the traveling public quickly realized the difference. No other one thing, perhaps, has done more to render the phrase "government railroad" more obnoxious to the average American today than the conduct toward them of many railroad employees during the twenty-six months of federal control. That the men in control of the railroad administration took steps to bring a better politeness and courtesy among the railroad servants is not to be denied. But the problem was quite beyond them, the distances between the administration offices at Washington and the men themselves much too great to be efficiently traversed. Letters and bulletins urging courtesy were puerile. The railroad rank and file laughed at them. Why courtesy? They were autocrats. Did not the first director-general himself proclaim that in the earliest days of his regency at Pueblo and again at El Paso? After such proclamation courtesy bulletins were to be regarded as just so much waste paper.

That this morale, the old fashioned tradition of American railroading, can be returned to us I do not doubt. It cannot be easily accomplished. It will require a deal of study—and exercise of great tact and diplomacy. It will have to be preceded by an end of union-baiting and of the more subtle, but nevertheless bitter, attacks upon government regulatory bodies. That there will have to be less governmental regulation or else the private operation of our railroads will fall, is the handwriting that already is written upon the wall. That a lessening of such regulation will of itself bring the best blood of the land once again to American railroading, or a bettered spirit of loyalty and energy and initiative to the present personnel, I do not for one minute believe. If that were so, the solution of our vexing problem would be easy. We should simply have to put the hands of the clock backward again, return to 1887 or thereabout, and, presto! our troubles would be over.

Unfortunately, no such quick cure awaits the sick man of American business. The restoration of his health, putting him soundly upon his feet once again, requires a great deal of study and thought. Already I have hinted at one or two possible embrocations in this very sore spot

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of his labor relationships. The readjustment of wages (it is hardly going to be possible to lower them far again unless possibly under some adaptation of the very sane British method which we have just seen) and the beginning of an organized movement to recruit and direct the best of our young men into a business which normally should have great fascination for them are two points already mentioned. There is another, which I have saved for the last.

Coöperation beats regulation. It always has and it always will. Already we have quoted Vice-President Atterbury of the Pennsylvania as saying that in the future the employees should have direct representation in the management of the carriers. That is one of the few one-hundred-per-cent.-right statements. Carried to a final degree of actuality, it would mean employee representation upon a railroad's directorate. That such a representation would be a benefit to labor I shall not deny. But I am thinking of quite another thing, of the vast benefit that it would be to the railroad itself. There is the real kernel of the nut.

Some day we shall progress to the point where the directorates of our railroads will be real directorates indeed, not groups of busy and harried bankers dropping in once a week for an hour or two for their twenty-dollar gold pieces. The farce that such a representation is necessary to a proper protection of the underwritings will then be completely exploded. Possibly the most successful private business in America, Standard Oil, is to-day operated upon the continuous directorate principle. Its directors give their entire time to the company upon whose board they sit. They are paid generous salaries for their entire time. They are experts in the refining and selling of oil. And the board, which sits every business day at eleven, fritters away no time whatsoever in listening to the fads and whimsicalities of expert representation.

Some day one of our railroads may have the vision and the enterprise to adapt that plan for itself. If it does, it will at once solve many of the most vexatious present-time problems of its operation. The curse of absentee landlordism will then disappear almost automatically. And if that railroad has the further vision and enterprise and courage to place at least one or two genuine labor representatives upon its board, ninety-nine per cent. of its labor troubles will also disappear automatically. Already it has been suggested that future railroad legislation insist that such representation be made. I should hate to see such a step taken by law. It would be worthless. It would be merely multiplying the evil of over-regulation from which our roads already are suffering. But I should like to see the step taken in the only way it should be taken, from the heart of the railroad itself as a matter of good sentiment, good tradition, good business sense. Then, and then only, would it bring its great reward—a revival of loyalty, energy, ambition, the reincarnation of the spirit of our fine American railroader of yesterday. That we have the right blood upon which so to recreate I do not doubt. For the moment we simply lack the method to develop it at its best. To acquire the right method should be the first task of the railroads of the nation.

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The Old South
by
J. Wells Champney

The following pages are from the original sketch-book of a well-known portrait-artist of the seventies and eighties who, in the decade immediately following the Civil War, traveled through the Southern States, making studies of negroes, former slave-owners, men, women, and children of every stratum of society. Many of these were used as illustrations to Edward King's book, "The New South." Champney's sketches constitute a collection which is not only an artistic treasure, but also a valuable historical document of the Reconstruction period. His accuracy and delicacy of draftsmanship are remarkable, and his charm of delineation is often reminiscent of Whistler.

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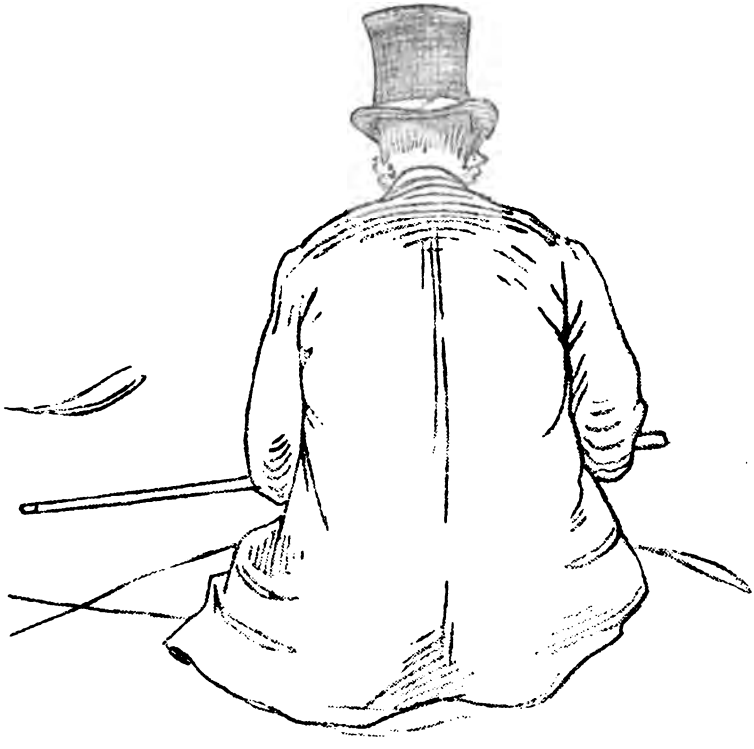

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Birthright[1]

A Novel in Seven Parts—Part V

By T. S. Stribling

Drawings by F. Luis Mora

When Peter reached the old manor, the quietude of the library, with its blackened mahogany table, its faded green Axminster, the meridional globe, banished the incident from his mind. He returned to his work of card-indexing the captain's books. He took half a dozen at a time from the shelves, dusted them out on the porch, then carried them to the embrasure of the window, which offered a pleasant light.

The captain's collection of books was strongly colored by a religious cast. All scientific additions came to an abrupt stop about the decade of 1880. That was the date when Charles Darwin's theory, enunciated in 1859, began to seep into the South. The only notice of evolution in the captain's library was a book called "Darwinism Dethroned." Nor was it Captain Renfrew alone. Peter knew that the whole South still clings, in a way, to the miraculous and special creation of the earth as described in Genesis. It clings with an intransigentism and bitterness far exceeding any other part of America. Why? To Peter the problem appeared insoluble.

He sat by the window lost in his reverie. Just outside on the ledge half a dozen English sparrows abused one another with chirps that came faintly through the small diamond panes. Their quick movements held Peter's eyes, and their endless quarreling presently recalled his episode with young Arkwright. It occurred to Peter, casually, that when Arkwright grew up he would subscribe to every reactionary doctrine set forth in the library he himself was indexing.

With that thought came a sort of mental flare, as if he were about to find the answer to the whole question through the concrete attack made on him by young Sam.

It is an extraordinary feeling, the sharp, joyful sense of the dawn of a new idea. Peter sat up sharply and leaned forward with a sense of being right on the fringe of a new and a great perception. Young Arkwright, the old captain, the whole South, were unfolding themselves in a vast answer, when a movement outside the window caught the negro's introspective eyes.

A girl was passing—a girl in a yellow dress was passing the Renfrew gate. Even then Peter would not have wavered in his synthesis had not the girl paused slightly and given a swift side glance at the old manor. Then the man in the window recognized Cissie Dildine.

A sort of shock traveled through

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

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Siner's body at the sight of Cissie's colorless face and darkened eyes. He stood up abruptly, with a feeling that he had some urgent thing to say to the young woman. His sharp movement toppled over the big globe.

The crash caused the girl to stop and look. For a moment they stood thus, the girl in the chill street, the man in the pleasant window, looking at each other. Next moment Cissie hurried on faster than ever up the village street toward the Arkwright house. No doubt she was on her way to cook their noon meal.

Peter remained standing in the window with a heavily beating heart. He watched her until she vanished behind a wing of the shrubbery in the Renfrew yard.

When she had gone, he looked at his books and cards, sat down again, and tried to resume his indexing. But his mind played away from it like a restive horse. It had been two weeks since he had seen Cissie. His nerves vibrated like the struck strings of a piano-forte. He had scarcely thought of her during the fortnight; but now, having seen her, he found himself powerless to go on with his work. He puttered a while longer among the books and cards, but they were meaningless. They appeared an utter futility. Why index a lot of nonsense? Somehow this recalled his adumbration of some great idea connected with young Arkwright and the old captain and the South.

He put his trembling nerves to work, trying to recapture his line of thought. He sat for ten minutes, following this mental train, then that, losing one, groping for another. His thoughts were jumpy. They played about Arkwright, the captain, Cissie, his mother's death, Tump Pack in prison, the quarrel between the Persimmon and Jim Pink Staggs. The whole of Nigger Town came rushing down upon him, seizing him in its passion and dustiness and greasiness, putting to flight all his cultivated white-man ideas.

After half an hour's searching he gave it up. Before he left the room he stooped, and tried to set up again the globe that the passing of the girl had caused him to throw down; but its pivot was out of plumb, and he had to lean it against the window-seat.

§ 2

The sight of Captain Renfrew coming in the gate sent Peter to his room. The hour was near twelve, and it had become a little point of household etiquette for the mulatto and the white man not to be together when old Rose jangled the triangle. By this means they forestalled the mute discourtesy of the old captain walking away from his secretary to eat. The subject of their separate meals had never been mentioned again since their first acrimonious morning. The matter had dropped into the abeyance of custom, just as the old gentleman had predicted.

Peter had left open his jalousies, but his windows were closed, and now as he entered he found his apartment flooded with sunshine and filled with that equable warmth that comes of straining sunbeams through glass.

He prepared for dinner with his mind still hovering about Cissie. He removed a book and a lamp from the lion-footed table, and drew up an old chair with which the captain had furnished his room. It was a delicate old Heppelwhite of rosewood. It had

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lost a finial from one of its back standards, and a round was gone from the left side. Peter never moved the chair but vague plans to repair it occurred to him.

When he had cleared his table and placed his chair beside it, he wandered over to his tall west window and stood looking up the street through the brilliant sunshine toward the Arkwright home. No one was in sight. In Hooker's Bend every one eats precisely at twelve, and at that hour the streets are empty. It would be some time before Cissie came back down the street to Nigger Town. She first would have to wash and put away the Arkwright dishes. It would be somewhere about one o'clock. Nevertheless, he kept staring out through the radiance of the autumn sunlight with an irrational feeling that she might appear any moment. He was afraid she would slip past and he not see her at all. The thought occurred to him of walking down the street with her to get the books that he had left at his mother's house.

He was still at the window when his door opened and old Rose entered with his dinner. She growled under her breath all the way from the door until she placed the tray on the table. Only a single phrase detached itself and stood out clearly amid her mutterings, "hope it chokes yuh."

Peter had nervously finished his dinner when the glint of a yellow dress far up the street prompted him to swift action; but at that moment the door opened, and old Rose put her head in to say that Captain Renfrew wanted to see Peter in the library.

"What? Right now?" he asked.

"Yeh, right now," carped Rose. "Evuh'thing he wants, he wants right now. He 's been res'less as a cat in a bulldog's den evuh sence he come home fuh dinnah. Dunno what 's come intuh he ol' bones, runnin' th'ugh his dinnah lak a razo'-back." She withdrew in a mumble of censure.

Peter cast a glance up the street, timed Cissie's arrival at the front gate, picked up his hat, and walked briskly to the library in the hope of finishing any business the captain might have in time to encounter the octoroon. He even began making some little conversational plans with which he could meet Cissie in a simple, unstudied manner. He recalled with a certain satisfaction that he had not said a word of condemnation the night of Cissie's confession. He would make a point of that, and was prepared to argue that since he had said nothing, he meant nothing. In fact he was prepared to throw away the truth completely and enter the conversation as an out-and-out opportunist, alleging whatever appeared to fit the occasion, as all men talk to all women.

The old captain was just getting into his chair as Peter entered. He paused in the midst of lowering himself by the chair-arms and got erect again. He began speaking a little uncertainly.

"Ah—by the way, Peter—I sent for you."

"Yes, sir." Peter looked out the window.

The old gentleman scrutinized Peter a moment; then his faded eyes wandered about the library.

"Still working at the books, cross indexing them—"

"Yes, sir." Peter could divine by the crinkle of his nerves the very loci of the girl as she passed down the thoroughfare.

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"Very good," said the old lawyer, absently. He was obviously preoccupied with some other topic. "Very good," he repeated with racking deliberation; "quite good. How did that globe get bent?"

Peter, looking at it, did not remember either knocking it over or setting it up.

"I don't know," he said rapidly. "I had n't noticed it."

"Old Rose did it," meditated the captain aloud, "but it 's no use to accuse her of it; she 'd deny it. And yet, on the other hand, Peter, she 'll be nervous until I do accuse her of it. She 'll be dropping things, breaking up my china. I dare say I 'd best accuse her at once, storm at her some to quiet her nerves, and get it over."

This monologue spurred Peter's impatience into an agony.

"I believe you were wanting me, Captain?" he suggested, with a certain urge for action.

The captain's little pleasantry faded. He looked at Peter and became uncomfortable again.

"Well, yes, Peter. Down town I heard—well, a rumor connected with you—"

Such an extraordinary turn caught the attention of even the fidgety Peter. He looked at his employer and wondered blankly what he had heard.

"I don't want to intrude on your private affairs, Peter, not at all—not—not in the least—"

"No-o-o," agreed Peter, completely at a loss.

The old gentleman rubbed his thin hands together, lifted his eyebrows up and down nervously. "Are—are you about to—to leave me, Peter?"

Peter was greatly surprised at the slightness and simplicity of this question and at the evidence of emotion it carried.

"Why, no," he cried; "not at all. Who told you I was? It is a deep gratification to me—"

"To be exact," proceeded the old man, with a vague fear still in his eyes, "I heard you were going to marry."

"Marry!" This flaw took Peter's sails even more unexpectedly than the other. "Captain, who in the world—who could have told—"

"Are you?"

"No."

"You are n't?"

"Indeed, no."

"I heard you were going to marry a negress here in town called Cissie Dildine." A question was audible in the silence that followed this statement. The obscure emotion that charged all the old man's queries affected Peter.

"I am not, Captain," he declared earnestly; "that 's settled."

"Oh—you say it 's settled," picked up the old lawyer, delicately.

"Yes."

"Then you had thought of it?" Immediately, however, he corrected this breach of courtesy into which his old legal habit of cross-questioning had lead him. "Well, at any rate," he said in quite another voice, "that eases my mind, Peter. It eases my mind. It was not only, Peter, the thought of losing you, but this girl you were thinking of marrying—let me warn you, Peter—she 's a negress."

The mulatto stared at such a strange objection.

"A negress!"

The old man paused and made that queer movement with his wrinkled lips as if he tasted some salty flavor.

"I—I don't mean exactly a—a

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negress," stammered the old gentleman; "I mean she 's not a—a good girl, Peter; she 's a—a thief, in fact; she 's a thief—a thief, Peter. I could n't endure for you to marry a thief, Peter."

It seemed to Peter Siner that some horrible compulsion kept the old captain repeating over and over the fact that Cissie Dildine was a thief, a thief, a thief. At last, when it seemed the old gentleman never would let up, Peter lifted a hand.

"Yes, yes," he gasped, with a sickly face, "I—I 've heard that before."

Peter drew a shaken breath and moistened his lips. The two stood looking at each other, both profoundly at a loss as to what the other meant. Old Captain Renfrew collected himself first.

"That is all, Peter." He tried to lighten his tones. "I think I 'll get to work. Let me see, where do I keep my manuscript?"

Peter pointed mechanically at a drawer as he walked out of the library door. Once outside, he ran to the front piazza, then to the front gate, and with a racing heart stood looking up and down the sleepy thoroughfare. The street was quite empty.

§ 3

Old Captain Renfrew was a trustful, credulous soul, as, indeed, most gentlemen who lead a bachelor's life are. Such men lack that moral hardening and whetting which is obtained only amid the vicissitudes of a home; they are not actively and continuously engaged in the employment and detection of chicane; want of intimate association with a woman and some children begets in them a soft and simple way of believing what is said to them. And their faith, easily raised, is just as easily shattered. Their judgment lacks training.

Peter Siner's simple assertion to the old captain that he was not going to marry Cissie Dildine completely allayed the old gentleman's uneasiness. Even the further information that Peter had had such a marriage under advisement, but had rejected it, did not put him on his guard.

From long non-intimacy with any human creature, the old legislator had forgotten that human life is a long succession of doing the things one is not going to do; he had forgotten, if he ever knew, that the human brain is not primarily a master, but a servant; its function is not to direct, but to devise schemes and apologies to gratify impulses. It is the ways and means committee to the great legislature of the body.

For several days after his fear that Peter Siner would marry Cissie Dildine old Captain Renfrew was as felicitous as a lover newly reconciled to his mistress. He ambled between the manor and the livery-stable with an abiding sense of well-being. When he approached his home in the radiance of high noon and saw the roof of the old mansion lying a bluish gray in the shadows of the trees, it filled the captain's heart with joy to feel that it was not an old and empty house that awaited his coming, but in it worked a busy youth who would be glad to see him enter the gate.

The fear of some unattended and undignified death which had beset the old gentleman during the last eight or ten years of his life vanished under Peter's presence. When he thought of it all now, he always previsioned himself being lifted and laid properly

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on his big four-poster in Peter's athletic arms.

At times when Peter sat working over the books in the library, the captain felt a prodigious urge to lay a hand on the young man's broad and capable shoulder. But he never did. Again the old lawyer would sit for minutes at a time watching his secretary's regular features as the brown man pursued his work with a trained intentness. The old gentleman derived a deep pleasure from such long scrutinies. It pleased him to imagine that, when he was young, he had possessed the same vigor, the same masculinity, the same capacity for persistent labor.

The two men had little to say to each other. Their thoughts beat to such different tempos that any attempt at continued speech discovered unequal measures. As a matter of fact, in all comfortable human conversation, words are used as mere buoys dropped here and there to mark well-known channels of thought and feeling. Similarity of mental topography is necessary to mutual understanding. Between any two generations the landscape is so changed as to be unrecognizable.

Now, old Rose Hobbett was more of an age with the captain, and these two talked very comfortably as the old virago came and went with food at meal-time. For instance, the captain always asked his servant if she had fed his cat, and old Rose invariably would sulk and poke out her lips and put off answering to the last possible moment of insolence, then would grumble out that she was "jes 'bout tuh feed the varmint, an' it wuz funny nobody could n't give a ha'd-wuckin' cullud woman breathin' space tuh tu'n roun' in."

This reply was satisfactory to the captain, because he knew what it meant—that Rose had half forgotten the cat, and had meant wholly to forget it, but since she had been snapped up, so to speak, in the very act of forgetting, she would dole it out a piece or two of the meat that she meant to abscond with as soon as the dishes were done.

While Rose was fulminating, the old gentleman recalled his bent globe and decided the moment had come for a lecture on that point. It always vaguely embarrassed the captain to correct Rose, and this increased his dignity. Now he cleared his throat in a certain way that brought the old negress to attention, so well they knew each other.

"By the way, Rose, in the future I must request you to use extraordinary precautions in cleansing and dusting articles of my household furniture, or, in case of damage, I shall be forced to withhold an indemnification out of your pay."

Eight or ten years ago, when the captain first repeated this formula to his servant, the roll and swing of his rhetoric, and the last word, "pay," had built up lively hopes in Rose that the old gentleman was announcing an increase in her regular wage of a dollar a week. Experience, however, had long since corrected this faulty interpretation.

She came to a stand in the doorway, with her kinky gray head swung around, half puzzled, wholly rebellious.

"Whut is I bruk now?"

"My globe."

The old woman turned about with more than usual angry innocence.

"Why, I ain't tech yo' globe!"

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"I foresaw that," agreed the captain with patient irony, "but in the future don't touch it more carefully. You bent its pivot the last time you refrained from handling it."

"But I tell yuh I ain't tech yo' globe!" cried the negress, with the anger of an illiterate person who feels, but cannot understand, the satire leveled at her.

"I agree with you," said the captain, glad the affair was over.

This verbal ducking into the cellar out of the path of her storm stirred up a tempest.

"But I tell you I is n't bruk it!"

"That 's what I said."

"Yeh, yeh, yeh," she flared, "you says I is n't, but when you says 'I is n't,' you means 'I is,' an' when you says 'I is,' you means 'I is n't.' That 's the sawt uv flapjack I 's wuckin' fuh!"

The old cook flirted out of the dining-room, and the old gentleman drew another long breath, glad it was over. He really had little reason to quarrel about the globe, bent or unbent; he never used it. It sat in his study year in and year out, its dusty twinkle brightened at long intervals by old Rose's spiteful rag.

The captain ate on placidly. There had been a time when he was dubious about such scenes with Rose. Once he felt it beneath his dignity as a Southern gentleman to allow any negro to speak to him disrespectfully. He used to feel that he should discharge her instantly, and during the first years of their entente had done so a number of times. But he could get no one else who suited him so well: her biscuit, her corn-lightbread, her lye-hominy, which only the old darkies know how to make. And, to tell the truth, he missed the old creature herself, her understanding of him and his ideas, her contemporaneity; and no one else would work for a dollar a week.

Presently in the course of his eating the old gentleman required another biscuit, and he wanted a hot one. Three mildly heated disks lay on a plate before him, but they had been out of the oven for five minutes and had been reduced to an unappetizing tepidity.

A little hand-bell sat beside the captain's plate whose special use was to summon hot biscuit. Now the old lawyer looked at its worn handle speculatively. He was not at all sure Rose would answer the bell. She would say she had n't heard it. He felt faintly disgruntled at not foreseeing this exigency and buttering two biscuits while they were hot, or even three.

He considered momentarily a project of going after a hot biscuit for himself, but eventually put it by. South of the Mason-Dixon Line self-help is half-scandal. At last, quite dubiously, he did pick up the bell and gave it a gentle ring, so if old Rose chose not to hear it, she probably would n't, thus he could believe her and not lose his temper and so widen an already uncomfortable breach.

To the captain's surprise, the old creature not only brought the biscuits, but she did it promptly. No sooner had she served them, however, than the captain saw she really had returned with a new line of defense.

She mumbled it out as usual, so that her employer was forced to guess at a number of words; "dat niggah Petuh mus' 'a' busted yo' gl—"

"No, he did n't."

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"'Whut dey says don't lib in de same neighbo'hood wid whut dey does?'"

"Mus' of—" she began angrily.

"No, he did n't. I asked him, and he said he did n't."

The old harridan stared, and her speech suddenly became clear-cut:

"Well, 'fo' Gawd, I says I did n't, too!"

At this point the captain made an unintelligible noise and spread the butter on his hot biscuit.

"He 's jes a niggah, lak I is," stated the cook, warmly.

The captain buttered two hot biscuits.

"We 's jes two niggahs."

The captain hoped she would presently sputter herself out.

"Now look heah," cried the crone, growing angrier and angrier as the reaches of the insult spread itself before her, "is you gwinter put one of us niggahs befo' de odder, 'ca'se ef you is, I mus' say, it 's Kady lock a do' wid me."

The captain looked up satirically.

"What do you mean by Katie lock the door with you?" he asked, though he had an uneasy feeling that he knew.

"You know what I means. I means I 's gwinter leab dis place."

"Now look here, Rose," protested the lawyer, with dignity, "Peter Siner occupies almost a fiduciary relation to me."

The old negress stared with a slack jaw. "A relation of yo's!"

The lawyer hesitated some seconds, looking at the hag. His high-bred old face was quite inscrutable, but presently he said in a serious voice:

"Peter occupies a position of trust with me, Rose."

"Yeh," mumbled Rose, "I see you trus' him."

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"One day he is going to do me a service, a very great service, Rose."

The hag continued looking at him with a stubborn expression.

"You know better than any one else, Rose, my dread of some—some unmannerly death—"

The old woman made a sound that might have meant anything.

"And Peter has promised to stay with me until—until the end."

The old negress considered this solemn speech, and then grunted out:

"Which en'?"

"Which end?" The captain was irritated.

"Yeh; yo' en' aw Petuh's en'?"

The lawyer looked at his black questioner.

"By every law of probability Peter will outlive me."

"Yeh, but Petuh 'll come to a en' wid you when he ma'ies dat stuck-up, yellow fly-by-night, Cissie Dildine."

"He 's not going to marry her," said the captain, comfortably.

"Huh!"

"Peter told me he did n't intend to marry Cissie Dildine."

"Shu! Then what fuh they go roun' peepin' at each othuh lak a couple o' niggahs roun' a haystack?"

The old lawyer was annoyed.

"Peeping where?"

"Why, right in front o' dis house, dat 's wha, evuh day when dat hussy passes up to de A'kwrights, wha she wucks. She pokes along an' walls huh eyes roun' at dis house lak a calf wid de splivins."

"That going on now?"

"Evuh day."

A deep uneasiness went through the old man. He moistened his lips.

"But Peter said—"

"Good Gawd! Mas' Renfrew, whut diff'unce do it make whut Petuh say? Ain't yuh foun' out yit when a he-niggah an' a she-niggah gits tuh peepin' at each odder, whut dey says don't lib in de same neighbo'hood wid whut dey does?"

This was delivered with such energy that it completely undermined the captain's faith in Peter, and this angered the old gentleman.

"That 'll do, Rose; that 'll do. That 's all I need out of you."

The old crone puffed up again at this unexpected flare, and went out of the room, plopping her feet on the floor and mumbling. Among these ungracious sounds the captain caught, "blin' ol' fool!" But there was no need becoming offended and demanding what she meant. Her explanation would have been vague and unsatisfactory.

The verjuice which old Rose had sprinkled over Peter and Cissie by calling them "he-nigger" and "she-nigger" somehow minimized them, animalized them in the old lawyer's imagination. Rose's speech was charged with such contempt for her own color that it placed the mulatto and the octoroon down with apes and rabbits.

The lawyer fought against it for the sake of his secretary, who had come to occupy a wide sector of his comfort and affection. Yet the old virago evidently spoke from a broad background of experience. She was at least half convincing. While the captain repelled her charge against his quiet, hard-working brown helper, he admitted it against Cissie Dildine, whom he did not know. She was an animal, a female centaur, a wanton, and a strumpet, as all negresses are wantons and strumpets. Every white man in

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the South firmly believes that. They believe it with a peculiar detestation; and since they used these persons very profitably for a hundred and fifty years as breeding animals, one might say they believe it a trifle ungratefully.

§ 4

The semi-daily passings of Cissie Dildine before the old Renfrew manor on her way to and from the Arkwright home upset Peter Siner's working schedule to an extraordinary degree.

After watching for two or three days, Peter worked out a sort of timetable for Cissie. She passed up early in the morning at about five forty-five. He could barely see her then, and somehow she looked very pathetic hurrying along in the cold, dim light of dawn. After she had cooked the Arkwright breakfast, swept the Arkwright floors, dusted the Arkwright furniture, she passed back toward Nigger Town somewhere near nine. Around eleven o'clock she went up to cook dinner, and returned at one or two in the afternoon. Occasionally, she made a third trip to get supper.

This was as exactly as Peter could predict the arrivals and departures of Cissie, and this involved a large margin of uncertainty. For half an hour before Cissie passed she kept Peter watching the clock at nervous intervals, wondering, after all, if she had gone by unobserved. Invariably, he would move his work to a window where he had the whole street under his observation. Then he would proceed with his indexing with more and more difficulty. At first the paragraphs would lose connection, and he would be forced to reread them. Then the sentences would drop apart. Only by an effort could Peter enforce a temporary cohesion among them, and they dropped apart at the first slackening of the strain.

Strange to say, when the octoroon actually was walking past, Peter did not look at her steadily. On the contrary, he would think to himself: "How little I care for such a woman! My ideal is thus and so—" He would look at her until she glanced across the yard and saw him sitting in the window; then immediately he bent over his books, as if his stray glance had lighted on her purely by chance, as if she were nothing more to him than a passing dray or a fluttering leaf. Indeed, he told himself at these crises that he had no earthly interest in the girl, that she was not the sort of woman he desired, while his heart hammered, and the lines of print under his eyes blurred into gray streaks across the page.

One evening Peter saw Cissie pass his gate, hurrying, almost running, apparently in flight from something. It sent a queer shock through him. He stared after her, then up and down the street. Even when he went to bed that night, the strangeness of Cissie's flight kept him awake, inventing explanations.

None of Peter's preoccupation was lost upon old Captain Renfrew. None is so suspicious as a credulous man aroused. After Rose had struck her blow at the secretary, the old gentleman noted all of Peter's permutations and misconstrued a dozen quite innocent actions on Peter's part into signs of bad faith.

A little observation soon discovered to the captain who Cissie Dildine was, and what he saw did not reëstablish his peace of mind. On the contrary,

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it became more than probable that the cream-colored negress would lure Peter away. This possibility aroused in the old lawyer a grim, voiceless rancor against Cissie. In his thoughts he linked the girl with every manner of evil design against Peter, for to the old gentleman's eyes there was an abiding impudence about Cissie's very charms.

One morning as Captain Renfrew came home from town, he chanced to walk just behind the octoroon, and quite unconsciously the girl delivered an added fillip to the old gentleman's uneasiness.

Just before Cissie passed in front of the Renfrew manor, womanlike, she paused to make some slight improvements in her appearance before walking under the eyes of her lover. She adjusted some strands of hair which had blown loose in the autumn wind, looked at herself in a purse mirror, retouched her nose with the greenish powder; then she picked a little sprig of sumac leaves that burned on the corner of a lawn and pinned its flame on the unashamed loveliness of her bosom.

This negro instinct for brilliant color is the theme of many jests in the South, but it is entirely justified esthetically, although the constant sarcasm of the whites has checked its satisfaction, if it has not corrupted the taste.

The bit of sumac out of which the octoroon had improvised a nosegay lighted up her skin and eyes, and created an ensemble as closely resembling a Henri painting as anything the streets of Hooker's Bend was destined to see.

But old Captain Renfrew was far from appreciating any such bravura in scarlet and gold. At first he put it down to mere niggerish taste, and his dislike for the girl edged his stricture; then, on second thought, the oddness of sumac for a nosegay caught his attention. Nobody used sumac for a buttonhole. He had never heard of any woman, white or black, using sumac for a bouquet. Why should this Cissie Dildine trig herself out in sumac?

The captain's suspicions came to a point like a setter. He began sniffing about for Cissie's motives in choosing so queer an ornament. He wondered if it had anything to do with Peter Siner.

All his life Captain Renfrew's brain had been deliberate. He moved mentally, as he did physically, with dignity. To tell the truth, the captain's thoughts had a way of balking, of absolutely stopping now and then, and he would view the world as a simple collection of colored surfaces without depth or meaning. During these intervals, by a sort of irony of the gods, the old gentleman's face wore a look of philosophic concentration that had given him a reputation for profundity. It had been this, years before, that had carried him by a powerful majority into the Tennessee legislature. The voters agreed almost to a man that they preferred depth to a shallow facility. The rival candidate had been shallow and facile. The polls returned the captain, and he was launched on a typical politician's career; but some Republican member from east Tennessee had impugned the rising statesman's honor with some sort of improper liaison. In those days there seemed to be proper and improper liaisons. There had been a duel on the banks of the Cumberland River in which the captain succeeded

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in wounding his traducer in the arm, and was thus vindicated by the gods. But the incident ended a career that might very well have wound up in the governor's chair, or even in the United States Senate, considering how very deliberate the captain was mentally.

To-day, as the captain walked up the street following Cissie Dildine, one of these vacant moods fell upon him, and it was not until they had reached his own gate that it suddenly occurred to the old gentleman just what Cissie's sumac did mean. It was a signal to Peter. The simplicity of the solution stirred the old man. Its meaning was equally easy to fathom. When a woman signals any man, it conveys consent. Denials receive no signals; they are inferred. In this particular case Captain Renfrew found every reason to believe that this flaring bit of sumac was the prelude to an elopement.

In the window of his library the captain saw his secretary staring at his cards and books with an intentness plainly assumed. Peter's fixed stare had none of those small movements of the head that mark genuine intellectual labor. So Peter was posing, pretending he did not see the girl to disarm his employer's suspicions; pretending not to see a girl rigged out like that!

Such duplicity sent a queer spasm of anguish through the old lawyer. Peter's action held half a dozen barbs for the captain. A fellow alumnus of Harvard staying in his house merely for his wage and keep, Peter bore not the slightest affection for him; the mulatto lacked even the chivalry to notify the captain of his intentions, because he knew the captain objected. And yet all these self-centered objections were nothing to what old Mr. Renfrew felt for Peter's own sake. For Peter to marry a nigger and a strumpet, for him to elope with a wanton and a thief! For such an upstanding lad, the very picture of his own virility and mental alertness when he was of that age, for such a boy to fling himself away, to drop out of existence —oh, it was loathly!

The old man entered the library feeling sick. It was empty. Peter had gone to his room, according to his custom. But in this particular instance it seemed to Captain Renfrew his withdrawal was flavored with a tang of guilt. If he were innocent, why should not such a big, strong youth have stayed and helped an old gentleman off with his overcoat?

The old captain blew out a windy breath as he helped himself out of his coat in the empty library. The bent globe still leaned against the window-seat. The room had never looked so somber or so lonely.

At dinner the old man ate so badly that Rose Hobbett ceased her monotonous grumbling to ask if he felt well. He said he had had a hard day, a difficult day. He felt so weak and thin that he foretold the gray days when he could no longer creep to the village and sit with his cronies at the livery-stable, when he would be house-fast, through endless days, creeping from room to room, like a weak old rat in a huge empty house, finally to die in some disgusting fashion; and now Peter was going to leave him, was going to throw himself away on a lascivious wench. A faint moisture dampened the old man's withered eyes. He drank an extra thimbleful of whisky to try to hearten himself. Its bouquet filled the stateliness of the dining-room.

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"She picked a little sprig of sumac leaves that burned on the corner of a lawn"

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During the weeks of Peter's stay at the manor it had grown to be the captain's habit really to write for two or three hours in the afternoon, and his pile of manuscript had thickened under his application.

The old man was writing a book called "Reminiscences of Peace and War." His book would form another unit of that extraordinary crop of personal reminiscences of the old South which flooded the presses of America during the decade of 1908–18. During just that decade it seemed as if the aged men and women of the South suddenly realized that the generation who had lived through the picturesqueness and stateliness of the old slave régime was almost gone, and over their hearts swept a common impulse to commemorate, in the sunset of their own lives, its fading splendor and its vanished deeds.

§ 5

On this particular afternoon the captain settled himself to work, but his reminiscences did not get on. He pinched a bit of floss from the nib of his pen and tried to swing into the period of which he was writing. He read over a few pages of his copy as mental priming, but his thoughts remained flat and dull. Indeed, the captain's whole life, as he reviewed it in the waning afternoon, appeared empty and futile. It seemed hardly worth while to go on.

He had come to that point in his memoirs where the Republican representative from Knox County had set going the petard which had wrecked his political career.

From the very beginnings of his labors the old lawyer had looked forward to writing just this period of his life. He meant to clear up his name once for all. He meant to use invective, argument, testimony, and a powerful emotional appeal such as a country lawyer invariably attempts with a jury.

But now that he had arrived at the actual composition of his defense, he sat biting his pen-stock, with all the arguments he meant to advance slipped from his mind. He could not recall the points of the proof. He could not recall them with Peter Siner moving restlessly about the room, glancing through the window, unsettled, nervous, on the verge of eloping with a negress.

His secretary's tragedy smote the old man. The necessity of doing something for Peter put his thoughts to rout. A wild idea occurred to the captain that if he should write the exact truth, perhaps his memoirs might serve Peter as a signal against a futile, empty journey.

But the thought no sooner appeared than it was rejected. In the Anglo-Saxon, especially the Anglo-Saxon of the Southern United States, abides no such Gallic frankness as moved a Jean-Jacques. Southern memoirs always sound like the conversation between two maiden ladies, nothing intimate, simply a few general remarks designed to show from what nice families they came.

So the captain wrote nothing. During all the afternoon he sat at his desk with a leaden heart, watching Peter move about the room. The old man maintained more or less the posture of writing, but his thoughts were occupied in pitying himself and pitying Peter. Half a dozen times he looked up on the verge of making some plea, some remonstrance, against the mad-

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ness of this brown man. But the sight of Peter sitting in the window-seat staring out into the street silenced him. He was a weak old man, and Peter's nerves were strung with the desire of youth.

At last the two men heard old Rose clashing in the kitchen. A few minutes later the secretary excused himself from the library to go to his own room. As Peter was about to pass through the door the thought that this perhaps was the last time he would ever see Peter suddenly galvanized the captain into action. He got up from his chair and called shakenly to Peter. The negro paused. The captain moistened his lips and controlled his voice.

"I want to have a little word with you, Peter, about a—a little matter. I—I 've mentioned it before."

"Yes, sir." The negro's tone and attitude reminded the captain that the supper gong would soon sound and they would best separate at once.

"It—it 's about Cissie Dildine," hurried the old lawyer.

Peter nodded faintly.

"Yes, you mentioned that before."

The old man lifted a thin hand as if to touch Peter's arm, but he did not. A sort of desperation seized him.

"But listen, Peter, you don't want to do—what 's in your mind!"

"What is in my mind, Captain?"

"I mean marry a negress. You don't want to marry a negress!"

The brown man stared, utterly blank.

"Not marry a negress!"

"No, Peter; no," quavered the old man. "For yourself it may make no difference, but your children—think of your children, your son growing up under a brown veil! You can't tear it off. God himself can't tear it off. You can never reach him through it. Your children, your children's children, a terrible procession that stretches out and out, marching under a black shroud, unknowing, unknown. All you can see are their sad forms beneath the shroud marching away—marching away, God knows where! And yet—it 's your own flesh and blood!"

Suddenly the old lawyer's face broke into the hard, tearless contortions of the aged. His terrible emotion communicated itself to the sensitive brown man.

"But, Captain, I myself am a negro. Whom should I marry?"

"No one; no one. Let your seed wither in your loins! It 's better to do that; it 's better—" At that moment the clashing of the supper gong fell on the old man's naked nerves. He straightened up by some reflex mechanism, turned away from what he thought was his last interview with his secretary, and proceeded down the piazza into the great empty dining-room.

§ 6

Peter Siner entered his room with overwrought nerves. At five o'clock that afternoon he had seen Cissie Dildine go up the street to the Arkwright home to cook one of those occasional suppers. He had been watching for her return, and in the midst of it the captain's extraordinary outburst had stirred him up.

Once in his room, the negro placed the broken Heppelwhite in a position so that he could rake the street with a glance. Then he tried to compose himself and await the coming of his supper and the passage of Cissie. There was something almost pathetic

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in Peter's endless watching, all for a mere glimpse or two of the girl in yellow. He himself had no idea how his nerves and thoughts had woven themselves around the young woman. He had no idea what a passion this continual doling out of glimpses had begotten. He did not dream how much he was, as folk naïvely put it, in love with her.

It was strong enough to make him forget for a while the old lawyer's outbreak. However, as the dusk thickened in the shrubbery and under the trees, certain of the old gentleman's phrases revisited the mulatto's mind, "Your children, your children's children, a terrible procession," "marching away, God knows where! And yet—it 's your own flesh and blood!" They were terrific sentences, as if the old man had been trying to tear from his vision some sport of nature, some deformity. As the implications spread before Peter, he became more and more astonished at its content. Even to Captain Renfrew black men were dehumanized, shrouded, untouchable creatures.

It delivered to Peter a slow, but a profound, shock. He glanced about at the faded magnificence of the room with a queer feeling that he had been introduced into it under a sort of misrepresentation. He had taken up his abode with the captain on the basis of belonging to the human family, but this passionate outbreak, this puzzling explosion, cut that ground from under his feet.

The more Peter thought about it, the stranger grew his sensation. Not even to be classed as a human being by this old gentleman who in a weak, helpless fashion had crept somewhat into Peter's affections—not to be considered a man! The mulatto drew a long, troubled breath, and by the mere mechanics of his desire kept staring through the gloom for Cissie.

Peter Siner had known all along that the unread whites of Hooker's Bend, and that included nearly every white person in the village, considered black men as simple animals; but he had supposed that the more thoughtful men, of whom Captain Renfrew was a type, at least admitted the Afro-American to the common brotherhood of humanity. But they did not.

As Peter sat staring into the darkness the whole effect of the dehumanizing of the black folk of the South began to unfold itself before his imagination. It explained to him the tragedies of his race; their sufferings at the hand of mob violence; the casualness, even the levity, with which black men were murdered; the chronic dishonesty with which negroes were treated; the constant enactment of adverse legislation against them; the cynical use of negro women. They were all vermin, animals; they were one with the sheep and the swine, a little nearer the human in form, perhaps, and, oddly enough, one that could be bred to a human being, as testified a multitude of brown and yellow and cream-colored folk, but all marching away, as the captain had passionately said, their forms hidden from human intercourse under a shroud of black. And yet they were the South's own flesh and blood.

The horror of such a complex swelled in Peter's mind to monstrous proportions. As night thickened at his window, the negro sat dazed and wondering at the mightiness of his vision. His thoughts went groping, trying to solve some obscure problem

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it posed. He thought of the Arkwright boy; he thought of the men smiling as his mother's funeral went past the livery-stable; he thought of Captain Renfrew's manuscript that he was transcribing. Through all the old man's memoirs ran a certain lack of sincerity. Peter always felt amid his labors that the old captain was making an attorney's plea rather than a candid exposition. At this point in his thoughts there gradually limned itself in the brown man's mind the answer to that enigma which he almost had unraveled on the day he first saw Cissie Dildine pass his window. With it came the answer to the puzzle contained in the old captain's library. The library was not an ordinary compilation of the world's thought; it, too, was an attorney's special pleading against the equality of man. Any book or theory that upheld the equality of man was carefully excluded from the old lawyer's shelves. Darwin's great hypothesis, and every development springing from it, had been banned, because the moment that a theory was propounded of the great biologic relationship of all flesh, from worms to vertebrates, there instantly followed the corollary of the brotherhood of man.

The old captain's library lacked sincerity. Southern orthodoxy, which persists in pouring its religious thought into the outworn molds of special creation, lacks sincerity. Scarcely a department of Southern life escapes this fundamental attitude of special pleader and disingenuousness. It explains the Southern fondness for legal subtleties. All attempts at Southern poetry, belles lettres, painting, novels, bear the stamp of the special plea, of authors whose exposition is careful.

Peter perceived what every one must perceive, that when letters turn into a sort of glorified prospectus of a country, all value as literature ceases. The very breath of art and interpretation is an eager and a sincere searching of the heart. This sincerity the South lacks. Her single talent will always be forensic, because she is a lawyer with a cause to defend. And such is the curse that arises from lynchings and venery and extortions and dehumanizings—sterility; a dumbness of soul.

Peter Siner's thoughts lifted him with the tremendous buoyancy of inspiration. He swung out of his chair and began tramping his dark room. The skin of his scalp tickled as if a ghost had risen before him. The nerves in his thighs and back vibrated. He felt light, and tingled with energy.

Unaware of what he was doing, he set about lighting the gasolene-lamp. He worked with nervous quickness, as if he were in a great hurry. Presently a brilliant light flooded the room. It turned the gray illumination of the windows to blackness.

Joy enveloped Peter. His own future developed under his eyes with the same swift clairvoyance that marked his vision of the ills of his country. He saw himself remedying those ills. He would go about showing white men and black men the simple truth, the spiritual necessity for justice and fairness. It was not a question of social equality; it was a question of clearing a road for the development of Southern life. He would show white men that to weaken, to debase, to dehumanize the negro, inflicted a more terrible wound in the South than would any strength the black man might develop. He would

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show black men that to hate the whites, constantly to suspect, constantly to pilfer from them, only riveted heavier shackles on their limbs.

It was all so clear and so simple! The white South must humanize the black not for the sake of the negro, but for the sake of themselves. No one could resist such fundamental logic.

Peter's heart sang with the solemn joy of a man who had found his work. All through his youth he had felt blind yearnings and gropings for he knew not what. It had driven him with endless travail out of Nigger Town, through school and college, and back to Nigger Town again, this untiring Hound of Heaven. But at last he had reached his work. He, Peter Siner, a mulatto, with the blood of both white and black in his veins, would come as an evangel of liberty to both white and black. The brown man's eyes grew moist from joy. His body seemed possessed of tremendous energy.

As he paced his room there came into the glory of Peter's thoughts the memory of the Arkwright boy as he sat in the cedar glade brooding on the fallen needles. Peter recalled the boy's disjointed words as he wrestled with the moral and physical problems of adolescence. Peter recalled his impulse to sit down by young Sam Arkwright, and, as best he might, give him some clue to the critical and feverish period through which he was passing.

He had not done so, but Peter remembered the instance down to the very desperation in the face of the brooding youngster. And it seemed to Peter that this rejected impulse had been a sign that he was destined to be an evangel to the whites as well as to the blacks.

The joy of Peter's mission bore him aloft on vast wings. His room seemed to fall away from him, and he was moving about his country, releasing the two races from their bonds of suspicion and cruelty.

Slowly the old manor formed about Peter again, and he perceived that a tapping on the door had summoned him back. He walked to the door with his heart full of kindness for old Rose. She was bringing him his supper. He felt as if he could take the old woman in his arms, and out of the mere hugeness of his love sweeten her bitter life. The mulatto opened the door as eagerly as if he were admitting some long-desired friend; but when the shutter swung back, the old crone and her salver were not there. All he could discern in the darkness were the white pillars marking the night into panels. There was no light in the outer kitchen. The whole manor was silent.

As he stood listening, the knocking was repeated, this time more faintly. He fixed the sound at the window. He closed the door, walked across the brilliant room, and opened the shutters.

For several moments he saw nothing more than the tall quadrangle of blackness which the window framed; then a star or two pierced it; then something moved. He saw a woman's figure standing close to the casement, and out of the darkness Cissie Dildine's voice asked in its careful English:

"Peter, may I come in?"

(The end of the fifth part of "Birthright")

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The Nature of News[1]

Toward a Critique of Public Opinion

By WALTER LIPPMANN, *Author of* "A PREFACE TO POLITICS," *etc.*

ALL the reporters in the world, working all the hours of the day, could not witness all the happenings in the world. There are not a great many reporters, and none of them has the power to be in more than one place at a time. Reporters are not clairvoyant; they do not gaze into a crystal ball and see the world at will; they are not assisted by thought transference. Yet the range of subjects these comparatively few men manage to cover would be a miracle indeed if it were not a standardized routine.

Newspapers do not try to keep an eye on all mankind. They have watchers stationed at certain places, like police headquarters, the coroner's office, the county clerk's office, the city hall, the White House, the Senate, the House of Representatives, etc. They watch, or rather in the majority of cases they belong to associations which, as Mr. Given says in his "Making a Newspaper," employ men who watch, "a comparatively small number of places where it is made known when the life of any one . . . departs from ordinary paths, or when events worth telling about occur." He further explains this practice by saying:

For example, John Smith, let it be supposed, becomes a broker. For ten years he pursues the even tenor of his way and except for his customers and his friends no one gives him a thought. To the newspapers he is as if he were not. But in the eleventh year he suffers heavy losses and, at last, his resources all gone, summons his lawyer and arranges for the making of an assignment. The lawyer posts off to the County Clerk's office, and a clerk there makes the necessary entries in the official docket. Here in step the newspapers. While the clerk is writing Smith's business obituary a reporter glances over his shoulder, and a few minutes later the reporters know Smith's troubles and are as well informed concerning his business status as they would be had they kept a reporter at his door every day for over ten years.

When Mr. Given says that the newspapers know "Smith's troubles" and "his business status," he does not mean that they know them as Smith knows them, or as Mr. Arnold Bennett would know them if he had made Smith the hero of a three-volume novel. The newspapers know "in a few minutes" only the bald facts which are recorded in the county clerk's office. That overt act "uncovers" the news about Smith. Whether the news will be followed up or not is another matter. The point is that before a series of events becomes news they have usually to make themselves noticeable in some more or less overt act. Generally, too, in a crudely overt act. Smith's friends may have known for years that he was taking risks; rumors

[1] This is the fourth of a series of papers from Mr. Lippmann's forthcoming book on "Public Opinion." The transition paragraphs in brackets are not Mr. Lippmann's, but inserted by the editor.—THE EDITOR.

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may even have reached the financial editor if Smith's friends were talkative. But apart from the fact that none of this could be published because it would be libel, there is in these judgments nothing definite on which to peg a story. Something definite must occur that has unmistakable form. It may be the act of going into bankruptcy, it may be a fire, a collision, an assault, a riot, an arrest, a denunciation, the introduction of a bill, a speech, a vote, a meeting, the expressed opinion of a well known citizen, an editorial in a newspaper, a sale, a wage schedule, a price change, the proposal to build a bridge. There must be a manifestation. The course of events must assume a certain definable shape, and until it is in a phase where some aspect is an accomplished fact, news does not separate itself from the ocean of possible truth.

Naturally, there is room for wide difference of opinion as to when events have a shape that can be reported. A good journalist will find news oftener than a hack. If he sees a building with a dangerous list, he does not have to wait until it falls into the street in order to recognize news. It was a great reporter who guessed the name of the next Indian viceroy when he heard that Lord So-and-so was inquiring about climates. These are lucky shots, and the number of men who can make them is small. Usually, it is the stereotyped shape assumed by an event at an obvious place that uncovers the run of the news. The most obvious place is where people's affairs touch public authority. *De minimis non curat lex.* It is at these places that marriages, births, deaths, contracts, failures, arrivals, departures, lawsuits, disorders, epidemics, and calamities are made known. There are plenty of interesting things that happen which never do find their way either to a public office, party headquarters, the central offices of an institution, or the house of a public person, but on the whole in the great press they are not uncovered.

§ 2

In the first instance, therefore, the news is not a mirror of social conditions, but the report of an aspect that has obtruded itself. The news does not tell you how the seed is germinating in the ground, but it may tell you when the first sprout breaks through the surface. It may even tell you what somebody says is happening to the seed underground. It may tell you that the sprout did not come up at the time it was expected. The more points, then, at which any happening can be fixed, objectified, measured, named, the more points there are at which news can occur.

So, if some day a legislature, having exhausted all other ways of improving mankind, should forbid the scoring of base-ball games, it might still be possible to play some sort of game in which the umpire decided according to his own sense of fair play how long the game should last, when each team should go to bat, and who should be regarded as the winner. If that game were reported in the newspapers, it would consist of a record of the umpire's decisions, plus the reporter's impression of the hoots and cheers of the crowd, plus at best a vague account of how certain men who had no specified position on the field moved around for a few hours on an unmarked piece of sod. The more you try to imagine the logic of so absurd a predicament,

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the clearer it becomes that for the purposes of news-gathering, let alone the purposes of playing the game, it is impossible to do much without an apparatus and rules for naming, scoring, recording. Because that machinery is far from perfect, the umpire's life is often a distracted one. Many crucial plays he has to judge by eye. The last vestige of dispute could be taken out of the game, as it has been taken out of chess when people obey the rules, if somebody thought it worth his while to photograph every play. It was the moving-pictures which finally settled a real doubt in many reporters' minds, owing to the slowness of the human eye, as to just what blow of Dempsey's knocked out Carpentier.

Wherever there is a good machinery of record, the modern news service works with great precision. There is one on the stock exchange, and the news of price movements is flashed over tickers with dependable accuracy. There is a machinery for election returns, and when the counting and tabulating are well done, the result of a national election is correctly known usually in a few hours. In civilized communities deaths, births, marriages, and divorces are recorded, and are known accurately except where there is concealment or neglect. The machinery exists for some, and only some, aspects of industry and government, in varying degrees of precision for securities, money, and staples, bank clearances, realty transactions, wage scales. It exists for imports and exports because they pass through a custom-house and can be directly recorded. It exists in nothing like the same degree for internal trade, and especially for trade over the counter.

It will be found, I think, that there is a very direct relation between the certainty of news and the system of record. If you call to mind the topics which form the principal indictment by reformers against the press, you find they are subjects in which the newspaper occupies the position of the umpire in the unscored base-ball game. All news about states of mind is of this character; so are all descriptions of personalities, of sincerity, aspiration, motive, intention, of mass feeling, of national feeling, of public opinion, the policies of foreign governments. So is much news about what is going to happen. So are questions turning on private profit, private income, wages, working conditions, the efficiency of labor, educational opportunity, unemployment, monotony, health, discrimination, unfairness, restraint of trade, waste, "backward peoples," conservatism, imperialism, radicalism, liberty, honor, righteousness. All involve data that are at best spasmodically recorded. The data may be hidden because of a censorship or a tradition of privacy; they may not exist because nobody thinks record important, because he thinks it red-tape, or because nobody has yet invented an objective system of measurement. Then the news on these subjects is bound to be debatable when it is not wholly neglected. The events which are not scored are reported either as personal and conventional opinions, or they are not news. They do not take shape until somebody protests or somebody investigates or somebody publicly, in the etymological meaning of the word, makes an *issue* of them.

This is the underlying reason for the existence of the press agent. The enormous discretion as to what facts

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and what impressions shall be reported is steadily convincing every organized group of people that whether it wishes to secure publicity or to avoid it, the exercise of discretion cannot be left to the reporter. It is safer to hire a press agent who stands between the group and the newspapers. Having hired him, the temptation to exploit his strategic position is very great. Mr. Frank Cobb says:

> Shortly before the war the newspapers of New York took a census of the press agents who were regularly employed and regularly accredited and found that there were about twelve hundred of them. How many there are now [1919] I do not pretend to know, but what I do know is that many of the direct channels to news have been closed and the information for the public is first filtered through publicity agents. The great corporations have them, the banks have them, the railroads have them, all the organizations of business and of social and political activity have them and they are the media through which news comes. Even statesmen have them.

Were reporting the simple recovery of obvious facts, the press agent would be little more than a clerk. But since, in respect to most of the big topics of news, the facts are not simple and not at all obvious, but subject to choice and opinion, it is natural that every one should wish to make his own choice of facts for the newspapers to print. The publicity man does that. And in doing it he certainly saves the reporter much trouble by presenting him a clear picture of a situation out of which he might otherwise make neither head nor tail. But it follows that the picture which the publicity man makes for the reporter is the one he wishes the public to see. He is censor and propagandist, responsible only to his employers, and to the whole truth responsible only as it accords with the employer's conception of his own interests.

The development of the publicity man is a clear sign that the facts of modern life do not spontaneously take a shape in which they can be known. They must be given a shape by somebody, and since in the daily routine reporters cannot give a shape to facts, and since there is little disinterested organization of intelligence, the need for some formulation is being met by the interested parties.

The good press agent understands that the virtues of his cause are not news unless they are such strange virtues that they jut right out of the routine of life. This is not because the newspapers do not like virtue, but because it is not worth while to say that nothing has happened when nobody expected anything to happen. So, if the publicity man wishes free publicity, he has, speaking quite accurately, to start something. He arranges a stunt: obstructs the traffic, teases the police, somehow manages to entangle his client or his cause with an event that is already news. The suffragists knew this, did not particularly enjoy the knowledge, but acted on it, and kept suffrage in the news long after the arguments pro and con were straw in their mouths, and people were about to settle down to thinking of the suffrage movement as one of the established institutions of American life.

§ 3

Let us suppose the conditions leading up to a strike are bad. What is the measure of evil? A certain conception of a proper standard of living,

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hygiene, economic security, and human dignity. The industry may be far below the theoretical standard of the community, and the workers may be too wretched to protest. Conditions may be above the standard, and the workers may protest violently. The standard is at best a vague measure. However, we shall assume that the conditions are below par, as par is understood by the editor. Occasionally, without waiting for the workers to threaten, but prompted, say, by a social worker, he will send reporters to investigate, and will call attention to bad conditions. Necessarily, he cannot do that often. For these investigations cost time, money, special talent, and a lot of space. To make plausible a report that conditions are bad, you need a good many columns of print. In order to tell the truth about the steel-worker in the Pittsburgh district, there was needed a staff of investigators, a great deal of time, and several fat volumes of print. It is impossible to suppose that any daily newspaper could normally regard the making of Pittsburgh surveys, or even Interchurch steel reports, one of its tasks. News which requires that much trouble to obtain is beyond the resources of a daily press.

The bad conditions as such are not news, because in all but exceptional cases journalism is not a first-hand report of the raw material. It is a report of that material after it has been stylized. Thus, bad conditions might become news if the board of health reported an unusually high death-rate in that industrial area. Failing an intervention of this sort, the facts do not become news until the workers organize and make a demand upon their employers. Even then, if an easy settlement is certain, the news value is low, whether or not the conditions themselves are remedied in the settlement. But if industrial relations collapse into a strike or lockout, the news value increases. If the stoppage involves a service on which the readers of the newspapers immediately depend, or if it involves a breach of order, the news value is still greater.

The underlying trouble appears in the news through certain easily recognizable symptoms, a demand, a strike, disorder. From the point of view of the worker or of the disinterested seeker of justice, the demand, the strike, and the disorder are merely incidents in a process that for them is richly complicated. But since all the immediate realities lie outside the direct experience both of the reporter and the special public by which most newspapers are supported, they have normally to wait for a signal in the shape of an overt act. When that signal comes, say through a walkout of the men or a summons for the police, it calls into play the stereotypes or preconceived notions people have about strikes and disorders. The unseen struggle has none of its own flavor. It is noted abstractly, and that abstraction is then animated by the immediate experience of the reader and reporter. Obviously, this is a very different experience from that which the strikers have. They feel, let us say, the temper of the foreman, the nerve-racking monotony of the machine, the depressingly bad air, the drudgery of their wives, the stunting of their children, the dinginess of their tenements. The shibboleths of the strike are invested with these feelings. But the reporter and reader see at first only a strike and some shibboleths.

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They invest these with their feelings. Their feelings may be that their jobs are insecure because the strikers are stopping goods they need in their work, that there will be shortage and higher prices, that it is all devilishly inconvenient. These, too, are realities. And when they give color to the abstract news that a strike has been called, it is in the nature of things that the workers are at a disadvantage. It is in the nature, that is to say, of the existing system of industrial relations that news arising from grievances or hopes by workers should almost invariably be uncovered by an overt attack on production.

You have, therefore, the circumstances in all their sprawling complexity, the overt act which signalizes them, the stereotype bulletin which publishes the signal, and the meaning that the reader himself injects, after he has derived that meaning from the experience which directly affects him. Now, the reader's experience of a strike may be very important indeed, but from the point of view of the central trouble that caused the strike it is eccentric. Yet this eccentric meaning is automatically the most interesting. To enter imaginatively into the central issues is for the reader to step out of himself and into very different lives.

It follows that in the reporting of strikes the easiest way is to let the news be uncovered by the overt act, and to describe the event as the story of interference with the reader's life. That is where his attention is first aroused and his interest most easily enlisted. A great deal—I myself think the crucial part—of what looks to the worker and the reformer as deliberate misrepresentation on the part of newspapers is the direct outcome of a practical difficulty in uncovering the news, and the emotional difficulty of making distant facts interesting unless, as Emerson says, we can "perceive [them] to be only a new version of our familiar experience" and can "set about translating [them] at once into our parallel facts."

If you study the way many a strike is reported in the press, you will find very often that the issues are rarely in the head-lines, barely in the leading paragraphs, and sometimes not even mentioned anywhere. A labor dispute in another city has to be very important before the news account contains any definite information as to what is in dispute. The routine of the news works that way; with modifications it works that way in regard to political issues and international news as well. The news is an account of the overt phases that are interesting, and the pressure on the newspaper to adhere to this routine comes from many sides. It comes from the economy of noting only the stereotyped phase of a situation. It comes from the difficulty of finding journalists who can see what they have not learned to see. It comes from the almost unavoidable difficulty of finding sufficient space in which even the best journalist can make plausible an unconventional view. It comes from the economic necessity of interesting the reader quickly, and the economic risk involved in not interesting him at all, or of offending him by unexpected news insufficiently or clumsily described. All these difficulties combined make for uncertainty in the editor when there are dangerous issues at stake, and cause him naturally to prefer the indisputable fact and a

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treatment more readily adapted to the reader's interest. The indisputable fact and the easy interest are the strike itself and the reader's inconvenience.

§ 4

All the subtler and deeper truths are in the present organization of industry very unreliable truths. They involve judgments about standards of living, productivity, and human rights that are endlessly debatable in the absence of exact record and quantitative analysis. And as long as these do not exist in industry, the run of news about it will tend, as Emerson said, quoting from Isocrates, "to make of moles mountains, and of mountains moles." Where there is no constitutional procedure in industry, and no expert sifting of evidence and the claims, the fact that is sensational to the reader is the fact that almost every journalist will seek. Given the industrial relations that so largely prevail, even where there is conference or arbitration, but no independent filtering of the facts for decision, the issue for the newspaper public will tend not to be the issue for the industry. And so to try disputes by an appeal through the newspapers puts a burden upon newspapers and readers which they cannot and ought not to carry. As long as real law and order do not exist, the bulk of the news will, unless consciously and courageously corrected, work against those who have no lawful and orderly method of asserting themselves. The bulletins from the scene of action will note the trouble that arose from the assertion rather than the reasons which led to it. The reasons are intangible.

The editor deals with these bulletins. He sits in his office, reads them; rarely does he see any large portion of the events themselves. He must, as we have seen, woo at least a section of his readers every day, because they will leave him without mercy if a rival paper happens to hit their fancy. He works under enormous pressure, for the competition of newspapers is often a matter of minutes. Every bulletin requires a swift, but complicated, judgment. It must be understood, put in relation to other bulletins also understood, and played up or played down according to its probable interest for the public, as the editor conceives it. Without standardization, without stereotypes, without routine judgment, without a fairly ruthless disregard of subtlety, the editor would soon die of excitement. The final page is of a definite size, must be ready at a precise moment; there can be only a certain number of captions on the items, and in each caption there must be a definite number of letters. Always there is the precarious urgency of the buying public, the law of libel, and the possibility of endless trouble. The thing could not be managed at all without systematization, for in a standardized product there is economy of time and effort, as well as a partial guaranty against failure.

§ 5

As we begin to make more and more exact studies of the press, much will depend upon the hypothesis we hold. If we assume with Mr. Upton Sinclair, and most of his opponents, that news and truth are two words for the same thing, we shall, I believe, arrive nowhere. We shall prove that on this point the newspaper lied. We shall prove that on that point Mr. Sinclair's account lied. We shall demonstrate

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that Mr. Sinclair lied when he said that somebody lied, and that somebody lied when he said Mr. Sinclair lied. We shall vent our feelings, but we shall vent them into air.

The hypothesis which seems to me the most fertile is that news and truth are not the same thing, and must be clearly distinguished. The function of news is to signalize an event; the function of truth is to bring to light the hidden facts, to set them into relation with one another, and make a picture of reality on which men can act. Only at those points where social conditions take recognizable and measurable shape do the body of truth and the body of news coincide. That is a comparatively small part of the whole field of human interest. In this sector, and only in this sector, the tests of the news are sufficiently exact to make the charges of perversion or suppression more than a partizan judgment. There is no defense, no extenuation, no excuse whatever, for stating six times that Lenine is dead, when the only information the paper possesses is a report that he is dead from a source repeatedly shown to be unreliable. The news in that instance is not "Lenine Dead," but "Helsingfors Says Lenine Is Dead." And a newspaper can be held closely to account for not making Lenine more dead than the source of the news is reliable. If there is one subject on which editors are most responsible it is in their judgment of the reliability of the source. But when a newspaper comes to deal, for example, with stories of what the Russian people want, no such test exists.

The absence of these exact tests accounts, I think, for the character of the profession as no other explanation does. There is a very small body of exact knowledge, which it requires no outstanding ability or training to deal with. The rest is in the journalist's own discretion. Once he departs from the region where it is definitely recorded at the county clerk's office that John Smith has gone into bankruptcy, all fixed standards disappear. The story of why John Smith failed, his human frailties, the analysis of the economic conditions on which he was shipwrecked—all of this can be told in a hundred different ways. There is no discipline in applied psychology, as there is a discipline in medicine, engineering, or even law which has authority to direct the journalist's mind when he passes from the news to the vague realm of truth. There are no canons to direct his own mind, and no canons that coerce the reader's judgment or the publisher's. His version of the truth is only his version. How can he demonstrate the truth as he sees it? He cannot demonstrate it, any more than Mr. Sinclair Lewis can demonstrate that he has told the whole truth about "Main Street." And the more he understands his own weaknesses, the more ready he is to admit that, where there is no objective test, his own opinion is in some vital measure constructed out of his own stereotypes, according to his own code, and by the urgency of his own interest. He knows that he is seeing the world through subjective lenses. He cannot deny that he, too, is, as Shelley remarked, a dome of many-colored glass which stains the white radiance of eternity.

And by this knowledge his assurance is tempered. He may have all kinds of moral courage, but he lacks that sustaining conviction of a certain

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technic which finally freed the physical sciences from theological control. It was the gradual development of an irrefragable method that gave the physicist his intellectual freedom as against all the powers of the world. His proofs were so clear, his evidence so sharply superior to tradition, that he finally broke away from all control. But the journalist has no such support in his own conscience or in fact. The control exercised over him by the opinions of his employers and his readers is not the control of truth by prejudice, but of one opinion by another opinion that it is not demonstrably less true. Between Judge Gary's assertion that the unions will destroy American institutions and Mr. Foster's assertion that they are agencies of the rights of man, the choice has in large measure to be governed by the will to believe.

§ 6

The task of deflating these controversies, and reducing them to a point where they can be reported as news, is not a task that the reporter can perform. It is possible and necessary for journalists to bring home to people the uncertain character of the truth on which their opinions are founded, and by criticism and agitation to prod social science into making more usable formulations of social facts, and to prod statesmen into establishing more visible institutions. The press, in other words, can fight for the extension of reportable truth. But as social truth is organized to-day, the press is not constituted to furnish from one edition to the next the amount of knowledge which the democratic theory of public opinion demands. This is not due to the "brass check," as the quality of news in radical papers shows, but to the fact that the press deals with a society in which the governing forces are imperfectly recorded. The theory that the press can itself record those forces is false. It can normally record only what has been recorded for it by the working of institutions. Everything else is argument and opinion, and dependent upon all the vicissitudes, the self-consciousness, and courage of the human mind.

If the press is not so generally wicked or so deeply conspiring as Mr. Sinclair would have us believe, it is very much frailer than the democratic theory has as yet admitted. It is too frail to carry the whole burden of popular sovereignty, to supply spontaneously the truth which democrats hoped was inborn. And when we expect it to supply such a body of truth we employ a misleading standard of judgment. We misunderstand the limited nature of news, the illimitable complexity of society; we overestimate our own endurance, public spirit, and all-round competence. We suppose an appetite for uninteresting truths that is not discovered by any honest analysis of our own tastes.

§ 7

If the newspapers, then, are to be charged with the duty of translating the whole public life of mankind, so that every adult can arrive at an opinion on every moot topic, they fail, they are bound to fail. In any future one can conceive they will continue to fail. For this is to assume that a world, carried on by division of labor and distribution of authority, can be governed by universal opinions in the whole population. Unconsciously, the theory sets up the single reader as the-

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oretically omni-competent, and puts upon the press the burden of accomplishing whatever representative government, industrial organization, and diplomacy have failed to accomplish. Acting upon everybody for thirty minutes in twenty-four hours, the press is asked to create a mystical force called public opinion that will take up the slack in public institutions.

The press, in other words, has come to be regarded as an organ of direct democracy, charged on a much wider scale, and from day to day, with the function often attributed to the initiative, referendum, and recall. The Court of Public Opinion, open day and night, is to lay down the law for everything all the time. It is not workable. And when you consider the nature of news, it is not even thinkable. For the news, as we have seen, is precise in proportion to the precision with which the event is recorded.

§ 8

Therefore, on the whole, the quality of the news about modern society is an index of its social organization. The better an institution, the more all interests concerned are formally represented, the more issues are disentangled, the more objective criteria are introduced, the more perfectly an affair can be presented as news. At its best the press is a servant and guardian of institutions; at its worst it is a means by which a few exploit social disorganization to their own ends. In the degree to which institutions fail to function, the unscrupulous journalist can fish in troubled waters, and the conscientious one must gamble with uncertainties.

The press is no substitute for institutions. It is like the beam of a searchlight that restlessly moves about, bringing one episode and then another out of darkness into vision. Men cannot do the work of the world by this light alone. They cannot govern society by episodes, incidents, and eruptions. It is only when they work by a steady light of their own that the press, when it is turned upon them, reveals a situation intelligible enough for a popular decision. The trouble lies deeper than the press, and so does the remedy. It lies in social organization based on a system of analysis and record, and in all the corollaries of that principle; in the abandonment of the theory of the omni-competent citizen, in the decentralization of decision, in the coördination of decision by comparable record and analysis. If at the centers of management there is a running audit, which makes work intelligible to those who do it and those who superintend it, issues when they arise are not the mere collisions of the blind. Then, too, the news is uncovered for the press by a system of intelligence that is also a check upon the press.

That is the radical way. For the troubles of the press, like the troubles of representative government, be it territorial or functional, like the troubles of industry, be it capitalist, coöperative, or communist, go back to a common source—to the failure of self-governing people to transcend their casual experience and their prejudice, by inventing, creating, and organizing a machinery of knowledge. This is the primary defect of popular government, inherent in its traditions, and all its other defects are, I believe, either superficial or the results of this one.

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The Wedding-Dress of Signorina Tonelli

By Adriana Spadoni

Drawings by Kerr Eby

Signora Tonelli raised her hands to heaven, called the saints to witness that there was no possible solution of the problem, and sat down upon the nearest chair to rest from the fatigue of thinking. Also to rock to sleep Luigi, youngest of the nine Tonellis.

Gemma, eldest of the nine Tonellis, straightened up from the wash-tub, wedged between the sink and the cradle of Luigi, and brushed the angry tears from her eyes.

"He has the heart of rock, Mama. Five years have I worked, and every cent he has taken. Is it, then, too much that I ask a new dress for my wedding? Never again will he buy clothes for me. And that Giaconi, that thing so thin and yellow, like the handle of a broom, she marries the same day in a dress of white satin, with lace all over, and a veil!"

"*Ai, Figlia mia,* it is wicked to say such things of the father, but he was always so." Signora Tonelli sighed deeply as she looked at her eldest, not indeed to be mentioned in the same breath with that yellow broomstick of a Giaconi. "Even when we had been married only six months and I wanted a new comb for the fiesta of San Antonio—*macché,* what use to go down into the grave and dig up the bones? *Ecco,* it might be worse."

"If I was old and ugly; but I make not yet nineteen years, and I marry with the best man in the quarter. And the mother of Pepe! *Dio mio,* I hear already what she says when I walk from the altar with her son in—a—dress—" Tears choked Gemma, and she turned again to the tub. "I will not marry at all. I will run away. I will marry at the city hall like an American, with nobody to see the shame. I will not go after to the photographer. I will marry without a priest. I—"

"Silence!" In her horror Signora Tonelli almost dropped the sleeping Luigi. "Blaspheme not. Marry without a priest! Art, then, a black heathen from Africa? Thou shalt be married in holy church, like me and the mothers before. It is yet three days. It may be in that time the father—"

"*Ecco.* Perhaps also the figs will ripen in the snow, and fish come into the pan without a hook."

"Peace, Daughter!" Signora Tonelli rose and placed Luigi in the cradle. "To-night we will make the dinner extra. A good *risotto,* a stuffed artichoke. These things please the father."

"Why not also spaghetti, *tortolini,* polenta, a fricassee, and a fine sweet?

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Perhaps, when stuffed like a goose, he will give five cents."

"Enough. It is for the man to command the family. Thou wilt put much parsley and garlic in the artichoke, and we make the gravy of the *risotto* very rich. In this way he likes it. We can do no more."

But neither the stuffed artichoke nor the rich *risotto* softened the heart of Signor Tonelli to the point of offering a white silk dress for the wedding which was to make Gemma the wife of Pepe, boss of the White Wings of Bleecker Street. Dinner over, Signor Tonelli slept in his chair, smiling contentedly. Gemma looked scornfully at her mother, whose eyebrows replied:

"It is the will of God."

Until twelve, long after the others were asleep, Gemma and her mother "finished" from the great pile of coats on the floor between them, but they spoke no more of the dress.

A little after eight the next morning Signora Tonelli took the huge bundle of coats upon her head and went out. At the door she turned.

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"Perhaps to-day I get custom coats. They pay eleven cents," she said.

Gemma shrugged indifferently, and her mother went out.

Two hours later Signora Tonelli was returning slowly, bent beneath the weight of the custom coats, her eyes on the ground, her brain revolving the hopeless problem. For this reason she did not see Signora Casey until the latter almost bumped into her on turning the last corner.

"Well, if you don't look like a bug carryin' a mountain! How you Guineas do manage to carry thim bundles is a riddle to me. The top of me head would be wore off complete. Praise God, I never took to the finishin', or I 'd be doin' it meself."

Signora Tonelli sighed, and steadied the bundle with her right hand.

"*Ai, ai*, you are right. One thinks to do so for a little, till this baby or that is big enough to work; but the babies never stop—neither the coats."

"Right you are, Signory, jist as I was tellin' me own Tessie last night. Says Tessie: 'Ma, I think I 'll be takin' some of thim pants to finish. They 're sellin' Morris-chairs to Levy's fer four fifty-nine, and Joe says we don't need one.' 'Tessie,' says I, 'you ain't married six months yit, and don't start bein' a fool so early. If you take thim pants, you 'll be doin' thim till you die, and Joe won't think no more of you fer it.' I 'm right, ain't I, Signory?"

"*Ecco*, you speak true. But Tessie she wants very much that chair."

"Sure' she wants it. An' I says, 'Tessie, go git your chair, me girl, but there 's easier ways than coats.' "

Signora Casey's left eye closed knowingly as she lifted the edge of her shawl and softly tapped the parcel concealed. With her nail she tore a tiny corner of the paper, and Signora Tonelli caught the sheen of white silk. She started so that the bundle upon her head swayed dangerously.

"The wedding-dress of the Signorina Tessie!"

"That same. You remember it, Signory?"

"Of fine white silk and lace, and a veil!"

"Sure, an' the whole street hangin' out the windows to look. All me gurls had fine dresses to be married in, but Tessie's was the finest of all, because I never trusted Jim like I trusted the others. As I says to Casey when he was puttin' up a bit of fuss about spendin' so much: 'Now see here, Pat,' says I, 'we 've married off four of 'em, an' I know what I 'm talkin' about. You kin feed a bunch of friends and strangers at a weddin' supper, an' they go home an' fergit all about you; but if you put the money into a dress, you make the girl happy, an' it 's a good investment.' Believe me, Signory, I found that out with Mary, me oldest. I give her the best money could buy, and it was n't three months later that she bailed out her husband, a fine fellow barrin' a bit of temper, and seven months after that it bought the christenin' robe of me oldest grandchild. She 's raisin' money on it yit, an' the sleeves is out of date. So I says: 'The same fer Tessie. Jim 's a furriner, an' he don't drink an' he don't fight; but there 's sure to be somethin' the matter with him, an' I 'd hate to see me own daughter got the better of by a furriner. With Irish and Americans a woman knows where she 's at, but these Danes! I 'm goin' to be on the safe side.' So Pat comes round, like I knew he would, an' gives me fifty dollars."

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"O-o-h," gasped Signora Tonelli.

Signora Casey laughed.

"Men 's queer, ain't they? Roarin' like they was lions, an' all the time we 're drivin' 'em like little dogs."

"*Ecco*—like leetle—dogs."

Signora Casey winked again.

"An' now I got to go an' make Kominsky give me fifteen, an' that 'll be a harder job than gettin' fifty out of Pat. But Tessie gits her chair an' a few odds an' ends besides. So long, Signory."

Drawing the cape closer about the valuable package, she moved away. Signora Tonelli watched her wistfully until she disappeared into the pawnshop of Aaron Kominsky, on the next block. Then Signora Tonelli continued on her way.

"It is wonderful how the women of other countries say to their men, 'In this way thou must do,' and it is done. And that Tessie! With little green eyes like a cat and hair like carrots! While my Gemma—"

Tears overcame Signora Tonelli, and she sat down hastily on an area step, deposited the custom coats on the pavement, and wiped the tears with the hem of her apron.

"Holy Mary, with the heart of a mother," she prayed, "soften the heart of Nicolo! He is a good man, but in this, Blessed Mother, he is only a man. But Thou, Queen of Heaven, canst see that it is not well for my Gemma to have less than that Irish Tessie. Hear me, *Madonna mia*, and next Sunday to thy altar I will give the finest candle of wax in the shop of Biaggio. I will—" As if the words had been clipped with scissors, Signora Tonelli stopped, and gazed down the area as if something had there appeared to freeze her as she sat. But the next moment, with a violent shiver, she raised both arms and cried aloud, "Mary, Mother of God, I thank Thee."

Snatching the bundle of coats, Signora Tonelli rose and fairly ran up the street. As she burst open the kitchen door and threw the coats upon the floor, Gemma came to her in terror.

"*Mama mia*, what hast thou? Art sick, dear one?"

But Signora Tonelli sat rocking and smiling and did not hear. Gemma dropped to her knees beside the chair and took her mother in her arms.

"*Cara, cara*, it is Gemma. What is it? Speak!"

Gently, Signora Tonelli loosened the girl's hold.

"Calm, little one; thy mother is neither sick nor mad. The Queen of Heaven sent a vision to me as I sat upon the steps, and now thou wilt marry in a dress of white silk with lace, and a veil."

Gemma dropped upon her heels.

"The Queen of Heaven sends a vision—and—I marry in a dress of white silk!"

"*Ecco*. Dost remember the wedding-dress of the Irish Tessie? She who married six months ago the pale man from the North?"

"Of a surety I remember. So soft, so white! What a dress!"

"*Bene*. In that you marry on Sunday with Pepe."

The look of ecstasy in Gemma's eyes faded to anxiety, then to terror.

"*Mama mia*, how—why—"

"Enough, my daughter. Question nothing. I, thy mother, know in what way this shall be done. It is as I say."

Aaron Kominsky listened, his little black eyes boring gimlet-wise into Signora Tonelli.

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"A baby understands," she explained patiently for the third time. "You have here the wedding-dress of Signorina Tessie. *Bene.* I wish that dress for three hours to-morrow. I will pay. Why more words?"

"Bah, you are crazy! I make no such business like dat."

"It is good business," explained Signora Tonelli, wearily. "You have here the dress. All day it is here, wrapped in paper. To-morrow the shop is closed. Nobody comes. *Ecco.* Who knows where is the dress? And I will pay; I tell you, I pay."

Kominsky scratched his head.

"Never such a woman I see. Thirty years I am in business, and nobody makes such a talk."

Signora Tonelli shrugged helplessly

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before the density of the Hebrew. After all, there was something to be said for Nicolo. It would not have taken him so long to see a good thing.

"*Ecco.* Have I not told until the throat is dry that I return the dress like new, without a spot, on Sunday? For that I pay you five dollars."

"But somebody hears," whispered Kominsky. "It is not legal."

"*Dio mio,* give patience against the stupidity of this man! To hear, somebody must talk. Do not talk."

The man opened his lips, glared, closed them, and the glare faded. After a moment he leaned forward.

"Five dollars, and you sign also a paper? If the dress is spoiled, you pay all, *one hundred dollars.* You understand?"

Signora Tonelli moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue and answered quietly:

"I understand. Get the paper."

After she had gone, Kominsky continued to look long at the door through which she had passed.

"Ach, she has de het of de chosen people. It is not bad, after all, sometimes a leetle extra."

Very quietly Signora Tonelli removed her shawl, shook the gleaming folds of silk over the back of a chair, and smiled at the dress as if it were a person. Beyond the closed door the mother of Pepe was talking to Gemma. Signora Tonelli listened for a few moments, and then went carelessly in. With both hands on the girl's shoulders the mother of Pepe was kissing her good-by.

"Always I have wished for a daughter, and now my son gives me a very beautiful daughter. I am proud tomorrow when I see thee coming down the church on the arm of my son."

"*Bene,* Catterina, and I also will be proud, for not often one sees the picture my Gemma makes in her dress of white silk and lace, and a veil."

"It is finished, then, the dress? I can see? Just one little look!"

Gemma stared helplessly at her mother, but Signora Tonelli was already walking toward the bedroom.

"Of a surety thou mayst see. Many girls care not to show the dress, for bad luck; but my Gemma is not so foolish. Come."

"Mary Mother!" gasped the mother of Pepe, "it is the dress of a queen!"

Gemma herself stood petrified.

"Not too beautiful for our Gemma. Aye, Catterina, we have given two fine children to the world, and it is right that they come beautiful to each other. We love so only once, is it not?"

"*Ecco*—only—once are we young and beautiful and so to—the arms of the young husband." Feeling flooded the mother of Pepe. "So I went—to the father of Pepe—thirty years ago—my husband—and my lover always."

Tears ran down her cheeks, and her throat swelled greatly as she fumbled with her collar and loosened it, unfastening the finely woven brooch of gold and coral. In the palm of her broad, brown hand it lay, exquisite in old workmanship.

"Thirty years ago—he pinned it so; and the hand shook—and the eyes were black and warm, like the deep, deep night of summer—my lover always."

Slowly she moved to Gemma, and with trembling fingers pinned the brooch to the girl's breast.

"And now, an old woman, I give it to thee, my daughter, with that other most precious gift—my Pepe."

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Before either Gemma or her mother could speak she was gone.

"It is a dream," Gemma whispered at last. "A dress of white silk! A jewel like this! I have fear, *Mama mia.* It is too much."

"Speak not foolishness, Daughter. Nothing is too much. Many years have I wasted with that thought in the head. No more, Gemma; never again. *Ecco.*"

"But the dress, *Mama mia*—"

"Ask me nothing. No girl has the head clear on the day before the wedding. Afterward I will tell all. Now we make the dinner of bread and soup only, little one. The Signora Casey has given many ideas, and no more do I try to reach the heart of the father with artichokes and polenta. Come."

Dazed, Gemma obeyed. But it was with real concern that she watched the glowering face of her father as he ate without relish the bread and soup; and when, the dishes done and the children disposed of, her mother ordered her to bring the brooch, her hand shook so that her mother took it from her.

"To-day the mother of Pepe brings this, Husband. A thing very beautiful, is it not?"

As the wonder in his face deepened, the eyes of Signora Tonelli narrowed, and a strange expression settled on her lips.

"The old one has given to Gemma *this?* It is not to believe! It is a jewel for the daughter of a millionaire."

"And the daughter of a millionaire is more beautiful than our Gemma?"

Signor Tonelli did not answer, but continued to turn the beautiful thing.

"It is old and very beautiful. The rich Americans from Fifth Avenue pay much for such."

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As she watched her husband, Signora Tonelli's eyes narrowed still more, the odd expression deepened on her lips. Slowly she sighed.

"*Ai*, such always is the luck of the Tonellis. To have a thing of such beauty and value between the fingers and—to give it back."

"*What?*" Signor Tonelli's fingers gripped the brooch.

"What else?" demanded his wife. "We are poor, but we have the pride. Dost think we can receive such a gift from the mother of Pepe for our daughter when we, her own parents, can give nothing? No, no, no. She waits to see her new daughter come down the church on the arm of Pepe, in fine white, with the jewel at the throat, and to hear all say, 'Look! Pepe marries with the most beautiful girl of the quarter.' Dost think she gives the brooch to make more ugly the old brown dress and to hear all say, 'Look! The poor fool! He could marry with any girl, and he takes one too poor to buy a white dress.' No, no, she is proud, the old one, with many hundreds of dollars in the bank of Giacomo; but she forgives never such an insult to her rich present. On the table of wood one does not eat with golden spoons. *Ecco*. To-night we return the gift. Come, Gemma."

Signora Tonelli turned toward the nail where hung her shawl. Blindly Gemma followed.

Signor Tonelli's fingers opened. The soft gold twined in delicate intricacy about the pale pink coral. His fingers closed. He glanced up at the clock.

"Is it possible at this hour to buy a dress of white silk and a veil?"

Signora Tonelli looked doubtful.

"It is possible that the shop of Felipe on Grand Street is still open."

Signor Tonelli's free hand crept within his shirt. From hidden places he drew a small, dirty canvas sack.

"And the price?"

"It is possible that for thirty-five dollars we can buy a dress that shames not the jewel of Pepe's mother."

Signor Tonelli counted out the bills.

"Go, then, to the shop of that swindler Felipe. Thirty-five dollars! It is food for a year in the village where I was born."

"*Ecco, caro*, thou speakest true as always. This, indeed, is a terrible country, but we are here. Go, Gemma, and kiss the father. It is not all fathers who would do this when there are eight others."

Safe in the street, Gemma, bewildered and a little frightened, turned to her mother. Signora Tonelli smiled.

"We go now, *Figlia mia*, to buy the two finest candles of pure wax; wax of the Abruzzi, none other. One I burn to the Virgin and the other to Signora Casey. She has taught me. Between the men of that race and ours there is little difference."

"But thirty-five dollars! What wilt do with it?"

"Listen, Daughter. Thou lovest thy Pepe much, and it is right; but the fever passes soon and the head clears, and then it is not well to have to ask the husband every five cents."

As she spoke, she handed all but one five-dollar bill to Gemma.

"Come. We take now a little walk, for it is better that thy father sleeps before we return. Also the candles are cheaper at the shop of Biaggio on Elizabeth Street, and I wish a very large one for the Signora Casey."

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Searching for the Elixir of Life[1]

By Julian S. Huxley

The medieval alchemists sought to concoct potable gold, and with a strange mixture of magic, mysticism, and science attempted to manufacture the liquid whose draft would stave off death—elixir vitæ. The echo of their efforts still sounds; elixir, that Arabian word, lingers on, but only in the hyperboles of the minor poet or the puffer of patent medicines. Now, however, in the twentieth century we receive it, fully accredited, from that unexceptionably businesslike spot, Chicago.

It has been found possible to prolong the life of an animal for many times its usual span; indeed, there is no reason to doubt that this prolongation could be made indefinite, and the same creature could be made to continue as long as life was possible upon this earth.

Elixir vitæ—has, then, the alchemists' dream come true? Hardly in full, one is compelled to admit; for thus far it is applicable only to a particular branch of that somewhat lowly group of the animal kingdom known as the *Platyhelminthes*, or flatworms. None the less, the experiment is a notable feat on the part of its author, Professor Charles Manning Child of the University of Chicago, for it and kindred work have gone far to clarify our ideas on the process of aging.

It has been known for some time that these flatworms, creeping fresh-water animals of half an inch or an inch in length, possess the remarkable power of living on themselves when starved. We ourselves have the same power, but in a very limited degree; a few weeks at most exhaust our reserves, and we succumb. But the flatworm can cut its coat according to its cloth. Like a man who, after a reverse of fortune, sells half his possessions and continues life on a more modest scale, the starved worm continually decreases in size, at the same time utilizing the material which it abstracts from its own living tissues as food for the diminished whole. Death comes only with months of starvation, and not until the creature has reached an almost microscopic size, or less than that which it possessed when it was hatched from its egg.

This is remarkable enough, but perhaps more so is the fact that as it grows smaller, the adult shape and proportions give place to those characteristic of a young worm. This had been investigated twenty years ago by another Chicago man, Professor Frank Rattray Lillie. Professor Child took up the problem and showed that in physiology and behavior, too, the worms made small by starvation resembled normal young ones. From this it was natural to conclude that starvation made the creatures young again in the full sense of the word.

[1] This is the second of a series of scientific papers prepared for The Century Magazine under the direction of Science Service and its editor, Dr. Edwin E. Slosson.

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Accordingly, a family of worms was divided into two lots; one lot was well supplied with food, the other was alternately starved and fed, and thus kept within definite limits of size.

The experiment was continued for a time that permitted the first lot to pass through nineteen generations, a time which in human terms would take us back into the Middle Ages, a century or two before Christopher Columbus and his voyage. During the whole of this period the worms of the other lot remained within the same narrow limits of size, and, what is more, showed no signs of senescence. They had been kept within the same limits of age for nineteen generations of time, and if any one were willing to take the trouble, there is no doubt whatever that they could be so kept for ninety generations or for nine thousand.

So was achieved the experimental proof that, although age in ourselves and other animals is, as a matter of fact, bound up with the passage of time, yet this is secondary, not inherent in the nature of things. To grow old means to change internally in a particular way, not to have lived so many months or years. It is life, and not time, that brings age.

There are other ways in which life may be reversed. Some organisms can become simpler in structure instead of younger or smaller. *Clavellina*, for instance, a member of the group known as ascidians, is a complicated creature, possessing most elaborate apparatus for drawing water in at one tube, filtering it, extracting the food particles from it, passing them down to the stomach, and expelling the water at another tube. It has, further, a heart, blood-vessels, and a simple nervous system. If small specimens of this animal are placed in water to which small quantities of poisonous substances are added, it proceeds to close the apertures for the current, to shrink, and to become opaque. Finally, it loses all the beautiful transparency which it at first possessed, and is converted into a shapeless, white little lump. Examination shows further that of its elaborate internal organs nothing is left but a few irregular vesicles.

If it is now replaced in clean water, it retraces its steps, and within a week or so has again blossomed out into the perfection of structure typical of its kind. Here, too, the reversal of development can be performed over and over again, and if a satisfactory method of feeding the animal in captivity could be found, there is no doubt that it could be indefinitely repeated, and age kept permanently at bay.

There is a difference between our two examples. If the life cycle of human beings could be reversed, returning gradually to early childhood, the action would parallel the flatworms' behavior, while to regress with comparative suddenness to an early embryonic state would be more nearly what happens in *Clavellina*.

§ 2

If the life cycle of human beings could be reversed—but why can it not be reversed? That is the obvious question that will rise to the lips of the average man. "Why," he will say, "do you biologists fob me off with unpleasant organisms like worms and ascidians? I want to know whether your work has any bearing upon human life and destiny."

It is a natural and reasonable question, but before we attempt to discuss

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it, we shall glance at one more phenomenon to be found in lower organisms. Our friend the planarian flatworm may be cut into pieces, and each piece will grow into a new whole creature. A great many of the simpler forms of life possess this startling power of regeneration; indeed, regeneration is a fundamental and original property of living matter that is restricted or lost in the higher groups of animals.

When small pieces of a planarian regenerate, they exhibit what we may call polarity; for, with a few special exceptions, the new head is formed from that region of the piece which was nearest to the old head, the new tail from that region which was nearest to the old tail.

This polarity, so called by analogy with the polarity of a magnet, was for a long time mysterious. At last, however, we are in a fair way to understand its nature. It has been found possible (and this again we owe to Professor Child) to substitute a new polarity for the old. Any one who has been through a college course in biology will remember the hydroid polyps, primitive, but beautiful, creatures with a mouth in the midst of a circlet of tentacles, and a "body" consisting of a two-layered tube surrounding a space which combines the functions of digestion and circulation. If a portion of this body region is cut out, it will regenerate, and the new mouth and tentacles will be produced at the end nearest the old mouth. In one hydroid, known as *Corymorpha*, if such a piece of stem is placed in water to which poisons or narcotics are added, it will undergo the same sort of changes that we saw take place in *Clavellina* in similar circumstances. It will become simpler, lose its differentiation, and be finally converted into a sausage-shaped, opaque mass of tissue adhering to the bottom of the vessel. If clean sea-water is now substituted for the narcotic solution, regeneration will take place in a few days, and a complete polyp appear; the mouth, however, will not appear at one pole of the piece, but at the top, where the tissues are farthest removed from the glass and most exposed to oxygen. The old polarity has been wiped out, and a new polarity substituted.

§ 3

From this and a number of other experiments on many animal forms Professor Child has framed a wide-reaching generalization styled by him the theory of "axial gradients," which enables us to see more clearly into the processes of development. Development has always something mysterious about it; the complicated form and function of the full-grown organism rise out of the almost nothingness of the original egg or bud, the oak from the germ in the acorn, the brilliant-feathered singing bird from the egg, man and the mind of man from the human ovum. It has always been clear that this eliciting of something from nothing, or, rather, of more from less, needed the coöperation of two things—the outer world and the constitution of the species, the outer world acting as the fairy prince to rouse the slumbering constitution, locked invisibly within its prison, to unfold itself. The establishment of some sort of axial gradient in the undifferentiated egg or bud is the first essential step in the process. Many eggs, for instance, are so attached in the parent's ovary that one side is

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fixed, the other free; others, like the frog's egg, have the fresh arterial blood led to one half only, while the other half must do with what the other leaves. In both cases one pole is supplied with more oxygen than the other, and thus a gradient in degree of oxidation will be established, the processes of life working more quickly at one end than at the other.

Furthermore, it is found that the structures and organs which are found at the more active end of the gradient are relatively independent, and in some degree dominate the rest. We may again find in the flatworms a striking example. The more active end of the animal is the head, endowed with simple eye-spots and a rudimentary brain; the mouth is near the center of the body, at the end of a long protrusible organ, the pharynx, which is used to capture prey; the rest of the body is filled up with the branched digestive, excretory, and reproductive systems, together with muscles and nerves.

These animals have an extraordinary power of regeneration. Chop them into fragments, and most of the pieces will remodel themselves into miniature whole worms. However, complete regeneration does not always occur, and if the body is cut across at different levels, a new head is more likely to grow from a cut near the head end than from one farther back. Let us consider two pieces of equal size cut out of one of these animals in such a way that piece A includes part of the body behind the head and in front of the pharynx, while piece B is behind the pharynx and has the tail cut off from it. Now, whether or not piece A forms a head, a new pharynx will form in its center. But in piece B results will differ according as a head is formed or not. If it is formed, a pharynx will appear. If it is not, it will not appear. In other words, each region of the body appears to influence the development of the parts behind it. Piece A was from in front of the pharynx, and can cause a new pharynx to grow; but piece B is from behind the pharynx, and cannot do so unless a new head rises on it.

Once a head is formed in a piece, the other organs of the body will arise in their proper places; and thus we can call the head the high end of the axial gradient, *dominant* over all the rest of the body.

§ 4

From studies on the lower animals, then, we come away with two fundamental ideas. First, that old age depends on internal state, not on lapse of time; secondly, that an organism can be thought of as a system in which, as in society, one part is dominant over the rest. Let us now jump to the higher forms, and see whether these ideas help us to a better understanding or a better control of our own nature.

The higher animals, such as birds or mammals, differ from the forms we have been considering in two chief ways. They possess an enormously better developed brain, and they are much more independent of their environment, much more self-regulating. To deal only with the second point, they have the power of regulating the temperature of the body, come cold, come heat, within a degree or so. The chemical constitution of the blood is kept constant with an almost alarming accuracy; for instance, an increase of one part of the acidity-producing hydrogen in one hundred billion parts

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of blood will cause an increase in the rate of breathing which, by washing carbonic acid out through the lungs, will restore acidity to the normal. Not least, the rate of growth and of differentiation, the rate of working of the whole machine, the quality of much of the psychic side of life, are kept constant by the secretions of the ductless glands, such as the thyroid and pituitary.

The thyroid is as the draft to the fire: more thyroid secretion, and you burn up quicker; less, and you are sluggish in mind and body alike. The pituitary in part regulates growth, especially the growth of bones; oversecretion of pituitary in childhood produces the lanky giants one sees at circuses. The pineal, the strange gland on the top of the brain, once supposed to be the seat of the soul, now shown to be derived from an original third eye, possibly determines the time at which sexual maturity begins. The secretion of the interstitial cells in the generative organs brings about the growth of most secondary sexual characters, such as deep voice and beard in man, and arouses the sexual instincts from their slumbering potentiality in the brain.

The higher animals, too, on the whole are bigger and live a longer time than the lower; and instead of growing continuously, they reach a condition, the adult state, in which they continue for most of their life without notable changes of size or form. The adult state is a state of balance, in which the man or animal spins on its way like a sleeping top; but the balance is not a comparatively simple affair of mechanics, but a chemical balance, in which is involved the effect of a great many secretions of various tissues on the rest of the body and on one another. The analogy of the spinning top, however, helps in one respect. The top has a gyroscopic action, and efforts to tamper with it meet with resistance. So, too, in the mammalian body every effort to tamper with the self-regulating machinery meets with resistance. Attempt to raise the body temperature, and the sweat glands bring it down; attempt to alter the chemical constitution of the blood, and the kidneys prevent it.

When we speak of high or low organisms, indeed, one of the chief points constituting the distinction is this very fact that the higher organism possesses self-regulating apparatus which the lower do not.

Now, the strange facts of tissue-culture show that even in mammals most of the parts of the body are potentially immortal, and that it is only the system as a whole which is doomed to death. Harrison at Yale, Carrel in New York, Champy in France, and other workers have demonstrated that fragments of living substance can be taken out of the body and grown in special culture media. After they have grown for a certain time, they must be transplanted to another portion of fluid; but if this is properly done, they can continue not only to live, but to grow for an apparently indefinite time. In any case, pieces taken from an embryo chick have now been cultivated for longer than the ordinary span of life of a fowl, and, what is more, their rate of growth has not slowed down. If this procedure had been known to primitive man, we should perhaps have found some nations seeking to keep their dead from corruption not by mummification, but by tissue-culture.

In the adult body, however, many

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kinds of cells no longer multiply. Chief among these are the nerve-cells; and it is probable that these, in the state in which they occur in the fully formed brain, are incapable of reproduction. Old age in one aspect is, then, a wearing out of the brain-cells. Slight errors of diet, worry, infections, fatigue, are inevitable in life, and have a gradually cumulative effect upon the cells, diminishing their power of recovery.

In the same sort of way the general processes of the body, and especially of the ductless glands, seem to suffer as time goes on. Once one begins to fail, all the rest are affected; and what one might call the "virtuous circle" of healthy maturity begins to give place to a vicious circle of increasing impairment of function—in fact, to increasing age.

Some recent experiments hold out a hope that it may be possible to hold this progressive aging at bay. Steinach, in Vienna, by cutting the duct of the reproductive organ in the male, has been able in rats to cause an increase in the growth of the interstitial cells in this organ; a similar result—namely, an increase of the total amount of interstitial cells and of their secretion—can equally well be accomplished by grafting a whole organ from one animal to another. The effects, to judge from Steinach's pictures, are startling. Extremely senile rats, presenting a picture of old age cruelly like that to be seen in man, are converted in a few weeks into creatures apparently at the height of mature vigor.

The secretion of the interstitial cells apparently stimulates other ductless glands, such as the thyroid and pituitary, to renewed energy; and it stimulates the centers for the sexual instincts in the brain, whose activity, since all the parts of the brain are in communication, overflows and sets the rest of the mind more vigorously to work. After a time, considerable in proportion to the normal life of rats, a new old age descends upon the animal. It can be staved off by another graft, but each new attack of old age, if I may use the expression, is more acute, especially in its mental symptoms. Apparently the nerve-cells are progressively aging all the time, so that when the stimulus from the rest of the body begins to fail anew, they show a more sudden decay.

Operations have also been made on men, but it is obvious that considerable time and work will be needed before the new method can be regarded as established. It should not be forgotten that our knowledge of the ductless glands is in its infancy, and experiments such as these are of the greatest interest, since they open the door to new possibilities.

The speculative mind looks forward into the future and there sees great institutions for graft operations—human repair-shops. Men will have found methods for keeping organs alive outside the body, or they will be able to make grafts from tissue-cultures. Thyroids, pituitaries, adrenals, pineals, interstitial tissue, and many other regulating organs now unknown, will be in their several places, and aging humanity will come in to have their bodily system reanimated as cars come in to a garage to be overhauled.

§ 5

But with all this there will remain the problem of the brain-cells, which do not multiply, and which, as far as

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we can see at present, must sooner or later come to inevitable death.

However, since overpopulation is one of the great problems which the world has to face, that is hardly to be regretted, and we have only to turn to Gulliver's pages to be reminded of other disadvantages of deathlessness. What our present knowledge seems to prophesy as a possibility is a slight or moderate prolongation of life, at whose close the collapse of function we know as natural old age will come on us more rapidly and therefore more mercifully. We may hope that infectious diseases and diseases due to faulty diet will, with fuller knowledge, tend to disappear, and so Metchnikof's dream will come true, of a human race to whom age comes not prematurely, but in the fullness of time, and death arrives peacefully as the natural consummation of old age, not with the hatefulness of violence or disease. From the evidence which he collected of those rare men and women who die a really natural death from old age, Metchnikof thinks that a natural death is desired after life, as sleep is desired after a day's work, and believes that if the majority could live so as to die as nature, in his view, intended them, death would lose half its terrors, and life be thus released from half the weight of fear that now rests on it.

Meanwhile, with the rise of mind in evolution, changes have taken place in the nature of dominance. The brain is in contact with all other parts of the body by means of nerves; it becomes more and more complex; it receives more news of the outer world through improved sense-organs, and can deal better with that information as it develops mechanisms for memory or reason. It becomes the dominant part of the organism. In man that part of the brain associated with mind is dominant over the rest; so that if we like we may say that mind dominates the human organism. Others have said it before. "Ideas rule the world" is an old proverb, though it is none the less important to have it formulated in a more general way. A healthy body is so much machinery; what use shall be made of it depends on the mind which dominates its working. To what extent this dominance may run is seen in every-day life in those who have some fixed belief or overruling passion. The miser's thoughts and actions are devoted to the amassing and hoarding of wealth; the lover's, to the object of his love; those of the neurasthenic who persists in believing that he is incapable of any achievement are paralyzed and brought to nothing.

Now, within the mind itself the same relation of dominance and subordination is at work, only in more complex fashion. It is impossible here to go into any detail of psychology, but we may, perhaps, be permitted to indicate one or two lines along which the concept is of value. In the first place, dominance without something to dominate is useless. In certain circumstances one can so cut a flatworm that nothing but a head will result from the piece; such structures are biological superfluities, doomed to speedy death. Now, recent work on psychology has shown that by a process of repression the higher centers of the human mind are capable of pushing anything unpleasant out of connection with themselves into a sort of mental limbo. Usually, it is the thoughts connected with definite instincts, such as the sexual instinct or the instinct of fear, that are thus

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repressed. However, although repressed, they have their revenge; they continually attempt to reach the surface of consciousness again, and so ensues a conflict between two parts of the mind—a conflict which leads eventually to neurasthenia, depression, breakdown, or hysteria. In other men, perhaps the majority, conflict never arises, and the two tendencies, that of the simple instinct and that of the higher rational centers, exist side by side. Finally, however, there are those rare spirits to whom conflict comes, but is an opportunity for a new conciliation. They face the instinct which seems to threaten the higher things of the mind and make it their servant. They do not repress, but the fact that their higher centers are dominant only allows the subordinate system to develop to a certain degree and in a certain way. Finally, by the fact of association between different parts of the mind, it is possible for the higher centers to receive strength from their subordinate, and the lower instinct to be what the psychologists called sublimated, and its driving force thus turned into new and worthier channels.

The driving force of the mind springs always from emotions and instincts; thus the dominant parts of the mind must always be linked with emotion, with desire. What does this mean for education? At present education is too often thought of as a cramming of facts into the youthful mind. If this process, as it too often does, results in a distaste for knowledge, then one great aim of education has been missed. The aim of education should be to give those who are educated a desire for certain things—a desire to know things, a desire to act rightly, a desire for beauty. If those desires are made dominant in the mind, most of the rest can be left to take care of itself.

Faith-cures, to use the widest possible term, provide another example. If a particular belief becomes a dominant part of the mind, the whole of the rest of the organism comes into relations with that belief. The most familiar case of unhealthy belief is seen in those patients suffering from depression who believe that they are good for nothing; if once the opposite belief can be made to live and become dominant in their mind, they will become healthy and useful human beings. A perusal of Baudouin's book, "Suggestion and Auto-suggestion," will furnish the reader with a number of remarkable cases where the general health, even in infectious disease, has been vastly improved under the influence of a dominant belief or faith.

§ 6

Finally, we may take an example where society rather than the individual man is affected. The actions of groups of men—societies, nations, federations—are in the long run determined by the views held by the individual men and women that compose them. These views, dominant for the societies concerned, have as usual some emotion at their roots. The chief emotion concerned springs from man's gregarious instinct, and is his desire to be one of a large and, if possible, unanimous group. This may be intertwined with his views about any particular group—a tribe, a church, a nation, a class.

At the present time there are two chief types of such views in existence; there is nationalistic patriotism, and there is the class patriotism of certain

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sections of labor. Both these points of view, which obviously help to determine the course of history, spring from the intertwining of primitive human emotion with particular facts. The way history is taught in most schools is a direct encouragement to nationalism; the way it is taught in communist Sunday-schools is a direct incitement to class-warfare.

An acute and practical-minded man like Mr. H. G. Wells sees this, and asks himself what is the remedy. His answer is that the remedy is to teach history in such a way that what one may loosely call the patriotic emotions are interwined not with one nation or one class, but with humanity at large; and his practical response is to write a "History of Civilization." Because of the importance of dominant ideas, the way in which the history of events is taught is one of the chief factors in determining the course of events in the future. Thus if the prolongation of life is limited by the nature of the brain, the idea of dominance helps the brain to make the best use of the span of life that is allotted.

The time has gone by when the intelligent public needs to be reminded of the practical utility of science, or of the fact that investigation of any problem, however apparently remote from every-day life, may be fraught with the most valuable consequences. But it should not be forgotten that there is another utility besides that of creature comforts and improved machinery. Science is not only a useful drudge, inventing telephones and electric light or teaching us how best to breed cattle. Man demands a philosophy of life, a point of view under whose wings he may exist, and science gives him the knowledge from which he may build this philosophy and this point of view. In the few examples which have been discussed in this article we see how experiments on lower animals may modify our ideas on the span of life and on natural death, and hold out hopes of new powers to humanity; and how the idea of dominance, drawn in the first place from humble forms of life, is seen to be of general application, and to help to a clearer understanding of certain problems in the psychology of how to live, and of others concerned with the structure of society.

Man primitively tends to draw both his philosophy and his religion almost exclusively from within himself; but as the generations pass, he finds gradually that his wishes, his imaginations, his symbols, his ideals, do not correspond properly with the realities of the universe in which he lives or even with the realities of his own nature. To attempt to understand this universe, including the nature of man, is the task of science; and as she makes progress with this task, so will she become more and more an indispensable part of philosophy and religion—imagination's touchstone, thought's background, action's base.

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The Month in World Affairs

By Lothrop Stoddard

We stand to-day between two worlds, the pre-war world, which is dying, and the world that is to be. *Between* two worlds. This must be remembered if our judgment of world affairs and world policies is to be sound. Too many persons still believe that the Great War abruptly finished off one age and automatically brought another into being. That, of course, is not true. We are moving rapidly out of one well marked epoch into another of a very different character, but we are yet by no means off with the old or on with the new. Society can no more arbitrarily break with its past than a man can jump out of his skin.

The Washington conference has dramatized the stress and strain of our transition period. Its convocation was the fruit of mingled fear and hope. During the last three years a great fear has been settling down upon the world. Bled, impoverished, debt-ridden, demoralized, the world has found no rest. True peace has not come; rather wars and rumors of war. Europe and the Near East remain a welter of jarring rivalries and hatreds, encumbered with ruins, yet bristling with bayonets, debt-ridden and unable to recover financial solvency, shattered in spirit and unable to regain spiritual poise. Some areas like Austria have already collapsed, while Russia seems sinking steadily into new difficulties.

Yet, as if this were not enough, at the very moment when Europe and the Near East are thus harried by war's aftermath, about the far-flung shores of the Pacific there is an ominous mustering of vast new forces which, unless their mutual antagonisms can be harmonized on the basis of the principles asserted at Washington, may well make the Pacific the storm-center of the next war. And our most competent students of affairs insist that another world-war would mean the breakdown of civilization.

§ 2

Such is the sinister specter which haunts men's minds. But with this great fear there rises a solemn hope. Of course we should not expect the Washington conference to usher in the millennium. From the very first our Government had in mind not a general discussion of the world's troubles, but rather a limited program of specific questions, carefully restricted and clearly defined. Furthermore, Mr. Hughes made clear that he did not regard the Washington conference as a unique event. On the contrary, he viewed it merely as one link in a chain—the first of a series of similar international gatherings. This way of looking at world affairs as an evolution rather than as a fixture is the best guaranty of true progress as a result of the Washington conference and of its projected successors. The great defect of previous diplomatic congresses

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has been that they usually attempted to lay down hard-and-fast settlements so rigid that the only practicable way of altering them was by war or revolution. To-day we seem to be in a fair way of evolving a substitute for such cataclysmic methods by the evolutionary process of periodic reconsideration and readjustment.

The main aims of the Washington conference were simply the limitation of naval armaments and a sensible easement of the dangerous tension in the Far East. The first of these seems to be virtually certain of attainment.

The crux of the present naval-armament problem is the "capital ship," that is, the battle-ship and the battle-cruiser. The capital ship has developed into a veritable *Frankenstein*. A single one of these steel monsters, with its appropriate quota of auxiliary craft, to-day costs more than a whole navy did a generation or so ago. The financial burden of competitive naval armaments has thus become intolerable, especially for treasuries half bankrupted by war. And the case against the capital ship is greatly strengthened by the further fact that its fighting value has been seriously questioned. Many naval experts to-day assert that the prodigious development of the submarine and the aëroplane has made, or is fast making, the capital ship so much obsolete junk. Of course many other naval experts still pin their faith on the capital ship, but the trend of technical opinion seems to be running the other way. For example, only last autumn the British Navy League stated flatly that the capital ship was obsolescent, and predicted its speedy abandonment, together with its auxiliaries; in other words, the greater part of existing naval establishments. In fact, the Navy League went on to attack the whole classic theory of "sea-power" as laid down by Mahan and his compeers. Instead of the old idea of sea-*power*, the Navy League proposed the new idea of sea-*service*, and suggested that the navies of the future should consist mainly of light cruisers, impotent for aggression, but capable of protecting the ocean highways.

Now, when we see such revolutionary proposals put forward by an organization composed largely of naval specialists we begin to appreciate the strength of the practical as well as the idealistic forces behind the movement for the limitation of naval armaments, and the proposals made by Mr. Hughes, instead of seeming radical, appear rather conservative. So much so that some critics have called the Washington proposals of reduced naval armaments not so much a matter of reducing armaments as of stripping for action. Indeed, not only does Mr. Hughes's "naval holiday" program seem to be assured, but it would not be a bit surprising to see the limitation of naval armament proceed still further within the next few years so far as capital ships are concerned.

§ 3

So much for the matter of naval armaments. The problem of the Far East is another story. Beside it, the question of naval armaments is simplicity itself. In fact, the Far East presents not *a* problem, but a whole kaleidoscope of problems, political, strategic, economic, social, racial, cultural, and more besides. All the great powers of the world are involved. America, the British Empire, Japan, and China are the chief protagonists

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in the mighty drama, with France, Holland, and Portugal playing minor rôles, and Russia, the incalculable, lurking in the background.

The important thing to be borne in mind is that the Far East is undergoing a change of the most acute and far-reaching character. Its ancient civilization, shot through and through with Western ideas and pressures, is literally dissolving before our eyes, and a new civilization, compounded of Eastern and Western elements, is rising.

This process of change has taken different courses in different regions. In Japan it has, on the whole, been evolutionary in character. Old forms have been preserved and in many instances subtly blended with the new. To be sure, even in Japan grave friction, especially political and social, has developed, and this friction will probably increase rather than diminish in the near future. Thus far, however, the thread of national life has run on unbroken.

It is far different with China. There the forces of change have been revolutionary. The old molds have been violently shattered, the political system, complicated by foreign intervention, has collapsed into chaos, and this political chaos threatens to spread into the social field as well. Lastly, north of China the vast region of Siberia has been leavened by the revolutionary ferment of its Russian motherland, and serves as a potential link between the Chinese and Muscovite areas of dissolution.

Throughout the Far East the late war wrought a political transformation. It eliminated Germany, broke imperial Russia, and left Japan master of China, that huge, but helpless, giant, floundering in the bog of revolution and anarchy. Japan is unquestionably the "big winner" of the Great War. Master of China, practical master of eastern Siberia, gorged with war profits, with a vastly increased industrial plant and merchant marine, a splendid army of thirty-one divisions, and a navy almost the equal of our own, Japan entered the Washington conference the practical dictator of the Far East.

Yet Japan is ill at ease, for these gains are challenged from more than one quarter. To begin with, the other peoples of the Far East have by no means welcomed the predominance which Japan has attained. China, the pivot of Japanese foreign policy, the supremely cherished source of future Japanese prosperity, sullenly withholds her acquiescence and struggles doggedly against Japanese domination. Japan may bend supple mandarin officials to her imperious will, and the coolie millions may be too much engrossed in the grim struggle for existence to care much who are their masters; but the powerful Chinese merchant classes express their deep resentment by ruinous boycotts of Japanese goods, while China's Western-educated *intelligentsia*, thrilling to Occidental ideas of nationality and patriotism, voice their hatred, and denounce Japan as the arch-enemy.

And China is not alone in her protests. All the other Japanese "spheres" are stirred by a kindred unrest. Korea, though formally annexed to Japan under the new title of "Chosen," seethes with disaffection. Japanese efforts at assimilation have utterly failed, and the Koreans, though physically helpless, are in acute spiritual revolt. In eastern Siberia likewise Japan's sway rests solely on the bayonets of her garrisons and on the

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purchased support of mercenary adventurers like Semenoff and Kappell; the hearts of the Siberian people turn longingly to their Russian motherland for deliverance. Even Formosa, Japan's semi-tropical island possession acquired from China a generation ago, remains more or less refractory to Japanese rule.

Such is the seamy side of Japan's Far-Eastern mastery. Obviously, this mastery can be maintained and consolidated only by the most strenuous exertions of the Japanese people—exertions involving crushing taxation for colossal armaments which is causing social unrest among the Japanese masses, already touched by Western ideas, and less docile than formerly to the military oligarchy that has hitherto guided Japan's political life.

§ 4

Bearing the above facts in mind, we are able to appreciate the apprehension felt by Japanese for America, the power whom they regard as the chief challenger of Japan's Far-Eastern supremacy. It is the Far East, particularly China, and not immigration, which is the danger-point in Japanese-American relations. The immigration question may raise hot resentment in Japan, while some Japanese jingoes may cast covetous eyes at Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines; but neither the Japanese people nor the shrewd Japanese leaders would ever embark on the terrible adventure of an American war for those issues alone.

What the mass of articulate Japanese public opinion would apparently be willing to fight for is Japanese supremacy in the Far East, particularly in China. Let us not deceive ourselves. The Japanese people, or at least the Japanese ruling classes, seem to regard their supremacy over the Far East as a vital issue, just as we regard our primacy in the western hemisphere as expressed in our Monroe Doctrine. In Japanese eyes, China must be controlled and economically exploited by Japan if Japan is to be prosperous and secure.

This foreshadows something very like an eventual deadlock between Japan and the United States if both countries maintain their present attitudes. Such a deadlock would, of course, be diplomatic in character. But it would be so envenomed by other irritants (immigration, armament programs, Hawaii, Siberia, and like issues) that it would be very apt to flame into war. Now, how can such a catastrophe be averted? By a thoroughgoing settlement of Far-Eastern problems? That is the suggestion which leaps to many sanguine minds. Unfortunately, such a suggestion is utopian. The Far-Eastern question cannot be settled at Washington or anywhere else. It is not merely that it is too complicated at the moment, but that it is changing too fast for any diplomatic gathering, however wise or well intentioned, to discover any permanent solution. What can be achieved, however, is a frank meeting of minds, an honest facing of facts, and an easing of existing tensions by compromise arrangements frankly recognized as temporary and modifiable by subsequent agreements. This may seem vague, unsatisfactory, disappointing; it may be even intensely repugnant to warm-hearted idealists dreaming of a thoroughgoing solution. Yet it is really the truest as well as the most practicable method. Better far an arrangement frankly provisional

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and temporary than a settlement which would crystallize evils so rigidly that violence alone could break them.

It is some such provisional arrangement of Far-Eastern affairs that the Washington conference seems to have had in mind from the beginning; and, as already stated, this is a matter for hope rather than of disappointment. The exact nature of the arrangement is conditioned not merely by Japan and the United States, but equally by the attitude of the British Empire. I take care to use the term "British Empire" rather than "England," because the past year has witnessed a momentous development—the raising of British foreign policy from a quasi-national to a truly imperial plane. Hitherto the destinies of the empire have been determined in London, and though the dominions have long been increasingly consulted, it has been "Downing Street," the British Foreign Office, which has had the decisive say. To-day this is no longer true in the traditional sense. At the imperial conference held last summer it was definitely settled that the self-governing dominions—Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa—should henceforth have a large share in formulating the empire's foreign policy. An "imperial cabinet" has been established, and the appearance of dominion leaders of high caliber, like General Smuts of South Africa and Premier Hughes of Australia, is the best proof that the empire's foreign policy will be truly imperial in character.

This momentous development will react nowhere more strongly than in the Pacific. For the last twenty years British policy in the Far East has been based upon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, first contracted in 1902, and renewed, in altered form, in 1911. If British policy was, as formerly, exclusively decided by Downing Street, it would have been virtually certain from the beginning that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance would have been renewed substantially unaltered. The dominions, however, lukewarm or hostile to the alliance, doubtless were a strong factor in swinging British support to the broader agreement which has been offered as a successor.

Furthermore, regarding Anglo-American relations in their broader sense, the increased influence of the dominions is of the highest importance. In virtually all important matters of foreign policy the interests of the dominions coincide closely with our own. In the Pacific and the Far East, especially, we and the dominions see virtually eye to eye. The dominions have a dread of Oriental immigration keener even than ours, and they have already erected exclusionist barriers higher than any we have yet raised. Australia and New Zealand fear Japanese imperialism as their supreme peril, and look to us fully as much as to Great Britain for protection. To the dominions, therefore, Anglo-American friendship appears absolutely vital, even the tranquillity of India seeming relatively unimportant. In fact, the argument has been brought forward that a close understanding between America and the British Empire would be an automatic guaranty of peace in the Pacific, since even the boldest Japanese militarist would hesitate to challenge the whole Anglo-Saxon world.

§ 5

European problems as such were kept off the program of the Washington conference. Nevertheless, though

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excluded directly, European questions indirectly came up in more ways than one.

This was notably true of Franco-British relations. In many ways the most important development of post-war European politics has been the growing coolness between Great Britain and France, complicated by a parallel drawing apart of France and Italy. The close of the Great War found Europe dominated by a close combination of these three powers. At the time this combination was widely hailed as the political basis of post-war Europe. A better reading of the situation, however, would have shown the error of such prophecies. History teaches emphatically that alliances have never lasted long after the reasons for their making have passed.

Now, this was precisely what had happened with the Anglo-Franco-Italian *bloc*. These three powers had been welded together by the menace of a common enemy, the Central Empires, or Germany and Austria-Hungary. But the war shattered Austria-Hungary to fragments, and left Germany disarmed and entirely at the victors' mercy. The common enemy had thus disappeared, and the *bloc*, deprived of its cement, promptly began to disintegrate. The whole mental attitude was changed. Instead of looking at the things which united them, the allies now looked at their points of difference.

And there were many such points. Germany, for instance, appeared extraordinarily dissimilar when seen through British, French, or Italian eyes. To England, post-war Germany, deprived of her navy, her merchant marine, and her colonies, was no longer a peril, but rather a potential market, to be restored to stability and built into the fabric of a pacified and prosperous Europe as rapidly as possible. To France, on the other hand, Germany was still the dreaded arch-enemy. Agonizing over her human losses and her devastated north, remembering past wars, and fearful of a future Teutonic *revanche*, France desired material security by making, and keeping, Germany so weak that aggression against France would be forever impossible. Even though Europe's economic recovery might be endangered by a chronically sick Germany, most Frenchmen appeared to think this the lesser of two evils. Finally, Italy looked at matters from still another angle. Germany had never been the real enemy to Italy. Italy's hereditary foe was the Hapsburg empire of Austria-Hungary, and now that this foe had disappeared, Italy saw in Germany not merely a good commercial market, but also a useful factor in a new balance of power against French ascendancy in Europe, which Italy was beginning to fear.

These differing points of view regarding Germany already showed up clearly at Versailles. Throughout the peace negotiations England and France were often openly or covertly at odds, with Italy tending to take Great Britain's side. For the moment, to be sure, a certain degree of harmony was maintained, but after Versailles the Anglo-French rift widened apace. Almost everywhere the aims of the two nations seemed to clash. In Poland, in Russia, and especially in the Near East, Great Britain and France were at odds.

Such was the background of estrangement with which the British,

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French, and Italian delegations came to Washington. Anglo-French relations had, in fact, just received a fresh shock from a separate treaty which France had negotiated with the Turkish Nationalist Government of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. The latent differences between the three powers soon came out in the conference itself over the question of armaments. When Mr. Hughes opened the ball with his program emphasizing a reduction of capital ships, Mr. Balfour, the head of the British delegation, proposed an even sharper reduction in submarines. Thus far the discussion had centered about the navies of America, Great Britain, and Japan. At this point, however, France broadened the issue by claiming ample naval security, and though the French claims were not openly specified, it was tentatively suggested that France's navy should equal Japan's in capital ships and Great Britain's in submarines. On top of this, Italy now attempted still further to broaden the issue by bringing up the question of land armaments, which was politely side-tracked by the French.

These developments promptly set all three countries by the ears. For England the French naval claims were intensely distasteful. Even H. G. Wells, internationalist extraordinary, turned British for the moment and frankly asserted that France had in mind a future war against England. France already possessed the most powerful army in the world. If, in addition, France were to have a navy anywhere approaching Great Britain's in strength, England would be faced with a strategic situation in some respects potentially more dangerous than that which she had faced from Germany in the years before the Great War. Across the perilously narrow "silver streak" of the channel would lie a whole string of French submarine bases and naval arsenals, and behind these, again, the greatest army and the most daring aircraft service in existence. Now, Great Britain, like France, wanted security; but how could Great Britain feel more secure than in 1914?

These tilts between the western European powers over the armament question illustrate both the disturbed state of Europe and its inevitable reaction upon all world problems. In subsequent months I shall discuss European affairs with the care which they deserve. Suffice it here to say that the condition of both Europe and the Near East is highly critical. Some gleams of light, to be sure, appear. The provisional settlement in Ireland and the three years of grace on reparation payments vouchsafed semi-bankrupt Germany are events of great importance and of hopeful augury. Nevertheless, from whatever angle we gaze, war-torn Europe appears still barely convalescent, and threatened with complications which may have truly terrible consequences not merely to Europe, but to the entire world.

Here is, in truth, the lesson that we must learn: the basic unity of world affairs and the necessity of noting and thinking about the course of events in even the most distant regions. No matter how unrelated they may appear, closer scrutiny may reveal them intimately connected with our own future welfare.

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An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By Glenn Frank

Politics and the Cock of Dawn

Poets have a way of singing their influence across the centuries long after their politician-contemporaries are forgotten, but the politician breaks his way into editorial columns ten times to the poet's one. Tempted always to give their space to the parliamentary gesture that is for the moment occupying the public mind, editors are likely to reserve for their own after-dinner enjoyment the significant achievement of poet, essayist, or dramatist that may be jostling the latest news item in their minds.

For this month, however, I am yielding to personal inclination and setting journalistic considerations aside. I have just finished the reading of Henderson Daingerfield Norman's translation of the plays of Edmond Rostand. I am still under the spell of the lyric loveliness of Rostand's lines and still feeling the mental glow induced by the richness of his ideas, as one comes flushed from a brisk walk in the autumn air.

The translator begins the foreword to these volumes by saying that "For twenty-five years, till in December, 1918, he himself entered into light perpetual, Edmond Rostand was the poet of light, from the April starlight of *Romantics* to the full summer sunshine of *Chanticleer*." Now, a poet of light, a poet of the tenuous and the intangible, may seem an irrelevant visitor to bring into the confusion and cynicism of contemporary politics, but Rostand, particularly in his "Chanticleer," has something highly pertinent to say to this age that may, by the timidity or bankruptcy of statesmanship, be the beginning of another Dark Ages.

But, without attempting to do more than suggest the relation of Rostand's ideas to the muddled politics of our time, let 's refresh our minds about Rostand and his work. Rostand made his bow to the literary world as a mere lad of twenty-two, in 1890, if I remember rightly. The then dominant literary schools in France were cautiously cool in their welcome to the newcomer, but ultimately the originality, the delicacy, and the bewildering qualities of Rostand's fancy won them over. No end of discussion beat about his head in those early days. He was called by a hundred contradictory names: poet, pedant, cynical boulevardier, faker, esthete, genius, egomaniac, poseur. On second thought, perhaps these were not so much contraditory names as isolated recognitions of the several elements that went to make an engaging mind and personality.

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At first the French critics reckoned Rostand's theatrical skill as his greatest ability and attainment. The German critics, on the contrary, emphasized his ideas. I am inclined to think that the German critics hit nearer the truth. Rostand's ultimate reputation will rest not upon his theatrical success, but upon the literature and philosophy of his plays. I do not mean to suggest that Rostand was, like Shaw, a publicist-philosopher who, from sheer utilitarian motive, chose the dramatic form as the best available means for "putting over" his ideas. Rostand was from first to last a dramatist, a poet, and a man of letters, but he said many important things about the deeper issues of life, and he said them beautifully. And it is for these "important things" and for the beautiful way in which he said them that he will be longest remembered.

Rostand was one of the dramatists who contributed to the swing from realism to a neo-romantic symbolism. He lured the French mind from its infatuation with Zola. The one golden thread that binds his plays together is idealism, the one theme upon which he continually rings the changes. One is impressed, while reading the Rostand plays, by the fact that most of his idealists are semi-failures or apparent failures. This might seem to indicate that Rostand was morbid, cynical, and pessimistic. I do not think this charge can be sustained. Rostand's failures of idealism do not grow from the morbid soil that produces the idealist-failures of Russian fiction. Rostand's idealists fall short of triumph, I think, not because Rostand was pessimistic, but simply because Rostand was a dramatist. Great drama is invariably tragic, even more tragic than life, and Rostand, being a dramatist first and a philosopher by the way, is content to create a dramatic figure and leave it unexplained. There are always enough critics who cannot themselves write plays to do the necessary explaining.

The recognition of Rostand really began with the production of his "Cyrano de Bergerac" in 1897. The three high points in the history of the French stage, so many Frenchmen say, are the opening nights of Corneille's "Cid" in 1636, of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" in 1830, and of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" in 1897.

Rostand had the unhappy faculty of courting all sorts of bitter criticism. A glance at three persistent charges offers a chance to bring out certain of Rostand's real values. Again and again he was charged with a mania for self-exploitation, with bigotry, and with insularity.

The charge that Rostand stooped to cheap means of self-exploitation arose during the long time between the first announcement and the ultimate production of "Chanticleer." As I remember the facts, the date for the production of this play was changed twenty times after announcement. The play was rewritten and the actors were changed again and again. Public expectation was raised and disappointed, raised and disappointed, again and again until everybody grew sick of hearing of "Chanticleer." Rostand was the target for many sarcastic flings about a dramatist who would parade a hysterical temperament in order to exploit his work.

We have since discovered the injustice of this charge and the real reasons for what one critic called "the eight years of disgusting history of the

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inception, incubation, and hatching of this barnyard *chef d'œuvre.*" In the first place, during the writing of "Chanticleer" death, illness, and trouble came thick and fast to Rostand and his family, so that for months at a time he was unable to work. In the second place, Rostand was an honest and willing slave to accuracy of detail. He worked over the details of scenes for months. He made literature with his sleeves rolled up. I have been again impressed, as I have reread "Chanticleer," with his amazing mastery of detail, particularly in the first and fourth acts.

The charges of bigotry and insularity were likewise unjust. This criticism grew out of the fact that Rostand would not travel, would not learn foreign languages, and, in the production of his plays, stubbornly refused to allow a line to be inserted that was not his. I am not sure that such insularity merits criticism. It is true that we must widen our outlook if we are to be intelligent citizens of this modern world that has become so completely interdependent. It is true that most of our political and economic troubles may be traced to narrow nationalism. There is, however, a danger in our otherwise laudable propaganda for a more international spirit. The danger is this: an internationalism that tears men from their native soil and leads them to neglect their distinctive cultures will rob the world of its color and turn the society of nations into one huge Shaker village with a drab uniformity of outlook and action. There is room in real internationalism for the widest diversity and keenest competition between our several national cultures. There is a difference between a creative and distinctive culture and a swash-buckling *Kultur*. Rostand was right in saying that his song came from his native soil like sap, that he was of the soil on which he stood, and that of no soil could he sing so well as of his own. There is a kind of political patriotism that is a poison in the world's blood, but this sort of cultural patriotism we must cultivate if we are to keep an increasingly international society full of color and meaning.

In "Chanticleer" Rostand revived a dramatic form that had been little used, if at all, since Aristophanes—peopling the stage with animals. There was endless discussion about this feature of the play, to the great annoyance of Rostand, who said, "I shall end by being taken for the showman of a menagerie." I dimly remember having read some ten years ago an interesting discussion of the use of birds and animals in literature, a discussion that comes to mind in connection with Rostand's "Chanticleer." Of course birds and animals were used in literature long before by Aristophanes, Æsop, Chaucer, La Fontaine, and others. As I remember this discussion, it divided the history of the literary use of animals into three periods. The first period was the time when man felt no essential distinction between himself and creatures of instinct. Reason and instinct had not become differentiated. In this period men looked upon animals as tribal ancestors, consecrated them with elaborate ceremony as totems, worshiped them as divine. In the primitive fables of this period the animals did not speak as beasts, but as persons, as clan ancestors. These fables were not symbolic or allegorical; they were baldly real. In the second period man

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had acquired a sense of superiority over animals. This "snobbery of species" culminated in the theories of Descartes, who asserted that animals were automata. The tales of this period did not seriously characterize animals, but all about were totem-poles and obsolete rituals which had remained as relics of the earlier period. Writers, in attempting to explain them, built up a great mythological literature. But in our time the doctrine of organic evolution has brought us into a third period in which the old sense of comradeship with the animals is being restored. Although we do not regard animals as our fellows, after the simple fashion of our primitive ancestors, it is again possible to make birds and animals real characters in a play and seriously to trace out their dim emotions and reasonings. "Chanticleer" is the product of this third period. And Rostand intended his birds and animals to be real characters, not men and women tricked out in feathers and fur.

There is less symbolism in "Chanticleer" than we read into it. Rostand said, "Aristophanes made use of his birds to criticize the follies of his contemporaries. My piece employs satire only by the way." Despite this assertion, critics insist upon making "Chanticleer" a satire on big-headedness, a rebuke to self-intoxicated eras, men, creeds, systems, races. The thing to remember in reading this drama is that the birds and animals are real characters, as real as *Hamlet* or *Falstaff*, and that the meaning of the play is very simple and very fundamental.

Chanticleer regarded himself as high priest to the sun. He was convinced that his crow brought the dawn. His mission was to sing so clearly that every day would dawn clearly. His sense of responsibility touched him with nobility. One day he was tricked into neglecting his crow. To his surprise, the sun came up without his help. He was for the moment broken and disillusioned. Then he pulled himself together, and crowed lustily with a new conception of his duty. He could not make the sun rise to meet the world, but he could make the "world rise to meet the sun," as some one has put it. As the translator says in the foreword, "the secret of Chanticleer is very truth. It *is* work and faith in one's work that makes the world go round. It *is* loving the light and calling for the light that brings the Light at last." I have said very little about the pertinence of this *Chanticleer* conception to the world's present political muddle. I have purposely left this only as a passing hint. It is interesting to note that the translator has dedicated these two volumes of poetic drama to a politician—Woodrow Wilson. I wonder if this dedication was prompted by recognition of the fact that only the stern application of uncompromising idealism, only some insistent cry for light, not the clever chess-play of opportunists, can bring us safely through this period of war's aftermath? Maybe the translator saw a likeness between *Chanticleer's* relation to the plots of the Night Birds and the adventure of the idealist at Paris, where, as in "Chanticleer," the "Night" offered a "twilight truce." That was an unhappy adventure, but the fight for light and beauty against lust for power, begun and temporarily lost at Paris, is the only hope of escape from our war-threatened, debt-ridden, and anxious time.

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A DRAWING BY SAMUEL W. WYLIE

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The New Decalogue of Science

An Open Letter from the Biologist to the Statesman

By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

SIR: As you know, biology is the science of life. Now, you control life on a vaster scale than any other human being. What you say or think or do about life is, therefore, the most important thing in the whole world. You are in a very real sense the arbiter of the destiny of the race. I regret to say, however, that there are five or six thousand volumes and special investigations dealing with this subject of life of which, evidently, you have never heard; or if you have heard of them, they have had a singularly slight influence upon your policy and action.

You have read some ten commandments that God wrote on tables of stone and gave to one of your predecessors—Moses—as a true chart of statesmanship. He later added two supplements known as the golden rule and the Sermon on the Mount. You have failed conspicuously to put these ancient principles into practice, and it may surprise your Excellency to learn that God is still revealing new and revolutionary aspects of these principles of statesmanship and life. However, instead of using tables of stone, prophecies, visions, and dreams, He has in this day given men the microscope, the telescope, the spectroscope, and the chemist's test-tube to enable them to make their own revelations. And these new instruments have not only added an enormous range of new commandments, an entirely new decalogue, but they have supplied a technic for putting the old ones into effect. Men have never been really righteous, because they did not know how. They could not obey God's will, because they had no way of finding out what it was. But science has at last given to men a true technic of righteousness. And this new dispensation is just as divine as the old. It is filled with warnings of wrath, both present and to come, for the biological ungodly as well as alluring promises to them who do His biological will. These warnings should, first, make you tremble. They should, second, make you pray. They should, third, fill you with the militant faith of a new evangel.

§ 2

The *first* warning that biology gives to statesmanship is that mankind is going backward; that the civilized races of the world are biologically

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plunging downward; that *civilization as you administer it is self-destructive;* that civilization always destroys the man that builds it; that your vast efforts to improve man's lot, instead of improving man, are hastening the hour of his destruction; that the brain of man is not growing; that man as a breed of organic beings is not advancing; that microbic diseases are, in all probability, lessening, but man's incapacity to resist them is apparently increasing; that physiologic and functional diseases—"heart disease," Bright's disease, diabetes, cancer, degenerative diseases of the arteries, liver, and central organs, the "social" and "habit" diseases, are increasing; that weaklings, wastrels, paupers, hoboes, and imbeciles are increasing; that leadership (great men and first-class workmen) is decreasing.

For fear your Excellency may think I merely wish to alarm you, let me urge you to glance at the chart of your own national biology. The army mental tests have shown that there are, roughly, forty-five million people in this country who have no sense. Their mental powers will never be greater than those of twelve-year-old children. The vast majority of these will never attain even this meager intelligence. Besides the forty-five millions who have no sense, but a majority of the votes, there are twenty-five millions who have a little sense. Their capacity for mental and spiritual growth is only that of thirteen- or fourteen-year-old children, and your education can add nothing to their intelligence. Next there are twenty-five millions with fair-to-middling sense. They have n't much, but what there is, is good. Then, lastly, there are a few over four millions who have a great deal of sense. They have the thing we call "brains." You have never arranged that these four millions could make much use of them in the adventure of human government, but the brains are there. Your first duty is to put these four millions to work, helping you to govern the country, instead of trying to do it all yourself.

Now, the danger is not with the ninety-odd millions who have little or no brains, but with the four millions who have. No nation was ever overthrown by its imbeciles. Nature abhors a vacuum, and for that reason weeds out the heads of fools.

But you defy nature with your civilization. Evolution is a bloody business, but civilization tries to make it a pink tea. Barbarism is the only method by which man has ever organically progressed, and civilization is the only method by which he has ever organically declined. Civilization is the most dangerous enterprise upon which men ever set out. For when you take man out of the bloody, brutal, but beneficent, hand of natural selection, you place him in the soft, perfumed, daintily gloved, but far more dangerous, hand of artificial selection. Unless you call science to your aid and make this artificial selection that we call civilization as efficient as the rude methods of nature, you bungle the whole colossal task. You are doing this on an immense scale in industrial America.

Your four millions are decreasing while your ninety millions are increasing. A differential birth-rate, your Excellency, is one of the real problems of politics. Nations have often perished because of their differential birth-rate. A difference in the birth-force of one section over another of

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one-tenth baby per family will soon alter the whole destiny of a people. And you have established a difference of a whole baby and a half between your four millions and your ninety millions.

Moreover, in dealing with your millions, you have contented yourself with two great sentimental nebulosities: first, that all men are born equal and, second, that God will raise up leaders for the people. Well, all men are born unequal, and leaders come not by prayer, but by germ-cells. "The most unequal thing in the world is the equal treatment of unequals." Your difficulty is not that men are too unequal, but that they are not unequal enough. The more you equalize opportunity, the more you unequalize men. You have failed beyond all calculation to equalize *opportunity*. You have been trying fatuously to equalize *men*. And this ungodly equalitarian doctrine has set up economic, social, political, educational, and even religious forces that are rapidly selecting out the priceless germ-cells of your four million superiors from the national blood stream. And once your four millions are lost, nothing is left except the stern, but effective, discipline of barbarism until nature can produce them again. And in that distant day your institutions, your ideals, your very bones, will be only material to delight and puzzle the mind of the archæologist.

§ 3

The *second* warning of biology is brief and simple: that heredity, and not environment, is the maker of men; that it is the man who makes his environment and not the environment that makes the man; that nearly all the misery and nearly all the happiness of the world are due not to environment, but to heredity; that the differences among men are due to the differences in the germ-cells from which they are born; that social classes, which you seek to abolish, are ordained by nature; that it is not the slums that make slum-people, but slum-people that make the slums; that, primarily, it is not the church that makes good people, but good people who make the church; that godly people are born and not made; that if you want church members, you will have to give nature a chance to produce them; that if you want artists, poets, philosophers, skilled workmen, and great statesmen, nature must have a chance to breed them.

You are opposed to this belief. You believe you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, get blood out of turnips, find Lincolns in every log cabin if you look hard enough, and get genius out of fools. You believe that the reason one man starts at the bottom of the ladder and climbs up while another man starts at the top and slides down is due to the ladder being wrong end up. Science knows it is due to the inborn difference between the climber and the slider. Your environmental remedy is to kick the ladder from under both, and put them on the same level. As a result you deprive each of any means of rapid transportation toward his natural destination. A government built upon scientific inequalitarianism will "lift up the fallen" and "rescue the perishing" with a new and unfailing, because enlightened, mercy.

§ 4

The *third* warning of biology is that your philanthropy and your noble-

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hearted, but soft-headed, schemes for *ameliorating the conditions of life* have failed and will fail to improve the race, and are, in fact, hastening its deterioration.

You fondly believe that you can speed up evolution with cakes and cream for the unfit. Nature has progressed by letting the devil take the hindmost. But your method is to increase the number of the hindmost. Nature slaughters the innocents, but you merely throw more innocents into her ravenous maw. Your very mercy only adds to nature's brutality. You think your cakes and cream will hasten the millennium. But a heaven for the unfit would be a biological hell for the fit.

It is said that Daniel Webster, when called upon to pay a bill, would give a note for it, with the satisfying remark, "Well, thank God! that bill 's paid." You are trying to pay your overdue bills to evolution with promissory notes. You think this "applies the golden rule." It is a flattering unction. But the golden rule, as you falsely conceive it, if applied, would wreck the race that tried it. I see the results of *your* golden rule filling jails, penitentiaries, reformatories, "rescue homes," and asylums—mute monuments, one and all, to your belated efforts to dam the swelling tide of degeneracy that your golden rule has largely created. They are catch-alls for the products of your impertinent meddling with evolution. You think that the meek and lowly should inherit the earth, and have well nigh completed arrangements for their doing it. They already absorb nearly one half the time, energy, and money of your civilization. You fail to notice that the meek and lowly you care for are mostly the grandchildren of the same meek and lowly your grandfathers took care of, only they are far more numerous, while you are relatively less numerous. Brute nature slays its thousands, but your charity in the end will slay its tens of thousands. And unless it becomes imbued, as a few social workers are becoming imbued, with a new biological conscience, you will reap the whirlwind of your own well-intentioned, but socially disastrous, folly.

§ 5

The *fourth* warning of biology is that medicine, hygiene, sanitation, and your efforts to call mental and physical soundness out of the vacuum of nowhere, instead of upbuilding by selection the boundless health, energy, and sanity that are already in the stream of human protoplasm, are weakening and will weaken the human breed.

Who uses your hygiene? Who swallows your medicines? The strong or the weak? Your wise men are searching for a cure for tuberculosis, for insanity, pneumonia, flabby hearts, brittle arteries, recalcitrant livers, and abridged kidneys—some panacea which will conceal instead of cure the weak spot in the human armor. Bless them in their efforts! But, if you apply that panacea and *do nothing else*, you will again wreck the very race you have saved. A race that would save its life must lose it; must lose, I mean, its unfit instead of coddling them, as you do, for reproduction. If a race goes down hill long enough, it will find itself at the top. That is to say, its survivors will be the biologically worthy. Vice and disease purify the race because they kill the weak and vicious. They leave the strong, ro-

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bust, and virtuous to hand the torch of heredity to men unborn. Your intentions are good, but in the end nature herself will damn your judgment.

§ 6

The *fifth* warning of biology is that morals, education, art, and religion will not directly improve the *inborn* righteousness, educability, or artistic and religious capacity of the human breed. This is a dark saying to you. Yet you have spent untold millions in improving your plants and animals by the only method by which they can be improved—selection.

But the more you "improve" the environment of plants, animals, or men without selection, the more rapidly do they deteriorate. Yet you have risked man's earthly destiny on the fatuous notion that the "grandfather's environment is the grandchild's heredity"; that if you want to produce a genius, you must begin by educating the grandfather; that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; and that if the fathers have eaten sour grapes, it will set the children's teeth on edge.

Now, in the sense in which you believe these things they are not true. Long ago biology has consigned them to the realm of myth and fancy. It would only bewilder you for me to say that in rare experimental situations permanent germinal modifications have probably been induced; but, speaking generally, parents can eat sour grapes for a thousand years and never affect the dental apparatus of the children. While the Hebrew prophets were merely speaking of criminal law and not of heredity, the sins of the fathers are not visited to any appreciable extent upon the children unless the fathers commit the one unpardonable biological sin of assortative mating with the sinful. But educating you or cultivating your morals will never directly cause your children to be born brighter or more virtuous. If your father went crazy from getting hit on the head with a brickbat, you do not inherit his cracked brain, but only his inability to dodge brickbats. Stupidity begets stupidity, and intelligence begets brains; but a thousand years of educating or improving the parents will never "improve" the children. In short, "Wooden legs are not inherited, but wooden heads are."

Now, your Excellency may have concluded by this time that you have made a fearful mess of things. This is the spiritual reaction desired. As the biologist sees it, the only hope of escape from this muddle lies in your obeying, with a new spiritual vision of politics, the six dominant commandments of the new decalogue of science, which has emerged from the modern Sinai—the laboratory.

§ 7

The first commandment biology gives to statesmanship is *the duty of eugenics*. Eugenics is a method ordained of God for securing better parents for our children, in order that they may be born more richly endowed, mentally, morally, and physically, for the human struggle. Eugenics is simply evolution made conscious and intelligent. It is not a scheme or program at all. You cannot enact eugenics any more than you can enact the weather. Eugenics means a new religion, a new moral code, a new social and

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political Bible, a change in the very purpose of civilization and the fundamental *mores* of man. It means the improvement of man as an organic being. It means that the improvement of man's *inborn capacities* for happiness, health, sanity, and achievement must become the one living purpose of the state.

This is eugenics, and nothing short of it is. It is simply the projection of the golden rule down the stream of protoplasm. The men of the future will be born from this stream, and its quality depends solely upon us. You and your fellow-statesmen have never discovered but half of Christianity. You have applied it only to those now living. You have failed to apply it to your biological neighbor yet unborn. He can build his own nurture. We alone can endow him with his nature. Jesus purposed that he—the unborn—also might have life more abundantly. And the abundance or barrenness of his life, the biologist has found, is absolutely in our hands. Not environment, but heredity alone will insure him the life abundant. We may do a little for his environment, but we can absolutely determine his heredity. And his heredity, the biologist knows, will determine four fifths of his happiness. If Jesus had been among us, he would have been president of the first Eugenics Congress. Interpreting the spiritual significance of Weissmann's microscope, Darwin's experiments, and Gregor Mendel's peas, he would have cried: "A new commandment I give unto you—the biological golden rule, the completed golden rule. Do unto both the born and the unborn as you would have both the born and the unborn do unto you." This is the biological conception of the brotherhood of man. This is the real golden rule. This, and this only, is the final reconciliation of science and the Bible. Science came not to destroy the Bible, but to fulfil it. It is the only thing that can fulfil it. Eugenics, which is simply conscious, intelligent organic evolution, furnishes the final program for the completed christianization of mankind.

§ 8

The second commandment of biology is *the duty of scientific research.*

Science has made morality possible. You have read the injunction, "Seek ye after God, if haply ye might find Him." When some unknown genius of the past mixed nine parts of copper with one part of tin and made bronze, he not only lifted mankind from the Stone to the Metal Age, but he began a new era of morals, because he began *experimentally* to seek after God.

In the electron of the atom and the germ-cell of living protoplasm man has at last found God at work in His own workshop. The mechanist has looked about this workshop and said, "It is all machinery." The spiritualist has said, "Behind it is the breath of God." One has found a universe that works; the other has found a universe that is significant. One has found the tools; the other has found the Workman. But both are agreed that the endless discovery of natural law is the only way to coöperate with it. And coöperation with natural law—the will of God—is the only righteousness. It is only thus that man can become a practical co-worker with God. And for mankind to become, upon a national and world-wide scale, practical co-workers with God—this and this alone is progress.

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§ 9

The third commandment of biology is *the duty of the socialization of science.*

If only the scientist himself can coöperate with God, *public* morality is impossible. Science, locked up in the scientist's head or in his unknowable tongue, cannot nourish the common man any more than the picture in the artist's imagination can touch with beauty the soul of the common man until it is transferred to the canvas. The writer, orator, and dramatist who understand the scientist's language and can also speak to the people must enter the temple with him, although they may not go behind the veil. They must then come out to the temple steps and give these mysteries to the people. And your duty as social, business, religious, educational, and political statesman is to *organize* these precepts from on high into social custom, legal statute, educational policy, religious worship, and the compelling forms of art. For if you gain the whole world of science for yourself and do not share it with all mankind, your civilization will lose its own soul. But if you bring all its ministries to the common man, you will endow him with new and unknown powers of personal character, political efficiency, and social service. For the social organization of science is simply the technical administration of the love of God.

§ 10

And the fourth commandment of biology is *the duty of vocational education.*

Civilization has always failed, because it has never succeeded in fitting each and every man to its new forms of evolution. For evolution, your Excellency, is the resultant of four great forces: variation, adaptation, selection, and heredity. First, each individual person "varies" from his forbears. Secondly, if his variation is not "adapted" to his environment, nature kills him. Thirdly, if his variation is adapted, nature "selects" him for survival. And, fourthly, he produces progeny, and by "heredity" transmits his survival values to his offspring.

This is nature's method. It is crude, horrible, wasteful. Many beautiful variations are lost in the vast mêlée. Real civilization must improve on nature's method by preserving *all* variations of worth and beauty. It must fit the environment to them as well as fit them to the environment. Nothing else is true civilization but the selection and preservation by heredity of everything beautiful and ennobling that rises above the protoplasmic stream. For this reason vocational education must discover every human worth and fit the individual possessing it to an ever-widening and more complex environment, which the increasingly intelligent descendants of such a scientific social order are certain, from their inborn excellence, to build.

§ 11

The fifth commandment of biology is *the duty of internationalism.*

Even a scientific civilization, if it is only national, will soon be crushed by war. It will never make war, but it must defend itself. No nation can, therefore, remain civilized until all mankind is civilized. War has scarcely more selective survival-value than an earthquake. And just as earthquakes and volcanoes are going out of fashion, so must war go the same way. Your nationalistic slogans are not only insufficient unto a world order, but

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they are not even sufficient unto a permanent national order.

Moreover, vast problems of race mixtures, crossings, and amalgamations will to-morrow tax all the genius both of science and statesmanship. Biology has exploded the myth of the melting-pot as well as the myth of war. Each race and nation must still create its own culture, its own national or racial psychology, its own specific intellectual discipline. But if one culture crushes another, or great spiritual disciplines are lost by hybridizations of strange and unharmonic peoples, all civilization will go down in the biological holocaust. Consequently, your petty nationalistic prides, ambitions, and shibboleths must disappear in the greater process of the unitary development of man.

§ 12

Lastly, the sixth commandment of biology is *the duty of art.*

Art is the herald of the march of evolution. Biology has suddenly given to art a new and incalculable significance. The very face and form of man have probably changed under its influence, for beauty sets up ideals of mate selection between man and woman. And mate selection between man and woman is the supreme cause of both racial glory and decline. Art determines ideals of beauty, and beauty in man and woman is the outward index of survival value—potential parenthood. Beauty is thus nature's flaming banner of her own evolution.

If the worship of physical beauty can, by inducing selection toward it, change the faces of men, the worship of moral beauty can likewise change the mind and character of men. In all its endless forms art is thus man's highest contribution to the evolutionary process. It should, then, become the end and aim of all your systems of education, leading men with its gentle ministrations toward a better, wiser, happier, and far more beautiful human race.

I have thus laid before your Excellency the stern warnings and high commands which I believe it is the duty and privilege of the biologist to utter. I believe you will heed them. Your numerous charities, your ambitious schemes of education, your insatiate cry for "more democracy," give proof of this. But in your narrow nationalisms you have forgotten your neighbor at the antipodes and your biologic brother of the unborn to-morrow. You have thought only to leave the men of your own tribe a material and cultural legacy instead of bequeathing to mankind the biological legacy of a strong body and a great soul. But if your cultures and societies are to endure, the completed Christianity of science must become the dominating spirit of your state, your mercy as well as your statesmanship must take on the wideness of the sea and the eternity of protoplasm.

Respectfully,

THE BIOLOGIST.

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Do Women Dress to Please Men?

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN *and* ALEXANDER BLACK

Drawings by BERTA HADER, *after "Godey's Lady's Book"*

Yes! By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

A PILE-DRIVER, having thoroughly performed its task, would be no more surprised to see a battered, submerged victim pop lightly up again than was I to note the reappearance of a long-buried fallacy in a recent article in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

To doubt a dogma, a doctrine, a miracle, is bravely praiseworthy, but what shall be the meed of him who doubts a natural law?

That women dress to please men is so obvious, so conspicuously visible, so plainly recognized by the man in the street, that one wonders at any lingering doubt of it. Yet this most patent fact is airily denied by a no less authority than Alexander Black.

To one who has shown, taught, reiterated, and proved through an argumentative lifetime that women do, this buoyant assumption that they do not dress to please men seems unbelievable; yet there it is. Do not look for direct assertion,—that is not this graceful writer's way,—but the heresy is there none the less, thus set forth:

> It is not alone the failure in man's sense of humor that induces him to think she is dressing solely for him. That blunder has a remoter explanation.

A blunder, is it? The pile-driver begins again.

To clamp the victim firmly, we must remove that qualifying "solely," his only excuse for wabbling. No one could assert that Eskimo ladies wear furs "solely" to please men, unless in the strained sense that it would not please them to have all their women frozen to death. Furs are worn by arctic savages for two compelling reasons: one that they must be warmly clothed or die; the other, that the skins of beasts are the only fabric available. No, the verb "to dress," in this discussion, does not mean wearing clothes, but the process now popularly rendered "to doll up."

It is idle to question the women as to their purposes. We have to deal with the real reason, with the basic cause, not with explanations offered by these much-adorned ladies. Little reck they of biological laws. They may modestly repudiate and honestly or angrily deny any conscious effort to attract. They may lay the blame or

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the praise for their garniture on a variety of immediate pressures, as, for instance, that "it is so hard to get nice shoes without high heels"; but that does not touch the underlying fact that those inadequate curvilinear supports for the human frame are designed in obedience to man's admiration for a "feminine foot."

The hoof of a mare is "feminine," the paw of a lioness is "feminine," yet in efficacy they are as good as male ones. Our "feminine" foot is so ostentatiously decorative that it can neither stand, walk, nor run as well as if it were shod like a human foot instead of a female one.

The excessive and conspicuous sex appeal of women's shoes may be submitted to by individual wearers for a variety of reasons, but its cause is the approval of men for the ultra-feminine, for something smaller, feebler, more slenderly curved than what they consider "masculine."

Of the five main reasons for wearing clothes, protection, warmth, modesty, decoration, and symbolism, it is the last two we are here considering. The other three apply to both sexes, and that "solely" must not serve as a way of escape by referring to them.

The "dress" of women, as here used, refers to the sharp distinction between us and other creatures which shows the human female as the only one carrying that excess of ornament known as "sex decoration." In other species, where some added splendor appears beyond the racial beauty common to both, it is seen upon the male. To him belong the lordly crest, the bulbous wattles, the floating plumes, the spreading tail, the gorgeous hues.

And all this beauty or would-be beauty—for sometimes his blue-painted callosities miss the mark as widely as do the corpse-white noses of our women—does serve to please the female. Whether developed by her conscious selection or not, it is patently used by her strutting suitor to attract her attention and to win her favor.

So with the human male, in so far as a ruthless economic pressure leaves him anything which can be called decoration, such as gay cravats and richly harmonious socks, his demand for these adornments appears with a rush when first he seeks to please the other sex and continues longest in those individual men or classes with whom pleasing women is a permanent interest.

Observe the hasty adornments of a group of cow-boys when ladies, especially unattached young ladies, arrive at the ranch. Note even in the tedious reiterance of habits in "the movies" the demeanor of the young man when "she" is about to appear. In the adjustment of coat and waist-coat, the settling of collar and tie, he seeks to please through his attire.

We have here an overwhelming mass of evidence that "dress" in this sense of extra-decoration is used to attract the other sex by all males. If

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women, the only females so empowered, use it for other purposes, the burden of proof is on them.

The reason that the female of the human species is saddled with this extra burden, in addition to her human activities and the large demands of motherhood, is clear enough. Other females have no need for the male except as a mate and co-parent, but we women need men as "providers." As was definitely stated in *"The Wizard of Oz,"* "even the fairest face must be fed."

Painfully plain is the case *a priori;* but we must follow it among the many corroborative proofs *a posteriori.* If the laboratory method could be employed, it would be finally convincing. This would require the segregation of numbers of women of similar type and equal opportunities, but cut off from men's society altogether; and the comparison of their dress with that of a group otherwise identical, but allowed masculine society. Failing such conclusive experiment, we find some approximation to it in the dress of women in an undermanned summer resort during the week compared with their sudden efflorescence on Saturday night, when the men arrive.

Still more convincingly it appears when mercenary mothers for the sake of their daughters, or other women for personal needs, deliberately set themselves to please men, making full use of dress. Even the wife, desiring to win some special indulgence from her husband, not only provides the dinner he likes best, but wears the dress he likes best, if she has one.

Kipling, surely a most masculine type, freely acknowledges this motive, as in his story "Three and an Extra." It starts with a Punjabi proverb. "When halter and heelropes are slipped, do not give chase with sticks, but with *grain.*" He underlines grain. The woman whose husband neglected her and was "annexed" by *Mrs. Hauksbee* took heart of grace and "spent a week designing" a costume that the author thus feelingly describes: "It was a gorgeous dress—slight mourning. I can't describe it, but it was what *The Queen* calls 'a creation'—a thing that hit you right between the eyes and made you gasp."

She wore it to a party to which he had taken *Mrs. Hauksbee.* It worked. "The men crowded round her for dances," her husband stared at her from doorways, "and the more he stared the more taken was he." *Mrs. Bremmil* recovered her stray with that one dress.

Another line of evidence is found among earlier authors who lectured women on their duties, frequently rebuking them for a laxity, even slovenliness, of dress after marriage. It was all too evident that these ladies took great pains to "make their market," as the phrase went, and quite naturally relaxed their efforts when it was made. The obverse is familiar to us in the classic tale of the man who was censured for not showing the same gallant attentions to his wife that he had to his sweetheart.

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"Why should I run for the car," he protested, "after I have caught it?"

Perhaps the clearest and least pleasing proof that women dress to please men is given by the class who do that for a living, and who, to our shame, are responsible for many of our fashions. These, making a business of attraction, dress as fascinatingly, as conspicuously, and as varyingly as they can, for man loves variety. They cannot let up in their efforts to please, as they never catch the car, but must continually chase it.

In direct opposition to this instance is the character of clothing worn that is especially intended not to attract. In the black-swathed women of the veiled East, as in the garb of nuns or Shakers, we find the same requirements—concealment, monotony, and lack of color. This surely indicates that revealment, variety, and bright hues are attractive.

Men have always showed a critical interest in the dress of women, which apparently has as much power to displease as to please them. Their displeasure was usually based on a too great attractiveness. Greek, Roman, and Hebrew discourse upon it; we know the strictures of Isaiah and St. Paul. In later days there flows a constant stream of advice, praise for the garments men admire, censure for those disliked. In "Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk," published in Edinburgh about 1820, great objection was made to the "short waist" and to what Peter calls "the truly Spartan exposure of the leg." This he declares "is, in my judgment, the most unwise thing in the whole world; for any person can tell from the shape of the foot and ankle, whether the limb be or be not handsome; and what more would the ladies have?"

"Moreover," he continues with in-

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creasing ascerbity, claiming that while there may be difference of opinion as to beauty of face, there can be none as to beauty of form, which is clearly established in picture and statue, "the fashion has not been allowed to attain its ascendancy without evident detriment to the interests of the majority; for I have never yet been in any place where there were not more limbs that would gain by being concealed than by being exposed."

Sensitive and critical are men to the dress of women, responding without analysis, and often criticizing unwisely, yet always affected by it. A man will often intellectually condemn some feminine habit of dress, yet succumb to its influence as promptly as if he liked it.

A further proof remains, patent and pathetic. Some women there are who, urged by personal convictions as to beauty, health, or comfort, rebel against this masculine demand, and do not "dress" in the decorative sense at all. For them the reasonably comfortable shoe, low-heeled and broad of toe; the easy garments, suited to their own demands. What happens to them?

They are let alone. They are not danced with, not walked with, not invited about. A man hates to be seen with a woman who is not, in his sense, well dressed, smart, and conventional.

There must be something in the minds of those who can for an instant question so obvious a position. It is probably this: they are considering not why women dress, but why women think they dress, which is quite a different thing. As a matter of dressing, the human mind is past master in draping many graceful illusions over a biological fact; but the fact remains.

No! *By Alexander Black*

An eminent sociologist might be presumed to speak with authority, and when, in a matter concerning women, the eminent sociologist happens to be a woman and one of the world's foremost exponents of the feminine side, no man who retorts can avoid a sense of hazard. Even a man arrogant enough to feel like the entomologist who knew all that it was possible to know about ants *without being an ant* must still be aware that the odds are against him; and I waste no time in denying any such arrogance.

Yet it may be said that the entomologist knew some things about ants which the ants did not know about themselves. I need not proceed to expand this point, though there is, I venture to think, much of significance

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in it, and there would be mere hypocrisy in ignoring the fact. You will already have suspected me of believing that a possible way to know certain things about one sex is to belong to the other. I don't say that this suggestion need be directly applicable to a question of dress; yet it may have a relationship.

Then there is that complicated question of instinct and motive. Few, if any, of our acts or habits have a single causation, and most of us are poor witnesses as to our own motives. We have an instinct, and label it with a motive. Over a bunch of these little motive labels we paste a large label called a principle. The instincts keep right on ignoring the labels, and letting the labels do the talking.

For this reason I cannot logically or confidently quote the circumstance that many women have assured me that women do not dress to please men. Quite aside from the fact that a great many women have assured me of things that are not so, I must admit this other fact about human motives as advising a certain caution. And it will be prudent to indicate in some appropriate way that I did not acquire the theory Mrs. Gilman criticizes by any admissions or protests of women themselves. If I were willing to accept such testimony at face- (or figure-) value, I might go on thinking that Mrs. Gilman had been outvoted. For the moment I ignore the testimony. Denial not only does not remove suspicion, but often inspires it. I could concede without a qualm that there are reasons why women, speaking to a man, might find it comfortable and salutary to deny dressing to please men. Looking at the matter calmly, or as near calmly as any man may hope to look in such a tight place, I can see that denying motives of this sort might arise from a sense of need to take some of the conceit out of men. Even a clever concealment of one motive might gather excuse from the promptings of another so praiseworthy.

On the other hand, Mrs. Gilman herself must have a motive. I am sure that her motive is to establish the truth. If the truth convicted men, I am sure, too, that she would not be unduly gratified. Since it is possible that I also might be accused of having a motive, I will concede at once that, in view of the history of feminine ornament, some men might feel sharply hurt by proof that they were responsible for the way women dress. Yet, if it were permissible to argue, it would be only fair to point out that no amount of proof showing that most men are biased is really proof that I am. Though I never could be free of suspicion, I might claim to have gained my knowledge while simply enjoying what Mr. Conrad has called "the privileged detachment of a cultivated mind."

I will concede, too, all of Mrs. Gilman's biological deductions as to primitive women. I take the risk of admitting anything as to early women

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and early men, and that devices of sex attraction are no more obsolete than sex rivalry. But I cannot concede that because women began decorating themselves to please men they still decorate themselves wholly or even generally for that same simple reason. It will not do to rally the support of Havelock Ellis or any of the other scientists who assure us that such primitive complexes have long been superceded. Mrs. Gilman has no awe for scientists, especially when they chatter about women. Nevertheless, I venture to suggest that there are various signs plain to every one that the dress of women, like many another institutional function, has strayed far from its beginnings.

It is conceivable that the orthodox Jewish woman who dons a harsh wig and tries to look old and settled after her marriage, and the fashionable Christian woman who tries after her marriage to look as unsettled and as young as possible, are both willing to please men. Mrs. Gilman sees a relaxing of dress coquetries after marriage. Undoubtedly, the same abandonments appear in many men. Courtship is a highly competitive game, more competitive than it used to be, and artifices of dress are as common as artifices of conduct, on both sides of the house. But the proportion of women who abandon pretty clothes after marriage for any other reason than because they can't get them, or have n't a chance to wear them, is surely very small. There must be, also, some evidential weight in the fact that the most extravagantly

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decorative clothes are very often worn by women who have accomplished marriage. These women might have sense enough to know that pleasing men, and particularly a man, is still good strategy. It will be a sad world when the pleasing of one woman by one man and the pleasing of one man by one woman stops being instinctive or profitable. But the signs go quite beyond that. An excessive splendor so often persists long after domestic groaning begins, so long after even bankruptcy sets in, that one would often have to eliminate the husband at least from the list of pleased men. The notorious fact that husbands, not to consider particularly the stingy ones, are as a class unobservant and unappreciative of partner decoration, might not disprove the continued need for the coquetry. It certainly would not prove that an art fails of effect even where its technic is unobserved. And it has a tendency to imply that women are aware of the fact that there are other men. But it rather hampers proof that women have any singleness of need for masculine approval.

The slump after marriage which Mrs. Gilman regards as significant would look like support for a theory that women thought in terms of one man. Thinking in terms of one man, in the matter of clothes or of anything else not involving the basic union, is about the last thing one would care to ascribe to the American woman. It ought to be unpleasant to ascribe it to any woman.

However, I must not overlook the fact that Mrs. Gilman does not insist that women are thinking of men or of a man in the concrete sense. It is, she implies, in a large way that the primal impulse foliates, whatever women may say or even think. A feeling with regard to the opposite sex began it, and that feeling, secretly or openly, consciously or unconsciously, dominates the expression. That is the contention.

To believe this, we should have to overlook many a related circumstance. The primitive woman may have decorated and drudged (she was a wonderful bundle-carrier, and was permitted to carry all the bundles) to please a man. The civilized parallel is far from perfect, and at one of the imperfect points the free or freer woman slips through. A great many things she once did simply to please a man she now does to please humanity or to please herself. I am not thinking of the exceptional woman at the head of a big corporation, or of any less exceptional woman who may be wage-earning head of a family with a useless man in it. I am thinking of the average American woman, still decorating herself and carrying burdens of some human sort. If men began by decorating themselves to dazzle women, and now find a more imperative reason for dressing well in the fact that it is good business, why may it not be assumed that women have found in the same function a far different and a far wider expression than any primitive instinct could have prophesied? Nothing is clearer than the primitive reason for daily labor, but who does not know men who set out to get money with which to live, and who long ago lost sense of anything but the money?

The dress of women has lost no expression it once had, but it has gained many others. It has become a great art, often practised for its own sake.

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What was once primitively personal has become artistically social. In my opinion the man, referred to by Mrs. Gilman, who would not go forth with his wife without the crinoline was not influenced by male instinct or by thought of other men. He was influenced by the thing that influences us all more than any other thing—social pressure. There is a social expectation that women will be highly decorated and that men will not be highly decorated. It does n't make much difference how that expectation came about. It is there. I believe that for a woman this pressure is felt as exerted mostly by other women. If designed merely to please men, decoration might be just as assertive, but it would scarcely need to be so fine an art as it now is. The Saturday-night emphasis at a summer colony may be occasioned by men, but men may be an occasion without being a cause. They may, for instance, be an excuse.

It may please a man to marry him, but it would be absurd to say that a woman is necessarily thinking of nothing else, or is intuitionally prompted by nothing else, when she does marry him. There is no need to expound the other social or purely personal impulsions that might make pleasing him, either as a man or as an economic factor, about the last thing in her mind.

After all, I may end where Mrs. Gilman began, with that word "solely." I do not think my reference was so poorly safeguarded as she pretends. "Solely for him" cannot be made to mean solely as to the elements or functions of clothes. It must, I think, be taken to mean solely as to women's instincts or motives.

I believe that some women "doll up" *almost* solely to please men. I believe that many others have never had any such motive, latent or conscious. I believe that most women are willing that their decoration should incidentally please men. It is doubtless a matter of percentages. Of course the percentage must be altogether a matter of opinion, whether it is estimated by a man or by a woman. I took my fling at the complacency that permits some men to think that the whole fuss has had men for its special and ultimate mark. The notion that modern woman lives her life, in any particular and to any absorbing extent, specifically to please men, still seems to me quite fantastic.

I don't believe women "dress" solely to please men, not only because they don't have to take that much trouble, not only because dress is so satisfying in itself, and because, as an art, it must always be influenced more by its specialist criticism than by its spectators, and women are the specialists; but because most women have other business in life, and pleasing other women has become as important to them as pleasing men, in a vast number of cases more important.

I do not believe that the special sense of humor which women illustrate in their clothes is equally distributed among all women. Some women, it is quite evident, do not see the clothes pleasantry at all. Every artist is under the hazard of a blind spot. Yet I am still quite sure that men (and this was my contention) usually miss not only the art implications, not only the subtle difference between pleasing and teasing, but the secret reservations that must ever establish the ultimate point of the joke.

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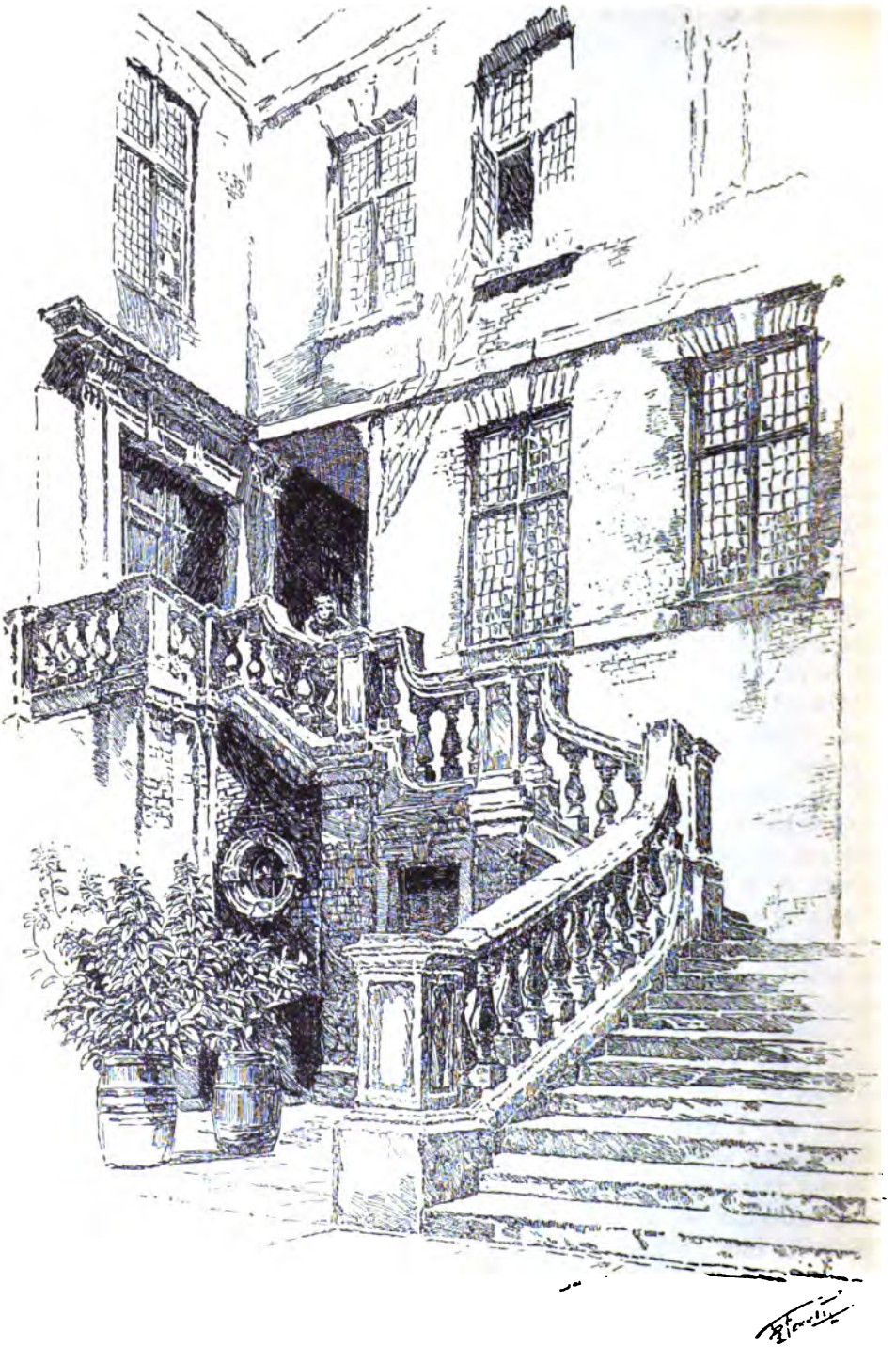

Entrance to Brewers' Hall

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Adventures of an Illustrator

III—London City Companies

By Joseph Pennell

Drawings by the author made at the time

I was to do the London city companies with Dr. Norman Moore, and I did do one article, but then Tom Way, Whistler's lithographer, got hold of the idea, and did them, and that was the end of it. Even my drawings are sold and scattered all over the place.

My connection with the City—the City of London—came from an article I did with Dr. Norman Moore on the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great. Dr. Norman Moore was the warden of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, lived in it, and knew and loved the City. The article on the church was done before Sir Aston Webb laid hands on it, made it into what he thought it must have been, and assuredly never was. All the growth of centuries, the character of the place, he destroyed; yet even now it is the finest church in London, the finest Norman church I know in Great Britain. Gone, too, is Cloth Fair, that street of old half-timbered, plastered houses, with other alleys round about, that escaped the fire. Almost the only records are in the etchings and lithographs that Whistler and I have made. The churchyard, the home of cats and the dump-heap of the neighborhood, black and dismal, still shows a few defaced tombstones above-ground, and the gabled backs of the half-timbered houses frame it in; but the character is gone.

One day Dr. Moore told me of the treasures of the Barber Surgeons' Company, and took me to see them in the hall. Like nearly all the halls of the London city companies, only a doorway separates it from the street. But once within this door, which only a great dinner can open for you, you find, hidden behind offices and warehouses, a palace. There are forty or fifty of them, large and small. On the walls of the Barber Surgeons' Hall was a great Holbein, a group with Henry VIII in the center and the master and wardens about him. In the middle of the hall was a great table covered with slashes and cuts, made by the members of the guild, one day studying anatomy on it, and the next dining off it. The idea at once occurred to me of doing an article on the city guilds. Dr. Moore could write it. I started.

It was by no means easy to get to work, but I found at once that Edmund Gosse knew the master of a company—Girdlers' Company. What a girdler may have been I do not know, and the members had varied notions. But the master of the company at that moment was a government clerk in the same office with Gosse. One day, therefore, I was taken by Gosse in a cab to the hall. Somewhere hidden in the City was the door of this company, guarded by a

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gorgeous beadle. Within was a long paneled hallway, most likely designed by Christopher Wren, and carved by Grinling Gibbons. There were halls to left and to right and a splendid stairway. Within the great hall the master awaited us, and also a lunch, for the function of guilds is to dine. Despite the expenses incurred by this function of great dinners, by supporting technical schools, almshouses, and founding scholarships, some of the companies have difficulty in spending their income. The income is derived either from rents or from some monopoly, as in the case of the Goldsmiths, who work gold and stamp silver, the Stationers who enforce copy-right, and the Fishmongers, who run Billingsgate, and exercise their calling still, though few of their members follow their trades. We lunched at a great oak table.

The master, wardens, and a few other guests alone were present. The table was covered with a wonderful cloth, a great rug given to the Girdlers long ago by some Eastern merchant in return for their hospitality, but the members knew little about it, and less about their own company. Still, I got not only what I wanted,—permission to draw,—but an invitation to one of their great dinners, the first city company's dinner I ever attended, and a function few Americans have seen.

Many quiet days were spent drawing in the old hall, one of the few that escaped the Fire of London. But all the halls which I drew were beautiful, and all the companies hospitable. The article was published, and there was a scheme that I should do a book, illustrating all the company's halls; but, like many another, it was never carried out. There were too many dinners and too much red-tape; but nothing in the world surpasses the beauty of the old halls, the gorgeousness of the new, and the lavishness and luxury of the banquets.

Each hall has its own character. The Stationers' is hung with the banners of the masters. The Skinners' is like an old cedar chest, and is filled with the odor of a jewel-box. The Brewers' has a beautiful door and a beautiful court. Other companies are proudest of their silver and gold plate; a few, of their pictures of the masters. The Ironmongers' had Walton for a member. The Merchant Tailors' has a somber splendor. One or two have gardens with a tree or a rose-bush in the middle, almost worshiped because of the value of the ground it grows in. All are dependencies of the Great Guild Hall and the Mansion House, the heart of the Corporation of London.

No matter how much good or harm the city guilds do, they preserve the character of the City of London and give the most amazing dinners. I have had the honor of being invited to many, and in the words of those who reply to toasts, "I hope I may be asked again."

The invitation is usually for six-thirty or seven. Late dinners are not favored in the City, for they do not give one time to dine well. Dressed in your best, with the doors of the hansom and your overcoat open, as you are driven through the crowds hurrying west, you are a conspicuous announcement that a dinner is on at some guild. Your driver may take you down Thames Street, Billingsgate Street, but not if he is wise; for the remarks of the fish porters—freemen of the City of London—are not nice, and you feel worse than Dives; or down the steep hill by Cannon Street Station, or up Ironmonger Lane, where you may get

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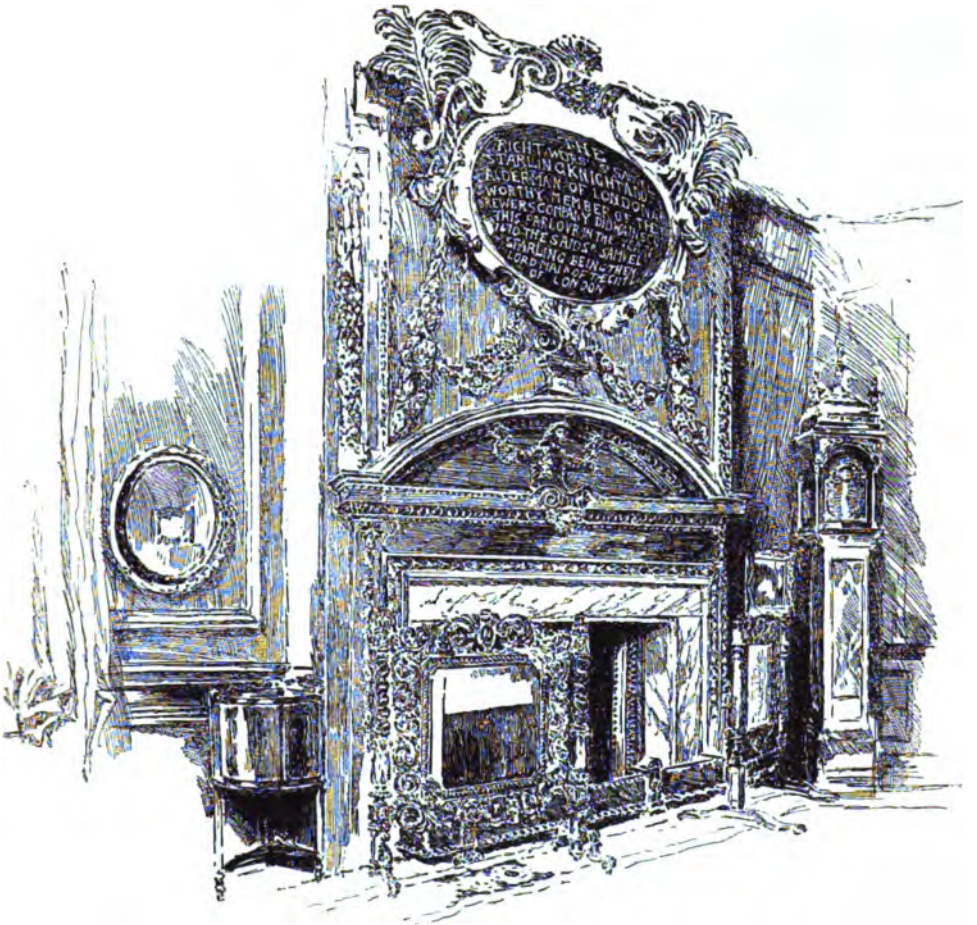

Fireplace in Court-room of Brewers' Hall

in a jam and have to get out and walk. But eventually you arrive at the outer door. There may be carpet laid across the pavement. Inside are the beadles in cocked or top-hats and a troop of servants who, as you approach the entrance of the hall, bow down and then announce in a loud voice your name, your titles, and your honors. As they usually get your name wrong, unless you happen to be something in the City, it is bearable, and your embarrassment is quite removed when a great gold-crowned, white-bearded, ermine-cloaked figure, decorated with a gold chain, approaches and greets you affectionately, and then two others like unto him almost embrace you. You feel at last that you, too, are a person of distinction and are about to express your great appreciation of your hosts, whom you have never seen before, when Mr. John Smith, Mayor of Little Pedlington, is announced, and you find yourself not only forgotten, but carefully steered away from the magnificent presences.

You would be singularly outraged

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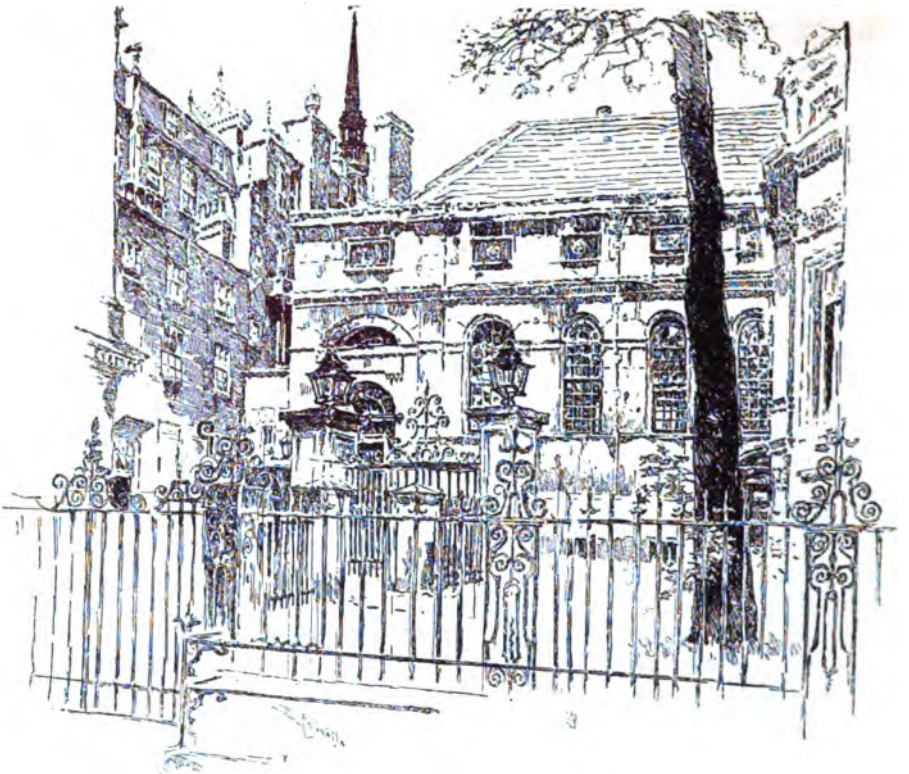

Stationers' Hall

and offended if, when you have reached the edge of the assembled guests, you did not see the mayor and, after him, the major-general treated in the same fashion; and then you see it is part of the function. Usually, if you are anybody, you find some one you know has been asked and, if you are lucky, put beside you—a member of the Royal Academy, perhaps. All guests were asked for their titles. I was asked because I was to make drawings, though I did know the members of some of the companies. There was a distinguished colonel I knew who got his red face and beaming smile not from the front, though I suppose he went to the war and probably never came back, but from the dinners of the Parish Clerks' Company, of which he was a warden. And there was an artist—a sculptor, I mean—a member of the Merchant Tailors; and a lawyer who was a Skinner, and an architect who was a Dock Porter, and so on. There were reasons beside the dinners for joining the companies. When you became a warden, and finally a master, you went to luncheon, not to bolt your food while some fool cackled, as might happen at some affairs, but to lunch. And when you got there and took up your plate, there was a five-pound note under it to pay you for coming. And there were boxes of candies or gloves or fans to take home to your ladies. Then, when a lord mayor is elected from your company, if a master, you

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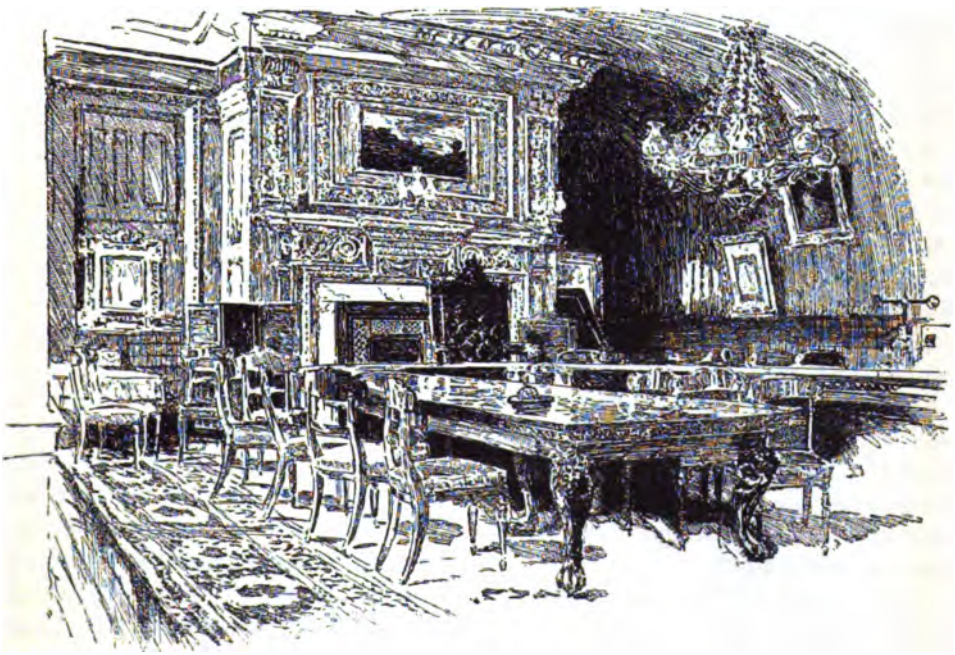
ride in a carriage in the lord mayor's show in your robes or a top-hat, a beadle on the box, and the banners of the company waving down Ludgate Hill before you; and you are asked to the Mansion House functions and Guild Hall dinners, and you can, like Dick Whittington, become Lord Mayor of London; but not unless you belong to a city company.

I have been to nearly all. I, with Abbey, have had a lunch given me at the Mansion House and lunched and dined at the Guild Hall. But as they do not have reporters, no one believed it, and I was made to feel that, although the lunch was given because my drawings were being shown in the Guild Hall Gallery, I was only an unfortunate artistic necessity. But the lord mayor and the sheriffs were there in state, with the minister of munitions, and lords and friends, too. Wells was there. I forget the rest, but it was a really distinguished lot, for I selected them.

I forgot to say that Dr. Norman Moore, who wrote the article, was there. The room had become crowded, and the old cedar smell hung about it. I say "hung," for they have pulled down the cedar to put up murals, and they stink. When the beadle, in his robes, with his staff, announces that dinner is served, though you usually don't hear, you follow—not fight as here—the company going to the door. Sometimes the master and wardens are preceded by Blue Coat boys chanting carols, or by trumpeters blowing blasts, and eventually we all arrive at our places in the great dining-hall, the master and the guests of honor at the high table, before the glittering plate



Skinners' Court-room

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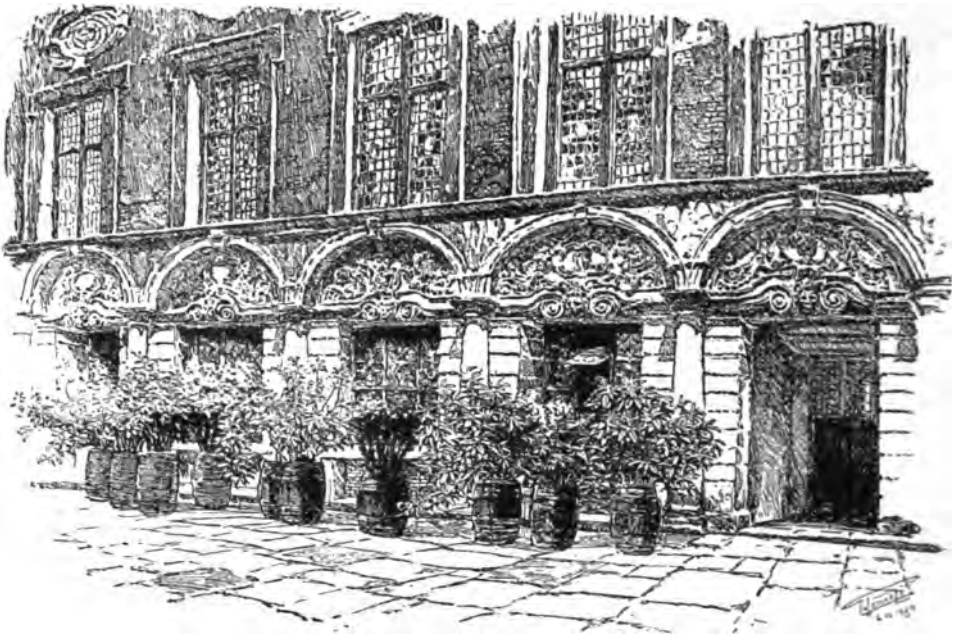

Façade, Brewers' Hall

displayed behind them. Then the toast-master announces: "Your Royal Highness, you Excellencies, my Lords, the Master and Wardens, members of the Guild, and gentlemen, pray silence for grace by his Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury." Sometimes the minstrels sing grace in their gallery. And that, till the dinner was over, was the end of him or of them, for the fool fashion of having a jackass standing up and braying, and some advertising fool answering him, all through dinner would not be tolerated save in this land of hypocrisy, where one hundred million people have not only never attended a banquet, but have never had a decent dinner.

The master and wardens take off their crowns and robes, keeping on their chains, and the serious business begins not with flighty *hors d'œuvres*, but with real turtle soup, with the turtle in it, and rum of a hundred years ago. Yes, you can see it in the cellars, and taste it, too. The feast goes on for hours, and there is not any music or singing or dancing, just eating; not even much talking save good advice from your neighbors as to what you shall eat and what you shall drink. Finally, but not before one or two old gentlemen have fallen asleep or slipped under the table,—but no one bothers,—the toast-master again appears and says, "Gentlemen on the right, the master will take wine with you." The loving-cup is borne aloft into the hall, the master rises, and the guest on his left also rises. He turns to the right, and the guest on his right rises, and the man behind him rises. They stand, the master bows, touches the cup to his lips, wipes it with a napkin, hands it to the guest on the right, who, if he likes it, takes a good loud pull. He

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wipes the cup. The man behind the master sits down, the guest turns to the man on his right, bows, drinks, and another behind him springs up. I asked:

"Why do they have to have four?"

"To keep the man who is drinking from being stabbed in the back."

Then, when the loving-cup has gone round, the toast-master announces, "Gentlemen, you may smoke," and boxes of real cigars appear, not two or three in a cheap paper bag, which the other diners steal as a joke. I am not able to say whether at the last—and it will be the last so long as the country is dry—dinner I attended a former governor of Pennsylvania or a present judge of the Supreme Court stole mine, but I do know who promised me a drink and forgot it. The waiters don't cadge for tips, saying, "I 'm going now, sir." I remember one who did, however, and the British general near whom I sat replied, "Go, then, and God bless you!" Port is handed round, and when every one is in a blissful state and a blessing is said, the toast-master again emerges and says, "Gentlemen, pray change your glasses." Then he prays silence for the king or queen, whichever it happens to be, and then for "the other members of the royal family," and "the army and navy and reserve forces." And any known person who may happen to be present is called on to reply. I never was called on. Then there is the toast of the guild. Each requires a glass, and there are few heel-taps. If royalty is there, he replies always in these words, the numbers alone being changed:

"My revered grandfather attended these delightful functions fifty-two times, my respected father attended these happy reunions sixty-three times. I have attended five times. I hope you will ask me again." Terrific cheers. Sometimes he adds a toast for the guild: "I give you the worshipful guild, root and branch. May it flourish forever!" Down he sits, with great applause, interspersed with "God save the King! [or Queen!]" as it may be, as long as any one remains awake on the premises.

Then we retire to upper rooms, sometimes to the garden. Once, I remember, there was a pool in the center with a fountain that vied in its flow with the port; the next time I went, the fountain was covered up.

"Why?" said I.

"Oh, well, you know, an old gentleman fell in it, and nobody seemed to notice him till morning; but he fell on his back, and the water did n't cover his nose and mouth. But we thought that the next time he might fall on his face and be drowned; so we boarded it up."

At last we leave, and boxes of bonbons or gloves or fans, such things as ladies used to like before they got the vote, are handed to us. Then we try to find our hat and coat checks. I once saw the present King of England get lost in a hat scrimmage. Then we are asked about our carriage, and told that the last taxi went long ago, and so we go into the dark streets, some of them so narrow that it is difficult to keep in them after a city dinner. Eventually we get to bed.

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Father and Son

By Konrad Bercovici

Drawings by W. R. Leigh

An hour's ride on horseback from Galatz, in the marshes within the open angle formed by the Danube and the Pruth, there lived a tribe of wild Magyars. Generations ago they took possession of the marshes of the Rumanian valley, prospered, multiplied, and kept themselves within the confines of their own domain. The place became known as "Vadu Ungurului," the Hungarian Valley, and no man or woman from any of the surrounding villages or towns ever ventured near those marshes; for it was known that the "Ungurs" were a band of cutthroats, thieves, smugglers, and as ill tempered as the wild boars that roamed in the marshes they occupied. The mayor of their village was always one of their own. They paid no taxes, cared for no laws other than their own, and lived as they pleased.

When it happened that a stranger passed through their domain, he was as likely to disappear from the face of the earth as if he had ventured into a region infested by wolves. The earth swallowed him, just for the clothes on his back, or as a reprisal for what the outside world had recently done to a member of the Vadu Ungurului clan. For when a man from the Vadu Ungurului was seen outside his domain, he was also a proper target for any sort of weapon that changed his position from vertical to horizontal.

The arm of the law was never called to show its strength in such an affair. The lawlessness of the Hungarian Valley caused the surrounding villages to become as lawless, and that same spirit spread across the Danube and the Pruth. It was kill or be killed.

From time to time a silent truce was established between the Vadu and the rest of the world. It lasted six months, a year at the utmost; then suddenly some one was found lifeless. The father or son compensated himself by shooting an Ungur. A farm went up in flames in the middle of the night, which was generally followed by a raid on the general store, the school, and the church. As the Hungarians were Catholics, and the inhabitants of the neighboring villages Greek Orthodox, neither considered it sacrilege to desecrate or rob the church of the other party. When a certain balance of shed blood had again been established between the opposite factions, the truce entered into force again, until disturbed anew by some murder, rape, or robbery. It was the world against the Hungarian Valley.

Over the people of Vadu Ungurului once ruled a man by the name of Janosh Bart. At sixty Janosh was as straight as an arrow, and he was broad and powerful. His gray hair hung

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loose over his shoulders, his long, silver-white mustache curled down over his chin, Mongolian fashion, when Janosh was in a good mood; but it was waxed and stiffened to stand away in a straight line, like a rope across his face, when Janosh was on the war-path.

There was a saying among his own people that when it came to words Janosh spoke only with his knife. He ruled them with an iron hand, for the people were wild and bloodthirsty and would have liked nothing better, when drunk or happy, than knifing one another and letting everything go up in flames.

The Ungurs breeded horses, raised pigs, and cultivated corn. The women were the best turkey-raisers in the country. A turkey fattened in Vadu Ungurului was a prize bird. The commerce outside the village was conducted only by the women, big, blond, buxom creatures, who dressed in gaily colored skirts and wore riding-boots, and were capable of holding their own in a bargain with the shrewdest Gipsy and the craftiest Tatar.

Janosh's son, Matheas, as big and broad as his father, was the only man who did not willingly submit to the chief's rule. He did as he was bidden, but sullenly, impatient for the day when he should be the ruler. Not that he disagreed with his father's method. If anything, it was not harsh enough according to his judgment. There was no great wisdom in Janosh's rule. It was steal and conceal. It was he who gave orders when and how to set fire to a farm, when to make a night raid on some neighbor's granary after the harvest, or which cow should be dragged from the pasture-land of a Rumanian peasant. For all other things the men were more or less free to act as they pleased, within the bounds of a few rude rules and the injunction against the use of knife or lead on people of their own tribe. That was the chief's own privilege.

At forty Matheas, fiery, savage, sullen, was chafing under the restraint of these few rules. From early childhood he had been told that he was to become the ruler of his people, but that father of his lived too long. Matheas longed to be able to give orders, to shout them aloud, to punish those who did not follow his commands. And so eager was he to take the reins in hand that he had prayed daily, from his fifteenth year on, for the death of his father, the death of Janosh Bart. But Janosh was as hewn out of rock. There seemed to be no bullet made that could make more than a slight abrasion on his powerful body, and he was as immune to disease as a living, moving rock could be.

When Matheas was twenty he had seen his father fight barehanded against six peasants armed with knives and axes. There were six funerals the fol-

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lowing day in the adjoining village. At fifty old Janosh amused himself throwing an ox by twisting the animal's head, and no woman was safe in the old man's neighborhood. He would throw her across his shoulder as if she were a little lamb, and carry her away. Nobody dared interfere with Janosh's pleasures any more than with his commands. He was absolute.

Matheas's main occupation was the training of horses. Fishing, planting, herding, were occupations too tame for him; only in the taming of horses did he find an outlet for his tremendous store of energy. Like his father and all the others of the tribe, Matheas married before he was twenty. The first-born was a son; Luca he named him. The half-dozen children following were girls, so they did not count. From early morning to nightfall Matheas was with his horses. He had a stable apart from his father's, and his steeds grazed in a field fenced off from the one in which his father's horses pranced.

§ 2

Janosh Bart soon realized that his son, by devoting all his time to his horses, owned animals of finer grain and cleaner limb than his own stable possessed. It worried Janosh Bart. As the chief he had to be the strongest physically, the best shot, the best swimmer, the best runner. His pigs had to be the most numerous. And if the question was quality of horseflesh, he could not afford to let supremacy pass into anybody else's hands, not even his son's. A ruler had to rule, to lead.

So Janosh began to devote more of his time to his horses. When the snow was deep enough, he harnessed three of the best to a light sleigh, and gave them a run just to warm them up. The whole tribe assembled to watch the trial. Like a streak of brown on a white background, the sleigh passed before the eyes of the people, once, twice, thrice. They marveled at the spirit and the speed of their chief's horses. What a man! What a man, Janosh Bart! But hardly had Janosh's horses been stabled when Matheas appeared in front of the inn with his troika of black horses. He gave them their heads at once. Their legs moved with the regularity of clockwork, and an hour afterward they were as eager to run as if they had just started. Yet there was no telling whose horses were faster, the father's or the son's. And even if some of the people had opinions on the subject, they dared not express what they thought for fear of the old man's knife or Matheas's unerring bullet. It was Matheas's boast that he had never sent a bullet that had not found its mark. The tribe was about evenly divided between father and son, but no one dared breathe a word or commit oneself to an opinion. In the course of the following week they began to mistrust one another

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so strongly that they never mentioned the event.

The following Sunday Janosh Bart, on horseback, ordered the inn to be closed and everybody to assemble before his door.

All did as they were bidden, and stood silent for hours with their wives and children in the snow. Suddenly the voice of Matheas, who also waited outside, was heard.

"*Teremtete!*" he thundered. He knocked at the door of his father's house. "How long are we to stay outside in the snow, Janosh Bart?" he asked.

"Until I will it differently," the old man replied, and closed the door without saying another word.

It was midnight before the chief dismissed his people after passing them in review one by one. There was a longer look between father and son

than between the chief and any of the other people.

A Sunday later, early in the morning, the chief's son appeared first at the inn with his trio of black horses harnessed to a green sleigh. He drove around once, twice, thrice, and looked at the people as he passed them by. His horses ran faster than two weeks before. It seemed to the people that they had never seen horses run so fast, but not one of them dared to express his admiration. They entered the inn and drank wine, shaking their heads as they looked at one another with glass in hand, afraid to utter a single word in condemnation or in praise. Such a quarrel between the chief and his son had never been heard of before. It was clear that one of them was too many.

After Matheas had stabled his horses, his father appeared with his sleigh. The week before his performance had been cheered wildly, but there was no one who dared to show his enthusiasm that Sunday, for Matheas Bart was looking on. The old man was quick to notice the change. So! They were afraid now of the other one, of his son! The following day he ordered every one to perform some work for the community. What Janosh wanted was to see whether his command was still absolute. His men were only too glad to see him exercise his strength, his authority. They were anxious to have the fight for supremacy settled. There was a different feeling now in his people in the condition of suspense. They were afraid of one another. They ceased talking among themselves, and were anticipating with dread the approach of Sunday. They sensed a great calamity that was hanging over them. Laughter and joy were gone. From Sunday to Sunday the men and women worried and waited and expected. The security they had enjoyed while being ruled by one strong man hung on a thin thread. If one had said openly and loudly that Matheas's horses were better than his

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father's, or vice versa, the whole thing would have come to an end. But nobody did say such a word. What a man thought had to be locked in his breast when two such men as Janosh and his son were disputing.

After the snow had melted, Matheas appeared one Sunday on horseback, on a freshly broken colt. He paused before the door of the inn long enough to let the people understand what he meant, then set out on the wildest ride over the soft meadow. Hardly had he returned, with the horse still panting for breath, foaming at the mouth, with the black coat covered with a white lather produced by the heat of its own body, when the chief appeared astride his horse and rode in the tracks his son's horse had left. Nobody dared say whose horse was faster, who was the better rider.

§ 3

And in Luca, Matheas's son, had also come a strong desire to rule; but it seemed that Janosh, his grandfather, was going to live forever and ever, and his own father also. Janosh and Matheas were so absorbed in their rivalry that they forgot the existence of a third person with the selfsame passion in his breast. The people saw the appearance of a third contender for supremacy and grew even more dispirited.

It was the old man who decided one day to break the suspense. He was sixty then. "There was no use waiting much longer," he thought. Janosh had recently married a young woman, and she had taunted him about not being as strong as his son.

"Your best days are gone," Theresa told him one morning the following winter, with a faint sneer in her voice. He looked at the woman for a long time, after which he said:

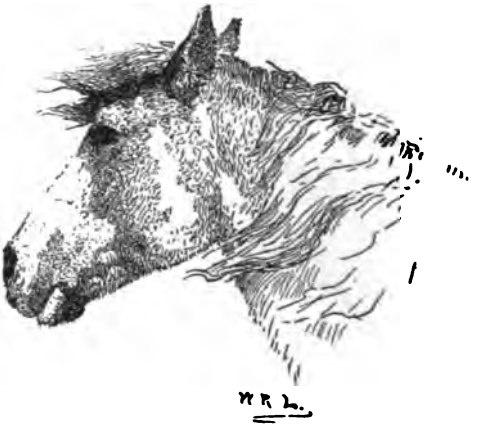
"Go to the inn. I 'll be there presently."

A few minutes later he arrived in his sleigh with three fresh horses. The fact that Theresa had come to the inn before her husband and was dressed in her best and covered with all her jewels augured that something was going to happen.

The road was in excellent condition for sleigh-driving that day. A soft thickness of fresh snow had covered and flattened the ground. Instead of starting out immediately after his arrival, Janosh called to the innkeeper:

"Send for my son Matheas to come at once with his best horses. Give drinks to all meanwhile."

As if they were in the presence of some mysterious pagan god or demigod the Hungarians uncovered their



heads and the women bowed theirs when they heard the chief's words. They drank wine and waited in silence. So it was going to end then and there. It did not much matter who won, but they needed an undisputed chief to whom all could submit.

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A little while later Matheas arrived, sitting in his light sleigh. Father and son did not look at each other, but placed themselves in position for the race. The rear ends of both sleighs were brought straight in line. Without a word being spoken, it was understood that the course was to be to the "Bratesh" lake and back, a distance of about eight miles. The man who won would be chief.

The two men were just getting ready when sleigh-bells were heard in the distance. It was Luca who was arriving with his troika. Janosh and Matheas looked at him as he put his young wife down from the sleigh and jockeyed his little white horses into position. Having placed his sleigh in line with those of his father and grandfather, he sat down, reins in hand, and awaited further developments.

The people crossed themselves in awe. No one dared say a single word. The old chief took his whip in hand, Matheas took his, and Luca also got ready.

"So be it," said Janosh Bart.

"One," the innkeeper shouted, "two, three, go!"

And the three generations of Barts, grandfather, son, and grandson, darted away, staking their future lives on the winning of the race.

§ 4

The whole of the flat stretch of ground was open to the eye. For a while the progress of each sleigh could be seen from in front of the inn, but as they rode farther, the three contending troikas looked more like three wriggling black snakes on the immaculate white snow.

Silently, the Hungarians watched the battle of their old chief. The elder men were with him to a man. From time to time a man crossed himself, bent his knees, and mumbled a prayer for his favorite in the race. The

women looked suspiciously at their husbands. Surely blood was going to flow. The knives would speak when the race was over. The sleighs, now looking like dancing black specks, became smaller and smaller until they were completely lost even to the keenest eye.

"Wine! wine! wine, Innkeeper! wine!" the people shouted in chorus, unable to withstand the tension any longer. "Wine, or we burn you and your inn even as our throats are burning!"

Pitcher after pitcher was drunk, standing outside in the snow watching for the reappearance of the sleighs. After what seemed hours and hours a young boy called out:

"There they come!"

"I can see them. There! there!"

"Yes, yes; now I also see them. Like three packs of running wolves," said one of the men, and threw the pitcher away from him.

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"Like three streaks of black fire," said another one, whose tongue was also loosened by the wine.

The three sleighs were returning. They crossed and hid one another from view, only to emerge again from behind a slight ridge or a snow-hill. In the stillness of the cold, sunless day one could hear the sharp rustle of whips and the muffled clang of sleigh-bells.

Janosh's black horses were the first to be clearly seen. They were in the lead.

"It 's the old man, the old man!" the innkeeper exclaimed. "Say what you will, Janosh, our old man, *is* a man. There, there, I can see his white beard; I shall give a barrel of wine if he wins."

"Who said old man?" yelled the chief's young wife. "Old man! He is younger than any of you. See him coming? He is the chief. He is Janosh—Janosh Bart, my husband!"

But the words froze on her lips, for Matheas suddenly took the lead, driving at top speed on the home stretch.

"It 's Matheas! It 's Matheas!" several voices cried, their owners looking mockingly toward Janosh's wife.

"You can't beat Matheas's horses," another man said, fingering the hilt of his knife. "He will be chief."

For a few hundred yards Matheas kept the lead. Janosh was immediately behind him. Luca kept third place in the rut of his grandfather's sleigh. The people at the inn had forgotten Luca's existence altogether, as though he were not in the race at all. But five hundred yards from the inn Luca's white horses swerved away, passed the old man, and were soon running neck and neck with Matheas's horses.

As fresh as if they had just started the journey, Luca's white stallions stretched their legs until the stomachs were of a block with the snow. Matheas held on for a while, trying to re-

gain the ground he had lost, but Luca's young voice gave wings to his animals, and father and grandfather were left steadily behind.

"Luca! Luca!" the young man's wife called. "My Luca! Come! come! come! You promised you would win. You promised. Come! come! Luca! Luca! Luca!"

Realizing that they were losing, father and grandfather, discouraged, slowed up, and allowed Luca to win the race by a good hundred yards.

Fur caps flew in the air, and the men and women shouted to one another. Luca was surrounded and hugged and kissed. His wife threw herself on him and cried hysterically. But sober, cool, and collected, the young man pushed them all aside and posed, whip in hand, in front of the inn. He was the chief now. Slowly, grandfather and father passed by, with bowed heads, before the victorious boy.

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"Give drinks to my men, Innkeeper," Luca ordered as he took the reins in hand again and helped his wife into his sleigh. It was only then that the Hungarians fully realized what had really happened.

"So it 's Luca! Luca! Luca!" they yelled and sang.

"Luca! Luca!" They cried, and kissed one another, free again under an undisputed master.

"Where are the Tziganes? We want music, song; we have a new chief. And he will rule like a man, with an iron hand," they assured one another, solemnly, drinking and dancing. That night three farms of the neighborhood went up in flames to settle an old score which had remained in abeyance while Janosh was fighting for supremacy.

The following day Matheas Bart tore down the fence between his field and that of his father.

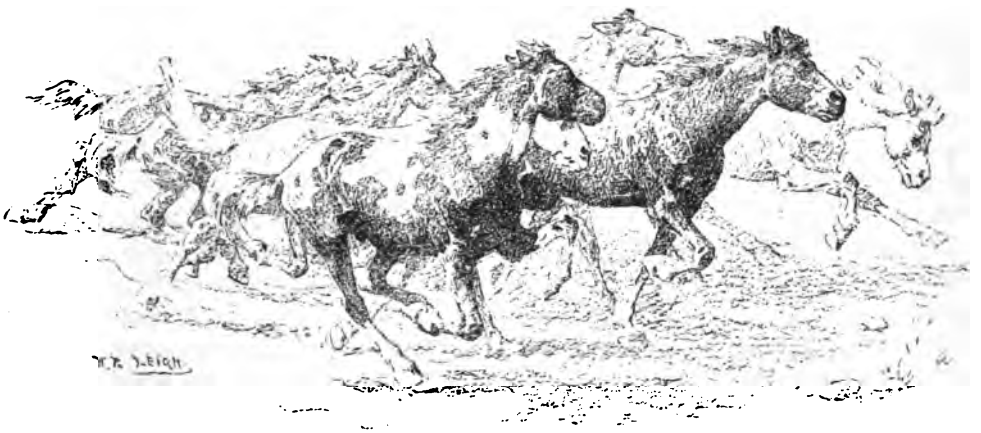
"What say you, Matheas Bart, about the new chief?" a passer-by asked.

"That he is my son," answered Matheas with dignity.

"And also my grandson," said Janosh Bart, the old chief, who had come out to watch his son at work. And for the first time in many long years father and son shook hands.

"We are old men now, both of us. He is a young lion, a young lion," Janosh Bart assured his son.

"I was the son of chief; now I am the father of one," Matheas cried. "You have lived too long, Janosh Bart."



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Miss Locke

By JAMES LANE ALLEN, *Author of* "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL," *etc.*

THE spacious, beautiful old rooms were pleasantly crowded that evening,—it was a ball,—and Gridley's introduction to Miss Locke had come about as a natural courtesy in a well-bred throng. He, with some one on his arm, had early encountered Miss Locke strolling on some one's arm. The some one with him knew the some one with her; they paused to greet each other; the unacquainted were made acquainted; and the two couples, lightly disengaging themselves from the entanglement, moved in opposite directions across the ballroom.

Brief though the meeting, Gridley bore away an impression of Miss Locke which began to take shape as an unaccountable memory of her. He had not been aware of the impression at the moment the impression was made, but he grew to be positively aware of the memory as moments passed, and it increasingly prodded him to take notice of its presence as a remarkable new-comer. Though, therefore, many delightful influences rained in upon Gridley from the shimmering pageantry of the rooms, and though he, with a dexterity acquired by not a little experience, threaded his evening path —his evening stellar path, for he was something of a star—from one charming woman to another and received from each the response of a more or less friendly or hostile intelligence, he continued perforce to think of Miss Locke, preferred to think of Miss Locke.

He did by and by what it was natural for him to do: he went back to the incident of the introduction and reviewed it in detail to discover what small thing had taken place and what small thing was the matter. As the reward of diligent search, he soon began to recover and rake in certain minute occurrences which were as definite as material happenings can possibly be and which absorbingly interested Gridley as he collected them one by one and finally surveyed the tiny rich collection. Small bits of rock, shaken and studied in the palm of his hand, could not have been more actual, more unmistakable, less destructible, than the curious particulars which he now held in his possession and which he now believed had made it impossible for him to forget Miss Locke. These were the particulars:

When the two couples had met and while the acquaintance with him and the acquaintance with her greeted each other, during those few moments of his waiting and of her waiting, Miss Locke had put her hand to her temple with a gesture as if to brush back into place some disordered hair. Soft, ravishing music suddenly sounded its invitation, and as he and she thus waited, she had executed on the floor with the toe of one of her white slippers a movement as of a young girl joyously impatient to be clasped and drawn

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away into the dance and its dreams, youth's dreams, youth's only. Finally, after he was presented and as the two couples started to separate, Miss Locke had acknowledged their meeting and their parting with a smile and a slightly suggested arching of her neck.

That was all—all at least that any ordinary observer might have seen and remembered. Assuredly little enough, too little for second thought. But Gridley was far from being an ordinary observer in his highly trained, overtrained world of perceptions and sensations, and to Gridley it was not all. Not half. Not the beginning of what he had seen, now that he held the episode of the introduction before him as a vividly glowing picture and was going over the canvas searchingly inch by inch. Here, insisted Gridley, was what rendered those ordinary actions of Miss Locke extraordinary; here was what made those little things not little, those plain and simple things not plain and simple, but mysterious and haunting:

When Miss Locke had put up her hand to her temple to brush back some fallen hair, there was no fallen hair on her temple to be brushed back. The gesture, he now recollected, had attracted his attention at the instant because of there being no reason for the gesture. He had been led to notice, by this same superfluous gesture, that her hair was perfectly secure in its arrangement, what there was of it, and austerely lacking anything that might have to be looked out for, as a wayward, uncontrollable, superabundant tress. Next the action itself, the lifting of the hand to the brow: merely as a line of motion through the air it had been of marvelous delicacy, ease, grace, as effortless as a movement observed in a dream. But this very fact had led Gridley to perceive that the marvelously moving hand was not a light hand. It was a thick hand, a heavy hand, all too noticeably crowded into a perfectly shaped glove, so that the perfect glove had in an ugly way burst along one of its seams. Again Gridley reflected that this was the only reason he had noticed the gesture: no such gesture was natural to any such hand, to any such arm. As for the impatient toe, with its captivating movement on the ball-room floor, it was not the dancing toe of the dancing foot of a dancing person. Beyond a doubt Miss Locke was by preference not a dancing young woman; the impression she clearly made and obviously desired to make was that, if as but a mark of respect to her intellect, she held herself above dancing (rumors of that intellect had indeed outrun her while she was yet on her way from college toward society). Finally, the attempted arching of the neck as the two groups had separated: the beauty of the gesture lay in the idea only, in the faultless intention. Nature had made no provision for any such achievment in point of fact. Miss Locke was *décolletée;* all too noticeably the arch was impossible: there was no architecture for arches.

Thus, then, Gridley swept his field of vision clear of all fog of mystification. Everything was as clear as noonday now: he had been constrained to think of Miss Locke, and he continued to think of her on account of a striking disconnection between what she was and what she did, between herself and her mannerisms, affectations. The result verged in slightest degree upon the spectacular, the grotesque, the comic. Nature rejected the

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pose and invited the beholder to smile at the imposter. There took place within Gridley the faintest stirring of that vengeful scavenger mood which collects a mob to jeer at a bizarre character in the street. A little more of this, thought Gridley, just a little more of this, and some one might conceivably begin to follow Miss Locke around the ball-room, throwing things at her, as she deserved, for making herself ridiculous in a society where to be laughed at was capital offense and capital failure.

With curiosity now fully aroused, Gridley further tried to recollect how Miss Locke was gowned, but could not. Proof, he inferred, that she must have been gowned appropriately. But this very discretion in dress, again, this safety of good taste, only the more flauntingly defined the discovery that she was in part appareled in the wrong behavior. It was quite as if she wore borrowed jewels, the becoming jewels of another woman. For that other woman those jewels no doubt blazed as enviable brilliants indeed: for Miss Locke they were worse than paste; they were vulgar.

It was still early in the evening as Gridley thus tore the obscure flower of his little misadventure to pieces in search of its curious seed. He had meantime been turning the pages of a sumptuous volume of etching prints in the rich, deep, quiet library, having for the moment withdrawn himself from the other guests; and while he had thus destroyed he had also created. His mind, with strokes not unlike those of an etcher's needle, fine and sharp and cold, had worked upon the hardly traceable human matter which had so strangely engrossed him. Having at last given characterization to it, he now triumphantly threw the plate away—that first faint mental etching of Miss Locke. And he closed the volume of prints and rejoined the other guests of the evening, amused and satisfied with what he had done.

Several times during the evening he found himself face to face with Miss Locke. He avoided looking at her. Why, he could not have declared, unless the introduction, with its distasteful discoveries, had left him becalmed as to any desire to know more. Whether Miss Locke looked at him, whether she felt any desire to know more of him, that is another story, perhaps a better story, on the other side of the wall—the woman's side, where most warm, sunny stories bask since Nature has allotted to her the southern exposure of imagination, play, and joy. Possibly Gridley avoided looking, checked by a sense of delicacy not to analyze further; possibly he may not have looked, checked by a sense of decency that he had analyzed at all.

One discovery he could not help making: Miss Locke was not a wallflower—on the side of the southern exposure. She seemed to possess a serviceable mind wherewithal (the rumored intellect again). At intervals during the evening, quite enticingly, almost conspicuously, she strolled with some one or with some one else. He came upon her in a curtained embrasure in quiet control of two admirers; once he all but gasped at sight of a group in the appropriate library where she held the attention of three, actually of three men at a ball. Leading them, no doubt, through the mazes of some dance of the higher mind. Since women who came to balls, if they did not desire to dance with their feet,

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must needs dance with their fancies, fighting for places there as bare-armed, begemmed, breathless encyclopedias. Miss Locke was a seated encyclopedia, and the alcove of studious gentlemen grouped about her were engaged in reading their encyclopedia without eye-strain and without the cost to themselves of buying a copy. And with comfortable expectations of the splendid supper ahead to revive them after their labors, added Gridley, keeping as always a practised eye upon the joys of supper himself.

What with scant evidence Gridley assumed the drama of the evening to be, then, was this, that Miss Locke was freely borrowing and as far as possible transferring to herself the graces, the charms, the winning points, of another woman as the means of furthering her progress on the road to a husband. On the supposition that Miss Locke's game really was this finding a husband by aid of borrowed plumes, Gridley believed he could have declared with proof in hand that she had set about the game in dead earnest. And to her own deadly disadvantage, since the alien feathers, so cunningly stuck in, so uncunningly sticking out, could have had no other effect upon Love than to impel him to use his own wings not to fly nearer, but to fly away.

A little thing happened late in the evening—one of Gridley's characteristic little things.

He was standing beside a mantel, with its mirror, and its shapely vases slenderly brimming with towering roses, smiling down upon and for the most part merely listening to an elderly matron who was a great personage in their social world, one of its old lances that did not become rusty with age, but the brighter for valiant use in life's long battle.

She had chosen a seat where she could command a view of the ball-room, and where meantime she could have as a sheltering, palliative background to her extravagantly exposed figure some banked palms and flowers; for it was a canon of hers that a woman must never display her bare shoulders against a bare wall. Some enemy, probably feeling her own figure to be slandered and insulted by the canon, had whispered in revenge that while the canoness was thus mindful of not exposing her shoulders against a bare wall, she had not minded in years now modestly distant exposing them—when there was no exposure—to a bare arm!

Toward Gridley, in view of her biblically fulfilled years, her attitude was what might be called a posthumous passion. He was handsome, generously planned by nature, generously completed; sensible, but not alarmingly sensible, not so sensible as to keep one a little afraid of what he might say; and as she read the signs in him, when his hour of love came, it would be a great hour, a true lover's hour, which meant trouble for lover and loved. Meantime she watched his sentimental escapades in a coterie of women, his alternating indiscretions and repentances, with the exhilaration of a cooled-off old sinner delighted by the heated downfalls of a beginner.

She knew all that was to be known concerning any young girl before the coming out took place; and witty, wise, embittered, she allowed her wit, wisdom, bitterness, to spare none out of writhing experience that none spared her. Thus Gridley's mind as he stood beside her that night met her mind sympathetically on the banks of that

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river which, like the fabled stream of the ancients, flows round and incloses the world—the river of ridicule, of which, if one fills and drinks his own cup, the waters are sweet; if he have to drink the cup filled and offered by another, the waters are bitter.

Miss Locke strolled past. She may thus have strolled past once too often for the modesty meet in a débutante, or with too resolute an air of starting out to trample under foot the weeds of criticism sure to spring up in her fresh path, thus being most woundable through pretense that she could not be wounded.

Gridley kept his face turned away from his companion. He suddenly felt some virtue within himself close the door upon his secret, lock it away from her. At the same time he was moved by curiosity to find out whether she had seen what she had seen, whether she knew. Weakly yielding to his curiosity, he looked down. She was looking up, and what Gridley beheld in her eyes was two bubbling wells of amusement—amusement at Miss Locke, indulged, but not explained. The silence between them she interrupted with a tiny twinkle of laughter. It was as though she had rung a little front-door bell as a signal that life was still worth while, that she was at home, and ready for visitors. The noise of it caused Gridley to lock his own door more securely as if under oath to keep his secret. With what avail? His disguise was torn off, his door was unlocked, his oath had been melted away.

"I see that you have been introduced."

"How?" exclaimed Gridley with quick feeling and not without some guilty color, for he still could blush. "How do you see that I have been introduced?"

"By the impression she made upon you, of course."

"What impression? What impression?"

"The impression that is revealed by your look."

"What look?"

"Your look of determination not to share your confidence with me. Your very anxiety to conceal the very impression she made."

Gridley remained silent, but his companion took her parting shot, and womanwise she doubtless meant that the parting shot should bring down the game.

"They say she carried off the honors in higher mathematics. Some work among the stars, probably—learning from the firmament rather than later in the ball-room how one star differeth from another star in glory. She seems to have contracted from the heavenly bodies the unfortunate habit of orbits, roving restlessly round in space. Could it be Venus, do you suppose, with which she may have imagined that she has established some kind of planetary affinity? No, certainly not Venus. No signs of the influence of Venus anywhere, neither of Venus in the sky nor of Venus on the ground. Saturn, probably. Yes, Saturn. She thinks she must shine with a ring around her—a ring of men."

The close of the evening found Gridley lounging, smoking, reading, in his carelessly splendid bachelor rooms—Fortunatus at home—as he quieted down toward bedtime, which with him was always any time at all if only it came after everything else by which to amuse himself, he preferring to stay awake with Life rather than draw cur-

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tains against it for what was Nature's dull void or sounding chamber of sleep.

As one who half reads, half thinks of other things, and comfortably smokes meanwhile, he was allowing his thoughts to wander from the book he held. They strayed back to the events of the evening and brought him again to the episode of Miss Locke. But often an occurrence, having dropped from consciousness as trivial, reappears, no longer trivial; and there must have been for Gridley some full-grown significance, some ripeness of appeal, in this fresh presentment of the dangling apple of a woman's game. He put his book aside, he ceased to smoke, he lay back in his chair with his eyes fixed on vacancy, as we say, when our eyes are fixed on something definitely not vacancy.

A moment later he got up, crossed to his book-shelves, and took down a volume that he did not often reach for nowadays—Longfellow. As if to burnish memory, he turned to a poem and read these lines:

> And like an instrument that flings
> Its music on another's strings.

He replaced the book, threw himself on a couch, and began to smoke afresh.

Some finer human instrument was flinging its music, some rarer woman was casting her influence, over Miss Locke.

Miss Locke as the receiving mechanism could not remain unmoved under the sweep of those wonderful vibrations; she could not as a woman reproduce even a faint echo of the beauty thus wandering to her. But she had so fallen a victim to the spell of the music as to have yielded to the temptation to claim it as her own, to try to pass it off as her own, that human music of another!

Who was the other woman? Whose head was it crowned and crowded with locks that did escape, that did call for a natural repressive arranging movement of the hand to the brow? He had seen such lovely heads, sometimes when one of them was bared to the sky on a rolling green golf course, and a breeze blew a strand of the thick, lustrous hair across laughing eyes or laughing mouth. Whose arm was it that did describe through the air the effortless line of grace? He had watched such an arm, swimming beside it as it had thrust itself forward stroke by stroke under silvery blue water. Whose were the dancing feet, with the implied slender, yielding waist, consenting to be drawn away into the dance and its dreams? Feet that followed you hither and thither over the waxed floors and that you liked to think of as willing to follow you through the world, across rocks, into and out of thorns. Whose neck was it of softest purity of outline that did achieve the living arch as the intuitive language of its pride, its constancy, its innocence and delight? He had seen such a neck in ball-rooms, had seen them that very evening.

The luxurious bachelor rooms were very quiet; moments passed.

In what other particulars was Miss Locke equipped to imitate this extraordinary woman from whose spell she could not escape? Hardly in so brief an interval could she have brought into display all the borrowings she must have had at her command. If so much could be observed in six minutes, how much might not be discovered in—six months? Imagine, if such a situation could be imagined—

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imagine a person making the acquaintance of Miss Locke and beginning to pass down the vista of a long series of visits to her—the secret Road of the Imitations—engaged in detaching from her one by one, visit after visit, each imitation as she freshly attached it to herself; meantime collecting a small flower-basketful of those plucked and misplaced and drooping roses!

Not exactly a creditable adventure for the doer of the deed, conceded Gridley. But Gridley boasted that Gridley's world and Gridley himself were not unused to discreditable adventures, being carried on day and night, and leaving no public scars or public reproach unless they happened to leave a public scandal. The best of the adventure would be the audacious humor of it; the worst, a rather ungallant pursuit of the truth, the running down of a not very laudable feminine trait by which women sometimes secretly prey on one another. It could not impoverish Miss Locke of anything that was truly hers, and it would certainly enrich the adventurer as an observer of a gay, hard, strategic society, in which the gaiety and the softness parade at the front and the strategy and the hardness prepare far behind the dark, unwatched scenes.

A tremendous experience it would be if, as the unsuspected explorer moved down the hidden Road of the Imitations, he should some day come upon the unknown herself in Miss Locke's company, walking with her, riding or driving, at an art gallery, library, book-shop, at some social function; if he should instantly identify the unknown by virtue of the roseate paraphernalia of his mental basket. Imagine him waiving the ceremony of an introduction and accosting her: "So you, then, are the veritable rose-bush at last! I recognize you by your own plucked and wilted blossoms. I now see how marvelously natural they are where they grow; heretofore I have only seen how marvelously artificial they were where they were worn."

Another experience more tremendous still for the adventurer: if when he had sufficiently filled his basket,—after all, a mere common market basket, since its contents were Miss Locke's garnishings for a marketable marriage bargain,—if, having had enough of the adventure, he should brazenly call on Miss Locke, avow the whole story, prove the story by pouring out on the floor before her guilty eyes the contents of the basket, and coolly request her to cap the climax of the whole intrigue by herself directing his footsteps to the pilfered original!

Gridley went to bed laughing. He did not as usual fall asleep at once. Before he slept, a thing happened to him—a better thing, natural enough. The spirit of the evening, of the ball, of his later musings left him. It had become like the scraping of tense short strings scraped too long; like the insistent annoyance of a violin screaming its shallow gaiety into a tired-out ear, into a worn-out mood. The spirit of laughter was gone.

Another mood followed, bringing relief and quietness—a long, low wave of drowsiness creeping toward him from Nature's deeps, ocean of all our storms. With this burying wave of sleep, floating upon it as some tidal movement of the sea brings landward delicate filaments of a weed whose home is far out in the unknown, there drifted toward Gridley, drifted across his consciousness, a few faint, far

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echoes—echoes as of music, music as from the soul of an unknown, an unknown woman.

They were very faint, they were very few, they were far off, but they were clear-sounding, touched with tenderness, touched with loftiness, touched with sacredness, touched with beauty.

Gridley listened. And, still listening, Gridley slept.

§ 2

Several months had passed. Gridley, upon getting home to his rooms one night, snapped on the lights and walked hurriedly to the writing-table where his mail was always placed during his absence. A note from Miss Locke lay there, relieving his suspense; he tore it open.

That morning, to end a prolonged conflict with an intolerable situation, he had despatched a note to her with the request that she appoint an evening when she could be at home to him. And would she reserve for him, give up to him, the entire evening? He greatly wished to see her alone and he ventured to ask that they be not interrupted.

Miss Locke wrote that she could be at home on a certain evening, naming it. She did not engage to be at home to him only, did not promise that other visitors should be turned away in order that the drawing-rooms and the evening might be placed at his entire disposal for such time as he chose to claim the evening and to remain in the house. She made no sign, allowed none to escape her, that a visit thus astonishingly urged aroused either protest or pleasure.

As Gridley let the note drop to the table from his hand and stood, disturbed and dissatisfied, looking down at it, he realized that the guarded chiseling of his must have directed the guarded chiseling of hers. Often during these grave days he had questioned whether his could be written at all; if at all, how written best. But no care or counsel of cunning or gift or grace of words could alter its essential character or divest it of a purport it did not intend. However framed, it continued to suggest that he would come on the evening asked for to ask for Miss Locke's hand. She could not, the relation between them being what during these several months it had become—she could not even glance through his extraordinary petition without having the chief, most sensitive brooding of a woman's nature enforce the thought that a confession of love, a proposal of marriage, must have prompted such an exercise of privilege over her, have directed such an approach toward intimacy with her. Was she by the faintest breath of warmth to encourage his coming? Hold out her arms to him at the first distant sign?

But Gridley, continuing to stand there with his eyes on the note, was picturing the scene as it would actually take place: that after he had waited for Miss Locke to come down, she delaying through womanly misunderstanding of his visit, finding it embarrassing to come down at all, that when finally she did appear and hesitate a moment at the entrance to those austerely exclusive drawing-rooms, what awaited her would not be the confession of a man's love. It would be a long, intricate, amazing, wounding, humiliating, infuriating explanation of how she had succeeded in interesting him in another woman. Of how she, quite unconsciously of course, by

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profuse suggestions differing in sort, but marvelously blending in a single image, had all but created in imagination for him that woman's very body, very spirit. So that, moved beyond himself in a way he could not explain, he was there at last to throw himself upon her generosity, sympathy, forgiveness, and ask her to reveal the identity of this mysterious, magical, compelling stranger. After which, presumably, he, Gridley, would bid unfortunate Miss Locke good evening, with the understanding that he would trouble her no further with his attentions!

He turned from the writing-table and, unmindful of his movements, went over to a chair in which he was not used to sit.

A long time he remained there, retraversing every step of his experience with Miss Locke and arranging how least offensively he could go over the stages of the story with Miss Locke herself; most absorbed meantime with what would happen when, he having finished his story, she would begin hers. For there, there in her story, there in her confession, waved the enchanted golden harvest of his winding road—the Road of the Imitations!

A strange, a wonderful human road it had been!

Gridley had not with cool calculation followed up his accidental acquaintance with Miss Locke. He might never have made more of the ephemeral little episode of the evening at the ball. Little episodes of woman's ways were not new or few to him. He culled his pleasures from a garden of life where all the women of the garden were resolved not to fall, but where a number were inclined to bend—bend toward experience of the world, bend toward knowledge of evil; where at times a number did bend variously and considerably, and where Gridley had taken on successive increases of self-love through having on more than one occasion happily participated in the bending. An unattractive débutante, suddenly appearing on that daringly tested and rather surfeited scene, attempting to wear and wave to her advantage a few borrowed plumes appropriated from some human enchantress operating elsewhere—no temptress she where excitements and incitements beyond hers abounded and beckoned.

But quite without design unless of those sightless forces which join or disjoin us along our herded human road as with the vision of unerring eyes, Gridley was again thrown into Miss Locke's company on another evening closely following the first. What happened then, whether something that renewed with greater stress his experience with her at their former meeting, whatever it may have been, Gridley did not, when free to do so, quit the society of Miss Locke. He lingered. A few days later he called. The call was succeeded by another. Then followed a long series of visits, stretching over months and carrying Gridley rapidly along until they had carried him far. Until he cried out that it was far enough, as far as he could stand it to go. For by this time Miss Locke had gradually led him to a point where a tantalizing, irresistible woman had become not only a reality, but a personality, just at arm's-length, at the very finger-tips of discovery.

One night, with an ungovernable impulse to touch *her*, he had reached out and touched one of her gowns Miss Locke was wearing—an imitation.

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He felt sure. The beauty of the gown, its elegance, distinction, was beyond Miss Locke, so transcended her that it humiliated her, left her the plainer, the poorer, for being seen in it. One night he had taken from Miss Locke's hand one of the unknown's books, Miss Locke's copy of some book the unknown loved. Miss Locke's own books, as he had glanced at them, were of a different character, modern books, grave, intellectual, philosophical (the intellect again!), too weighty and too deep for him. This was an old romance of hapless young lovers, wandering on and on down the world through ages of human hearts. One night a faintest perfume as a violet's covered up in leaves reached his sense from a handkerchief Miss Locke toyed with absurdly. Miss Locke's handkerchiefs were not scented. One night Miss Locke with a sudden by-play of coquetry had seated herself at the piano—Miss Locke herself did not play—and had endeavored by slow, awkward movements over the keys to imitate those unseen, flying musical hands. One night at the moment of taking his leave he had caught from Miss Locke a phrase of hers, actually a fragment, floating bar, of her lovely living speech. No such words were natural to Miss Locke.

All the while he watched, he waited, he said not a word; he went on with his visits more and more eagerly; he bided his time, believing that sooner or later secrets are found out, that things false are by the very honesty of nature's laws forced toward a day of reckoning with the truth.

She was there, the unknown, somewhere near Miss Locke. And Miss Locke was busily passing to and fro, as a bee whose abode is in one garden flies back and forth over the wall to an unseen garden blooming alongside where alone it can find what it covets to bring home.

But as more time passed, Gridley, whose eyes had been vainly sweeping the actual horizon of his social world for the desired discovery, began to send his imagination toward that horizon just beyond into which the actual imperceptibly fades. What if he had failed to find the unknown woman for the reason that all this time she was lying ill, never to be well again? Led by Nature from the human scene just as she was preparing to step radiant upon it. Was Miss Locke borrowing beauty from this mournful abandoned store, as another, in another heartless way, might begin to use her very garments, knowing they would never again be worn by her? Or had she already passed beyond the envy of rivals, leaving only the memories of her envied ways for them to ransack? If dead, thought Gridley, if he should in time discover that she was dead, he felt that he would wish to go, none knowing, since none could understand, to where she lay under the dark earth with closed eyes and marble breast and folded hands and dancing feet. Go there with something that no other woman had aroused in him and leave it there as something gone out of his life for the rest of it.

Gridley shook himself free of such fancies during the day and in the crowd, when lunching at some one of his clubs, in the family box at the opera, at the theater, on the polo-field, in court, in his father's law offices, where he was supposed to act as junior partner, able enough, but hardly hard-working. At such times he ridiculed himself for wandering away solitary

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into scenes made visible only by the dead and sterile moonlight of the imagination. He even asked himself whether it was beginning to be a matter of health with him—him, the healthiest. But at night, alone in his rooms, the thing came back. The dead and sterile moonlight of the imagination came back. It flooded his vision, flooded his windows, flooded the rooms. The fantasy! The enchantress! The beautiful unknown was there with him, a presence felt, a being not seen. He believed he knew the very outlines of her shape, the very texture of her mind, her realm of taste, her gifts. He did not resist her. He began to wait for night to return, when she would return. And all that was best in Gridley's nature began to assemble for those rapt, mystical hours as sinful feet stumble toward a sanctuary.

About this time there was another ball, a great one, of utmost splendor. All Gridley's world was there, strangers from other cities. Late in the evening he was crossing the iridescent ball-room. He caught sight of that valiant old spirit who was to him the evil incarnation of many such scenes.

She sat as usual where she could command a view of the rooms; she saw him, and she summoned him with a dried, thorny smile. Young men meant flattery to her if of their own accord they approached her in some ironic moment of theirs; they were flattery of an inferior kind even when she could tempt them to come. With their endangered virtues still looking out of their eyes, they were as life's champagne, poured and waiting. And they brought back memories of years when for her poured champagne did not wait.

But Gridley, without a smile, bowed and passed on. He was at the moment in no mood for old cynics. At no time did he approve of any but young cynics, such as himself for instance, such as the members of his particular set. For them cynicism was youth's righteous indignation, its justifiable rudeness, its healthy, heavy, tramping rôle. He abhorred, despised old cynics, life's fanged or fangless failures. Now of course old cynics are Nature's repulsive testaments, to be read of young cynics if they choose; mirrors which line youth's road, by looking into which youth may see its own changing, darkening, hardening face. But when has youth cared to be warned in its course by the fate of others, or been willing to admit that the path it elects to follow can have only that path's natural end?

A moment later Gridley came back and sat beside the resplendent old ball-room philosopher: the wisdom of evil might avail him.

She overlooked the slight of his not having come when invited. What else could she do? Forgiveness is often merely our way of administering moral ether to an offense to which we would much prefer to deliver a blow. None of us might so often pardon were we not as often powerless to punish. She smoothed over a rough thing and opened upon him the banter of her favorite theme:

"She is not here to-night, then?"

"Who is not here?"

"Whom you were looking for."

"Was I looking for any one?"

"That was your expression. The expression of a man who declared that he was indifferent to every woman in the room on account of some one who was not here."

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"It is true," said Gridley, with frankness that he had not expected in himself.

"But I thought every one was here! Who can it be that is not? Do I know her?"

"You may," said Gridley, yielding to more frankness. "You may know her."

"Then who is she?"

"That I cannot tell you: I do not know."

"Not know! Looking for some one, missing some one, you do not know!"

"Answer a plain question. Do women ever imitate one another?"

"We do not originate ourselves, we women. We are all borrowed plumes. Do men imitate one another? Are men borrowed plumes?"

"I am not interested in that—not at the moment. Not in the men's side of the matter."

"You are not interested in the men's side at the moment and you will never be interested. Our own weaknesses do not interest us. We prey upon those of others. Meantime they prey on ours. It is wolf all round—and fox."

"I am not interested now in the man's side and I am not interested in the universal borrowing. What I am interested in is this: can a woman, aside from the general borrowing, so openly and persistently borrow from just one other woman that she can actually begin to suggest the appearance and the personality of that other woman—suggest her to a man by means of those borrowings?"

"Why ask me? I am not a man. I only know as a woman that no woman ever has such an intention—to cause herself to suggest another woman to a man."

"Can a woman continue to reproduce the lovely little ways, traits, things of another woman until the man who sees them grows curious about the woman to whom they belong? Until he begins to feel a natural desire to find out who that woman is? Can such a thing be imagined?"

"Why ask whether it can be imagined since you have already imagined it?"

"Can such a case actually occur?"

"Anything can actually occur. Does a day pass without the incredible happening? Are we not constantly being called upon to believe the unbelievable in human nature?"

"Can you imagine a man really beginning to look for the woman who is being imitated? Look for her among the acquaintances of the woman who is imitating her?"

"Again, why ask, since you have already declared it? And in such dead and dreadful earnest!"

"Can a man begin to dislike, begin to hate, begin to despise a woman who tries to capture a husband by such trickery?"

"I am not interested in what a man dislikes or hates or despises. Usually he dislikes and hates and despises what reminds him disagreeably of himself or what is better than he is."

Gridley waved aside the attack with an indifferent movement of his hand and pressed his own attack:

"And if a man should look and look and not find the imitated woman among the imitating woman's acquaintances, could he at last ask the copying woman who it is she copies?"

"Could a man walk up to a woman in a ball-room and cut her across the face with a whip-lash?"

Gridley started to rise.

"That is what I am going to do," he remarked pleasantly.

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She put out her hand with a touch on his forearm and pressed him down.

"The lashed woman would be likely to answer! You would be left no wiser as to the woman you were looking for, but you would certainly know more about the woman you had insulted. Why not try a measure less extreme and perhaps more successful? If there is anything in all this, if you really know a woman who is imitating another woman and who has stirred your curiosity as to who the imitated woman is, why not give me the necessary clue and let me find out for you whatever is to be found out?"

Gridley recoiled from being led toward the sanctuary of the unknown by so dark-footed and lampless a guide.

"No!" he said rudely. He started to rise again. She pressed him back again.

"You think—but no matter what you think! I may not be—but no matter what I am! What I am *you* do not see. The good in me was driven far inward long ago. And it is there far inward that I live upon it. What matters it after a while to any of us how we appear? I 'm going to tell you something; for you are young and I am old, and the young blossom red with folly and the old blossom white with wisdom. The truth is you are cloyed, surfeited. Your nature has no chance to be hungry, to know the meaning of the poorest morsel of happiness to those who are half starved. Since there is nothing you actually need and want, there remains only what you can imagine and imagine you desire. I have known many such; I see them every day; you are one of them. You turn away from all you have toward something you have not. What you have is faulty and disappoints; what you try to find is something faultless that will satisfy. But remember this until you are old enough to understand it; then there will be no longer any danger of your forgetting. Life is not the opposite banks of a river, a bank of the actual on which we stand and a distant opposite bank of the ideal to which we would often cross. Life is no such banks. Life is the river itself, one river in which the actual and the ideal flow commingled. That river is our one voyage; its waters are our only cup. This is the flower of wisdom from an old bush. Learn to drain the cup of the commingled actual and ideal and to find the mixture—*drinkable!*"

But it is the old who are concerned with life; the young care for even few of the living. The aged cynic spoke of what awaits all; the youthful cynic harkened to the lure of a solitary quest, the mystery of one woman. With scant courtesy he turned away from his confiding mentor and her offering of seasoned wisdom. Yet the time approached when Gridley was to remember it with a terrible searing of his remembrance.

For soon after this a tragedy drove him to the precipitate end of the whole affair with Miss Locke—the sudden death of his father. That brought changes. In so far as the lesser man could take the larger man's place he must now step into that place as head of the law firm and head of the family, upholder of the family position, pride, prestige. The catastrophe, the devolved responsibility, shocked him out of levity, shocked him into gravity, shocked him into his senses, into his strength. But it was one further change, profoundest perhaps of all our human changes, that recorded the

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consummation of his bereavement. Gridley had boyishly loved his father, had still boyishly looked up to and depended upon him; and as often happens, new beauty disclosed itself in his nature when his father died and he began to remember him.

Toward this finer change one thing, newly responsive, yet not intrusive, made its way—the sympathy of Miss Locke. Her message reached Gridley one night in his rooms. No other message he had received quite so touched him with the delicate rightness of it. But he sprang to his feet and bitterly cursed himself for the revolting suspicion that even Miss Locke's condolence was a grace learned from another, and thus a stratagem, a subterfuge, a pose. Not even his honest grief escaped her game! For Gridley had by this time formed such a habit of interpreting everything Miss Locke did that the habit, as a habit will, began to cut him with its sharpest blades.

Then, wholly unforeseen, the climax of his relations with her followed next morning.

He had dropped in at a book-shop to get a work his father had often urged him to read, as he happened to remember, and he had found it, but lingered a moment, browsing along the shelves. Farther away in the soft day-shadow of the great domed shop some one else searched the shelves. Just as he noticed the figure, it turned toward him; it was Miss Locke. She came forward, gave him her hand, and without a word went out into the street. But in that moment something had reached Gridley more disturbing than anything within his experience of her. Not a mannerism this time, nor piece of affectation. Gridley, saddened and softened as he was by his loss, felt sympathy sweep over him with what had passed. Why, he could not have said, unless it originated in a matter recently occurring in his profession.

Not long before, a case in court which he was handling with his father had required him to visit in a prison the ward of prisoners for life. As he had groped along a hallway, at a small barred aperture through the rough stones, the only window through which eyes within might look out, at this empty square a face showed itself, a prisoner in revolt against its sentence and its cell. Be it said to Gridley's credit that he had responded to the appeal of that face. He had made inquiries. He had fought the case back into the courts for retrial; he had fought it through the courts and had won the condemned's release.

A face at a prison window—strangely enough it was that Gridley thought of as he caught the look in Miss Locke's eyes.

This was the final force in the current of events which swept Gridley finally away. And this was the final thing Gridley thought of as he sat there late that night, going over from the beginning all that had taken place between them. He got up and walked over to where Miss Locke's note lay and read it again.

Loss of his father had not brought him any loss of vanity; rather, fresh access of self-complacency and self-importance. It inflated him at the moment.

"There will be no interruption," he said. "If other visitors come, she will see to it that they are turned away. I shall have the whole evening in which to tell her the whole story."

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Sudden joyous emotion surged through him. He had felt this emotion repeatedly since his father's death, which had left him independent; for his father had never intrusted Gridley with a fortune, and it was this fact that had kept marriage as something beautiful, wavering on an Elysian landscape before him. Gridley in truth represented all that ancestors could do for him, nearly everything that he had never done for himself.

Joyous emotion surged through him: the May of life was in full leaf and flower all round him, and into the lusty beauty of that May he, as part of it, would marry!

§ 3

Gridley sat waiting for Miss Locke to come down. The great silent house seemed to admonish him that it also waited, waited for its fulfilling event, Miss Locke's inevitable nuptials—some time. Always the drawing-rooms had wrought upon him this impression of being a stage arranged by the inexorable love of parents for the faltering drama of a child.

No mere splendid house could have thrown Gridley into a state of wonderment, even of faint surprise. He had been born in one; hardly throughout his life had he wasted life in any others. But none other he knew so mirrored one still purpose. Rare, beautiful things—some canvas or bronze, some lamp or book or ivory or drapery or vase or chair or couch or rug, which travel in older lands could reach, search discover, heart desire, wealth obtain—had been brought together as blended servitors of one idea, one expectation, one hope—that awaited bridal which the unprolific years had alone apportioned to proud, disappointed parents. Even the walls and floors and ceilings, even the silken and satin coverings and draperies, separately had the shades and together created the harmonies most favorable to Miss Locke. The very arrangement of the lights above and around was adapted to her advantage, however she might enter, wherever she might move or sit or stand—the heiress, the disappointment, the only child.

Never as on this night had Gridley so felt the whole meaning of the cautious and wondrous scene, remorseful as he was at forethought of the nearing ordeal: that here, in Miss Locke's own home and all but in the presence of her father and mother, here on this devoted stage of her life's precarious chances, he was about to pluck off the lovely tissue of disguise and adornment with which she was trying to eke out her difficult rôle, and, holding this up as an exquisite borrowed garment, all but demand that she give to him the name of the woman to whom it solely belonged. In brutality of truth he was about to ask that human nature stand forth nakedly truthful, convict itself of a course of deception, and take the consequences. With good reason he felt that the guarded place bade him beware, that every well wrought, well considered thing warned him to leave without a word.

One thought especially plucked Gridley as by the sleeve to draw him hurriedly away: that as night after night he had caught a glimpse of Miss Locke when at a turn of the stairway she crossed an opening between lovely draperies, he had been touched by her evident consciousness that she was not slight, not graceful, not attractive in feature or in person, and that in a terrible way the staircase which sup-

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ported her surpassed her. Most movingly she stirred this feeling when she entered the drawing-rooms, with their softly concealing, softly revealing lights, in sensitive dread lest it be remarked and commented on that she did not quite come up to the expectations of the splendid scene, failed to meet the demands of the furniture. As a piece of nature she to herself fell short of the enterprise and handiwork of the architects and builders of the house, of its masons and plasterers, of the designers of couches and the weavers of rugs, of the potters with their poor clay. The treasures of the place were her trifles; they had been brought together from many lands for her enjoyment and advancement: but as she stood among them, they mutely discredited and repudiated her as the one thing in the rooms that was least a masterpiece.

Gridley was aroused from his reflections by the quiet passing of a servant toward the front doors. Twice he had thus passed and repassed: Miss Locke was excusing herself to other callers. It was true, then, that she had given up to him the whole evening. And Miss Locke, Gridley reflected, had many suitors.

Meantime she did not come down. Did she keep him waiting to remind him that he had taken a liberty? Was delay due to her feeling that to have come quickly would have been too quickly?

With no other motive than to dull the edge of waiting, he opened one of Miss Locke's books. His eye fell upon what he had not seen in any of them hitherto—a book-plate. Miss Locke's life was unfolding, and this was a fresh flowering point of her nature, one more true sign of how it grew.

The plate suggested one of Turner's Italian scenes, with their far, soft, mystical beauty—beauty dreamed of. A group was seated on the turf at an open glade by the edge of a stately forest. One, a manly youth, held a musical pipe to his lips. Out in front of him a young girl danced barefoot. She danced for them all, but mainly she danced to him. The soft wind blew about her head abundant, unmanageable tresses—tresses which called for an arranging movement of the hand to the brow. One arm curved downward, with the palm of the hand at rest upon the slender waist. The other arm was bent upward, with the fingers of the hand between the open pages of a loved book. A springing foot seemed hardly to touch the ground. Her neck was arched over to the youth who played. There she was! There she danced! Grace, joy, youth, love, flesh, spirit, passion, imagination, ecstasy!

Gridley's gaze rested upon her spellbound. He seemed entering upon some true path of discovery. Memories passed gropingly along the avenues of his brain. The flock of lovely little things which he had captured and cherished as belonging to the unknown—the whole flock of them grew agitated, and one by one began to fly to and settle upon the figure of the girl in the book-plate, as being at home with her, as being herself. Then—Miss Locke was coming!

She hesitated on the staircase as with last irresolution, as with uncertainty of what was about to happen; afterward she came on down very slowly. When she passed under the arch of the drawing-room she sent her glance to Gridley's face to discover why he was there, why he had come. Whatever else she discerned, this must

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have been convincing, that in what he had so carefully arranged to unfold to her, love of her had no part. Visibly, unmistakably, he was moved, deeply moved; but visibly, unmistakably, it was not love of her that deeply moved him.

This discovery, however else it may have affected her, made her own course clear, and instantly she justified herself as belonging to the sex which can sink everything else in the need to conceal. Composedly, unaffectedly, never more simply herself, Miss Locke advanced in the softly concealing, softly revealing light, and greeted Gridley with exactly what would have been his due had no unusual circumstances cloaked his visit. From having been placed at a disadvantage by him, she reversed their relation and brought the disadvantage to lie against him. Her attitude made his own the more grossly at fault; and since he was of the sex which conceals less well even if it tries, and since he did not now wish even to try, he let himself be carried forward to unmask at once the meaning of the evening.

But Gridley did not begin rudely. The kindness of his nature—and there was kindness in it—had never showed more in evidence, more in action. Nor did he begin crudely, either; for he had a mastery of manner, as he had lifelong acquaintance with the resources and safeguards of good form. Nevertheless, no consideration for Miss Locke could abate the fact that she was to receive no consideration whatsoever; all the other courtesies were convened only to discover that the chief of their sisterhood was absent.

Few words had passed between them before Gridley broached his theme:

"The request in my note was unusual. It was unwarranted. If I might explain—justify—" He broke off abruptly, then as abruptly went on: "There was something I have never understood, that I wished to understand, that I had to understand. And I had to ask." He looked at Miss Locke with questions banked in his eyes.

Miss Locke sat waiting something more definite as her expectation, more adequate as her due.

"I feel most deeply about it; more deeply, perhaps, than I can make it felt by any one else."

There was no response that Miss Locke desired to make.

"But not for the world would I have it cause *you* any unhappiness!" cried Gridley, faltering.

Miss Locke bent her head slightly toward Gridley. So a spectator might strain to descry what is afoot in a strange field. Her manner suggested also that she did not quite look to Gridley as the keeper of her happiness, the dispenser of it. Nor did her manner withhold the reminder that she relied upon Gridley to observe the restraints of good breeding. Both of them had inherited good breeding, had been trained in good breeding, had always taken good breeding for granted; was it to remain in force this evening?

Gridley smarted under the implications of her demeanor and deportment. He was beginning to resent Miss Locke's donning an impenetrable armor of virtue. The virtuousness of her manner was somewhat in excess, he thought, of the virtue of her double rôle.

"I felt obliged to ask you some questions," he exclaimed bluntly, and once more the questions were plainly banked in Gridley's eyes.

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But again Gridley's resolution lost itself in silence, until finally Miss Locke drew his attention to his provocative words.

"You felt obliged to ask me questions?"

In effect Miss Locke returned Gridley's words to him as among the curiosities of the incredible to her.

"Not idle questions; not of curiosity. Questions to get at the truth of the matter."

Once more it devolved upon Miss Locke to bring Gridley to a realization of his untenable position.

"Could you make your meaning no clearer?"

"I can make my meaning perfectly clear, if I may."

"Do, certainly," said Miss Locke.

"Shall I go ahead, then, and speak with candor?"

"Is not candor best with any subject? Is not candor at all times indispensable?"

"Then I *will* be candid," exclaimed Gridley. For a moment longer he hesitated, then began: "Do you remember these lines of Longfellow's:

> 'And like an instrument that flings
> Its music on another's strings.'

Do you know those lines?"

"I did not know the lines."

"The evening I was introduced to you something occurred that recalled those lines to me. Something like just that—like a musical instrument throwing its vibrations upon another musical instrument. Shall I tell you exactly what? It was the influence which another woman, some wonderful woman, was exerting over you. Shall I say just how I caught the vibrations of that unseen instrument, how I received the suggestions of that unknown woman? In this way: I noticed a slight movement of your hand and arm. The movement was not natural to you. It was like the echo of another hand, like the echo of another arm. I noticed a movement of your foot which suggested another woman's foot. A movement which suggested her head of hair. Another which suggested her arching neck. That very first night, I say, I caught from you a few echoes, faint and far, of human music which was falling upon you; caught suggestions of the form and spirit of another woman. To me you reëchoed that woman, you repeated her, imitated her, copied her! That was the beginning—the beginning of all that has taken place since. And in all that has taken place since you have been doing the same thing—copying that woman."

The shaft had been shot, if it was a shaft; the wound had been made, if there was to be a wound.

For a little while Miss Locke sat quite still and quite without response. One change in her was observable: she began to look at Gridley as though seeing him for what she had never seen him before. And something like a light of understanding began to reach her, to shine within her, to break all about her. In that light Miss Locke sat revealed as unrebuked and unwounded. To deepen, if possible, the mystery, she did one thing that Gridley could not have imagined: she rose quietly from her seat and came and sat nearer him, quite near. As though the subject he unraveled, so far from offending her, causing her to leave the rooms, fascinated her and drew her toward him. And she now awaited Gridley's disclosures above self-reproach, his reproach, any one's reproach.

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To Gridley, whatever else this meant, it brought assurance that he could proceed with less reluctance; if he could go so far without giving mortal offense, he could continue unembarrassed to the end.

"That night, then, I got the idea that a woman was throwing upon you the charm and spell of her intense and lovely spirit. During all these months of our acquaintance that is what I have felt more and more. While the echoes have been falling upon you from her, they have been falling upon me from you. You yielded to her influence; it captivated you, it captured you. Now I have yielded to her influence; it has captivated me, it has captured me."

Gridley waited persistently for some demonstration from Miss Locke. Miss Locke interposed at length a question:

"These echoes—suggestions—imitations as you thought them—what were others?" She inquired as curious to hear the whole truth and not afraid.

"One night a book of hers, unlike your books; one night a handkerchief, not yours; one night a gown wonderfully beautiful, not such as you wear; one night a suggestion of a gift of music, the gift she must have; one night a fragment of her speech, her very words; one night—" Gridley went on recounting, and broke off without finishing.

Miss Locke made one comment as addressed to herself:

"There must have been others; many which escaped even your eye, your count, your note-book. What were they all, I wonder. But—"

"At first I felt only the slightest curiosity. Then these little things, all leading to the same lovely person, began to interest me more. I might as well say that my interest grew deeper. I confess that I even began to look for the woman herself, to expect some day to identify her among your acquaintances, to see her somewhere in your company. As time passed, I even began to ask myself questions: whether she was lying hopelessly ill somewhere; even to ask myself whether she had passed away, leaving such memories of herself—such memories!"

Silence fell as they looked at each other. Miss Locke's next question was barely audible:

"And you are here to-night—"

"Hoping you will tell me she is alive! And to ask you to tell me who she is!"

Gridley cried out as one near a joyous goal.

"And this is the sole reason you have been coming here? The only motive in everything?"

"To find out more about *her*, if possible."

"And if you find out to-night, as you hope, who she is, as you imagine, you would not come here any more—was that to be the triumph of your plan?"

Gridley let silence answer. Silence answered.

"All this time she has, as you think, been exerting some higher influence over you? Revealing to you what was best in yourself? Drawing you toward herself?"

"All that is best in me has moved toward her."

"While my influence, if there has been any influence—my influence has been—"

Gridley let silence speak.

"You have believed I was taking advantage of some acquaintance? Or

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of some friend? Possibly of another who was ill? Even of some one who was dead? Meantime all I asked was not to be found out—too soon?"

Gridley's eyes met Miss Locke's with full agreement.

"Yes, you thought all this. Did you think the note I sent after the death of your father—did you think that one of my affectations—hypocrisies? Did you?"

Candor, a happy virtue when at ease, can be a tortured virtue in its shame.

"I thought that."

Miss Locke bowed in appreciation of truthfulness.

The conversation went forward with inexorable directness:

"If you really knew this woman whom you have imagined generously and nobly, you believe she would win your love?"

Gridley's heart was in his avowal:

"I believe that! I have believed that! I do believe that!"

"As far as may be, she has won your love already?"

"As far as may be!"

"And did you believe *you* would win *her* love?"

"I hoped! I hope!"

"*Why* did you hope? *Why* do you hope?"

Gridley could not say.

"Your marriage with her would be an ideal marriage? You would enter upon an ideal life?"

"I have believed it!" cried Gridley out of his deepest.

"I think," said Miss Locke after an interval, "there is little more you can say to me: this must be the end of our story."

"It is the end of *my* story!" Gridley cried warningly, implying that he demanded hers.

"Then," said Miss Locke, with hesitation, but with decision, "I shall have to tell you about the unknown."

Rising hurriedly, she walked away from Gridley.

Miss Locke walked slowly to the end of the rooms. Slowly, she came back, passing before him without regard to his presence. She traversed the whole length of the rooms again; then turning, she came toward Gridley, her eyes resting on him.

Often our deepest emotions take the form of drama. The actions they originate, the language they employ, are the words and gestures of a stage. And we tread that stage, break our silences and voice our tragedies chiefly in order that they may reach and touch our own ear. That others should behold us and heed us is of less moment than that we should approve our own part in the play, bear witness to our own cause, and be moved by the spectacle of how life has entangled us, misjudged us, misused us.

As Miss Locke came toward Gridley, she was not the same Miss Locke. It was the same Miss Locke; she was not the same woman. It was the same woman, but she was a woman whom the experience of the evening had transformed. The drawing-rooms of her home had at last, indeed, become the stage of her life; the drama had begun with a profound shock to her; and she, the actor for whom the scene had been planned and long had waited, was to speak the opening lines in response to the most wounding of all womanly humiliations.

She chose a seat at some distance from him where fell the shadows of near draperies. There the lights of the rooms lay most muffled and low; she seemed most inaccessible, most with-

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drawn. When she began to speak out of the shadows, her words were as old familiar words, long grouped together in the mind and each tested often as being true there. But startlingly they fell upon the hush, for always what is private and hidden within us sounds remote and alien across the air. Slowly, quietly, Miss Locke began:

"Each of us," she said, "cherishes some inner vision of the Elysian Fields with a chosen one, and you, Gridley, have had *your* vision. Men keep for themselves this thought of an ideal woman; women desire to bestow themselves upon the ideal man. When men judge the women they know by this woman whom they have never known, the women they know may disappoint and offend them. When women try the men to whom they are bound or are about to bind themselves by a hero who has never bound them, but by whom they would like to be bound, often there is sore lack for them; they may be broken women. This distant light of the Elysian Fields falls on every actual hearthstone. Many a time it puts out the patient, kindly, warming flame kindled there, leaving the two who sit there to look only at the Fields and the ashes. For the ideal, whether of man or woman, is a terrible judge to be judged by all one's life in all one's ways: its judgments feel no pity, they show no mercy, and they never cease. Still, if the actual fails, there is always the ideal to believe in; and there is a happiness for us not only in the things we may have, but in the things that remain forever beyond us.

"You have had your vision of the Elysian Fields. The vision most invited you when you most invited the vision—at a time in your life when no woman you knew answered to your ideal of woman. You looked out upon the actual scene, looked over it, then looked away; and it is when one looks away from things as they are that one sees Elysium.

"As you looked, with nothing else before your eyes, certain little things waved and wavered before you. You noticed those little things, you were attracted by them. You believed they were imitations of that most human land, signals of a finer being who was there. It was I who waved these things before you, and you thought I must have seen this wonderful unknown. I had felt and fallen under her influence, I was imitating her for my selfish purposes, out of my need. You planned, through watching my faults, to discover her of the perfections. If you could not discover without inquiring of me, then you would inquire. It is thus that I now understand all of your visits to me—your little kindnesses, your smiles, the light in your eyes, the pressure of your hand, your whole calculation. And it is thus that I understand your coming to-night: you are here to ask me to guide you to the woman on the Elysian Fields, then to dismiss your guide."

Miss Locke completed in her way the story of their relationship. She waited to have Gridley disavow it if he wished, if he could. But Gridley made no response, had none he could make. Nor from the beginning to the end of Miss Locke's story did he speak or move or take his eyes from her face while his own face was convulsed by his emotions.

"I cannot guide you further," continued Miss Locke with a quietness of life. "You have reached the end of the road."

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After a long pause, suddenly bending forward out of the shadows, she added with all the meaning she could put into her words:

"I am the woman you have been seeking."

She waited for him to grasp the intangible, the elusive truth. Perceiving that he did not do this, she repeated certain of his own words to him:

"If, as you say, an influence has fallen upon you as from an unseen instrument, I am the unseen instrument. If all that is best in your nature has moved toward another, I am that other."

The hush of the rooms deepened. Miss Locke finally cried out to Gridley in despair of his understanding:

"The little things that have waved and wavered before you, that you have noticed and gathered up and loved, they do make a woman! They do make an unknown! But they make *me—me*, that unknown!"

The long silence of the rooms!

When next she spoke, it was once more with a quietness of the unalterable:

"Oh, listen, if you can even little understand!

"Those who are most fortunate in life, those who are most happy, are blinded. Your good fortune has blinded you. While you have looked on ahead, as many of us do, at visions of things which were to make you more fortunate and happier still, you have never, as most of us must, turned and looked backward. Backward at the road of the past. At the one unknown human road down which we have all come and along which we all move together. You have never observed what crowds that road so thickly—the houses of the past, the countless ancestral shapes which follow the living down the road, age after age, never stopping. Old human dwellings, inhabited and used up time and again, generation after generation. Lived in, and worn out, and returned to the earth as its dust, yet constantly regathering that dust and rebuilding it about the unborn. Old bodies that follow down the road, and whenever and wherever the living make their only start, creep around them and inclose them. Hold them fast. Bend them and shape them to the service of the dead—the dead who died when the earth was a ruder earth and the world a darker world. Backs and shoulders still broadened under loads dropped ages ago. Jaws of primitive habit. Hands and feet coarsened by exposure and toil which ended in lost times. Eyes that looked out with apathy and hopelessness or with fear and helplessness upon their world. Now still heavy and expressionless, still frightened, in our world of safety and victory and joy. Hair sparse and white that was blown away through the winters of a thousand lives, returning to the heads of children as though it must come back with every spring.

"You have never seen this, never thought of it! You could afford to forget; you have been adequately and splendidly bodied. It is they, the grievously, wrongfully housed, who can see the road which has reached them and realize what has come along; who, loving all that is lovely, find themselves imprisoned in the unlovable. So that all they can do is to give others some few vain signals of where they are and of what they are; who *must* utter themselves somehow within their walls! Who know that they will never be known."

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Life crowded into the silent rooms.

"I do not remember how long ago it was—I was a child—when I began to form some true image of myself. Began to build about myself the house that I should have liked to live in, that would have denoted me fairly." Miss Locke glanced at a table on which some books were strewn. "I have made only now an outer picture of the inner picture. I have placed it at the entrance to my world of books. I have said, 'All ye who enter here—this world of visions and dreams—think of me as I am!'"

Miss Locke rose, took a volume from a table, opened it at her book-plate, placed it in Gridley's hands, and returned to her seat.

"My picture! Myself in the house of nature that I should have chosen and that I always think of myself as dwelling in! Myself—herself there! I imagine her ways. I know them better than I know my own. I constantly do what she would do. Sometimes consciously, more often perhaps unconsciously, I copy *her!* The little things you have gathered falsely from me, how naturally they would belong to her! They are not her mannerisms, but her manners; they are not her hypocrisies, but her sincerities. The hair that will not stay in place, that will escape, and that must be arranged by the hand! The effortless arm! The waist that is shaped to be clasped! The dancing feet, the arching neck! All as you saw them that first night at the ball or as you have seen them since! Her grace! Her joy in music! Her book some hapless tale of young lovers who were happy ages ago—and unhappy! There is nothing she could not wear! Nothing is too beautiful for her! Her handkerchiefs are dipped in beds of violets!"

Gridley, in a daze, in a stupor, in the emptiness and longing of his soul, in consternation and despair, sat looking at the picture and looking at Miss Locke. His eyes wandering from the one to the other, from the undesired woman in the chair to the desired woman of his imagination.

Life was in the rooms with them.

Tears gathered in Miss Locke's eyes.

"There I am on the Elysian Fields! With the lover who sees me as I am and who plays for me to dance to him. A lover I shall never have!"

Miss Locke arose as though it were the end of her story. Gridley had laid the book aside. He sat looking to where the great fabric of an ideal hope and passion had vanished into unattainable beauty.

"You were going?" inquired Miss Locke, coming forward.

She went out awkwardly into the hall, Gridley following barely. Without good night she began to ascend the staircase. At the proud bend of it she turned and stood looking down at Gridley, who stood looking up at her, white, bewildered, stunned; left at the end of his road; standing there wounded sacredly; not knowing where there was help for his wound.

Presently, not from the woman on the staircase, but from the woman unrealized, lost to the loveliness of things, there floated down like echoes faint and far, the soul of an unknown, the end of their story:

"*I loved you.*"

Miss Locke passed from view.

The Houses of the Past. The Elysian Fields.

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Etchings by John Sloan

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Fifth Avenue

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The Man-Monkey

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The Bonfire

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Barber-Shop

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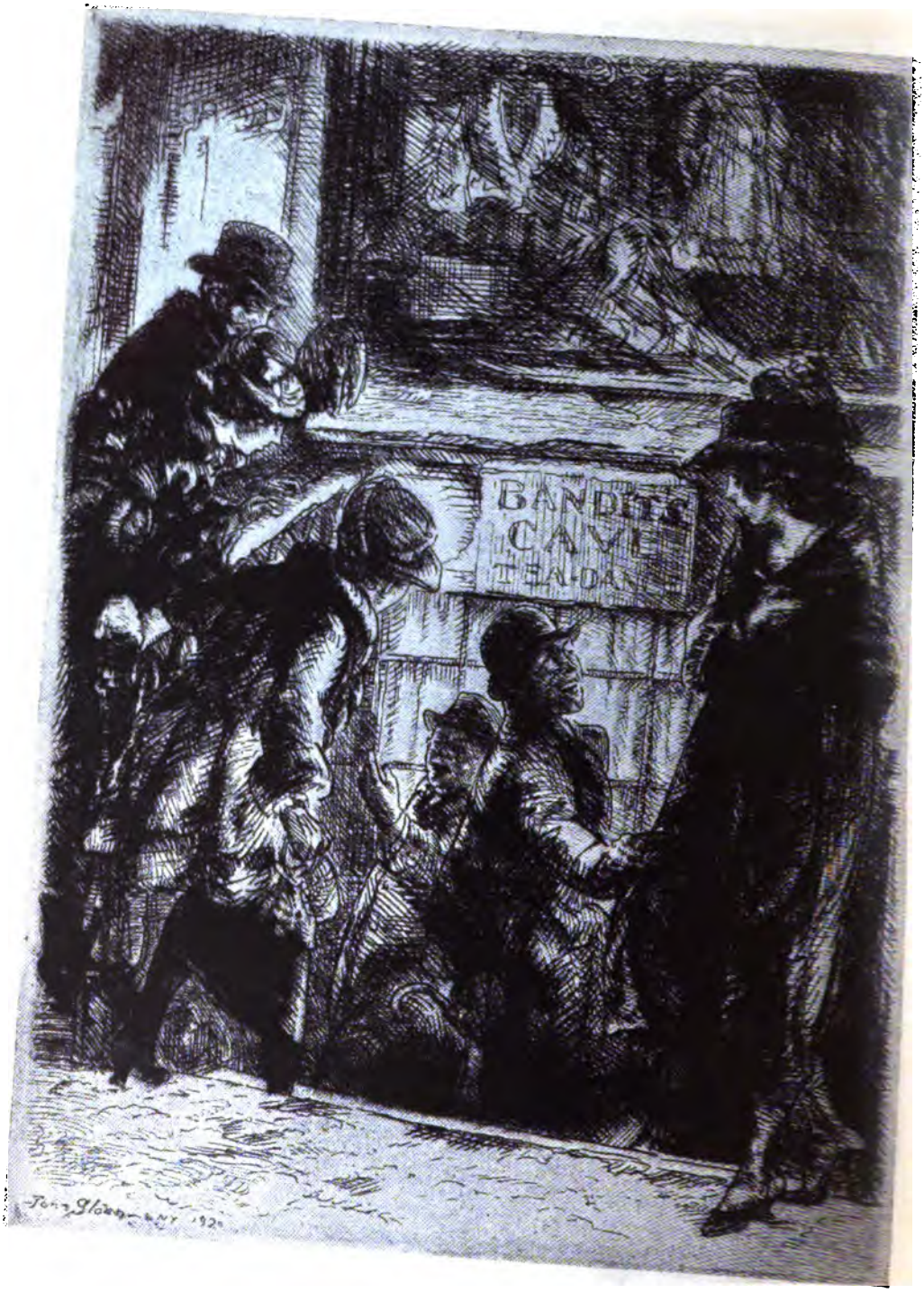

Bandits' Cave

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Can We Save Constitutional Government?

By ALLEYNE IRELAND, *Author of* "DEMOCRACY AND THE HUMAN EQUATION," *etc.*

CONSTITUTIONAL government is to-day menaced by a serious and world-wide dissatisfaction with the operation of existing political institutions. We are confronted not only by the various forms of protest adopted by those who wish to destroy existing institutions of government, but also by a growing sense of helplessness and exasperation among those who wish to preserve them. There is scarcely a country in the world in which popular discontent with the inefficiency and with the extravagance of government has not reached the danger-point.

The plain fact is that for more than a hundred years the constitutionalists in every country have been issuing and constantly renewing promissory notes for human betterment, and that the further renewal of these notes is becoming increasingly difficult.

During the last century there has occurred a continuous and notable improvement in the general conditions of human life. In food, in housing, in clothing, in transportation, in surgery, in medicine, in methods of communication between man and man, the health, convenience, comfort, and luxury of the people have been served with an ever-increasing measure of efficiency. Of government alone it can be said that its practice is no closer to the circumstances in which it operates than would be the medical practice of a physician who should to-day prescribe the king's touch for scrofula.

A contrast so impressive between the state of society and the state of politics cannot be due to a temporary or to an adventitious influence. Its origin is, indeed, clearly discernible. The immense progress which has been effected in the pure and in the applied sciences is attributable to a single cause, namely, that through analytical investigation and the ruthless acceptance of proved facts we have laid out a solid base of ascertained truth upon which the structure of general scientific knowledge finds a secure foundation.

Of the actual operation of government the constitutionalists have not made a study that can be described as scientific. They have made a formal examination of constitutions and laws, —that is to say, of the therapeutics of Government,—but this examination has never been followed by that close and extended clinical observation upon which the progress of the science of therapeutics is absolutely dependent.

Two instances may be given in illustration of this point. We have passed many laws relating to loans. They are neither more nor less than prescriptions addressed to remedying the evils associated with the relationship between borrowers and lenders. If gov-

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ernment were scientifically studied, we should have for our guidance a report containing complete statistics, over a number of years, of all the cases tried under these laws. From such statistics we could inform ourselves as to the real operation of the different laws, of the exact nature of each complaint made under them by debtors and by creditors, and of the disposition of the cases by the courts. There is no such report. The consequence is that we know nothing whatever about the actual relations between debtors and creditors, or about the comparative efficiency of the various remedies which legislatures have prescribed.

Again, it has been asserted by a high official of the New York Police Department that there is less crime in New York than in any other great city in the world. In face of such an assertion the only course of action open to any one who dissents from it is to make a counter-assertion. No comparative statistics are available upon which either of the protagonists can establish the truth of his statement.

If government were studied scientifically, we should have at our disposal a report showing, for perhaps twenty great cities over a period of years, the number and the nature of crimes reported to the police, the number of arrests made, the number of convictions secured, the nature of the sentences imposed, the number of sentences carried out in whole or in part, the number of executive pardons, and the cost of the whole police system to the taxpayer.

No such report exists. In consequence we do not know whether New York has more or less crime than other great cities, whether the New York police force is more or less efficient than others in detecting crime, whether New York juries are more or less lenient than others in criminal cases, whether the judges are more or less severe in inflicting punishment, whether the pardoning authority is more or less frequently exercised, or whether the cost of the police force is proportionately more or less than that of other police forces.

Those instances could be elaborated to cover almost everything with which government is concerned—methods of legislation, child-labor, factory inspection, care of the insane and defective, taxation, prison management, forestry, public works, civil service, etc.

The fundamental cause of the present delinquency of government is that there has been no comprehensive scientific analysis of the actual operations of modern government, that virtually everything connected with them is still in the field of controversy, conjecture, and surmise.

The hazard of this situation is made doubly formidable by the circumstance that every group of anti-constitutionalists has a plan to offer for the regeneration of the politico-social complex, while the constitutionalists have nothing to offer that is less illusory than the renewal of the very promises which the world has finally been driven to regard with the deepest distrust. If the constitutionalists cannot do better than this, nothing is more certain than that, sooner or later, the control of government will be taken from them.

§ 2

The following paragraphs embody in outline a plan which the constitutionalists could offer as an alternative to all the proposals put forward by the

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Bolshevists, the Syndicalists, and other revolutionary factions. It could be operated within the constitutional limits of the national or state government without violating any constitutional principle associated with popular government

Establish an international society for the scientific study of comparative government, supported partly by membership subscriptions and partly by endowments. Let this society conduct, through the agency of an international research institute, a continuing investigation, of the highest scientific character, of every question of form and function in government—on the basis of a wide comparison—and upon the results of these investigations let it establish in respect of every function of government the correlations between aims, methods, costs, and results.

This society will have to conform, in its structure and in its operation, to certain rigid conditions if it is to acquire the authoritative standing upon which the whole of its usefulness would depend. The mere enumeration of these conditions will suffice to disclose the elements which would differentiate the society's research institute from any institution which has ever occupied itself with the study of government, and will serve to meet all objections that rest upon the argument that we already have too many societies, and that a new society cannot hope to succeed where hundreds of other societies have failed.

First, the society must be an absolutely *new* society, and must not be made up by amalgamating societies and institutions now in existence. The reason for this is that the present state of government is what it is despite the long-continued efforts of existing societies to improve government. It is only a *new* society which would not be confronted by the immediate necessity of explaining its past failures.

Second, the society would operate through a research institute. Government itself cannot perform effectively the work of such a research institute; first, because its analysis of its own operations could not be made scientifically objective; second, because government, having the power to enforce its views, is under no pressure to find a scientific solution for its problems; third, because the people could never be brought to believe that its inquiries were not tainted by political partizanship.

The executive authority of the institute would be located in a committee of scientists, men of the highest distinction in one or another of the analytical sciences. The director of the institute would submit to this committee every major project of investigation, so drafted that the aim in view and the proposed method of research could be examined by the committee. No project above a certain magnitude would be undertaken until the committee had approved the method to be followed. It would not be necessary for members of the committee to have any special knowledge of the field to be investigated, since the logic of analytics does not vary with the nature of the material. This certification of method would relieve the institute of any charge that its work was influenced by the money or by the importunities of the members of the society.

Third, the investigating staff would not be gathered together as a permanent body within the institute. Each

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investigation would be assigned to a staff of specialists drawn from different parts of the world on temporary appointment. This arrangement would have two highly important results. The investigators would not develop an institutional psychology, of which the effect usually is to divide a man's loyalty between the pursuit of truth and the desire to shield the reputation of the institute or of one or more of its employees. Furthermore, as one investigation might be undertaken by a Dane, a Scotsman, and an Australian, and another by an American, a Frenchman, and a Russian, the work of the institute would reflect all that was best in the science and culture of every nation.

Fourth, the work of the permanent central staff of the institute would consist entirely in analyzing the reports of the investigators and in preparing them for full or for condensed publication in the form of books, pamphlets, and statistical abstracts.

Fifth, the research institute would have nothing whatever to do with propaganda or with the advocacy of any course of action. It would hold itself rigorously to the single task of making knowledge about government available to all who cared to seek it. Its sole interest would be that any statement bearing its imprint should be true, and that any opinion contained in its reports should be well founded on the facts. It would be well to emphasize the indifference of the institute to everything except *truth* by awarding annually a gold medal and a substantial sum of money to that person who should be adjudged by some impartial body to have pointed out the most serious error in the institute's work during the previous year.

Sixth, the finances of the society should be ample to permit the payment of specialists' fees not less than the highest fees paid by any one anywhere. It is true that a certain amount of excellent work is done by underpaid enthusiasts in the service of governments and universities, but this does not affect the rule that the best work is usually the best-paid work. The institute would have to secure the services of the most able and experienced men.

§ 3

It remains to discuss the means by which the work of an international institute for government research could be made to improve the quality and to reduce the cost of government, and thus to abate the present discontents. It is clear that if taxation were greatly reduced, if a great increase in efficiency occurred in the multifarious services which a modern government is called upon to perform, if a great improvement were shown in the technic of handling all the politico-social problems by which the world is confronted, the activities of the extreme radicals would perish for lack of nourishment.

For the successful operation of the institute it is, fortunately, unnecessary to assume that a great moral awakening is about to illumine the world, or that there will have to be any sudden weakening of the selfish motives by which many people are actuated, or that by some magical process the stupid are to become intelligent, the idle industrious, the ignorant informed. The success of the institute may be predicated upon a few very simple and practical considerations.

In every part of the self-governing world government is administered on

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the basis of party politics: the "ins" want to stay in, the "outs" want to get in. Now, under our present system, almost every election is fought out on the basis of charges and denials concerning inefficient, corrupt, or extravagant administration, and there exists virtually no authoritative information, accessible to anybody except the most expert students, on which these charges can be definitely formulated or conclusively proved. The result is that elections are won and lost on what is virtually nothing but unsupported assertion. The cause of good government is therefore little more than the plaything of competing politicians.

But with the research institute founded and operating, an entirely new element would be introduced into politics. The attack upon the "ins" could then be made categorical and specific instead of assertive and oratorical. If I wanted to get the city administration out because of its bad police administration, I could procure from the institute a statement showing, in every detail, the state of police administration in twenty cities of a population about equal to that of mine. If my contentions about the police were sound, I could *prove* that they were sound by producing facts and figures from a source of unimpeachable impartiality. If the voters turned the city administration out on this issue, it would be turned out on the basis of fact and not of assertion. When my party had assumed office, the "outs" would, in their turn, be eager to apply the same method. They could *prove* from material available in the reports of the institute that a typhoid epidemic, for instance, was due to our failure to redeem our election-promise to improve the water-supply, and they could *prove* it by showing that a dozen other cities that had modernized their system of water-supply had not had a typhoid epidemic—and so on, over the whole field of administration.

The influence of this kind of pressure, constantly exerted in national, state, and municipal elections, would soon make itself felt. It would require only a short time to establish in the mind of every practical citizen not of the class of professional politician a realization that his own best interest had been served by every application of the work of the institute to the actual problems of popular government. It would not be long before the professional politician, whose peculiar talents can be marketed only while unsupported assertion remains the principal weapon of political controversy, would find his occupation gone.

§ 4

Attention may be directed to certain effects which would be produced by the activities of an international institute operated by a society for the scientific study of comparative government.

Legislative and Administrative Practice.—The constitutions, laws, regulations, administrative manuals and reports, and the statistical records of the various governments of the world contain an account of every experiment undertaken in modern times respecting the practical working of government. The tasks assigned to government are, in their general character, closely similar in every civilized country. The existence of a central depository for the whole of the experimental record, and the periodical issuance by such an institution of reports exhibiting the

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state of the world's knowledge about every phase of governmental activity, would encourage and facilitate the scientific study of government, would save all the money and energy which might otherwise be expended in the reduplication of effort, and would from time to time establish standards of practice and of accomplishment for the information of all legislative and administrative officials in all countries.

Politics.—With a membership resident in every political division and subdivision of the world, the work of the society would have the double effect of greatly improving the quality of the demands made on government, and of greatly increasing the ability of legislators and of administrators to meet these demands. A more intelligent understanding on the part of the voter of what government can do for him, and a more intelligent understanding on the part of officials of how government can do it, would unite to reduce the cost and to increase the efficiency of the public service.

Education.—At the present time the teaching of government, except in its most advanced stage, is generally confined to its structural elements. What we teach is, in fact, no more than government's own description of itself in constitutions, laws, and regulations. Little is done to work back from observed conditions along the chain of causation by which these conditions have been produced.

For this state of affairs the teacher is not to blame. There is no analyzed material available which makes it possible for him to start his pupils from the observation of a badly paved street in front of the school-house and, on the basis of a comparison with other streets in front of other school-houses in other towns and in other countries, to trace for them the vital connection between their muddy shoes and every detail of the theory and practice of government from the marking of a ballot up to the appointment of a supreme court judge.

The work of the institute would make available an abundance of analyzed material upon which there could be founded a new science of the teaching of government—a science which would change our present system from a dull, formal, and repellent discipline into a constructive and stimulating exercise of the most flexible and responsive qualities of the mind and character of youth. The effect would be to develop gradually a body of voters thoroughly familiar with the idea, now utterly strange to politics, that the results of ignorance, of stupidity, and of indifference are more costly, more uncomfortable, more dangerous, more difficult to avert, and more difficult to repair in the field of government than they are in any other field of human activity.

International Relations.—The society and the institute would not represent the organization of power, but the organization of knowledge. Every organization of power is ultimately an organized threat against dissent from its decisions. It is this circumstance which causes every one to fear and to distrust organized power.

Neither the society nor the institute would seek to exercise power of any kind. Membership in the society would be voluntarily assumed and could be relinquished at the pleasure of the member. The institute would not tell anybody what he ought to do; it would enable everybody to know what had been done and what conse-

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quences had followed various kinds of action. In such a situation there would lie the possibility of developing a new type of international relationship.

The members of the society in all parts of the world would be interested in a common enterprise in which, since its sole object would be the discovery and dissemination of truth, and of truth the most useful and salutary, there could arise no conflict of interest and no rivalry except that of emulation.

Engaged in an undertaking whose success would minister equally to the welfare of all peoples, and could not militate against the welfare of any, the membership of the society might well create a living bond of unity between the intelligent and well disposed of every nation.

Radicalism.—All extremist organizations reflect serious discontent with existing conditions. The nature of this discontent ranges between an emotional resentment wholly inaccessible to reason, and a justified dissatisfaction which has become hopeless of reform except through profound changes in the principles upon which constitutional government rests and in the instrumentalities through which it operates. This gives us the anarchist at one end of the line and the socialist at the other, separated by lines of gradation which cannot be accurately placed.

The society for the scientific study of comparative government could, of course, offer nothing which would be attractive to the anarchist; but with the socialists, and especially with their right wing, the case would be different. Thousands of serious and patriotic citizens have joined the socialist organization for no other reason than that the constitutionalists have failed to present to them any plan upon which a reasonable hope could be founded that constitutional government can be made the efficient agent of the modern social purpose.

The idea of an international research institute, devoted to the scientific study of comparative government, should make a strong appeal to all socialists who are not moved more by a craving for revolution as such than by a sincere desire to improve the lot of humanity by whatever process might be shown, through comprehensive analytical investigation, to be best suited to achieve that object.

Sleepless Night

By SARA TEASDALE

They love me, and I have not made them happy
(Rush of the wind, and river whistles moaning);
They love me, and I cannot give them peace
(The city shifts in sleep with a low groaning).

They love me, and I watch their faces aging
And growing pinched as the slow winter dawn;
I give them nothing but a few sad poems,
And life is short, and we shall soon be gone.

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Fear

By W. Somerset Maugham

Drawings by Wilfred Jones

I was staying a night with him on the road. The mission stood on a little hill just outside the gates of a populous city. The first thing I noticed about him was the difference of his taste. The missionary's house as a rule is furnished in a style which is almost an outrage to decency. The parlor, with its air of an unused room, is papered with a gaudy paper; and on the wall hang texts, engravings of sentimental pictures, "The Soul's Awakening" and Luke Filde's "The Doctor"; or, if the missionary has been long in the country, congratulatory scrolls on stiff red paper. There is a Brussels carpet on the floor, rocking-chairs if the household is American, and a stiff arm-chair on each side of the fireplace if it is English. There is a sofa which is so placed that nobody sits on it, and by the grim look of it few can want to. There are lace curtains at the windows. Here and there are occasional tables on which are photographs, and what-nots with modern porcelain on them. The dining-room has an appearance of more use, but almost the whole of it is taken up by a large table, and when you sit at it you are crowded into the fireplace. But in Mr. Wingrove's study there were books from floor to ceiling, a table littered with papers, curtains of a rich green stuff, and over the fireplace a Tibetan banner. There was a row of Tibetan Buddhas on the chimney-piece.

"I don't know how it is, but you 've got just the feeling of college rooms about the place," I said as I looked about the study.

"Do you think so?" he answered soberly. "I was a tutor at Oriel for some time."

He was a man of nearly fifty, I should think, tall and well covered, though not stout, with gray hair, cut very short, and a reddish face. One imagined that he must be a jovial man, fond of laughter, an easy talker and a good fellow; but his eyes disconcerted you. They were grave and unsmiling; they had a look that I could only describe as harassed. I wondered if I had fallen upon him at an inconvenient moment when his mind was taken up with irksome matters; yet somehow I felt that this was not a passing expression, but a settled one rather, and I could not understand it. He had just that look of anxiety which you see in certain forms of heart disease. He chatted about one thing and another, then he said:

"I hear my wife come in. Shall we go into the drawing-room?"

He led me in, and introduced me to a thin little woman, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a shy manner. It was plain that she belonged to a different class from her husband. Mr. Wingrove was a gentleman, though it was evident that his wife was not a lady. She had a common intonation. The drawing-room was furnished in a way I had

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never before seen in a missionary's house. There was a Chinese carpet on the floor. Chinese pictures, old ones, hung on the yellow walls. Two or three Ming tiles gave a dash of color. In the middle of the room was a blackwood table, elaborately carved, and on it was a figure in white porcelain. I made a trivial remark.

"I don't much care for all these Chinese things meself," answered my hostess, briskly, "but Mr. Wingrove 's set on them. I 'd clear them all out if I had my way."

I laughed, though not because I was amused; and then I caught in Mr. Wingrove's eyes a flash of icy hatred, so that I was astonished. But it passed in a moment.

"We won't have them if you don't like them, my dear," he said gently. "They can be put away."

"Oh, I don't mind them if they please you."

We began to talk about my journey, and in the course of conversation I happened to ask Mr. Wingrove how long it was since he had been in England.

"Seventeen years," he said.

I was surprised.

"But I thought you had one year's furlough every seven?"

"Yes, but I have n't cared to go."

"Mr. Wingrove thinks it 's bad for the work to go away for a year like that," explained his wife. "Of course I don't care to go without him."

I wondered how it was that he had ever come to China. The actual details of the call fascinate me, and often enough you find people who are willing to talk of it, though you have to form your own opinion on the matter less from the words they say than from the implications of them; but I did not feel that Mr. Wingrove was a man who would be induced either directly or indirectly to speak of that intimate experience. He evidently took his work very seriously.

"Are there other foreigners here?" I asked.

"No."

"It must be very lonely," I said.

"I think I prefer it so," he answered, looking at one of the pictures on the wall. "They 'd only be business people, and you know"—he smiled—"they have n't much use for missionaries. And they 're not so intellectual that it is a great hardship to be deprived of their company."

"And of course we 're not really alone, you know," said Mrs. Wingrove. "We have two evangelists, and then there are two young ladies who teach. And there are the school-children."

Tea was brought in, and we gossiped desultorily. Mr. Wingrove seemed to speak with effort, and I had increasingly that feeling in him of perturbed repression. He had pleasing manners and was certainly trying to be cordial, and yet I had a sense of effort. I led the conversation to Oxford, mentioning various friends whom he might know.

"It 's so long since I left home," he said, "and I have n't kept up with any one. There 's a great deal of work in a mission like this and it absorbs one."

I thought he was exaggerating a little, so I remarked:

"Well, by the number of books you have I take it that you get a certain amount of time for reading."

"I very seldom read," he answered with abruptness, in a voice that I knew already was not quite his own.

I was a little surprised, and now I began to be more puzzled. There was

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something odd about the man. At last, as was inevitable, I suppose, he began to talk about the Chinese. Mrs. Wingrove said the same things about them that I had already heard so many missionaries say. They were a lying people, untrustworthy, cruel, and dirty; but a faint light was visible in the east. Though the results of missionary endeavor were not very noteworthy as yet, the future was promising. They no longer believed in their old gods, and the power of the literati was broken. It is an attitude of mistrust and dislike tempered by optimism. But Mr. Wingrove mitigated his wife's strictures. He dwelt on the good nature of the Chinese, on their devotion to their parents and their love for their children.

"Mr. Wingrove won't hear a word against the Chinese," said his wife; "he simply loves them."

"I think they have great qualities," he said. "You can't walk through those crowded streets of theirs without having that impressed on you."

"I don't believe Mr. Wingrove notices the smells." His wife laughed.

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a young woman came in. She had the long skirts and the unbound feet of the native Christian, and on her face a look that was at once cringing and sullen. She said something to Mrs. Wingrove. I happened to catch sight of Mr. Wingrove's face. When he saw her there passed over it an expression of the most intense physical repulsion. It was distorted as though by an odor that nauseated him, and then immediately the look vanished, and his lips twitched to a pleasant smile; but the effort was too great, and he showed only a tortured grimace. I looked at him with amazement. Mrs. Wingrove, with an "Excuse me," got up and left the room.

"That is one of our teachers," said Mr. Wingrove in that same set voice which had puzzled me before. "She 's invaluable. I put infinite reliance on her. She has a very fine character."

Then, I hardly know why, in a flash I saw the truth; I saw the disgust in his soul for all that his will loved. I was filled with the excitement which an explorer may feel when, after an arduous journey, he comes upon a country with features new and unexpected. Those tortured eyes explained themselves, the unnatural voice, the measured restraint with which he praised, that air he had of a hunted man. Notwithstanding all he said, he hated the Chinese with a hatred beside which his wife's distaste was insignificant. When he walked through the teeming streets of the city, it was an agony to him; his missionary life revolted him; his soul was like the raw shoulders of the coolies, and the carrying-pole burned the bleeding wound. He would not go home because he could not bear to see again what he cared for so much; he would not read his books because they reminded him of the life he loved so passionately; and perhaps he had married that vulgar wife in order to cut himself off more resolutely from a world that his every instinct craved. He martyred his tortured soul with a passionate exasperation.

I tried to see how the call had come. I think that for years he had been completely happy in his easy ways at Oxford, and he had loved his work, with its pleasant companionship, his books, his holidays in France and Italy. He was a contented man and asked nothing better than to spend the rest

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of his days in just such a fashion; but I know not what obscure feeling had gradually taken hold of him that his life was too lazy, too contented. I think he was always a religious man, and perhaps some early belief, instilled into him in childhood and long forgotten, of a jealous God who hated his creatures to be happy on earth, rankled in the depths of his heart; I think, because he was so well satisfied with his life, he began to think it was sinful. A restless anxiety seized him. Whatever he thought with his intelligence, his instincts began to tremble with the dread of eternal punishment. I do not know what put the idea of China into his head, but at first he must have thrust it aside with violent repulsion; and perhaps the very violence of his repulsion impressed the idea on him, for he found it haunting him. I think he said that he would not go, but I think he felt that he would have to. God was pursuing him, and wherever he hid himself, God followed. With his reason he struggled, but with his heart he was caught. He could not help himself. At last he gave in.

I knew I should never see him again, and I had not the time to wait before a reasonable familiarity would permit me to talk of more intimate matters.

"Tell me," I said, "do you believe God will condemn the Chinese to eternal punishment if they don't accept Christianity?"

I am sure my question was crude and tactless, for the old man in him tightened his lips. But he answered.

"The whole teaching of the gospel forces one to that conclusion. There is not a single argument that people have adduced to the contrary which has the force of the plain words of Jesus Christ."

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New Peons for Old

A Decade of Revolution in Mexico

By FRAZIER HUNT

Drawings by HOWARD W. WILLARD

I ALMOST missed finding the real story of Mexico. For days and weeks I talked with Mexican officials and American business men and Tampico's oil managers and the run of the Mexico City clubs in general.

They told me a score and one stories: the present Government of Mexico was a dangerous, fiery red, as red as Moscow and twice as dangerous; Mexico was on the highroad to happiness and prosperity; nothing could save Mexico but for the United States to take over the country; the oil-wells of Tampico were growing salty, and in a few years more would be useless, and thus the Mexican problem would be settled for good and all; the peons were in worse condition than ever before; Obregon was the greatest man in the world; Obregon was a one-armed villain.

I listened respectfully, and then went on my way and looked further. I knew that somewhere there was a real Mexican story, but it was as elusive as all truth is. Then one day I bumped straight into it.

It was in the corridor of the Regis Hotel in Mexico City. A little gray-haired lady who has seen more plain hell than Foch, and dreamed more dreams than H. G. Wells, guided me into my story. Her name was Mother Jones, and it 's a right name: she mothers half the world—the lower half.

She led me straight to a man in "store clothes" and a flannel shirt. His face was lined with deep sun wrinkles, and his eyes were gentle and smiling. He had worked in mines in Arizona in his younger days and he could stumble along with English.

"Here 's one of my boys," she said, petting the miner's arm as she spoke. "If you want something about Mexico, he 'll give it to you."

I led him up to my room and seated him in the one big chair.

"You 're a miner," I began.

"*Si*, but mine in Sonora he shut down, and work finished. For five, six months no work. Miners no got dollars; *niñas* hungry, womans crying. So I say, 'I go *Ciudad Mexico*, see General Calles, and he give us farm for work. Last week I come here and see *mi general*. He take me in his automobile to *Secretario* Villareal, and he say: 'Sure; we give you miners land. You mus' work or starve. You work for yourself. We give you big farm, you make small farms, and you miners go work on own farms.' "

My friend sat back in his chair and lit a fresh cigarette. It was simple: men unemployed and hungry; well,

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put them to work on idle lands. Like the Russian proletariat, ninety per cent. of them had come from the farms; so they could go back to the farms now. The Government would sell them machinery and animals at cost and see them through to the time of the first crop. They could pay back in small payments through a period of years. Land that most of them had been dreaming of for half a dozen generations would be their own; they would become economically independent; they would become good citizens; they would want their children to go to school; they would want a voice in the affairs of their Government.

And this in Mexico, the land of

revolution and civil war and the *mañana* habit; worthless, drunken, vicious, ignorant, brutal Mexico!

The following day, in the tow of a fine, liberal, state-educated young Mexican, I started out to see the high officials of the Government. I had seen most of them before, but now I was to talk to them freely and honestly as fellow-men, not as politicians and statesmen.

Several days later, when we had finished the rounds, I took a train for the northwest and Villa and the great bandit colonies; then slowly I worked my way to the border and to the States.

Thus it was that I found the real story of these ten tremendous years of war and revolution. It meant a good deal to me, because I had a background of an old Mexico that distinctly was not concerned with miners and peons; that, instead, was loaded down with the weight of foreign interference, alien exploitation, and neglect of common millions.

In the glorious swash-buckling days of the empire I had gone to Mexico, and for three years had driven men and cattle alike on a sugar plantation. Fifty miles below me there were plantations where real peonage was practised, and a hundred miles away the Villa National, where men were lured, chained in gangs, slept in barb-wired and guarded corrals, and worked in steaming tobacco-fields until death broke their false contracts for them. Still farther down, in Yucatan, brave Yaqui Indians, with the hearts of lions, brought down in prison trains from the hills of Sonora, were beaten, worked, and killed in the henequen-plantations.

In those days I thought Diaz one of the great men of the world, wise, just, brave, the savior and maker of his country.

Then the revolution flared up, and one day my hero Diaz slipped out of Mexico City, and foolish, stupid Madero rode into power. The grizzled,

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unwashed men who rode with him were to me bandits, trouble-makers, the riffraff, the scourings of the country. If Madero was sincere, he was the one upright man among a hundred thousand scoundrels.

Then the revolution and unrest hit my part of the country, and I left between suns, hating Madero and his revolution and his revolutionists, and bringing out with me the story of a stupid Madero and his brutal bandits riding their stolen horses behind a banner of false revolution.

That was ten years ago. Now I have again come out from adventuring in Mexico, but this time there is another story that I have to tell.

Down in a little village in the State of Vera Cruz there is a public plaza that ten years ago had two circular promenade-walks, one for the gentry in shoes and rebozos, and the other for the peons in blankets and sandals. To-day the peons' walk is overgrown with grass and weeds, and on colorful tropical nights the whole village strolls where only the high and royal dared tread a decade ago.

That, for me at least, is a part of the real story of Mexico. It is the story of human beings dreaming and fighting and struggling for elusive bits of freedom and self-respect—for things they cannot pronounce, but things out of which they unconsciously know they have been cheated.

Mexico's revolution is only one quarter won. There is education to be gained, economic freedom to be secured, real political expression to be voiced. The revolution may be over, and the evolution now under way.

From a constructive point of view the French Revolution failed because for hundreds of years the common people had absolutely no experience in local or national self-government, no training in coöperative and voluntary unions. The success of the Russian Revolution was brought about not only because of the thrilling moving

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idea that gave it fire, but because for generations the peasants of Russia not only had had their own great coöperative organizations in smooth working order, but because they had already tasted the flavor of local self-government and had trained themselves for it.

Mexico's fifteen million peons are exactly in the same condition as the French peasants of a century and a quarter ago, still dependent on their leaders, many of whom are selfish and ambitious men. As yet they have won few of the things they dreamed of, but these years of struggle and revolution have brought them an abiding sense of freedom and a conviction of their inalienable right to enjoy freedom.

That is a great deal, but, after all, it is still primarily a question of leadership. Their revolutionary evolution, or their evolutionary revolution, just as you choose, can be tragically retarded or brilliantly advanced by the wrong or the right leaders at this moment.

Mexican political leaders to-day form a triangle, one might almost say the eternal political triangle. On one side are certain conservative, reactionary forces more or less represented in the present cabinet by such figures as Alberto Pani, the secretary for foreign affairs, and Zubáran Campmany, secretary for commerce. Behind this group are alined the great land and money interests of Mexico, the half-feudal Mexico of the past.

A second side of the triangle is painted a vivid socialistic red, and is composed of radicals and liberals, such as General Plutarco Elias Calles, present head of the cabinet; Adolfo de la Huerta, with the important portfolio of finance tucked under his arm; José Vasconcelos, head of the department of education; Antonio Villareal, secretary of agriculture; with radical figures like Luis N. Morones, head of Mexican labor, Felipe Carrillo, firebrand leader from Yucatan, Samuel O. Yudico, and a hundred more real revolutionists behind them. They are the fighting left wing of the Government.

In between, forming the third angle of our triangle, is President Obregon, shrewd, capable, hard-working, with a good set of brains and a strong and willing left hand. He has already given his right arm for country and revolution.

It is a difficult task that President Obregon had wished upon himself, this harmonizing white Mexico with red Mexico. It is carrying water on both shoulders. But if there is any single figure in Mexico to-day who can do this difficult task successfully, it is this man from Sonora. That is generally recognized by every fair-minded observer below the Rio Grande. He apparently holds for the moment the confidence of both ends.

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He is a fighter and a politician, which is another way of saying that he is both a brave man and a willing compromiser. He stands in the middle of a bridge, with capable forces on both bridge-heads that are quite willing to blow him up if he makes a false step.

He is what we Americans love to call "a strong man." He does n't hesitate to order some revolting general parked up against a handy stone wall and bumped off in approved style. And, by the same token, he does n't hesitate to protect Mexican labor against old-fashioned methods of discipline.

But his troubles are legion. Not only does he face continual friction within his own cabinet, but he must attempt to win over and placate American big business,—ranch- and mine-owners, railroad bondsmen, and, most of all, oil investors,— and at the same time give positive assurance to his own people that he is n't doing this.

Whatever conscious public opinion there is in Mexico to-day, and it is decidedly a growing factor, it is against the trading of any Mexican rights for recognition. Over Mexico there is a determined spirit of nationalism that refuses to be bought or bullied by the big "brother" to the north.

If Obregon pleases Washington and Wall Street, he faces what might easily prove a brand-new upheaval and the fate of Carranza. If he continues to make dramatic Mexican gestures with his one remaining good arm, there will be no recognition, no financial arrangement, no rebuilding of physical Mexico. Why anybody wants to be President of Mexico is more than I know.

But there are thousands or hundreds of thousands who do. It is my opinion that General Calles is one. Apparently, he is absolutely loyal to Obregon, but he is far more loyal to his revolution and what it stood for.

To me Calles is the most interesting figure in Mexico City. In the old

days he had been a school-teacher in the hills of Sonora. His eyes now have an odd squint about them, like

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those of a man of the great West looking across hills or deserts, and like those of a dreamer looking across years into the future.

His face is hard, with deep seams that sun and wind and exposure have left: his voice is rough and heavy; his manner is brusque and almost brutal. And yet you would know him for a school-teacher and a dreamer. I do not believe he would hesitate to kill a man with his own hands, and yet I am sure he would willingly sacrifice his life to help the peons of his Sonora hills.

It was Calles who, as minister of war under President de la Huerta, did most of the dreaming of the schemes of disbanding parts of the army and putting the men of the land in "bandit colonies." I asked him how he happened to figure it out.

"Nothing could have been simpler," he answered me with a trace of impatience. "These common men had been fighting for ten years for land; therefore it was the natural thing to give it to them. They 're happy now."

Calles is almost as direct about everything else. He knows what he wants Mexico to want. I do not know how much patience he will have. He understands things, anyway, and by "things" I mean the power of the United States over Mexico for both good and evil. He appreciates what the displeasure of Washington means and how far Mexican labor, for instance, may expect to go before American capital in Mexico screams for help. He is a wise man in a country where wisdom is at a great premium.

There are a few other wise men there. One of them is Secretary de la Huerta. During the six months between the death of Carranza in May, 1920, and the inauguration of Obregon in November, he was provisional president. Later, when Obregon selected his cabinet, he was made secretary of finance. This means that such delicate and all important questions as the

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changing of the constitution to suit the Tampico oil magnates, the handling of the international financial situation, and the whole Mexican currency proposition must be directed by him.

Now, Secretary de la Huerta has a strange combination of Yaqui Indian, Spanish, and Polish Jewish blood racing through his veins. He is not a soldier, but he is everything else. He is a socialist, an internationalist, a laborite, a radical of fairly crimson tint, and an extremely brilliant and shrewd financier.

He stands four-square with Calles, at least at present. They are the heavy-weights of the left wing—they and Luis Morones, the labor leader.

Morones wears checked suits, silk shirts, and a heavy caliber revolver, and has one bad eye. He *is* Mexican union labor; he 's the parent and the child rolled in one. And Mexican union labor is a power that is the unknown quantity in the political and revolutionary life of the country.

When the Carranza revolution, which is hopefully referred to as "the last revolution," came along, it was the power of action and the power of sabotage of the union labor in Mexico City that finished Carranza's slender chances. Mexican labor has neither the organization nor the discipline that Petrograd and Moscow radical labor had in those terrific days of 1917, when armed workmen swung the revolution the way they wished, but it is growing in the consciousness of its power. It has its friends at court to-day. It is a conscious part of the Government.

No longer are striking workers shot down by machine-guns, as they were in the old days of Porfirio Diaz, and they know it. They tell a story around Mexico City about Celestino Gasca, at one time a shoemaker and now governor of the federal district. During a railroad strike Gasca was told to order out his troops to put down the strike.

"I resign my office," he replied. "I am a workman first and a governor afterward."

With such men in strongly intrenched official positions, Morones advances with his great labor movement. In every industry and craft the movement is being pushed. Even the plantation workers are being effectively organized, and in certain quarters they have secured increased wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions.

Morones is admittedly a radical, and so is Felipe Carrillo of Yucatan. Felipe is a tall, dashing, fighting leader. He plunges ahead by instinct. I mean he has no background of radical training or education, but takes the side of the oppressed. Now it is of the Indian peons in his own beloved State of Yucatan.

I have just stopped my writing and gone over the last two or three pages, and found the word "socialists" used four times. That is too many these days, unless I wish to leave the impression that Mexico is about to blossom out into a brilliant socialist Utopia, and I decidedly do not wish to leave any such idea.

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But there is a considerable portion of the city working population that has been thrilled by the promises of radical agitators. After all, to thousands of these peons socialism is a magic word, and common people over the whole world must live and die by magic words. In Siberia I found ignorant Russian peasants speaking of the soviet as the great magic healer of their trampled lives. It was a word to conjure with; a word that opened up a vision of some heaven on earth to them.

And so it is down below the Rio Grande. They have had their own magic words there. For ten years there were *"tierra y libertad,"*—"land and freedom,"—just as for half a century Russian peasants found hope in the two words *"Zemla e svoboda"*—"land and freedom."

Now many of these peons are taking fresh hope from the magic word "socialism." Down in the steaming henequen-fields of Yucatan seventy-five per cent. of the Indian peons joined an actual Socialist party, and in their hat-bands wore a bit of red pasteboard, a magic charm that would bring them happiness and land and plenty of food.

Mexico has only fairly started on the long climb upward, but she does have these magic shibboleths that make the trail seem shorter and the burdens lighter. After all, there are many short cuts, but there are some bad bits of road that must be traversed. There is the road of education, for example.

Mexico is making frantic efforts to pave this now. A young man with a great vision is going about the job. His name is José Vasconcelos and he dreams of a school in every Indian pueblo in every State in Mexico.

"As a start, we are sending traveling teachers to the Indian villages who take three or four of the brightest Indian girls and train them," he explained to me. "These girls in turn open little village schools and teach the rudiments of reading and writing in Spanish.

"In thirty different cities," he went on, "we are opening up manual training schools for the poor children—free schools that will help to give Mexico young men and women with a trade mastered."

Then he dreamed for me a scheme of placing a library of one hundred standard books in every village. Young Mexican artists would travel about the country, teaching the natives basket weaving and pottery decorations and other native arts. Small traveling orchestras, with their expenses partly paid by the Government and with free transportation, would bring ideas of good music into the villages of these music-loving peoples. In Mexico City, Guadalajara, Yucatan, and Monterey

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there would be great national universities.

It was an inspiring dream, and possibly, for the time being, it will prove only that. And maybe it will come true, as other dreams in Mexico have come true. There was the dream of putting the soldiers on the land, for example. That came true with a bang.

On December 1, 1920, the regular army of Mexico consisted of 338 generals, 15,891 colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants, and 77,295 soldiers. This was only the regular army. Following the defeat of Carranza, thousands of revolutionists and so-called bandits gladly made terms with the new Government and for the moment became a part of the army. This move was necessary for two reasons: first, it secured a livelihood through military pay for these men who had been following war for years; secondly, it brought these armed men under military discipline and government control.

This enrolling of all the revolutionary anti-Carranza forces raised the

grand total of the army on the first of 1921 to 669 generals, 18,992 officers, and 93,132 men. To keep this force going, an appropriation of 131,000,000 pesos for the army and 35,000,000 for the arsenals was necessary out of a total federal appropriation of 270,000,000, or more than fifty per cent. of the total government income.

Drastic methods were decided upon. A triple plan was worked out whereby first of all there was to be a decrease through voluntary discharge. This was to be further augmented by forced discharge of all incompetent soldiers and officers who could not establish their rank; but the real solution was the formation of a number of soldier agriculture colonies.

The words "Bandit colonies" have a rather bad sting to them, but not down in Mexico. For ten years the difference between "bandits" and "rev-

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olutionists" was all a matter of point of view. Thus these colonists might just as well be called "revolutionary colonies."

And the big thing about them is that they have actually been formed and are really working. Thousands of soldiers who for years have been following the trade of fighting, with the dream of land always somewhere in the background, have been put on the land in colonies, supplied with the tools of farming, and financially backed and cared for by the Government. Mexican swords have actually been beaten into plowshares and pruning-hooks—and books and pencils; for moneys saved by army disarmament automatically go into education.

I know of no greater adventure in pioneering than this back-to-the-land movement of these soldiers who have been fighting for years that land and some intangible, indefinite something called "freedom" might be theirs. Villa is one of them—Pancho Villa, despised bandit or beloved knight, just as you choose. I looked up Villa in his own private colony.

For three long, dusty days I rode north from Mexico City, then took an eight-hour ride on a bumpy railroad to the filthy little mud village of Rosario in the hills of northern Durango: then rode six hours in a rickety, high-wheeled vehicle behind mangy, dwarfed mules.

There, in a long, one-storied adobe house, nestling against a great brown adobe church, I found Don Pancho. In soiled shirt, beltless, baggy trousers and with the grimy hands of a Mexican rancher, he greeted me in the doorway of his bedroom. He was a two-hundred-pound man, with crumpled black hair, a well trimmed mustache, a great handsome head, with unusually high forehead and remarkable black eyes.

He was friendly and hospitable. We sat down in his bedroom for a while, and then he led me out of the room to the patio and through a gateway to a long shed where he kept the farming implements that the Government had given him. Villa was proud of them. He slipped into the seat of a baby tractor and threw on a lever. He petted it almost as he would have petted a horse. For a while he talked of the ranch and then, forgetful of his leg, he jumped down from the tractor and led the way to his blacksmith-shop.

The door was unfastened, and nothing was locked or even bolted.

With the pride of a boy, Villa pointed to the open door.

"See, it 's unlocked; everything is safe around here. You could leave your coat and purse anywhere, and it would never be touched."

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I muttered words of praise while he led the way to the front of the church. A score of men were lounging about, and half a dozen were standing just within the entrance, in front of an improvised store counter. They were making Sunday morning purchases.

We edged our way past the counter to the inside of the church. Everywhere were piled bags of corn, cans of lard, and tools.

There was no light burning, or clean altar-cloth. Still, the statuary and pictures had been left undamaged. Villa pointed to the sacred pictures.

"When I came here, those poor fellows were thin and hungry," he said. "See how fat they are since I brought in all this corn and food."

He smiled, and led me out of the church, down a filthy, narrow mud street, through a large door into a big patio surrounded by a line of rooms made of adobe brick.

"This is to be our school," he said, with tremendous pride. "I 'm fixing it up as fast as I can. Everything is tumbled down, and the roofs have fallen in; but I am repairing them, and in a few weeks we shall have a school here with four teachers. It 's going to be the best school I know how to start, and every child on this ranch is going to attend. Schools are what Mexico needs above everything else. If I was at the head of things, I would put plenty of schools in the cities and towns, and besides I 'd put a school on every hacienda and ranch.

"Poor, ignorant Mexico!" he said slowly. "Until they have education, nothing much can be done. I know. I was twenty-five before I could sign my own name. And I know what it is to try to help people who can't understand what you are trying to do for them. I fought ten years for them. I had a principle. I fought ten years so that the poor man could live as a human being should, have his land, send his children to school, and enjoy human freedom. But most of them were too ignorant to understand my ideas. That 's the reason I quit fighting. I kept fighting as long as Carranza was in power, but now, with Obregon at the head, I 'd be doing more harm than good. So I 've quit. Nothing can ever be done until the common people of Mexico are educated. Education comes first of all—education and the land for the peons. The other things must wait."

And poor ignorant Pancho Villa was right. Real liberty, real democracy, real independence, must wait.

It was Pancho Villa talking, but his was the voice of all Mexico crying out for new peons for old.

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President Harding *versus* Senator Harding

By A. MAURICE LOW, *Author of* "THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: A STUDY IN NATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY"

TO the foreign student of American politics, one whose knowledge of the subject is practical rather than theories learned from books, nothing more pointedly marks the difference between the British and American systems than the gradual rise of an Englishman to the premiership and the sudden leap of an American to the eminence of the White House. It is not only the difference in political thought, but it is the difference in temperament. More than once the Englishman has made a leap in the dark, but never willingly. He is perhaps the greatest adventurer the world has ever known, but he displays a peculiar timidity when it comes to venturing in men. He insists upon being properly introduced, he wants to know much about a man whom he intrusts with his affairs; he may think the leader of the party to which he is opposed incompetent or untrustworthy, but despite his defects he has more confidence in him than in a man of whom he knows nothing. Of the one man he knows the worst, of the other he knows nothing. He dislikes to yield certainty for chance.

The American, on the other hand, does not adventure greatly, but he is the greatest gambler on earth in men. His trust is almost the ingenuousness of a child. He puts men in high places, he surrenders to them the welfare and destinies of the country on faith. He takes for granted what perhaps it would be better if he acquired by knowledge. He accepts implicitly their patriotism, wisdom, and devotion. The Presidency has raised more than one man from obscurity; every cabinet has a fair sprinkling of men whose reputation is only local. The system would be impossible in Europe, and it is doubtful if it could be made to work; in America, all things considered, it has worked fairly well and brought to the front the representative average.

Mr. Harding came to the Presidency not an obscure man, but a man almost unknown to his countrymen. Until his nomination his name meant nothing outside of a small political circle. He was not a national figure; when he spoke he commanded no great audience. He served his novitiate under the narrowing influence of state politics; he was a member of the legislature, lieutenant-governor. Then for nearly ten years he disappeared from politics and was almost forgotten by even that small public that once was his, to emerge again as a senator from his State. In the Senate no great legislative act was associated with his name. Yet he was nominated and elected, and the people, after his

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nomination and election and before his induction into office, believed they knew him. In this belief they were sincere. There was a popular conception of the man, his mind, and his temperament. I shall endeavor to show how incorrect the popular conception was as proved by the first year of President Harding's administration.

§ 2

The popular conception of Mr. Harding was a large-hearted, amiable, and somewhat pleasure-loving man to whom popularity was so dear that he would not willingly lose a friend and would do much to avoid making an enemy; who, physically and intellectually indolent, would follow the line of least resistance and would be satisfied to have his thinking done for him by others. Having been a senator and owing his nomination to a group of senators, as the public was led to believe, he would exalt the power of the Senate and be subservient to the senators who were his political creators. The White House under the new régime was to be a senatorial regency; a few senators would dictate, and the President would cheerfully obey their commands.

This may have been a correct appraisement of the character of Mr. Harding in his pre-Presidential days, but unless the belief in miracles still exists, one must doubt. Only a miracle could have wrought such a change in the Harding of the Senate and the Harding of the White House. A man's character does not alter after he has reached a certain age; especially is it too rigid for a radical modification to be possible in a few months. A man may reform, he may cast off certain habits, he may adjust himself to new conditions, but the foundation on which character rests, the spiritual and the mental, remains constant. The public believed it knew the man whom it had elected President, and it knew him not at all.

As a senator Mr. Harding had joined in the denunciation of Mr. Wilson. That was natural. Mr. Harding was a good party man. The Democratic party was Mr. Wilson; to defeat the Democratic party Mr. Wilson must be destroyed. Mr. Wilson was an "autocrat" and had treated the Senate with contempt; autocracy is a terrifying word to affright those children of larger growth easily to be persuaded by phrases. Hence autocracy must be uprooted and the "Senate restored to its proper place in the Constitution"; otherwise liberty would perish and those "glorious sacrifices" so dear to perfervid oratory would have been made in vain. Mr. Wilson, knave or fool according to taste, had tried to tie the virile body of America to the corruption of Europe, and only the patriotism of the Senate had prevented such an unholy union. Mr. Harding was a member of the Foreign Relations Committee and trained with its dominant element. He was against the Versailles treaty and the League of Nations because his party was. He was in favor of the reservations because the majority was. In a word, he was a sound party man in good standing who subscribed to its articles of faith and accepted them as his code.

§ 3

Mr. Harding's affiliations were with the Senate; it was the Senate that had made possible his elevation to the

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Presidency; consequently, it was a matter of course that he would continue to look upon the Senate as the great power in Government, and while sitting in the White House would administer the Government as if he were still in the Senate. People who said this, and they were many, prominent public men and great newspaper editors among others, honest enough in their beliefs, no doubt, showed a peculiar ignorance of human nature. "No woman dresses below her station," said Lamb, and the same impulse that prevents a woman from cheapening herself restrains a man from disparaging his own dignity. Mr. Harding had been a senator and was now President; was it likely that instead of being the first he would voluntarily become a fraction of the ninety-six?

People still believe that Mr. Harding is a naïve person, in his simplicity almost unsophisticated. On December 6, 1920, then the President elect and still a senator, he went to the Senate to deliver his farewell address, that being the last time he was to appear in the chamber by right as one of its members. "I am conscious," he said, "of the great place which Congress holds under our Constitution, and particularly sensible to the obligations of the Senate. When my responsibilities begin in the executive capacity, I shall be as mindful of the Senate's responsibilities as I have been zealous of them as a member, but I mean, at the same time, to be just as insistent about the responsibilities of the executive."

Why should he consider it necessary to give this warning? Mr. Harding was not ignorant of the relation he was supposed to hold to the Senate, or the assumption that the Presidency, to use the English expression, was "in commission," to be administered by half a dozen self-appointed senators as commissioners. He had served notice that the Senate was mistaken, and any senator who had his feelings hurt because he disregarded the warning and presumed upon his power would have only himself to blame.

In the spring of last year Mr. Harding again reminded the Senate that the line of demarcation was sharply drawn between the province of the legislature and the executive. Mr. Borah was pressing his resolution to authorize the President to invite Great Britain and Japan to discuss the limitation of naval armaments. Mr. Harding was not supposed to be in sympathy with the project, and there was a good deal of speculation as to the action he would take. One day at the White House he casually announced to the newspaper men (Mr. Harding has a habit of making important announcements almost casually) that he was taking "unofficial soundings." Was that in consequence of the Borah resolution? he was asked, to which he replied that the President needed no authority from Congress to initiate negotiations, as the conduct of foreign relations, under the Constitution, was lodged exclusively in the hands of the President. It was a gentle hint to the Senate to remember its place, yet neither the hint itself nor the manner of conveying it was offensive.

Mr. Harding does not like to be offensive. When the public summed him up as a man who would rather have a friend than make an enemy it hit by a sort of blind instinct upon one side of his character, which is his

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weakest. The duty of a President, I believe, after having watched many Presidents in office, is to give less thought to the retention of friendships and more to the making of enemies when it is for the public good. A senator may have friends, and no one cares, but for a President to surround himself with the same intimates may be to his discredit. Nor should a President flinch from making enemies. Mr. Harding has shown a singular timidity in dealing with Congress.

It is impossible for a President, if his administration is to be a success, to content himself with playing the part of a moderator, for the President is the political head of his party, who must lead as well as direct. Distasteful as it may be to the American, who in some respects has a false conception of democracy, no President can escape what is forced upon him by the peculiarities of the political system which he administers. He must either be a dictator and the manager of his party, bending Congress to his own will and compelling obedience to his program, or he pronounces himself a failure. For in America there is only a single national figure. It is the President. It is the President to whom the country looks, it is the President whom the country holds responsible. The country may agree that Congress is incompetent, that it is inefficient, it may freely recognize its laches, but that does not exculpate the President. The failure of Congress to respond to the popular demand is always the failure of the President; the President is held to have failed in not having been determined enough or adroit enough to force Congress to enact the required legislation. Congress does not easily yield to what is known as "Presidential dictation," but a great President—Lincoln is a preëminent example—considers not the susceptibilities of Congress, but the welfare of the people.

Mr. Harding has not been the master of Congress; rather he has been its subject. He has condoned insubordination when to palter with discipline was to encourage resistance. Congress has trifled and dawdled; without leadership seemingly it has drifted with no settled policy, and has little to show in the way of legislative accomplishment. Unless Mr. Harding quickly takes a firmer control of Congress, the country will resent his administration.

§ 4

Man is always the grain of sand in the wheels of chance. He carefully plans his future, and he is confounded by the sport of chance. Mr. Harding was nominated because he was a safe man; "a typical American" his supporters said, who would concern himself little with the affairs of Europe or the rest of the world, but whose chief charge would be America. I recall a remark made to me at the San Francisco convention immediately after the nomination of Cox.

"Harding will be elected," said an acute observer of politics, "because the country wants a sedative. It is tired of Europe and the war, Bolshevism, upper Silesia, and boundary-lines. It did its bit in the war, but it never promised to clean up the mess; that 's for Europe to attend to. The people would rather have as President a man who knows the name of the sheriff of his county than the names of the presidents of the newly created republics. That 's Harding."

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The administration that was to make domestic policies its solicitude and leave international politics severely alone has, ironically enough, originated no great constructive legislation during the first year of its existence, but has been the center of the world's attention through its foreign policy. Mr. Harding marks a new era in American history. He has dared to disregard a tradition more than a century old. That for which his party condemned Mr. Wilson Mr. Harding boldly and courageously has made his own. A policy of "Americanism," which meant isolation, has been transformed into a policy of internationalism and participation in the affairs of the world as they affect American interests.

The time has not yet come to write the story of the conference on the limitation of armament. It is too soon. To-day it is possible only to comment on the early phases of the conference.

Originally, Mr. Harding was not a "little navy" man. His associations and affiliations were with the men who believed that the American Navy should be second to none. He showed on more than one occasion that he had no sympathy with the sentiment that was sweeping the country in favor of naval reduction. On December 3, 1920, at Norfolk, on his return from Panama, the President elect said: "I want to acclaim the day when America is the most eminent of the maritime nations. A big navy and a big merchant marine are necessary to the future of the country." Later on the same day, addressing the naval recruits, he said he wanted a nation "everlastingly determined to defend its commerce and its rights." The following April, after reviewing the Atlantic Fleet at Norfolk, he addressed its officers. "The United States," the President declared, "does not want anything on earth not rightfully our own, no territories, no payment of tribute; but we do want that which is righteously our own, and, by the eternal, we mean to have that." Some persons read into this speech a covert warning to one of the European nations. If the President had an ulterior purpose, he left it to conjecture.

Nor so far as the public could know did Mr. Harding favor the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance through an arrangement which should transform the dual alliance into an agreement adhered to by the United States. On this subject he had not placed himself on record until the Washington conference had been in session for more than three weeks, when the signing of the Four Power Treaty was public announcement of his attitude. That treaty would seem to be in flat contradiction to the position he took when as a senator he opposed the Treaty of Versailles and during the campaign denounced the Covenant of the League of Nations.

§ 5

How shall these apparent inconsistencies be reconciled? Do they indicate that Mr. Harding is without convictions except as they are subordinated by political expediency, or is he able to persuade himself that the thing that is moral when sanctioned by him is unmoral when advanced by the opposition?

Mr. Harding has been accused of being an opportunist. It is an accusation easily brought; it is the same

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indictment that has been framed against every statesman ancient or modern. Used as a term of reproach, it conveys the implication that a man has no fixed principles, that deep in his soul he has no beliefs; like Peter he would deny if it would save him, and like Paul he would be all things to all men if it would help him. To be uncompromising is magnificent as a theoretical virtue, but it is seldom that the business of statesmanship requires that a man shall become a martyr; rather it is his duty to bring about results. No honest man can surrender principles because there can be no flexibility about principles; but the man who is inflexible in his policy, who refuses to modify his plans because circumstances have changed, shows his narrowness and not his wisdom. Opportunism is merely the recognition of existing conditions and their acceptance. A military commander who would alter his plan of campaign in the midst of battle, and thereby win a great victory, would not be reviled for having an unstable mind, but, on the contrary, would be applauded as a genius quick enough to see his opportunity and seize it. That is opportunism, but it is only the civil commander who may not be an opportunist.

That Mr. Harding has modified his views cannot be questioned. It would be interesting to know whether the Harding foreign policy owes its authorship to the President himself or if it was suggested to him and he accepted it. For complete and authentic knowledge we must wait. My own opinion, based on something more authoritative than mere surmise, is that, as usually happens in all such matters, the Harding foreign policy is a composite; that it has been a growth rather than an inspiration; that in a measure it was forced upon Mr. Harding by circumstances over which he had no control; that his natural inclination was in the direction he has taken, and that he found ready and sympathetic support from the men on whose advice he chiefly relies.

The White House is a spiritual alembic. To one man the White House is satisfied ambition, to another it is the exercise of power, to still another it may be merely the gratification of inordinate vanity; but it is to be doubted if any man can go into the White House and, after he has been there a few weeks, not have a feeling of awe. It is much the same sensation, I think, most of us have when we are in the middle of the Atlantic. The immensity of space, the wide reach of waters, the trackless path, the night canopied in black with not even a star to give friendly encouragement, make man feel his littleness and bring home to him how puny his strength against the titanic forces of nature. That feeling of helplessness, that knowledge that he is such an insignificant atom in the hand of fate, no President, no matter how resolute or self-reliant, can escape.

In this connection an interesting observation was made by a senator who had been Mr. Harding's colleague. It was curious to note, he remarked, the religious strain that had developed in the President. This was early in the summer of last year. "It might have been there before, but if so, I never noticed it until after his election, and it appears to have become stronger since his inauguration." Was it the burden of the White House that made him turn to a higher power?

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Mr. Harding's mind is not philosophic. He is not, I believe, a deep student of history. But whatever his preconceived ideas or prejudices, the White House held him in its thrall. Facts dispelled his illusions. The world was in turmoil; more than half the world was in despair, and from despair to desperation is but a short step. The United States could not, even if it wished, turn its back on the world and remain a selfish and indifferent spectator of events. That which would have been possible ten years ago was now no longer possible. Not altruism, but necessity, was the force to motivate policies.

Mr. Harding, or the men about him, took a large and generous view. Palliatives had been tried and brought no cure; the remedy, it was obvious, must be more drastic. Similar to the physician who has a desperate case, who knows the danger of using a powerful drug, but is courageous enough to risk it, Mr. Harding took the chance. The country had asked for relief from taxation; the people had said they were sick of war and wanted the dangers of war removed. Mr. Harding took them at their word. He had given proofs of his sincerity; now let the country show that it was equally sincere. When Mr. Hughes on the twelfth of last November announced the American naval program it was one of the dramatic moments in history. Only a man with great imagination could have conceived a coup so startling and yet so politically wise. The American Government disarmed itself at the outset. It kept nothing back. It held nothing in reserve with which to bargain. There was no opportunity for intrigue. Having given a pledge of good faith, the United States put all the other participating powers upon their honor. Either they must accept the American proposals or suffer the moral obloquy of being false to their professions of peace.

With the same directness, the same simplicity almost, Mr. Harding approached the problem of friction in the Pacific. America, mistakenly, I think, regarded the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as a menace. Whether or not it endangered American interests, it undoubtedly clouded the relations between the United States and Japan and put a strain upon Anglo-American intercourse. For reasons known to every one Great Britain could not abruptly terminate her alliance with Japan, but both nations were willing to transform the alliance into an understanding that should embrace the United States. A treaty involved risks; it would have to run the gantlet of public opinion and meet the reproaches of a certain element in the Senate, yet nothing less than a treaty would be sufficient. Mr. Harding did not hesitate. A big thing was to be done, and he did it generously. This is the lovable side of Mr. Harding. His heart is great, but I have repeatedly asked myself, Is his heart stout? That we shall know before long; we may know it even before this article is read. His test will come when he sends to the Senate the treaties ending the work of the conference. If he stands firm; if, should the necessity arise, he will forget party and his own future in defense of his principles, he will have written an imperishable name in history and be numbered among the few, the very few, great American Presidents, who, seeing largely, dared to do wisely.

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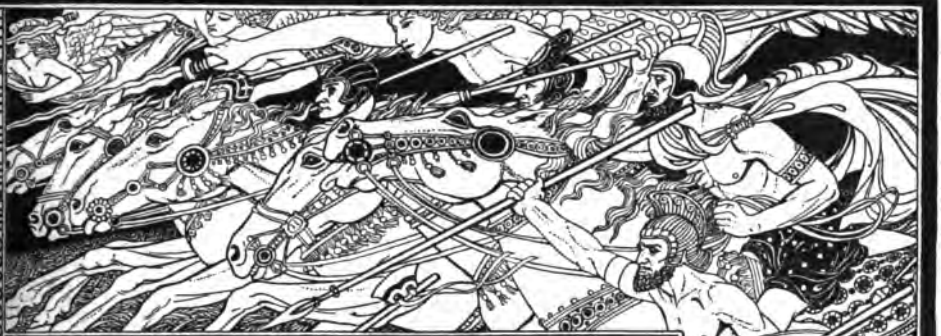

DAUGHTERS OF JEPHTHAH

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Dance!
Dance the crumbling world's expanse,
Dance the rhythms of this water,
Lift your arms in a wind of joy!
Which among you is Jephthah's daughter,
Dancing to destroy
Fears of sacrifice and slaughter,
Treading down death's arrogance?
Dance!
Dance the flaming heights of living,
Dance the broken depths of suffering!
Make your body sing the chants
Of love and lonely hunger, giving
All you are as offering!
Never spare yourselves; uncover
All that you have hushed and hidden,
Free as to an unforbidden
And awaited lover.
Whip the fires within you, burn
In a holy unconcern!
Purged of time and circumstance,
Dance!

Jephthah was Judge and chief in Israel;
His arm was iron, his voice a great bronze bell.
Alone, in passionate prayer upon the heights,
He saw the leagues of armored Ammonites,

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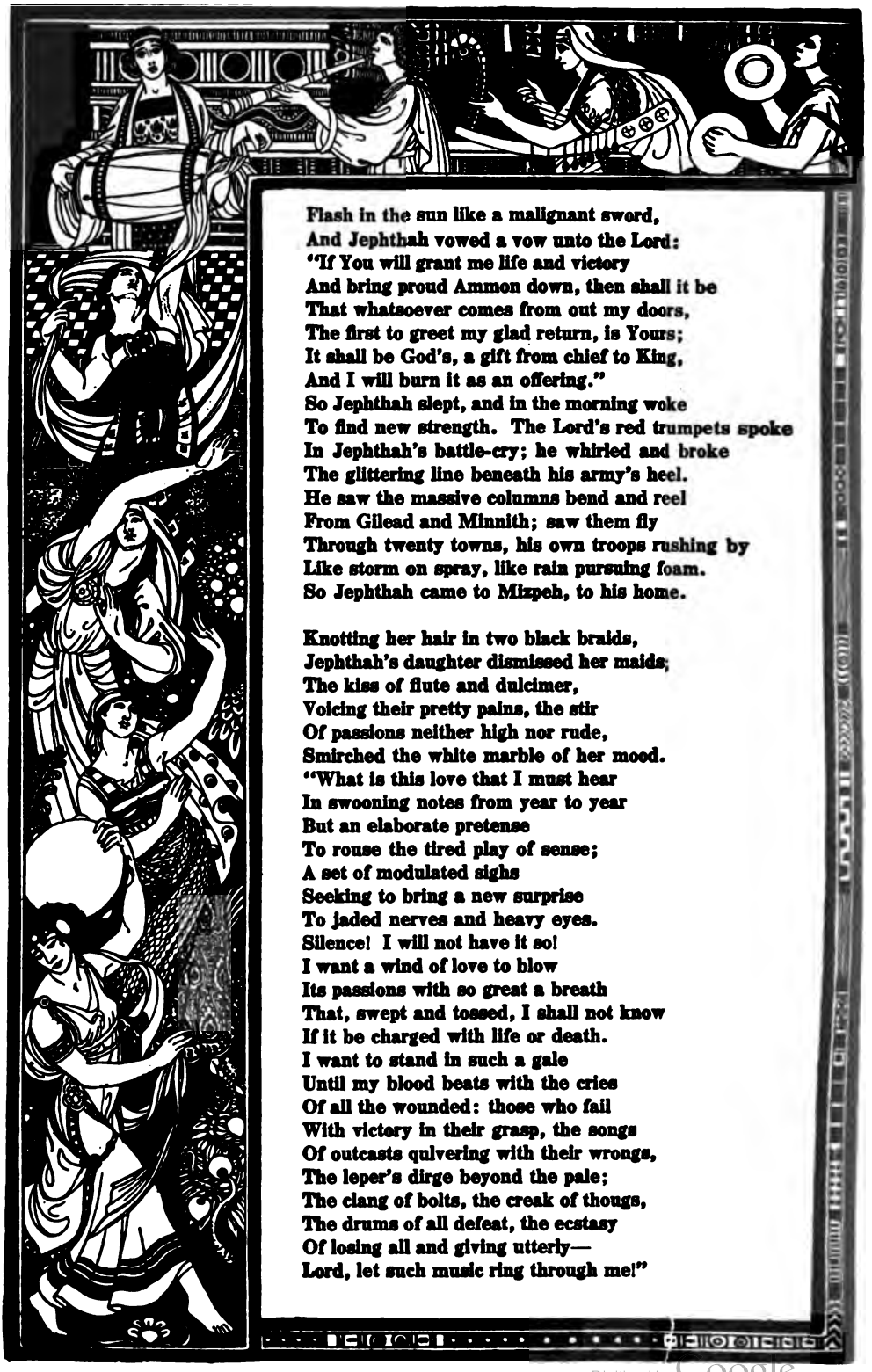

Flash in the sun like a malignant sword,
And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord:
"If You will grant me life and victory
And bring proud Ammon down, then shall it be
That whatsoever comes from out my doors,
The first to greet my glad return, is Yours;
It shall be God's, a gift from chief to King,
And I will burn it as an offering."
So Jephthah slept, and in the morning woke
To find new strength. The Lord's red trumpets spoke
In Jephthah's battle-cry; he whirled and broke
The glittering line beneath his army's heel.
He saw the massive columns bend and reel
From Gilead and Minnith; saw them fly
Through twenty towns, his own troops rushing by
Like storm on spray, like rain pursuing foam.
So Jephthah came to Mizpeh, to his home.

Knotting her hair in two black braids,
Jephthah's daughter dismissed her maids;
The kiss of flute and dulcimer,
Voicing their pretty pains, the stir
Of passions neither high nor rude,
Smirched the white marble of her mood.
"What is this love that I must hear
In swooning notes from year to year
But an elaborate pretense
To rouse the tired play of sense;
A set of modulated sighs
Seeking to bring a new surprise
To jaded nerves and heavy eyes.
Silence! I will not have it so!
I want a wind of love to blow
Its passions with so great a breath
That, swept and tossed, I shall not know
If it be charged with life or death.
I want to stand in such a gale
Until my blood beats with the cries
Of all the wounded: those who fail
With victory in their grasp, the songs
Of outcasts quivering with their wrongs,
The leper's dirge beyond the pale;
The clang of bolts, the creak of thougs,
The drums of all defeat, the ecstasy
Of losing all and giving utterly—
Lord, let such music ring through me!"

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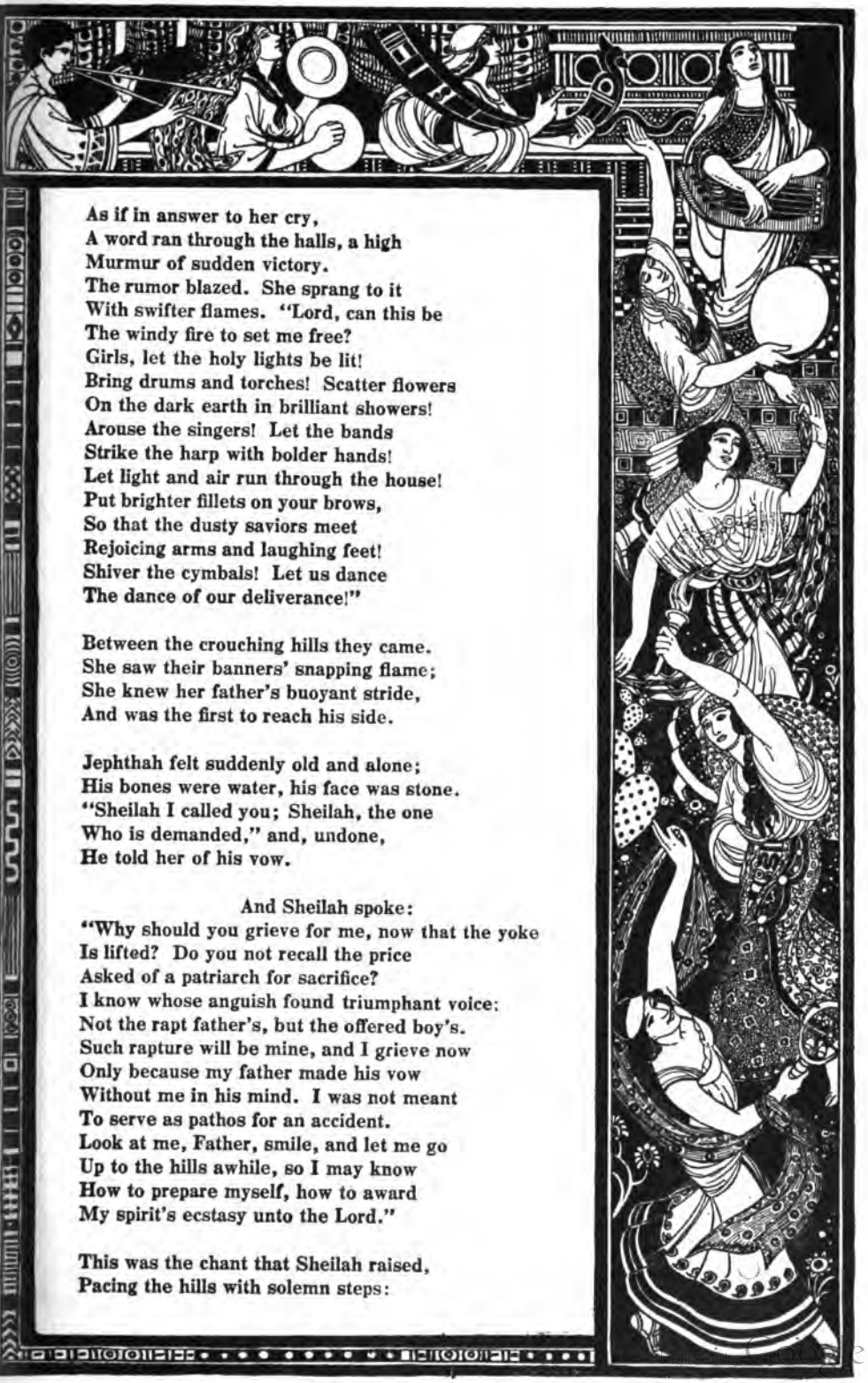


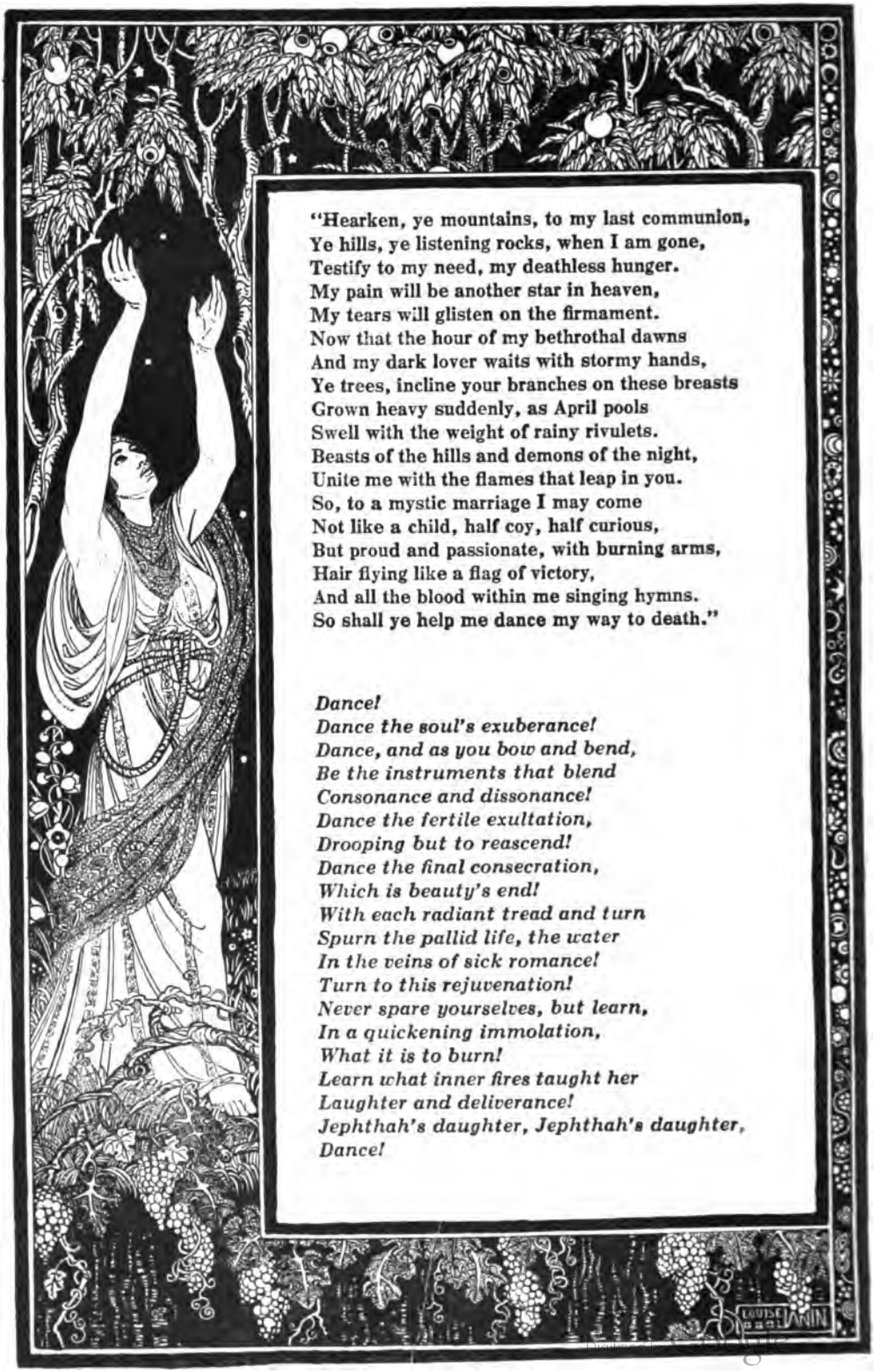
As if in answer to her cry,
A word ran through the halls, a high
Murmur of sudden victory.
The rumor blazed. She sprang to it
With swifter flames. "Lord, can this be
The windy fire to set me free?
Girls, let the holy lights be lit!
Bring drums and torches! Scatter flowers
On the dark earth in brilliant showers!
Arouse the singers! Let the bands
Strike the harp with bolder hands!
Let light and air run through the house!
Put brighter fillets on your brows,
So that the dusty saviors meet
Rejoicing arms and laughing feet!
Shiver the cymbals! Let us dance
The dance of our deliverance!"

Between the crouching hills they came.
She saw their banners' snapping flame;
She knew her father's buoyant stride,
And was the first to reach his side.

Jephthah felt suddenly old and alone;
His bones were water, his face was stone.
"Sheilah I called you; Sheilah, the one
Who is demanded," and, undone,
He told her of his vow.

And Sheilah spoke:
"Why should you grieve for me, now that the yoke
Is lifted? Do you not recall the price
Asked of a patriarch for sacrifice?
I know whose anguish found triumphant voice:
Not the rapt father's, but the offered boy's.
Such rapture will be mine, and I grieve now
Only because my father made his vow
Without me in his mind. I was not meant
To serve as pathos for an accident.
Look at me, Father, smile, and let me go
Up to the hills awhile, so I may know
How to prepare myself, how to award
My spirit's ecstasy unto the Lord."

This was the chant that Sheilah raised,
Pacing the hills with solemn steps:



"Hearken, ye mountains, to my last communion,
Ye hills, ye listening rocks, when I am gone,
Testify to my need, my deathless hunger.
My pain will be another star in heaven,
My tears will glisten on the firmament.
Now that the hour of my bethrothal dawns
And my dark lover waits with stormy hands,
Ye trees, incline your branches on these breasts
Grown heavy suddenly, as April pools
Swell with the weight of rainy rivulets.
Beasts of the hills and demons of the night,
Unite me with the flames that leap in you.
So, to a mystic marriage I may come
Not like a child, half coy, half curious,
But proud and passionate, with burning arms,
Hair flying like a flag of victory,
And all the blood within me singing hymns.
So shall ye help me dance my way to death."

Dance!
Dance the soul's exuberance!
Dance, and as you bow and bend,
Be the instruments that blend
Consonance and dissonance!
Dance the fertile exultation,
Drooping but to reascend!
Dance the final consecration,
Which is beauty's end!
With each radiant tread and turn
Spurn the pallid life, the water
In the veins of sick romance!
Turn to this rejuvenation!
Never spare yourselves, but learn,
In a quickening immolation,
What it is to burn!
Learn what inner fires taught her
Laughter and deliverance!
Jephthah's daughter, Jephthah's daughter,
Dance!

The Beginnings of an Organized Intelligence[1]

Toward a Critique of Public Opinion

By WALTER LIPPMANN, *Author of* "A PREFACE TO POLITICS," *etc.*

EVERY complicated community has sought the assistance of special men—of augurs, priests, elders. Our own democracy, based though it was on a theory of universal competence, sought lawyers to manage its government and to help manage its industry. It was recognized that the specially trained man was in some dim way oriented to a wider system of truth than that which arises spontaneously in the amateur's mind. But experience has shown that the traditional lawyer's equipment was not enough assistance. The great society had grown furiously and to colossal dimensions by the application of technical knowledge. It was made by engineers who had learned to use exact measurements and quantitative analysis. It could not be governed, men began to discover, by men who thought deductively about rights and wrongs. It could be brought under human control only by the technic which had created it. Gradually, then, the more enlightened directing minds have called in experts who were trained, or had trained themselves, to make parts of this great society intelligible to those who manage it. These men are known by all kinds of names, as statisticians, accountants, engineers of many species, scientific managers, research men, and sometimes just as plain private secretaries.

The statesman, the executive, the party leader, the head of a voluntary association, found that if he had to discuss two dozen different subjects in the course of the day, somebody would have to coach him: he began to clamor for memoranda. He found he could not read his mail: he demanded somebody who would blue-pencil the interesting sentences in the important letters. He found he could not digest the great stacks of type-written reports that grew mellow on his desk: he demanded summaries. He found that he really did not know one machine from another: he hired engineers to select them and tell him how much they cost and what they could do.

Yet, curiously enough, though he knew that he needed help, he was slow to call in the social scientist. The chemist, the physicist, the geologist, had a much earlier and more friendly reception. Laboratories were set up for them, inducements offered; for there was quick appreciation of their victories over nature. But the scientist who has human nature as his prob-

[1] This is the last of a series of papers from Mr. Lippmann's forthcoming book on "Public Opinion."—THE EDITOR.

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lem is in a different case. There are many reasons for this, the chief one, that he has few victories to exhibit. He has few because, unless he deals with the historical past, he cannot prove his theories before offering them to the public. He cannot begin to offer the assurance of a laboratory test, and if his advice is followed, and he is wrong, the consequences may be incalculable.

The physical scientists achieved their freedom from clericalism by working out a method that produced conclusions of a sort that could not be suppressed or ignored. They convinced themselves and acquired dignity, and knew what they were fighting for. The social scientist will acquire his dignity and his strength when he has worked out his method. He will do that by turning into opportunity the need among directing men of the great society for instruments of analysis by which an invisible and most stupendously difficult environment can be made intelligible.

§ 2

But as things go now, the social scientist assembles his data out of a mass of unrelated material. Social processes are recorded spasmodically, quite often as accidents of administration—a report to Congress, a debate, an investigation, legal briefs, a census, a tariff, a tax schedule. The material, like the bones of the Piltdown man, has to be put together by ingenious inferences before the student obtains any sort of picture of the event he is studying. Though it deals with the conscious life of his fellow-citizens, it is all too often distressingly opaque, because the man who is trying to generalize has virtually no supervision of the way his data are collected. He has usually to make what he can out of categories that were uncritically in the mind of an official who administered some part of a law, or who was out to justify, to persuade, to claim, or to prove. The student knows this, and, as a protection against it, has developed that branch of scholarship which is an elaborated suspicion about where to discount his information.

That is a virtue, but it becomes a very thin virtue when it is merely a corrective for the unwholesome position of social science. For the scholar is condemned to guess as shrewdly as he can why in a situation not clearly understood something or other may have happened. But the expert who is employed as the mirror and measure of administration and the mediator among representatives has a very different control of the facts. Instead of being the man who generalizes from the facts dropped to him by the men of action, he becomes the man who prepares the facts for the men of action. This is a profound change in his strategic position. He no longer stands outside, chewing the cud provided by busy men of affairs, but he takes his place in front of decision instead of behind it. To-day the sequence is that the man of affairs finds his facts and decides on the basis of them, and then, sometime later, the social scientist deduces excellent reasons why he did or did not decide wisely. This *ex post facto* relationship is academic in the bad sense of that fine word. The real sequence should be one where the disinterested expert first finds and formulates the facts for the man of action, and later makes a comparison between the decision, which he understands, and the facts, which he organized.

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For the physical sciences this change in strategic position began slowly and then accelerated rapidly. There was a time when the inventor and the engineer were romantic, half-starved outsiders, treated as cranks. The business man and the artisan knew all the mysteries of their craft. Then the mysteries grew more mysterious, and at last industry began to depend upon physical elements and chemical combinations that no eye could see and only a trained mind could conceive. The scientist moved from his noble garret in the Latin Quarter into office buildings and laboratories, for he alone could construct a working image of the reality on which industry rested. From the new relationship he took as much as he gave, perhaps more: pure science developed faster than applied, though it drew its economic support, a great deal of its inspiration, and even more of its relevancy, from constant contact with practical decision. But physical science still labored under the enormous limitation that the men who made decisions had only their common sense to guide them. They administered without scientific aid a world complicated by scientists. Again they had to deal with facts they could not apprehend, and at once they had to call in engineers. They now have to call in statisticians, accountants, experts of all sorts.

These practical students are the true pioneers of a new social science. They are "in mesh with the driving wheels" and from this practical engagement of science and action both will benefit radically, action by the clarification of its beliefs, beliefs by a continuing test in action. In the exchange of technic and result among expert staffs, one can see, I think, the beginning of experimental method in social science. When each school district and budget and health department and factory and tariff schedule is the material of knowledge for every other, the number of comparable experiences begins to approach the dimensions of genuine experiment.

§ 3

The practice of democracy has been ahead of its theory. For the theory holds that the adult electors, taken together, make decisions out of a will that is in them. But just as there grew up governing hierarchies that were invisible in theory, so there has been a large amount of constructive adaptation, also unaccounted for in the image of democracy. Ways have been found to represent many interests and functions that are normally out of sight.

We are most aware of this in our theory of the courts when we explain their legislative powers and their vetoes on the theory that there are interests to be guarded which might be forgotten by the elected officials. But the Census Bureau, when it counts, classifies, and correlates people, things, and changes, is also speaking for unseen factors in the environment. The Geological Survey makes mineral resources evident, the Department of Agriculture represents in the councils of the nation factors of which each farmer sees only an infinitesimal part. School authorities, the Tariff Commission, the consular service, the Bureau of Internal Revenue, give representation to persons, ideas, and objects which would never automatically find themselves represented in this perspective by an election. The Children's Bureau is the spokesman of a whole complex of

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interests and functions not ordinarily visible to the voter, and therefore incapable of becoming spontaneously a part of his public opinions. Thus the printing of comparative statistics of infant mortality is often followed by a reduction of the death-rate of babies. Municipal officials and voters did not have, before publication, a place in their picture of the environment for those babies. The statistics made them as visible as if the babies had elected an alderman to air their grievances.

In the State Department the government maintains a division of Far-Eastern Affairs. What is it for? The Japanese and the Chinese governments both maintain ambassadors in Washington. Are they not qualified to speak for the Far East? They are its representatives. Now, nobody would argue that the American Government could learn all that it needed to know about the Far East by consulting these ambassadors. Supposing them to be as candid as they know how to be, they are still limited channels of information. Therefore, to supplement them, we maintain embassies in Tokio and Peking, and consular agents at many points; also, I assume, some secret agents. These people are supposed to send reports which pass through the division of Far-Eastern affairs to the secretary of state. Now what does the secretary expect of the division? I know one who expected it to spend its appropriation. But there are secretaries to whom special revelation is denied, and they turn to their divisions for help. The last thing they expect to find is a neat argument justifying the American position. What they ask is that the experts shall bring the Far East to the secretary's desk, with all the elements in such relation that it is as if he were in contact with the Far East itself. The expert must translate, simplify, generalize, but the inference from the result must apply in the East not merely on the premises of the report. If the secretary is worth his salt, the very last thing he will tolerate in his experts is the suspicion that they have a "policy." He does not want to know from them whether they like Japanese policy in China. He wants to know what different classes of Chinese and Japanese, English, Frenchmen, Germans, and Russians, think about it, and what they are likely to do because of what they think. He wants all that represented to him as the basis of his decision. He may decide to take his policy from the Pacific Coast, but he will take his view of Japan from Japan.

It is no accident that the best diplomatic service in the world is the one in which the divorce between the assembling of knowledge and the control of policy is most perfect. In many British embassies and in the British Foreign Office there were nearly always men during the war, permanent officials or else special appointees, who quite successfully discounted the prevailing war mind. They discarded the rigmarole of being pro and con, of having favorite nationalities and pet aversions and undelivered perorations in their bosoms. They left that to the political chiefs. But in an American embassy I once heard an ambassador say that he never reported anything to Washington which would not cheer up the folks at home. He charmed all those who met him, helped many a stranded war worker, and was superb when he unveiled a monument.

But he did not understand that the

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power of the expert depends upon separating himself from those who make the decisions, upon not caring, in his expert self, what decision is made. The man who, like the ambassador, takes a line and meddles with the decision is soon discounted. There he is, just one more on that side of the question. For when he begins to care too much, he begins to see what he wishes to see, and by that fact ceases to see what he is there to see. He is there to represent the unseen. He represents people who are not voters, functions of voters that are not evident, events that are out of sight, mute people, unborn people, relations between things and people. By making the invisible visible, he confronts the people who exercise material force with a new environment, sets ideas and feelings at work in them, throws them out of position, and so in the profoundest way affects the decision.

The idea that the expert is an ineffectual person because he lets others make the decisions is quite contrary to experience. The more subtle the elements that enter into the decision, the more irresponsible power the expert wields. He is certain, moreover, to exercise more power in the future than ever he did before, because increasingly the relevant facts will elude the voter and the administrator. All governing agencies will tend to organize bodies of research and information, which will throw out tentacles and expand, as have the intelligence departments of all the armies in the world. But the experts will remain human beings. They will enjoy power, and their temptation will be to appoint themselves censors, and so absorb the real function of decision. Unless their function is correctly defined, they will tend to pass on the facts they think appropriate and to pass down the decisions they approve. They will tend, in short, to become a bureaucracy.

The only institutional safeguard is to separate as absolutely as it is possible to do so the staff which executes from the staff which investigates. The two should be parallel, but quite distinct, bodies of men, recruited differently, paid if possible from separate funds, responsible to different heads, intrinsically uninterested in each other's personal success. In industry the auditors, accountants, and inspectors should be independent of the manager, the superintendents, foremen, and in time, I believe, we shall come to see that in order to bring industry under social control the machinery of record will have to be independent of the boards of directors and the shareholders.

§ 4

But in building the intelligence sections of industry and politics we do not start on cleared ground. And, apart from insisting on this basic separation of function, it would be cumbersome to insist too precisely on the form which in any particular instance the principle shall take. There are men who believe in intelligence work and will adapt it; there are men who do not understand it, but cannot do their work without it; there are men who will resist. But provided the principle has a foothold somewhere in every social agency, it will make progress, and the way to begin is to begin. In the Federal Government, for example, it is not necessary to straighten out the administrative tangle and the illogical duplications of a century's growth in order to find a neat place for

the intelligence bureaus which Washington badly needs. Before election you can promise to rush bravely into the breach, but when you arrive there all out of breath, you find that each absurdity is invested with habits, strong interests, and chummy congressmen. Attack all along the line, and you engage every force of reaction. You go forth to battle, as the poet said, and you always fall. You can lop off an antiquated bureau here, a covey of clerks there, you can combine two bureaus; and by that time you are busy with the tariff and the railroads, and the era of reform is over. Besides, in order to effect a truly logical reorganization of the government, such as all candidates always promise, you would have to disturb more passions than you have time to quell. And any new scheme, supposing you had one ready, would require officials to man it. Say what one will about office-holders, even soviet Russia was glad to get many of the old ones back; and these old officials, if they are too ruthlessly treated, will sabotage Utopia itself.

No administrative scheme is workable without good-will, and good-will about strange practices is impossible without education. The better way is to introduce into the existing machinery, wherever you can find an opening, agencies that will hold up a mirror week by week, month by month. You can hope, then, to make the machine visible to those who work it, as well as to the chiefs who are responsible, and to the public outside. When the office-holders begin to see themselves, or rather when the outsiders, the chiefs, and the subordinates all begin to see the same facts, the same damning facts if you like, the obstruction will diminish. The reformer's opinion that a certain bureau is inefficient is just his opinion, not so good an opinion, in the eyes of the bureau, as its own; but let the work of that bureau be analysed and recorded, and then compared with other bureaus and with private corporations, and the argument moves to another plane.

§ 5

There are ten departments at Washington represented in the cabinet. Suppose, then, there was a permanent intelligence section for each. What would be some of the conditions of effectiveness? Beyond all others that the intelligence officials should be independent both of the congressional committees dealing with that department and of the secretary at the head of it; that they should not be entangled either in decision or in action. Independence, then, would turn mainly on three points, on funds, tenure, and access to the facts. For if a particular Congress or departmental official can deprive them of money, dismiss them, or close the files, the staff clearly becomes its creature.

The question of funds is both important and difficult. No agency of research can be really free if it depends upon annual doles from what may be a jealous or a parsimonious Congress. Yet the ultimate control of funds cannot be removed from the legislature. The financial arrangement should insure the staff against left-handed joker and rider attack, against sly destruction, and should at the same time provide for growth. The staff should be so well intrenched that an attack on its existence would have to be made in the open. It might, perhaps, work behind a federal charter creating a trust fund, and a sliding-scale over a period of

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years based on the appropriation for the department to which the intelligence bureau belonged. No great sums of money are involved, anyway. The trust fund might cover the overhead and capital charges for a certain minimum staff, the sliding-scale might cover the enlargements. At any rate, the appropriation should be put beyond accident, like the payment of any long-term obligation. This is a much less serious way of "tying the hands of Congress" than is the passage of a constitutional amendment or the issuance of government bonds. Congress could repeal the charter; but it would have to repeal it, not throw monkey-wrenches into it.

Tenure should be for life, with provision for retirement on a liberal pension, with sabbatical years set aside for advanced study and training, and with dismissal only after a trial by professional colleagues. The conditions which apply to any non-profit-making intellectual career should apply here. If the work is to be salient, the men who do it must have dignity, security, and, in the upper ranks at least, that special irresponsibility which you find only in the disinterested man.

Access to the materials should be established in the organic act. The bureau should have the right to examine all papers and to question any official or any outsider. Continuous investigation of this sort would not at all resemble the sensational legislative inquiry and the spasmodic fishing expedition which are now a common feature of our Government. The bureau should have the right to propose accounting methods to the department, and if the proposal is rejected, or violated after it has been accepted, to appeal under its charter to Congress.

In the first instance each intelligence bureau would be the connecting-link between Congress and the department, a better link, in my judgment, than the appearance of cabinet officers on the floor of both House and Senate, though the one proposal in no way excludes the other. The bureau would be the congressional eye on the execution of its policy. It would be the departmental answer to congressional criticism. And then, since the operation of the department would be permanently visible, perhaps Congress would cease to feel the need of that minute legislation born of distrust and a false doctrine of the separation of powers, which does much to make efficient administration difficult.

§ 6

But of course each of the ten bureaus could not work in a water-tight compartment. In their relation one to another lies the best chance for that coördination of which so much is heard and so little seen. Clearly, the various staffs would need to adopt, wherever possible, standards of measurement that were comparable. They would exchange their records. Then if the War Department and the Post Office both buy lumber, hire carpenters, or construct brick walls, they need not necessarily do them through the same agency, for that might mean cumbersome over-centralization; but they would be able to use the same measure for the same things, be aware of the comparisons, and be treated as competitors. And the more competition of this sort the better.

The possibilities that lie in the exchange of material are evident. Each department of government is all

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the time asking for information that may already have been obtained by another department, though perhaps in a somewhat different form. The State Department needs to know, let us say, the extent of the Mexican oil reserves, their relation to the rest of the world's supply, the present ownership of Mexican oil-lands, the importance of oil to war-ships now under construction or planned, the comparative costs in different fields. How does it secure such information to-day? The information is probably scattered through the departments of Interior, Justice, Commerce, Labor, and Navy. Either a clerk in the State Department looks up Mexican oil in a book of reference, which may or may not be accurate, or somebody's private secretary telephones somebody else's private secretary, asks for a memorandum, and in the course of time a messenger arrives with an armful of unintelligible reports. The department should be able to call on its own intelligence bureau to assemble the facts in a way suited to the diplomatic problem up for decision. And these facts the diplomatic intelligence bureau would obtain from the central clearing-house.

This establishment would pretty soon become a focus of information of the most extraordinary kind, and the men in it would be made aware of what the problems of government really are. It is difficult to see why all this material, except a few diplomatic and military secrets, should not be open to the scholars of the country. It is there that the political scientist would find the real nuts to crack and real researches for his students to make. The work need not all be done in Washington, but it could be done in reference to Washington. The central agency would thus have in it the makings of a national university. There the staff could be recruited for the bureaus from among college graduates who had worked on theses selected after consultation between teachers scattered over the country and the curators of the national university. If the association was as flexible as it ought to be, there would be a steady turnover of temporary and specialist appointments from the universities, and with exchange lecturers called out from Washington. Thus the training and the recruiting of the staff would go together. A part of the research itself would be done by students, and political science in the universities would be associated with politics in America.

In its main outlines the principle is equally applicable to state governments, to cities, and to rural counties. The work of comparison and interchange could take place by federations of state and city and county bureaus, and within those federations any desirable regional combination could be organized. So long as the accounting systems were comparable, a great deal of duplication would be avoided. Regional coördination is especially desirable, for legal frontiers often do not coincide with the effective environments, though they have a certain basis in custom that it would be costly to disturb. By coördinating their information several administrative areas could reconcile autonomy of decision with coöperation. New York City, for example, is already an unwieldy unit for good government from the city hall. Yet for many purposes, such as health and transportation, the metropolitan district is the true unit of administration. In that district, how-

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ever, there are large cities, like Yonkers, Jersey City, Paterson, Elizabeth, Hoboken, Bayonne. They could not all be managed from one center, and yet they should act together for many functions. Ultimately, perhaps, some such flexible scheme of local government as Sidney and Beatrice Webb have suggested may be the proper solution. But the first step would be a coördination not of decision and action, but of information and research.

It would be idle to deny that such a network of intelligence bureaus in politics and industry might become a dead weight and a perpetual irritation. One can easily imagine its attraction for men in search of soft jobs, for pedants, for meddlers. One can see red-tape, mountains of papers, questionnaires *ad nauseam*, seven copies of every document, indorsements, delays, lost papers, the use of form 136 instead of form 29b, the return of the document because pencil was used instead of ink, or black ink instead of red ink. The work could be done very badly. There are no fool-proof institutions.

But if one could assume that there was circulation through the whole system between government departments, factories, offices, and the universities,—a circulation of men, a circulation of data and of criticism,—the risks of dry rot would not be great. Nor would it be true to say that these intelligence bureaus would complicate life. They would tend, on the contrary, to simplify, by revealing a complexity now so great as to be humanly unmanageable. The present fundamentally invisible system of government is so intricate that most people have given up trying to follow it. The employment of an intelligence system would mean a reduction of personnel per unit of result, because by making available to all the experience of each, it would reduce the amount of trial and error; and because by making the social process visible, it would assist the personnel to self-criticism.

§ 7

If the analysis of public opinion and of the democratic theories in relation to the modern environment is sound in principle, then I do not see how one can escape the conclusion that such intelligence work is the clue to betterment. I am not referring to the few suggestions contained in this article. They are merely illustrations. The task of working out the technic is in the hands of men trained to do it, and not even they can to-day completely foresee the form, much less the details.

No electoral device, no manipulation of areas, no change in the system of property, goes to the root of the matter. You cannot take more political wisdom out of human beings than there is in them. And no reform, however sensational, is truly radical that does not consciously provide a way of overcoming the subjectivism of human opinion based on the limitation of individual experience. There are systems of government, of voting, and representation which extract more than others. In the end, however, the extraction which has to be performed is not on the conscience, but on the environment with which that conscience deals. When men act on the principle of intelligence, they go out to find the facts and to make their wisdom. When they ignore it, they go inside themselves and find only what is there. They elaborate their prejudice instead of increasing their knowledge.

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The Shame of Gold

By Charles J. Finger

Woodcuts by Adolph Treidler

L'Intransigeant" recently printed a short account of the failure of the Franco-Brazilian ornithological expedition. Reading, you may have caught a hint of tragedy in it; but it may have escaped you, because our papers barely noticed the matter. I was specially interested because of a conversation I had had with a stranger who knew Brazil in a peculiar way.

Knowing Columbus, Ohio, you cannot fail to remember the place where the C. D. & M. Traction crosses the main business street. It is crowded at the corner, for a newspaper office is there, and bulletins of the world happenings are posted every hour or so. On the day that I have in mind, Hall and I paused there for a moment. A new bulletin was being put up, which read:

Franco-Brazilian expedition formed to explore upper Amazon territory.

Hall made a remark laughingly as to new markets to exploit, and hurried on his way to meet his investment broker; but I, gazing upward, unaware of his disappearance, said:

"Yes, there are still spots on this little world untrodden by the foot of man."

Turning, I discovered his absence, while from another man who stood where he had been came the words, very decidedly:

"I doubt it."

"But why?" I asked, mildly interested.

"Good reason," he replied, with a little shrug of his shoulders. There was a moment of hesitation, then, simultaneously, we both started off in the same direction, and for half a block walked almost side by side. At a word it transpired that we were both bound for the depot, for the Cincinnati train.

Later, on the train, he resumed the subject. "I know Brazil a little," he said, "and far out of the beaten track, but I know it superficially. Others have been there—many others, and their lines are crossed and crisscrossed."

"White men?" I asked.

"Certainly, white men. That 's how I was surprised into the remark I made there at the bulletin-board. Men poke everywhere about the world." The man sketched out roughly on the palm of his hand, and with his pipe-stem, an imaginary map. "You recall the outline of South America," he went on, "nearly pear-shaped, an elongated pear. Now, here is Peru, a little above the base of my thumb. Over here, under the little finger, is Cape St. Roque. I have been here. Cut across like this." He drew a bold stroke entirely across his hand. "That means Callao, into the Andes, and so north. North to strike the head-

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waters of the Amazon, and then trouble, fever, and hunger. Wealth, too, in a way."

"Love of adventure?" I hazarded.

He regarded me intently for a moment. I noticed his iron-gray hair and queerly wrinkled face. He was not yet middle-aged.

"No. I never tried to analyze. I don't know. I 'm not really adventurous. I like to be alone. Also, I drift, perhaps. When in a crowd, nothing seems to be worth while, and one is an ant in a hurrying mass. Alone, thoughts come with force. They strike one as bluntly as seen things impress themselves. I can't explain."

I was unwilling to press him with questions. He was not the kind of man that could be drawn out. When he spoke again there was a note of quiet, pleasant excitement.

"By the way, in Prescott's 'Peru' there is a passage somewhere telling of one party of Spaniards crossing the Andes and discovering silver. Then, being unable to get back, they built a boat and floated down the Amazon, and presently turned up in Cuba again. It's there somewhere. Or in Irving. In Prescott, I think."

I told him that I had a faint recollection of something like that.

"Well," he continued, paying little heed, "that was, roughly, four hundred years ago. No modern things to use, no chart, no map, no compass, no tools, or camp paraphernalia; just plain, dogged go-at-it and keep on. Keep in one direction, and you get somewhere. That 's how Magellan felt his way, and Columbus his. Then the old Norsemen in open boats. It excites me thinking of that. It was always that way, one man pushing on."

Again he lapsed into one of his ruminating moods.

"But about Prescott— Once I was nearly all in. Over the Andes I 'd gone, and if I did n't hit the trail of the Pizarro men, I 'm crazy. I never saw a helmet in my life until then, and I came across one under an overhanging rock. A mighty thing it was,—the rock I mean,—a kind of excavation under it that formed a cave.

"The helmet was there, and a few pieces of steel—short pieces; a broken sword, perhaps. I took the helmet and carried it for days, then threw it away. A man can't be burdened with plunder like that.

"You see, I 'd been on the trail for more than three months that time. Now and then I caught sight of an Indian, and once I got an arrow through my left shoulder. There were days and weeks in which I saw no sign of human life, but, by George! there was plenty of good company. Insects, you know, great glorious things. Butterflies, too—butterflies that run

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and make a little noise like a rattle when they fly away. It 's laughable. Living things are great fun to watch. And then the concerts at evening at sunset, crickets and things. I don't know their names. Magnify insects, and I reckon you 'd have a fantastic world.

"When I did see a human face again, it gave me a start. I 'd found a good spot in the jungle to rest in. The stream ran clear there, this stream I 'd been following, and the bottom of it was sandy. One does not often find a place like that. Thinking of an ideal spot, you imagine a stream in the shade of a tree, with grass all about. But when you get your stream, there is often mud, and where there is shade there is no grass. Here there was everything; a pleasant kind of spot, and I did n't move all day. I just rested and smoked and bathed my feet and watched the insects. It was quiet, too, still as midnight, and the sun never pierced the leafy roof. It was just a great, green arch like a cathedral, with smooth, lofty tree-trunks, chamber after chamber of green, and, what was specially fine, the place was clear of lianas. So I rested there and read an old newspaper I had picked up in Callao and brought along. I 'd read it before dozens of times. Then my eyes would tire of the print, and I 'd doze off. I did that dozens of times. The peace of the place was too much for me—too much both ways. The perfectness of it overcame me, and drove me to the little thing, the silly newspaper.

"Once I woke with the notion that some one was watching me. What I saw gave me a shiver. There was a big flowering-bush not ten yards away. They were great red flowers, meat color, like raw beef, and right between two of the flowers, as if it was stuck in a cleft, was a man's face, snag-toothed, red-bearded, shock-haired. It might have been a great ape. The eyes stared straight at me. Remember, I 'd seen no natives for a long while, nor was there a settlement near, and it was a region as big as the State of Illinois, and no white man, I thought, had ever set foot there. Yet here was a face, and it was not the face of a native. I knew enough to keep still, and only peered through the narrowest slits, I could make with my eyelids, so I judged that the face in the flower would think I slept. Believe me, I watched closely.

"It moved my way, but cautiously as a snake, and I saw a hairy chest, a hairy human being, and stark. He came on hands and toes, and I knew that he was a fellow used to the jungle and no native. Noiselessly he came, not stirring leaf or blade, hardly. The smell of his body assailed me unpleasantly, for there were sweetly smelling spice-trees, and the human smell was rank as poison.

"I sat up suddenly when the fellow was not more than five yards away. He stopped, rigid, expectant. Fear was in his eyes. Perhaps he saw it in mine. In such cases men hate each other. Each resents the presence of the other where white man should not be. Then he rose to his feet, turned without a word, his feet making no sound, and made for the flowering-bush again. I knew in a moment, somehow, that he was ashamed of his nakedness in the presence of another of his race. So I hailed him. At that he stood, regarding me with doubt.

"Well, he was one of those queer fish found everywhere. He told me his tale

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that night. Of months and of years he had long lost count, and he wanted to know of things strange to me. Queer things he had been interested in, it seemed—a Londoner I guess, with the peculiar sharpness of interest in political things that they have. It must have been meat and drink to him, his interest in public affairs. He talked of Gladstone and wanted to know whether some fellow named O'Donnell who had killed some informer was hanged or not. From such things we located the date when he left as about 1883. So he had been there nearly thirty-five years. Think of it!

"But as to the unbelief of people who are credulous on some things—tell people that for that length of time a white man, an Englishman, had lived with savages, and every single one would jump to the conclusion that he was chief among them. Naturally. On the general principle, I suppose, that it is better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven. But was he king? Boss? Chief? Not by a long chalk. And naturally. The man from civilization was the servitor. The savages were the superiors. Such things as he once knew were useless in the wilds. Mind you, in civilization machinery is master, and man the servant of the machine. Take him away from the mechanical things and cast him on his own resources, and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he starves. He can't make a fire, catch his food, build his shelter. He is afraid to test things as to their edibility. He cannot run, fight, or climb. Among animals he is a weakling. Face to face with nature he despairs. His education he finds to be ignorance. His overpowering fear is that he may be hurt. You see, in civilization man is protected; he does not have to struggle. All that he needs to do is to sell himself, his time, his life, for the best price he can command. So he becomes soft. He is unfit for liberty. Turn him loose, and he is as useless as a canary-bird or a common hen turned adrift. So was it with this fellow, Elfner. The savages were his superiors, and he was the servitor. He had ceased to concern himself about anything more than the needs of the body; and his brain had gone. Once, I gathered, he had told them tales of the city life, but the things he tried to picture they could not conceive; so he was lowered still further in their estimation and set down as a liar.

"From this Elfner I learned of the Chequa tribe. He warned me against them as a vicious people that had no dealings with other tribes, and indicated their valley as farther east. That I was not to be led to his tribe was made very clear. Obviously, he was ashamed of his degradation. But really it was not degradation in one way of looking at it. There are almost no men who would not rapidly find their level in a savage tribe, and that level would be below its general average, because of the new valuations that the man from civilization cannot compass.

"There was a stranger tale he began to tell me—a tale of a swamp-land to the southeast and of monstrous, yellow earth creatures that heaved themselves out of the mire. Then I was sure he was crazed. I knew of the giant armadillos and great sloths, but it was none of these. He was loath to continue, and parried my questions. He wanted to know of things in the world that he would never again see. He wanted to tell me of John L. Sullivan and of

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Jake Kilrain, or of sordid crimes that had interested him. Above all he wanted to talk of eating, of ham and eggs, of bread and cheese and beer. Once, for instance, when he had begun to tell me something of the Chiquas, he broke off quite unexpectedly, and apropos of nothing went into a little rhapsody. 'Say,' he said, 'this 'ere is a dull place. I often think of colors, and there 's a bird all colors, and I always think of when you hold a glass of whisky up to the light. Lord! Lord!' At that he fell into a reverie and sat hunched, his chin on clenched fist. Then he grew melancholy. 'These 'ere fellers in my tribe they got me goin', they 'ave. It 's work, work, work. An' if I don't, it 's punishment tied up to a ant's nest.'

"His talk was jumbled, disjointed, and I had much ado to get something from him relative to the country. Very little I got, after all. We had talked for perhaps a couple of hours when a ululation filled the air. 'It 's

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them blacks callin' me,' he said, leaping to his feet. Now, while I was not anxious for his company, I felt an urge to invite him to go with me; but, to my relief, he refused on the ground that his masters would follow, capture, and kill him. When the ululation was again heard, he seemed panic-stricken, stood a moment irresolute, then turned and fled into the bush as a dog would on hearing the insistent call."

The man stopped, and I hazarded the remark that it was strange to meet a white man thus, because the chances against an encounter were slight.

"That 's so," he said.

"And the reference to those strange earth creatures. Did n't you learn anything further?"

He looked at me and shook his head, doubtfully, and a little puzzled frown appeared and disappeared.

"No. But I may have seen one, too. I don't know."

"May I hear?" I asked.

"There 's nothing to tell, because I 'm not sure. And yet—" He passed his hand over his brow. "I may have been mistaken. It was after I had left the gentle people, and I was not myself then. I was worried, grieved, half starved. It is all muddled.

"You see, after Elfner left I decided to find the valley he had told me of, and I did find it without any particular difficulty. It was a bird that attracted me, a quetzal. If I had not gone toward it, I might have missed the place. But I never could resist watching a quetzal, for it is the most wonderful thing that God has made, the most exquisite thing in creation. To see it, a living thing of metallic green—gold-green and scarlet-breasted, with tail feathers of jet and ivory, is an experience. You watch it and lose yourself in admiration. Nothing else is so gorgeous. I have watched as the light struck them, and have seen them change from violet to steel-blue, but colors that live. Then the bird moves slightly, and the blue is blue-green, then again gold-green, and there are crimson flashes and purple. And there was the valley, and it was the valley of quetzals and butterflies, and in it lived the gentle people. I stayed there many months, peaceful months, only to leave in sorrow. A gentle people, indeed! Never did I hear a harsh word or see an ungentle thing. I do not think that they knew of war or of violence. To live was sweet in that valley of flowers and birds. There were sounds of living things as sweet as the musical ripples of a little brook, and the breeze was soft and laden with perfume. So I came to love the gentle people and their land.

"It may seem odd to tell you this, but I have told you much, and the mood is on me, and the place in which I tell it to you is odd, here where there is the noise of people and of the moving train and where there is glaring light or sooty smoke, and where every one is burdened with the stern anxiety of duty. And yet it all comes to me as the memory of a summer day may come to some poor fellow in prison—the memory of that spot where existence is facile and where trifles give joy and where people live as birds live. While there I knew a fresh vigor of soul. I always seemed to be on the point of grasping and understanding things, and the thought lived in me always that I should never do a thing to bring the sorrow of the outside world among this people. The memory is strong upon me now, and it came to me as a dull blow when I read the

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bulletin up-town. I felt as the prisoner might when the judge said the death-sentence. It seemed to mean that, you know."

The man paused, and relit his pipe. He gave a puff or two and laid it aside again. Then he leaned back in his seat, folded his arms, and dropped his chin on his chest.

"All this noise about us must make what I tell you seem unreal. I appreciate that fully. Sometimes I think that out there I lost something well worth the losing, and found instead a precious thing. Looking back, I seemed to have touched the supernatural. I wonder if you understand. What I lost enriched me, and I seemed to have lost forever my own people and

the sins of avarice and anger and pettiness. It was no illusion. There *was* the valley of peace. There *is* the valley of peace. But I fear the ravening hand now stretched out.

"There was a child there, a thing of beauty, who led me about at times after I had been accepted as a visitor. Endol was her name, and she was a dancing creature, who weaved circlets of flowers and often brought to me, laughingly, water to drink, bearing it in a flattish shell which held only a taste. I see her now, a bright fairy, dancing and chasing the cloud shadows on the green, playing with the birds, clapping her hands as she ran after butterflies, but never trying to catch them. Do you know, at such times the memory of my own land was as a dark and fearful dream. I remembered slum children. The memory of the things that clatter about us in houses and in cities, and the fret and the evil and the filth and the sickness—these things bore upon me and oppressed my spirit. Now, sitting here, remembering that valley of joy, it is as if I were in hell, and it is from that hell that I am trying to escape, for all has been dark and ugly since I left.

"One day Endol brought me a golden-colored flower, a new one to me. I saw that she bore a shell in her left hand. When I made a motion to take it, she prevented me. Playfully, I held her, and as I did so, she chanced to tip the shell, and a yellowish sand poured forth and lay lightly on a large leaf. Looking, I saw that it was gold-dust. At that Endol laughed, stooped, scattered the gold, and, gathering the grains that lay on the leaf, threw them afar.

"That naturally set me to wondering as well as wandering, for thus far I had confined my walks to the upper end of the valley. As it fell out, the next day I came upon a flat rock at the foot of a vine-hung tree, and there in plain view was a shell, much larger than that

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which Endol had had. It held gold-dust, and a few nuggets, the best of them not larger than a small pea. The shell had apparently been set there and forgotten with the carelessness of a child tired of a plaything. The gold was not free from iron dust, but I saw at a glance that the vein from which it had been taken was extraordinarily rich. So it came to me to think that this people knew nothing of the value of gold and perhaps used it as a plaything. I suppose I should have left it there, but I did not. Few men living as you and I have lived in a workaday world could resist the temptation to bear it away. So I took it to the bower in which I slept.

"Now, Endol and another child met me on the way and, chattering and laughing, reached for the shell. I handed it to them. Their actions astonished me. They drew slightly aside; their merriment fell from them, and they held a rapid, whispered conference. Endol's friend, the older of the two, seemed the most urgent, and her counsel apparently prevailed, for they set off running down the valley with the gold. They seemed possessed of a new fear, one that I could not understand.

"Soon after they returned with others, men and women, and I could see that there was consternation. I was reminded of a crowd I once saw running to the pit-mouth when the news of trouble came.

"Sima, a handsome youth with a splendid head ornament of quetzal feathers, addressed me. He was gentle, almost persuasive. At first I could not understand what he was driving at. There were evidently references to a people and the setting sun, and in the midst of his discourse others came up and now and again tried to aid him in making me understand, as people will do all over the world when a foreigner is dense. Presently Sima ceased, and another, an older man, took up the parable. He grew excited in the telling of the tale and, as I gathered, was eager to impress upon me that there was an evil time when hate and murder and greed, until then unknown, had come into the land. But it was not until he roughly fashioned a cross with a couple of sticks and broke it to pieces that a light dawned on me. Then when he told me of white men from the north, it dawned upon me with clearness that here was a tribal memory of the coming of Pizarro into the land of the Incas. Understanding that, I could piece things together, the ancient wrong done to a gentle people in the name of the cross, the white man's greed for gold, which had been a specific cause of strife and disorder, the hopeless resistance of an unarmed people, and the cruel acts of retaliation. From another point of view I saw what the lust of empire meant, and I saw how those who preached civilization, philanthropy, and religion came burning, shooting, destroying, and subjugating the weak, the simple, the harmless. The forefathers of this people had escaped. What wonder, then, that to them gold stood as an evil, something to hide and thrust away as unclean lest its glitter again attract these who bear death in their hands.

"I saw all that in a flash, and I understood the vague sense of imminent chaos that must have possessed the simple, happy folk when they pondered on what might happen if gold-mad white men again came ravening. The wonder was that they did not slay me when first I came.

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"The gold-bearing sand was exceptionally rich in the little river. Grubbing about, I found pockets in the bed-rock full of gold. I even amused myself for a time extracting some of it and piling it in little heaps here and there on stones, and once I dammed up a section of the stream, turning the current so as to expose the river-bed, thus laying bare a new and unexpected vein. But it meant nothing to me then, for I still enjoyed the sighing of the wind through the silky grass, the sweetness of the day, and the fullness of the earth. The water that dripped sparkling from my finger-tips was finer to me than the sifting gold.

"One day I found the cave. I had not found it before simply because I had not sought it. There was no attempt on the part of the folk to conceal its location, nor was there displayed any desire to keep me from it.

"It was an opening in a hillside almost six feet long and four high, a square, natural gap, and the chamber within was at least thirty by thirty. The rays of the western sun flooded the place. For over three hundred years, perhaps, the people had hidden their gold there. From that you may have some idea how things were. The stuff lay scattered over the floor of the cave. I worked my fingers through the gold near the opening, and it was knuckle-deep before I touched the rock. In the farther corner was a sloping heap of the stuff, and it had been there so long that the iron dust had blown away. It shone dully as the sun touched it. Here and there were small nuggets, some as large as a cherry. Leaving the cave, I found a pile of them, oddly shaped, laid along a large, flat rock. They were evidently the playthings of children. I remember noticing one, flattish and almost heart-shaped. It had a hole through it, and I strung it and hung it round my neck. Look at this."

As he spoke he fumbled at his soft shirt-collar and pulled up a little nugget, which he handed to me.

"It 's all I have to show," he said as he returned it to its place. "That night I did not sleep. Strangely enough, my mind took a twist. The life I was living fell behind me, as it were, and I was filled with a new desire. It was not really a desire for wealth, but rather a desire for power. That was it, a desire for power. That old newspaper I told you of came to my mind, with all that it stood for. I began to dream of walking into my native town, into Hillsboro, and showing off. Crazy, is n't it? But it was so. They were day-dreams that might have pleased a boy, and it is almost too banal to tell, the rapid succumbing to temptation. I had a vision of becoming the local 'big man,' of buying out the banker, of building a fine house, of owning a splendid automobile, of servants, and all that kind of thing. Things! things! things! The pageantry of wealth! So dreaming, the quiet of the valley and the peace of it became a hateful thing, and I longed for the sound of a thousand footsteps and a thousand wheels, for the noise of streets, and the haste and the clatter and the excitement. Gradually the idea took possession of me that the gold was mine and that it was a weak sentimentality which would prevent a capable white race from using that which a brown-skinned folk knew not how to use. I planned and dreamed, planned and dreamed. The poison was at work.

"Weeks and weeks it took me

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carry the gold to the hidden canoe. I thought at the time that I was unwatched, but I do not think so now. Some of the stuff I loaded direct from the river sand, but by far the greater part I bore from the cave. Of course there were days when I hesitated, half repenting. But, on the whole, greed had me.

"One day I saw Sima and Capaca, standing side by side, looking at me, and I was suddenly overcome with shame. There fell away from me my desire to leave. The glamour faded. It was as if I had been discovered handling filth by those whose good opinion I valued, and the hot blood rushed tingling to my cheeks. I wanted to make my peace with the people again, but knew that to do so was hopeless now. So I stood irresolutely by my canoe, and I hated myself for my insincerity.

"Sima came down to me. He said no word, but, with a look half-pity, half-contempt, handed me his spear, and with a gesture dismissed me and turned his back. For a moment I wished that he had thrust the spear through me.

"So it was that I came to leave the valley where I had known peace, and from then time was for me little but physical weariness. There were days when I lay half dead in the canoe on my bed of gold, tortured by flies and things that bit and stung—days and days of misery when I wished myself dead. Once, it seemed ages, a hovering cloud of insects followed me, sometimes settling on me so thickly that my arms were black. My bodily suffering was great, but greater still the suffering within.

"I think that day after day in that jungle drove me mad, and there were times when I was aware of nothing in the world but the rank smell of decaying vegetation and a black strip of water winding, winding, winding

through a canon of dark-brown earth through which great roots thrust themselves like snakes. Days of impenetrable gloom there were, and there were days when all about me there seemed to be hushings, then hissing whisperings and pointing fingers and peering eyes. Again there was a sensation that music was about me, and I seemed to hear at a distance the opening chords of a brass band. I knew that I was fever-stricken.

"Once I dared to land at a place where the virgin forest seemed to end. There was a great green, open space, a mighty clearing, and a fringe of trees between that and the river. I was the victim of a strange hallucination, and it was as if the whole world were moving swiftly to the right, swiftly, horri-

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bly swiftly, and I alone stood still. I fought against it, fought myself. Do you understand? It changed to a sensation of rushing backward. So dizzy I became that I was constrained to squat at the foot of a tree, pushing against it hard with my back, and press my temples until I felt the pain of it. Then I heard a sound, and looked up. I saw, or thought I saw, something. The earth seemed to tremble and heave. Out from it came swiftly a hideous thing, clay-colored and huge, a mighty mass of living flesh. The mud fell from it to right and left. I was breathless and unable to stir. The thing pushed upward and forward with clumsy, lumbering movements, side to side, extricating itself, growing huger each moment. Then I realized that what I saw was only the head and shoulders. The head turned slightly, so that I saw the upper part of it, blunt and triangular beyond the shoulder. The heavy-lidded eyes I saw. Then I noticed the mud dripping heavily, and part of the fore leg coming from the slime. My God! send that there are no such things on earth and that I was really mad!

"I remember rolling down the steep bank and falling into the river, so shaded and still, and then there was an awe-inspiring roar, dreadful to hear. I swam. I do not know. I cannot talk of it."

The man sighed deeply. It was almost a stifled sob. He was ashen-faced. When he spoke again, his voice was perceptibly huskier.

"There is no more to tell," he said. "There were weeks and weeks of misery in that jungle, and wanderings that I forget—wanderings in the swamp lands, and most wonderfully I came to Mannos and, in time, to Para, where the consul was good to me."

He ceased suddenly and fell to smoking. It was a long time before I dared to speak, but said at last:

"And you purpose to return?"

"I want to get back to the people, to where the superstition of gold is absent," he said. "Only there is the world sane. Only there do people enjoy their days and love the earth and know the beauty of life. Gold blinds all others. So I must go to the gentle people again. That is, if they will have me. Then there 's this expedition."

His voice was tense now.

"Suppose. You see, once I might have been a traitor to them. I dreamed of something of the sort, a betrayal to my own people. If this expedition is a success— Well, where white people go and where there is gold, sorrow and disease and death follow. The consul at Para knew something of my story. Would it not be a good thing to save a race, a gentle people, from destruction?"

The man's story stayed with me. And, as I said, since learning of the failure of the expedition, I have wondered much.

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"What 's the Matter with the Railroads?"

III—The Twilight of Competition

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THE distinguished jurist who not many years ago startled the nation by saying that he could save a million dollars a day in the operation of its railroads was quite right. Mr. Justice Brandeis then proposed to accomplish his great savings by radical operating economies. In the earlier articles of this series I have indicated certain economies in operation that might easily be effected upon our carriers if they were worked with the proper imagination and vision. We have already seen how, in a two years' test, the motorized terminals of the city of Cincinnati have saved the railroads there over a thousand dollars a day. This was only one typical American city. It would not take many such terminal savings to make a fair part of the national economy proposed by Justice Brandeis. Similarly, we have hinted before at economies to be accomplished in branch-line operation by electrification of lines, the substitution of gasolene for steam as a motive power, or, where it is most economical to retain the steam locomotive, the development of cars and locomotives small enough to handle local and short-haul traffic at a real operating profit. It is the present practice of most of our railroads to relegate nearly worn-out main-line equipment to these branch line and local services.

In fact, it is one of the present-day grievances of New England, where local service to-day is almost at its very worst, and where, in the nature of the territory and the congestion of the population, it might reasonably be expected to be at its very best, that some of the men who are attempting to operate its most important lines are railroad operators schooled in the Far West in long-haul movements, and therefore quite unfitted for the short-haul density of traffic that the north-eastern corner of this land gives. The New-Englander frequently calls attention to the similarity between his corner of the land and old England. Each is a great manufacturing area, dependent upon the outer world for both its raw materials and the major portion of its market for its finished products. New England is, if anything, a little worse off than old, which at least produces its fuel. The fuel energy that drives most of its mills New England must bring from afar.

A New-Englander notices that an English railway car is a small and simply made affair, constructed almost invariably of wood and carrying only from five to ten tons of merchandise. It is hardly larger than some of the great motor-trucks that to-day are tearing our American highways to pieces.

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He thinks he finds the reason for them.

"Years ago they built their clearances too closely set together," he says. "Now they can't afford to change them. It would cost a national debt or two to rebore all the tunnels."

But the Yankee railroader is only partly right. The British railway men are quite content with their tunnel and bridge clearances. They feel confident that they themselves know something about railroading. They know, for instance, that one of their four-wheeled, five-ton "wagons" can be handled easily with a horse; in an emergency with the stout arms of three or four able-bodied men. In America we would need an expensive switch-engine, to say nothing of the crew of at least four men that goes with it, to handle one of our cars. The Englishman has less than one tenth of our rail mileage, yet on it he handles more than a million of his little freight-cars, as compared with our 2,350,000, big ones.

§ 2

Some of our operating economies are to be classed under the head of electrification, particularly where the electricity can be generated at natural water-powers. Yet there are great economies even where the coal is burned in the boiler of the power station instead of the boiler of the locomotive, where a corp of firemen and stokers, working under the keen-eyed guidance and check-sheets of competent executive direction, can obviously obtain far more steam for each ton of coal burned than can be obtained by some lonely chap in a rocking locomotive cab, no matter how good may be his intentions. In New England's chief city there is at this moment a magnificent opportunity for steam electrification.

As New England is like old England, so to a remarkable degree is Boston like London not alone in appearance, but in conformation. The generous and beautiful Boston suburbs lie close to the dome of her state house, very much as those of London lie fairly close to the dome of St. Paul's; the real problem of each of these cities is that of the vast congestion of their civic hearts, and must be solved almost entirely by the constant development of the suburban services of their steam railroads. In London, barring, of course, the five-years hiatus of the Great War, this development is in constant progress. In Boston it halted more than a decade ago. The Londoner already rides in several directions upon electric trains; in a short time he will ride in many more. The Bostonian, aside from his traction systems, which to a large extent are short, has no electric trains, and has no immediate hope of gaining them upon his railroads. Instead, he rides north and south upon passenger-cars forty and even fifty years old, hauled by wheezy and dirty locomotives nearly as aged.

"Yet," protests the railroad operating executive, "would you have us go into extravagant and elaborate electrification schemes when some of us are on the constant brink of receivership?"

Yes and no. Electrification, yes, but not extravagant and elaborate. Handled judiciously, electrification might easily become the means of avoiding receivership. In at least one case it might be counted upon to bring in large profits. I am referring to the

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Boston & Albany, which has a fairly large and very dirty switching and storage yard in the heart of the finest portion of Boston. This railroad is under lease to the New York Central, which has shown a great deal of vision in the development of its property, yet nowhere a greater vision than when it took a similarly large and dirty switching and storage yard in the heart of Manhattan Island and created upon it not only one of the world's greatest passenger terminals, but, what is far more important, a real-estate development so large that not only does it meet the fixed charges of the passenger terminal, but brings the railroad a neat annual revenue in addition. What has been done in Park Avenue, New York, can be done in Boylston Street, Boston.

Those huge stations, the North and the South, although completed hardly more than twenty-five years ago, are already crowded. Yet increasing demands are constantly being made upon them. To enlarge them radically is virtually impossible at the present time, because of the almost prohibitive cost of the surrounding realty. To develop greatly the capacity of each is easily possible by the substitution of electricity for steam as the motive power of most of the trains that use them. In fact, although it is known to but few, the South Station was built in 1896 with a sub-level of loop tracks underneath the main station and train-shed in which an almost continuous operation of electric trains could be maintained, and the passenger capacity of the terminal more than doubled.

North Station, situated upon "made land" at the very edge of the Charles River, could not be easily provided with a sub-surface terminal, yet it also offers large opportunities for the further development of its very commodious main floor. The Boston & Maine might easily electrify its suburban lines out to Salem, Gloucester, Newburyport, and Portsmouth as a beginning, not by an "extravagant and elaborate" electric installation, but by a simple arrangement of overhead trolley and short, light, multiple-unit cars and trailers that could be run in single trains of from two to ten cars each. These trains, running upon even intervals, could pull into a single pair of rails in the North Station, and in one movement discharge passengers upon a platform on one side while receiving passengers upon the other. With steam as a motive power and a cumbersome locomotive always to be placed in its right position, these two trains cannot be made ready without four movements through the station yard. London knows how it can be done. Victoria Station is not more than one half the size of North Station, but in an average day it handles more passengers by the use of electric power and simplicity in its train schedules.

I have picked out Boston and gone into the situation there in some detail not only because of its similarity to the London problem, but also because the suburban service offered the second largest community in the United States (I am, of course, referring to the metropolitan district that lies for fifty miles round the gilded dome of her state house) is undoubtedly the worst offered to any considerable town in all this land. The freight problem is quite as bad as the other. For many years no effort has been made to create more modern merchandise terminals for Boston, and no effort whatsoever to provide either

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smaller freight-car units or, failing this, a universal container, interchangeable between the deck of a flat-car and the chassis of a motor-truck. No wonder that in New England the uneconomic use of the motor-truck in long-haul traffic has become rampant. The railroads have refused to meet the local problems. Asked to render one sort of service, they have proffered another.

If operating economies such as these can be effected by electrical power generated by steam, think of those that may come when it is born of water energy. Go up to Niagara Falls. Stand beside that mighty cataract, with its flow and beauty only slightly diminished by the water that to-day is being taken from it by the power canals upon each shore, and realize that here is a force that drives the trolley-cars in Toronto, one hundred miles away, and in Syracuse, 150 miles away. Then begin to count the railroad trains drawn by electric locomotives that come up to that busy interchange point. No, you need not even begin to count them. There are none. For the entire twenty-five years or more of the Niagara power development it has gone absolutely unheeded by the steam railroads there.

Yet it would be hardly fair to say that all our railroaders have been deaf, dumb, and blind to the possibilities of this comparatively cheap and inexhaustible tractive force. It is more than a quarter of a century ago that the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad succeeded in installing electric power in its long tunnels underneath its home city of Baltimore, an installation that has remained in continuous and successful usage ever since. The electric suburban services of the New Haven, the New York Central, and the Pennsylvania in New York and in Philadelphia, and those of the Southern Pacific in and about Oakland, California, and Portland, Oregon, are too complete and well established to be longer regarded as merely experimental. Even the Boston & Maine has an electrical installation, through the bore of the four-mile Hoosac Tunnel, which some fine day it will extend for all the mountain stretch of its former Fitchburg line, from Greenfield, Massachusetts, to Rotterdam Junction, New York. The beginnings have been made.

The Norfolk & Western offers proof of some of the possible economies in its electrically operated division across the Blue Ridge Mountains of West Virginia, a busy thirty miles of single track over which there moves every twenty-four hours a tremendous tonnage of bituminous coal alone. This road makes a daily business of one-hundred-car trains. To bring them over this mountain stretch formerly required three of the largest-sized Mallet locomotives. These same trains are now hauled up the steep grades and around the sharp curves by two articulated electric locomotives, and at twice their former speed. Twelve of these double electric locomotives do a job that could not be accomplished by fewer than thirty-three of the largest-sized steam freight-pullers.

What the Norfolk & Western is doing on a thirty-mile stretch, the progressive Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is doing upon a far larger scale—on 649 miles of its main line across the Rockies and the Cascades. Forty-five electric locomotives have replaced 120 locomotives of steam. Trains and operating divisions have alike been doubled in length, with a traffic heavier than was even dreamed of when the

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road was first projected through to the Pacific coast only a little more than a decade ago. The economies of this huge operation are multiplied in every direction.

§ 3

Within the confines of a single article there is not space even to notice, let alone elaborate upon, the various other operating savings that might be made upon our American railroad, but are not being made to-day. The field of a more scientific train movement through better signaling is of itself a most fascinating one. The second important function of a railroad signal, second only to its all-important one of safety to human life and to property, is to keep trains moving.

There are two ways of directing the movement of trains. The first, still most commonly in use upon the railroads of the United States, is by the written instructions of the train orders; the other is by the indications of the fixed signal—upon the open line generally the automatic block. For train order instructions the moving train must either slow down or stop completely, but with signal indications it may keep ahead at a good pace. In the one case time is lost; in the other it is gained.

This may seem in itself a small matter, but much multiplied, it comes to a real saving indeed. On a single important division of a single important freight-carrying railroad—the Susquehanna division of the Erie Railroad, with 140 miles of double track—a careful test was made of the savings accomplished by the installation of electric block signals within the first calendar twelve months after they had been put in service. Over that division in a typical year there moves the huge traffic of 2,322,070,451 ton-miles.

Under the manual block, the year before, the Erie's train despatching was by written train orders sent by telegraph. The division was divided into two despatchers' districts, two men for each district, four men for the division, for each of the three eight-hour tricks, or twelve men for the twenty-four hours, in addition to two chief train despatchers. Moreover, the Susquehanna division had employed in the twelve months immediately preceding the installation of its automatic electric blocks 136 signalmen at forty-six intermediate stations who had been paid $94,752 on the eight-hour-day basis. Even then it had sought to economize by closing down a number of its block stations at night to make a little saving on its pay-roll, though the net result was to make its blocks excessively long in those hours, and thus slow up and greatly delay its train movement.

Contrast this with a despatcher's service of only six men—in addition, of course, to the two chief despatchers—for the entire division; no signalmen whatsoever, aside from the telegraph offices, open at only seventeen intermediate points instead of forty-six, as of old, where the retention of an operator and the written train order system were imperative, and we begin to see real savings. The Erie folks took that first year of their automatic block operation and compared it with the twelve months immediately preceding, when they had moved 2,137,868,274 ton-miles of freight traffic over the Susquehanna division. With their new device in scientific railroad operation they were able not only to reduce

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greatly their operating forces, but to increase their ton-miles per train from 254,054 to 274,217, a very considerable efficiency increase. In other words, they not only made a valuable saving in time from having fewer trains upon the line,—the actual saving in that first year came to 697 trains,—but an operating cost of $87,969.

Project this to the entire main line of that railroad, 999 miles from New York to Chicago,—remember that we have been considering only one 140-mile division of that main line,—and savings begin to multiply. If the proportion of savings could be maintained, the Erie would have been $630,000 ahead on its main line alone; if it could be carried to its branch lines, too, the figure would run into a million dollars or more a year. Yet the Erie is less than a hundredth part of the route mileage of the railroads of the United States, of which only a comparatively small part is yet equipped with automatic block signals. To say that our carriers might save a hundred million dollars a year by the use of modern and scientific signaling alone would probably be a conservative guess.

§ 4

We have by no means reached our limits in operating economies. That our practical railroaders, under the fearful spur of a terrific demand for retrenchments, have done much is not to be denied. In some things, notably the creation of the big car, the big locomotive, and the big train, they not only have accomplished marvels, but to-day they have probably approached the extreme limits of efficiency, if indeed they have not already actually passed them. They have recently increased the loading of the average freight-car and have speeded up its movement. On March 1, 1920, when the private operators took their roads back from the Government, they announced that they were going to try to make a "thirty-thirty" record, or an average daily mileage of thirty miles instead of the 22.3 which the United States Railroad Administration was then accomplishing, and an average loading of thirty tons, instead of the 28.3 tons which the Railroad Administration by almost superhuman efforts, including appeals to the patriotism of the shipper, had finally succeeded in reaching. Despite most unpropitious circumstances the railroad executives had virtually reached the mark that they had set for themselves when the industrial stagnation set in upon the land. In a total movement of a million carloads of freight a week, savings such as these are the equivalent of many new cars. If the railroads were to come out with definite plans for the extension of electrification upon their properties, the modernization of their terminals, even further revision of their lines, a better correlation between their services and those of the carriers upon the highways, better signaling, they might command better credit. Such things have happened.

There is one economy, however, that requires little or no plant expenditure; it needs only vision for its introduction.

§ 5

For more than three quarters of a century we have had one great god in our American railroad policy—competition. That he is a false god I should not be brash enough to say, for he is very popular, with whose dignity

it is rash to trifle. But he is very expensive. On the outskirts of Vancouver, British Columbia, two great railroad passenger stations stand cheek by jowl. Each would easily serve an European city of half a million inhabitants. Stated in railroad terms, it would not be difficult to operate daily from thirty to fifty passenger trains in and out of either of them. Yet neither is the main passenger station of Vancouver, that is the Canadian Pacific terminal down on the waterfront, at which arrive and depart more than half of the trains that enter and leave Vancouver every week-day. At one of the other two stations, that of the Great Northern, three trains enter and three leave every day; at its neighbor, that of the Canadian National, only two are operated in each direction. One can only guess at the overhead and operating cost for each passenger who uses these architectural extravagances. At the Union Station in Washington, where monumental construction is a bit more justified, this cost for each through passenger is now thirty-four cents. The railroads that run in and out of Washington must carry their passenger a considerable distance before they overcome this high terminal charge and begin to make a profit upon him.

It would be a matter of only slight cost and great economy to place a connecting track between those two Vancouver passenger stations, consolidate the business in one, and abandon the other, or at least as a passenger terminal.

Why was not this done, you ask? Competition.

But Vancouver is in Canada, you insist. Very well; Spokane is not. It is a handsome, well-built city through which runs the disagreeable barrier of three trunk-line railroads, parallel, and from one to two blocks apart. The right of way and station of any one of them could easily have handled the business of the other two. A large capital outlay would have been saved, and Spokane spared the existence of two Chinese-wall-embankments through her business center.

It is competition that keeps alive the farce of separate passenger terminals upon the harbor moles of Oakland, despite the fact that the transharbor ferryboats that serve them use the same common terminal at the foot of Market Street, San Francisco. Competition makes two elaborate passenger terminals in Seattle do the work of one; keeps three stations alive and eating up overhead and operation in Los Angeles; runs to its *n*th degree of extravagance in the small city of Tucson, Arizona, where a magnificent edifice in a park—at first glance you would be sure to call it the town's Carnegie Library—serves as a competing passenger terminal for a railroad which runs only two passenger trains a day in and out of the thing.

West, you say? All right, come East. Within the last two years there has been opened in the outskirts of the city of Richmond, Virginia, a very expensive and elaborate passenger station for which there is no call whatsoever. It is the so-called Union Station of the Atlantic Coast Line and the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac railroads, and replaces the badly located and inadequate Byrd Street Station, which they had used almost since the days of the Civil War. That the Byrd Street Station deserved to be abandoned does not come into the question. The point is that there was

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no need whatsoever to build the elaborate new station in the outskirts of the Virginian city. For Richmond also had, upon her Main Street, a comparatively modern station, already used by the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Seaboard Air Line, and the Southern railroads, which, with a slight adaptation and enlargement, could easily have been brought to meet the needs of the two other roads entering the town.

Why was this simple step not taken? Why was not the large capital outlay saved? Competition. The Atlantic Coast Line felt that it could not have its trains entering and leaving the same station as its competitor in Richmond, even though it is doing that selfsame thing in Charleston, in Savannah, and in Jacksonville. Competition; competition and a little foolish pride.

"Pride, but not foolish," says the big railroad executive who stands at my elbow and whose eyes fall upon these paragraphs. "It is this sort of pride that long ago brought our American railroads to their high standards of service perfection."

A pretty theory, but is it true? What is the actual competition to-day between, let us say, New York and Chicago? There are two first-grade railroads of the highest type connecting these two chief cities of the United States; four more of a second grade, yet in themselves excellent railroads. On each of the two first-grade roads there are five or six fine express trains in each direction every day. Each has one train making the journey in precisely twenty hours. Formerly these trains did the trip in eighteen hours. A succession of serious accidents compelled the wise step of lengthening the schedules, but they remained exactly the same on the two supposedly competing roads, despite the fact that the distance between New York and Chicago on one is 911 miles and on the other 969. Why does not the Pennsylvania, with its shorter route, beat the New York Central on its schedules all the while? Is it because its mountain-ranges take much longer to traverse than the much-advertised "water-level route" of the Vanderbilt system? Possibly; but I doubt it.

The real reason is that the schedules of all these so-called competing trains are regulated by agreement between the so-called competing roads. There is a multiplicity of these agreements. The Pennsylvania has its own rails between New York and Buffalo, the two chief terminals of the original New York Central; but it may not advertise to carry through passengers between these two cities. In exchange for this forbearance the New York Central will not advertise to carry through passengers on its own rails between New York and Pittsburgh, the two chief terminals of the original Pennsylvania.

Similar minimum-passenger-schedule agreements rule the service between Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis, Chicago and St. Louis, Chicago and Kansas City, St. Louis and Kansas City, Chicago and the Pacific coast points, and elsewhere across the land. A few years ago the Post Office Department sought to establish a really fast mail-train service between Chicago and St. Louis, with a train that would make the 283 miles in six hours, but found no enthusiasm whatsoever for the project in the four so-called competing railroads that connect those cities, who long before had fixed their minimum running time between them at a rather leisurely eig

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hours in order to suit the necessities of the slowest and the most roundabout of the four. Eventually, the Post Office Department carried its point, and the Chicago & Alton today carries a through mail train from Chicago to St. Louis in six hours and ten minutes, though the regular passenger trains still remain at the old running-time.

These instances might be multiplied. When you go between New York and Chicago on either of the two high-grade roads that connect those cities, you ride on virtually the same trains, —the Pullman equipment that each carries is standardized down to the finest details,—at the same rates of fare, in the same running times, and in and out of passenger terminals equally advantageously located. The only deciding points between the two roads are such minor ones as whether you prefer the excellent griddle-cakes of the Pennsylvania's diners or the excellent ham and eggs of New York Central's, the scenery of the Alleghanies or that in the valley of the Mohawk. Are these not rather fine distinctions to hold up as a real competition?

The idea that competition is an essential to real railroad service is gradually being exploded. People are coming slowly, but very surely, to realize that no public utility is in its essentials competitive, despite the fact that Congress, through the expression of its Transportation Act, has given a formal approval to the idea that the only thing that can save our sick man of American business is a retention, if not an extension, of our competitive system of railroading through the adoption of a "competitive consolidation" plan. This is the scheme upon which the experts of the Interstate Commerce Commission have been engaged these many months and of which the preliminary outline has just been issued.

§ 6

This shows that a huge extension of the size of our individual railroad units is contemplated despite the fact, now recognized, that many of them have already gone beyond the limits of efficient operating supervision and management. Yet almost the only railroads that are to-day being successfully operated in the United States are the small roads,—small in a comparative sense at least,—like the Boston & Albany, the Lackawanna, the Bessemer & Lake Erie, the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh, the El Paso & Southwestern, to single out only a few, operated as individual units and by men who only are not on their ground, but in close and constant personal touch with every inch of it. That genius of American railroading, Harriman, more than a decade ago recognized this point when he began the decentralization of his railroad properties, placing five presidents upon them west of the Mississippi River, each with all but autonomous powers. The Pennsylvania has more recently recognized it in the construction of four regional systems within its giant property, each in many essentials a separate railroad and to a large extent separately operated. It has made a good beginning, but has not gone far enough. The principle stands recognized, however, that you can reach a point and pass it where your obvious economies and strengths of centralization are offset by the disadvantages of having created a top-heavy and almost unworkable machine.

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Apparently, this vital principle was completely overlooked in the minds of the politicians who as a tentative American railroad policy gave us a "competitive consolidation" of our roads. Seemingly, competition was their god.

"How can such fine industrial cities as Rochester or Akron or Dayton or Grand Rapids thrive and continue to thrive without railroad competition?" they asked, apparently forgetting that for many years such fine industrial cities as Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, and Providence have not alone lived, but thrived and continued to grow greatly without railroad competition. In the old days before it had entered upon its financial skylarkings and was content to remain a well ordered servant of its community, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad showed that it could render in a non-competitive territory service quite as good as its fellows of the competitive territories. Competition was not the thing that made or broke the New Haven service. It was income, outgo, human morale, even regulation, if you please, but not competition. The vision of Mr. Charles S. Mellon that New England should one day become a great non-competitive railroad territory was a very real and far-sighted one. It is only with the method by which he sought to bring it into actual being that one may beg to differ.

In no other land of the world is the competitive theory in transport being pushed forward to-day. In fact the tendency is decidedly in the other direction. It was to observe this tendency, the distinct effort to eliminate competition and bring coöperation and harmony between European railway properties, that I journeyed overseas not long since, and in the next of these articles I shall set forth some of my observations on the regional railway situation in France, where it has long obtained, and in Great Britain, where it is just now being established, particularly as our future prospects here in the United States are affected.

In the meantime our competitive system continues to remain one of our pet railroad extravagances. No sane man imagines that we are ever to succeed in entirely removing the competitive element,—may yet mean the complete reorganization of our national railroad system. Yet even so radical a step need not be regarded as either fatal or impossible. It is entirely within the possibilities to-day that our privately owned and operated railroads, at least as they are at present constituted, may fall. There is but little in the present situation to make one optimistic as to their future success.

The sole alternatives to private ownership and operation are government ownership and operation. To the majority of Americans the very idea of a further governmental control is extremely distasteful, to put the matter mildly. To them it is a very real menace. Yet the menace cannot be avoided by merely singing a song of hate about it. It can be overcome and finally prevented only by some definite national plan or policy in regard to our roads, a simple thing in which for a number of years we have been sadly lacking. If such a plan means their radical reorganization, we must begin, and the sooner the better.

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Birthright[1]

A Novel in Seven Parts—Part VI

By T. S. Stribling

Drawings by F. Luis Mora

For a full thirty seconds Peter Siner stared at the girl at the window before he thought of the amenity, even with her prompting, of asking her to come inside. As a further delayed courtesy, he drew the Heppelwhite chair toward her.

Cissie's face looked bloodless in the blanched light of the gasolene-lamp. She forced a faint, doubtful smile.

"You don't seem very glad to see me, Peter."

"I am," he assured her, mechanically, but he really felt nothing but astonishment and dismay. He was afraid some one would see Cissie in his room.

The octoroon made no further comment on his confusion. Her eyes wandered from him over the stately furniture and up to the stuccoed ceiling.

"They told me you lived in a wonderful room," she remarked absently.

"Yes, it 's very nice," agreed Peter in the same tone, wondering what might be the object of her hazardous visit. A flicker of suspicion suggested that she was trying to compromise him out of revenge for his renouncement of her, but the next instant he rejected this.

The girl accepted the chair Peter offered and continued to look about.

"I hope you don't mind my staring, Peter," she said.

"I stared when I first came here to stay," assisted Peter, who was getting a little more like himself, even if a little uneasier at the consequences of this visit.

"Is that a highboy?" She nodded nervously at the piece of furniture. "I 've seen pictures of them."

"Uh huh. Revolutionary, I believe. The night wind is a little raw." He moved across the room and closed the jalousies, and thus cut off the night wind and also the west view from the street. He glanced at the heavy curtains parted over his front windows with a keen desire to swing them together. Some fragment of his mind continued the surface conversation with Cissie.

"To have such things would almost teach one history," the girl said.

"Yeh; very nice." Peter had decided that the girl was in direct line with the left front window and an opening between the trees to the street.

The girl's eyes followed his.

"Are those curtains velour, Peter?"

"I—I believe so," agreed the man, unhappily.

"I—I wonder how they look spread."

Peter seized on this flimsy excuse with a wave of relief and thankfulness

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

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to Cissie. He had to restrain himself as he strode across the room and swung together the two halves of the somber curtains in order to preserve an appearance of an exhibit. His fingers were so nervous that he bungled a moment at the heavy cords, but finally the two draperies swung together, loosing a little cloud of dust. He pinched together a little aperture where the hangings stood apart, and then turned away in sincere relief.

Cissie's own interest in historic furniture and textiles came to an abrupt conclusion. She gave a deep sigh, and settled back into her chair. She sat looking at Peter seriously, almost distressfully, as he came toward her.

With the closing of the curtains and the establishment of a real privacy Peter became aware once again of the sweetness and charm Cissie always held for him. He still wondered what had brought her, but he was no longer uneasy.

"Perhaps I 'd better build a fire," he suggested, quite willing now to make her visit seem not unusual.

"Oh, no,"—she spoke with polite haste,—"I 'm just going to stay a minute. I don't know what you 'll think of me." She looked intently at him.

"I think it lovely of you to come." He was disgusted with the triteness of this sentence, but he could think of nothing else.

"I don't know," demurred the octoroon, with her faint, doubtful smile. "Persons don't welcome beggars very cordially."

"If all beggars were so charming—" Apparently he could n't escape bromides.

But Cissie interrupted whatever speech he meant to make with a return of her almost painful seriousness.

"I really came to ask you to help me, Peter."

"Then your need has brought me a pleasure at least." Some impulse kept the secretary making those foolish complimentary speeches, which keep the conversation empty and insincere.

"O Peter, I did n't come here for you to talk like that! Will you do what I want?"

"What do you want, Cissie?" he asked, sobered by her voice and manner.

"I want you to help me, Peter."

"All right, I will." He spaced his words with his speculations about the nature of her request. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to help me go away."

Peter looked at her in surprise. He hardly knew what he had been expecting, but it was not this.

Some repressed emotion crept into the girl's voice.

"Peter, I—I can't stay here in Hooker's Bend any longer. I want to go away. I—I 've got to go away."

Peter stood regarding her curiously and at the same time sympathetically.

"Where do you want to go, Cissie?"

The girl drew a long breath; her bosom lifted and dropped abruptly.

"I don't know; that was one of the things I wanted to ask you about."

"You don't know where you want to go?" He smiled faintly. "How do you know you want to go at all?"

"O Peter, all I know is I must leave Hooker's Bend!" She gave a little shiver. "I 'm tired of it, sick of it—sick." She exhaled a breath, as if she were indeed physically ill. Her face suggested it; her eyes were shadowed. "Some Northern city, I suppose," she added.

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"And you want me to help you?" inquired Peter, puzzled.

She nodded silently, with a woman's instinct to make a man guess the favor she is seeking.

Then it occurred to Peter just what sort of assistance the girl did want. It gave him a faint shock that a girl could come to a man to beg or to borrow money. It was a white man's shock, a notion he had picked up in Boston, because it happens frequently among village negroes, and among them it holds as little significance as children begging one another for bites of apples.

Peter thought over his bank-balance, then started toward a chest of drawers where he kept his check-book.

"Cissie, if I can be of any service to you in a substantial way, I 'll be more than glad to—"

She put out a hand and stopped him; then talked straight on in justification of her determination to go away.

"I just can't endure it any longer, Peter." She shuddered again. "I can't stand Nigger Town, or this side of town—any of it. They—they have no *feeling* for a colored girl, Peter, not—not a speck!" She gave a gasp, and after a moment plunged on into her wrongs. "When—when one of us even walks past on the street, they—they whistle and say a-all kinds of things out loud, j-just as if w-we were n't there at all. Th-they don't c-care; we 're just n-nigger w-women." Cissie suddenly began sobbing with a faint catching noise, her full bosom shaken by the spasms, her tears slowly welling over. She drew out a handkerchief with a part of its lace edge gone and wiped her eyes and cheeks, holding the bit of cambric in a ball in her palm, like a negress, instead of in her fingers, like a white woman, as she had been taught. Then she drew a deep breath, swallowed, and became more composed.

Peter stood looking in helpless anger at this representative of all women of his race.

"Cissie, that 's street-corner scum—the dirty sewage—"

"They make you feel naked," went on Cissie in the monotone that succeeds a fit of weeping, "and ashamed—and afraid." She blinked her eyes to press out the undue moisture, and looked at Peter as if asking what else she could do about it than to go away from the village.

"Will it be any better away from here?" suggested Peter, doubtfully.

Cissie shook her head.

"I—I suppose not, if—if I go alone."

"I should n't think so," agreed Peter, somberly. He started to hearten her by saying white women also underwent such trials, if that would be a consolation; but he knew very well that a white woman's hardships were as nothing compared with those of a colored woman who was endowed with any grace whatever.

"And, besides, Cissie," went on Peter, who somehow found himself arguing against the notion of her going, "I hardly see how a decent colored woman gets around at all. Colored boarding-houses are wretched places. I ate and slept in one or two coming home. Rotten." The possibility of Cissie finding herself in such a place moved Peter.

The girl nodded submissively to his judgment, and said in a queer voice:

"That 's why I—I did n't want to travel alone, Peter."

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"No, it 's a bad idea—" and then Peter perceived that a queer quality was creeping into the tête-à-tête.

She returned his look unsteadily, but with a curious persistence.

"I—I d-don't want to travel a-alone, Peter," she gasped.

Her look, her voice suddenly brought home to the man the amazing connotation of her words. He stared at her, felt his face grow warm with a sharp, peculiar embarrassment. He hardly knew what to say or do before her intent and piteous eyes.

"You—you mean you want m-me—to go with you, Cissie?" he stammered.

The girl suddenly began trembling, now that her last reserve of indirection had been torn away.

"Listen, Peter," she began breathlessly. "I 'm not the sort of woman you think. If I had n't accused myself, we 'd be married now. I—I wanted you more than anything in the world, Peter, but I did tell you. Surely, surely, Peter, that shows I am a good woman—th-the real I. Dear, dear Peter, there is a difference between a woman and her acts. Peter, you 're the first man in all my life, in a-all my life, who ever came to me k-kindly and gently; so I had to l-love you and t-tell you, Peter." The girl's wavering voice broke down completely; her face broke with grief. She groped for her chair, sat down, buried her face in her arms on the table, and broke into a chattering outbreak of sobs that sounded like some sort of laughter.

Her shoulders shook; the light gleamed on her soft, black Caucasian hair. There was a little rent in one of the seams in her cheap jacket, at one of the curves where her side molded into her shoulder. The custom-made garment had found Cissie's body of richer mold than it had been designed to shield. And yet in Peter's distress and tenderness and embarrassment, this little rent held his attention and somehow misprized the wearer.

It seemed symbolic in the searching white light. He could see the very break in the thread and the widened stitches at the ends of the rip. He felt the little irony of the thing, and yet was quite unable to resist the symbol.

And then, too, she had referred again to her sin of peculation. A woman enjoys confessions from a man. A man's sins are mostly vague, indefinite things to a woman, a shadowy background which brings out the man in a beautiful attitude of repentance; but when a woman confesses, the man sees all her past as a close-up with full lighting. He has an intimate acquaintance with just what she 's talking about, and the woman herself grows shadowy and unreal. Men have too many blots not to demand whiteness in women. By striking some such average, nature keeps the race a going moral concern.

So Peter was filled with as unhappy and as impersonal a tenderness as a born brother as he stood looking down on the woman who was asking him to marry her. He recalled the thoughts which he had used against Cissie when he saw her passing his window. She was not the sort of woman he wanted to marry; she was not his ideal. He cast about in his head for some gentle way of putting her off, so that he would not hurt her any further, if such an easement were possible.

As he stood thinking, he found not a pretext, but a reality. He stooped over, and put a hand lightly on each of her arms.

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"Cissie," he said in a serious, even voice, "if I should ever marry any one, it would be you, Cissie."

The girl paused in her sobbing at his even, passionless voice.

"Then you—you won't?" she whispered in her arms.

"I can't, Cissie." Now that he was saying it, he uttered the words very evenly and smoothly. "I can't, dear Cissie, because a great work has just come into my life." He paused, expecting her to ask some question, but she lay silent, with her face in her arms, evidently listening.

"Cissie, I think, in fact I know, I can demonstrate to all the South, both white and black, the need of a better and more sincere understanding between our two races."

Peter did not feel the absurdity of such a speech in such a place. He patted her arm, but there was something in the warmth of her flesh that disturbed his austerity and caused him to lift his hand to the more impersonal axis of her shoulder. He proceeded to develop his idea.

"Cissie, just a moment ago you were complaining of the insults you meet everywhere. I believe, if I can spread my ideas, Cissie, that even a pretty colored girl like you may walk the streets without being subjected to obscenity on every corner."

Cissie lifted her head and dried her eyes.

"So you are n't going to marry me, Peter?" Womanlike, now that she was well into the subject, she was far less embarrassed than Peter. She had had her cry.

"Why—er—considering this work, Cissie—"

"Are n't you going to marry anybody, Peter?"

The artist in Peter, the thing the girl loved in him, caught again that Messianic vision of himself.

"Why, no, Cissie," he said, with a return of his inspiration of an hour ago; "I 'll be going here and there all over the South preaching this gospel of kindliness and tolerance, of forgiveness of the faults of others." Cissie looked at him with a queer expression. "I 'll show the white people that they should treat the negro with consideration not for the sake of the negro, but for the sake of themselves. It 's so simple, Cissie, it 's so logical and clear—"

The girl shook her head sadly.

"And you don't want me to go with you, Peter?"

"Why, n-no, Cissie; a girl like you could n't go. Perhaps I 'll be misunderstood in places, perhaps I may have to leave a town hurriedly, or be swung over the walls, like Paul, in a basket." He attempted to treat it lightly.

But the girl looked at him with a horror dawning in her melancholy face.

"Peter, do you really mean that?" she whispered.

"Why, truly. You don't imagine—"

The octoroon opened her dark eyes until she might have been some weird.

"O Peter, please, please put such a mad idea away from you! Peter, you 've been living here alone in this old house until you don't see things clearly. Dear Peter, don't you *know?* You can't go out and talk like that to white folks and—and not have some terrible thing happen to you! O Peter, if you would only marry me, it would cure you of such wildness." Involuntarily, she got up, holding out

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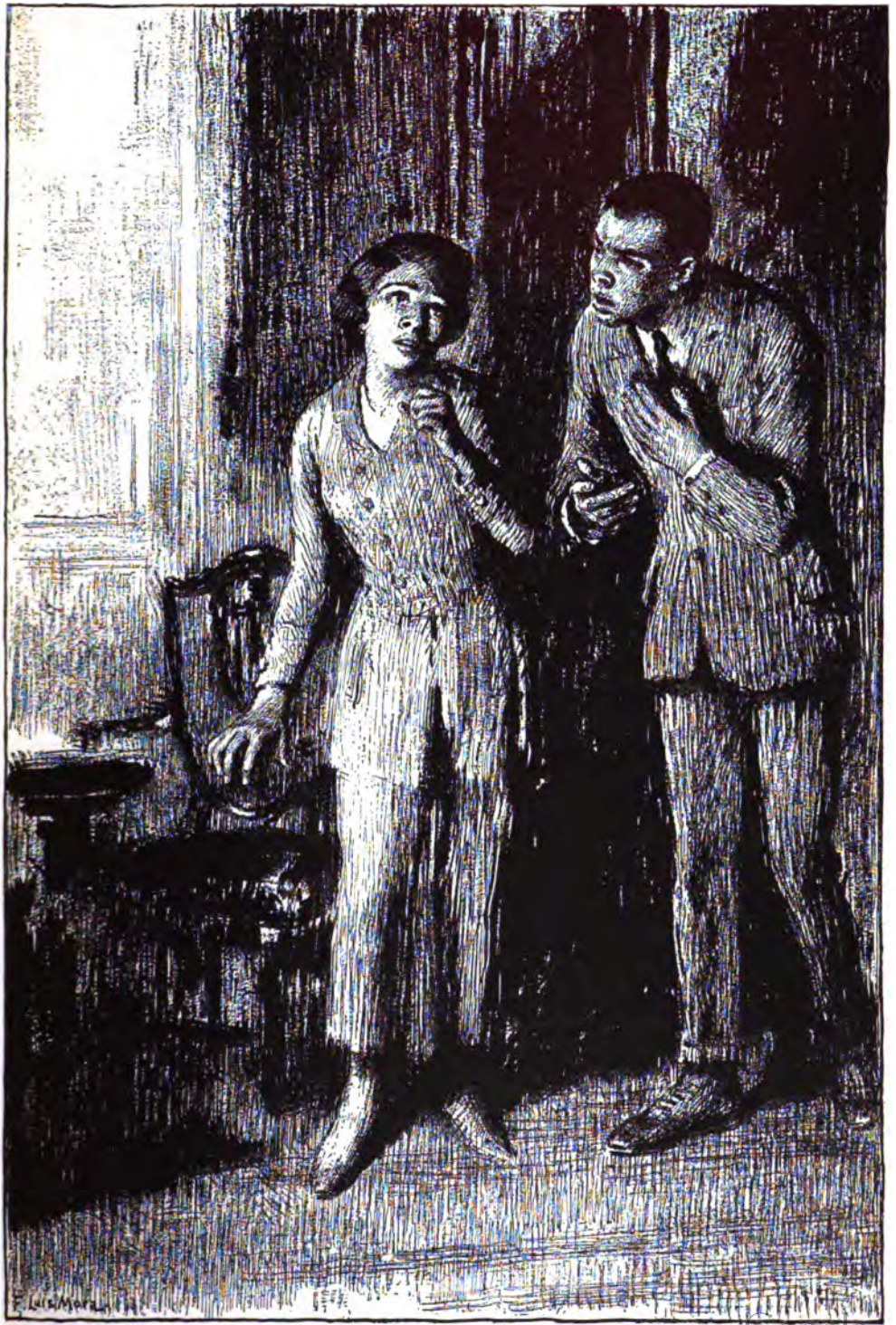

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her arms to him, offering herself to his needs, with her frightened eyes fixed on his.

It made him exquisitely uncomfortable again. He made a little noise designed to comfort and reassure her. He would do very well. He was something of a diplomat in his way. He had got along with the boys in Harvard very well indeed. In fact, he was rather a man of the world. No need to worry about him, though it was awfully sweet of her.

Cissie picked up her handkerchief with its torn edge, which she had laid on the table. Evidently she was about to go.

"I surely don't know what will become of me," she said, looking at it.

Through some reversal of feeling Peter did not want her to go away quite then. He cast about for some excuse to detain her a moment longer.

"Now, Cissie," he began, "if you are really going to leave Hooker's Bend—"

"I 'm not going," she said, with a long exhalation. "I"—she swallowed—"I just thought that up to—ask you to—to— You see," she explained, a little breathless, "I thought you still loved me and had forgiven me by the way you watched for me every day at the window."

This speech touched Peter more keenly than any of the little drama the girl had invented. It hit him so shrewdly he could think of nothing more to say.

Cissie moved toward the window and undid the latch.

"Good night, Peter." She paused a moment, with her hand on the catch. "Peter," she said, "I 'd almost rather see you marry some other girl than try so terrible a thing."

The big, full-blooded athlete gave a faint smile.

"You seem perfectly sure marriage would cure me of my mission."

Cissie's face reddened faintly.

"I think so," she said briefly. "Good night," and she disappeared in the dark space she had opened and closed the jalousies softly after her.

§ 2

Cissie Dildine's conviction that marriage would cure Peter of his mission persisted in the mulatto's mind long after the glamour of the girl had faded and his room had regained the bleak emptiness of a bachelor's bedchamber.

Cissie had been so brief and positive in her statement that Peter, who had not thought on the point at all, grew more than half convinced she was right.

Now that he pondered over it, it seemed there was a difference in the outlook of a bachelor and a married man. The former considered humanity as a balloonist surveys a throng, immediately and without perspective; but the latter always sees mankind through the frame of his family. A single man tends naturally to philosophy and reform; a married man to administration and statesmanship. There have been no great unmarried statesmen; there have been no great married philosophers or reformers.

Now that Cissie had pointed out this universal rule, Peter saw it very clearly. And Peter suspected that beneath this rough classification, and conditioning it, lay a plexus of obscure mental and physical reactions set up by the relations of husband and wife.

At any rate, after these reflections Peter now felt sure that marriage would cure him of his mission; but

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how had Cissie known it? How had she struck out so involved a theory, one might say, in the toss of a head?

All this philosophy to one side, Cissie's appearance just in the nick of his inspiration, her surprising proposal of marriage, and his refusal, had accomplished one thing: it had committed Peter to the program he had outlined to the girl.

Indeed, there seemed something fatalistic in such a linking of events. Siner wondered whether he would have obeyed his vision without this added impulse from Cissie. He did not know; but now, since it had all come about just as it had, he suspected he would have been neglectful. He felt as if a dangerous, but splendid, channel had been opened before his eyes, and almost at the same instant a hand had reached down and directed his life into it. This fancy moved the mulatto. As he got himself ready for bed, he kept thinking:

"Well, my life is settled at last. There is nothing else for me to do. Even if this should end terribly for me, as Cissie imagines, my life won't be wasted."

Next morning Peter Siner was awakened by old Rose Hobbett thrusting her head in at his door, staring around, and finally, seeing Peter in bed, grumbling:

"Why is you still heah, black man?"

The secretary opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Why should n't I be here?"

"Nobody wuz speckin' you tuh be heah." The crone withdrew her head and vanished.

Peter wondered at this unaccustomed interest of Rose, then hurried out of bed, supposing himself late for breakfast.

A dense fog had come up from the river, and the moisture, floating into his open windows, had dampened his whole room. Peter stepped briskly to the screen and began splashing himself. It was only in the midst of his ablutions that he remembered his inspiration and resolve of the previous evening. As he squeezed the water over his powerfully molded body, he recalled it almost impersonally. It might have happened to some third person. He did not even recall distinctly the threads of the logic which had lifted him to such a Pisgah, and showed him the whole South as a new and promised land. However, he knew that he could start his train of thought again, and again ascend the same mountain.

Floating through the fog into his open window came the noises of the village as it set about living another day, precisely as it had lived innumerable days in the past. The blast of the six o'clock whistle from the planing-mill made the loose sashes of his windows rattle. Came a lowing of cows and a clucking of hens, a woman's calling. The voices of men in conversation came so distinctly through the pall that it seemed a number of persons must be moving about their morning work, talking and shouting, right in the Renfrew yard.

But the thing that impressed Peter most was the solidity and stability of this Southern village that he could hear moving around him, and its certainty to go on in the future precisely as it had in the past. It was a tremendous force. The very old manor about him seemed huge and intrenched in long traditions, while he, Peter Siner, was just a brown man and rather cold from the fog.

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He listened to old Rose clashing the kitchen utensils. As he drew on his damp underwear, he wondered what he could say to old Rose that would persuade her into a little kindliness and tolerance for the white people. As he listened he felt hopeless; he could never explain to the old creature that her own happiness depended upon the charity she extended to others. She could never understand it. She would live and die precisely the same bitter old beldam that she was, and nothing could ever assuage her.

§ 3

While Peter was thinking of the old creature, she came shuffling along the back piazza with his breakfast. She let herself in by lifting one knee to a horizontal, balancing the tray on it, then opening the door with her freed hand.

When the shutter swung open, it displayed the old crone, standing on one foot, wearing a grimy man's sock, which had fallen down over a broken, run-down shoe.

In Peter's mood the thought of this wretched old woman putting on such garments morning after morning was unspeakably pathetic. He thought of his own mother, who had lived and died only a shade or two removed from the old crone's condition.

Rose put down her foot, and entered the room with her lips poked out, ready to make instant attack if Peter mentioned his lack of supper the night before.

"Aunt Rose," asked the secretary, with his friendly intent in his tones, "how came you to look in this morning and say you did n't expect me in my room?"

She gave an unintelligible grunt, pushed the lamp to one side, and eased her tray to the table.

Peter finished touching his tie before one of those old-fashioned mirrors, not of cut-glass, yet perfectly true. He came from the mirror and moved his chair, out of force of habit, so he could look up the street toward the Arkwrights.

"Aunt Rose," said the young man, wistfully, "why are you always angry?"

She stared, bridled at this extraordinary inquiry.

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

She hesitated a moment, thinking how she could make her reply a personal assault on Peter.

"'Cause you come heah, 'sputin' my rights, da' 's why."

"No," demurred Peter, "you were quarreling in the kitchen the first morning I came here, and you did n't know I was on the place."

"Well—I got muh tribuhlations," she snapped, staring suspiciously at these unusual questions. Then Peter said placatingly:

"I was just thinking, Aunt Rose, you might forget your tribulations if you did n't ride them all the time."

"Huccum! What you mean, ridin' muh tribuhlations?"

"Thinking about them. The old captain, for instance; you are no happier always abusing the old captain."

The old virago gave a sniff, tossed her head, but kept her eyes rolled suspiciously on Peter.

"Very often the way we think and act makes us happy or unhappy," moralized Peter, broadly.

"Look heah, niggah, you ain't no preachuh sont out by de Lawd tuh me!"

"Anyway, I am sure you would feel

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more friendly toward the captain if you acted entirely open with him; for instance, if you did n't take off all his cold victuals and handkerchiefs, socks, soap, kitchenware—"

The cook snorted.

"I 'd feel much mo' neked an' hongry, dat 's how I 'd feel."

"Perhaps, if you 'd start over, he might give you a better wage."

"Huh!" she snorted in an access of irony, "I see dat skinflint gibm me a bettah wage! Puuh!" Then suddenly she realized where the conversation had wandered, and stared at the secretary with widening eyes. "Good Lawd! did dat fool capm set up a niggah in dis bedroom winduh jes to ketch ol' Rose packin' off a few ol' lef'-ovahs?" Peter began a hurried denial, but she rushed on: "'Fo' Gawd, I hopes his viddles chokes him! I hope his ol' smoke-house falls down on his ol' haid! I hoped tuh Jesus—"

Peter pleaded with her not to think the captain was behind his observations, but the hag rushed out of the bedroom, swinging her head from side to side, calling down the most terrible maledictions. She would show him! She would n't put another foot in his old kitchen. Wild horses could n't drag her into his smoke-house again.

Peter ran to the door and called after her down the piazza, trying to set the captain right; but she either did not or would not hear, and vanished into the kitchen, still furious.

Old Rose made Peter so uneasy that he deserted his breakfast midway and hurried to the library. In the solemn old room he found the captain alone and in rather a pleased mood. The old gentleman stood patting and alining a pile of manuscript. As the mulatto entered he exclaimed:

"Well, here 's Peter again!" as if his secretary had been off on a long journey. Immediately afterward he added, "Peter, guess what I did last night?" His voice was full of triumph.

Peter was thinking about Aunt Rose, and stood looking at the captain without the slightest idea.

"I wrote all of this,"—he indicated his manuscript,—"over a hundred pages."

Peter considered the work without much enthusiasm.

"You must have worked all night."

The old attorney rubbed his hands.

"I think I may claim a touch of inspiration last night, Peter. Reminiscences rippled from under my pen, propitious words, prosperous sentences. Er—the fact is, Peter, you will see, when you begin copying, I had come to a matter—a—a matter of some moment in my life. Every life contains such moments, Peter. I had meant to write something in the nature of a defen—an explanation, Peter. But after you left the library last night it suddenly occurred to me just to give each fact as it took place, quite frankly. So I did that—not—not what I meant to write at all—ah. As you copy it, you may find it not entirely without some interest to yourself, Peter."

"To me?" repeated Peter, after the fashion of the inattentive.

"Yes, to yourself." The captain was oddly moved. He took his hands off the script, walked a little away from the table, came back to it. "It — ah — may explain a good many things that — er — may have puzzled you." He cleared his throat and shifted his subject briskly. "We ought to be thinking about a publisher.

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What publisher will we have for these reminiscences? Make some stir in Tennessee's political circles, Peter; tremendous sales; clear up questions everybody is interested in. H-m—well, I 'll walk down town, and you"—he motioned at the script—"begin copying—"

"By the way, Captain," said Peter as the old gentleman turned for the door, "has Rose said anything to you yet?"

The old man detached his mind from his script with an obvious effort.

"What about?"

"About leaving your service."

"No-o, not especially; she 's always leaving my service."

"But in this case it was my fault; at least I brought it about. I remonstrated with her about taking your left-over victuals and socks and handkerchiefs and things. She was quite offended."

"Yes, it always offends her," agreed the old man, impatiently. "I never mention it myself unless I catch her red-handed; then I storm a little to keep her in bounds."

Naturally, Peter knew of this extraordinary system of service in the South, but, nevertheless, he was shocked at its implications.

"Captain," finally suggested Peter, "would n't you find it to your own interest to give old Rose a full cash payment for her services and allow her to buy her own things?"

The captain dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand. "She 's a nigger, Peter; you can't hire a nigger not to steal. Born in 'em. Then I 'm not sure but what it would be compounding a felony, hiring a person not to steal; might be so construed. Well, now, there 's the script. Read it carefully, my boy, and remember that in order to gain a certain *status quo* certain antecedents are—are absolutely necessary, Peter. Without them my—my life would have been quite empty, Peter. It 's—it 's very strange—amazing. You will understand as you read. I 'll be back to dinner, so good-by." In the strangest agitation the old captain walked out of the library. The last glimpse Peter had of him was his meager old figure silhouetted against the cold gray fog that filled the compound.

§ 4

Neither the captain's agitation nor his obvious desire that Peter should at once read the new manuscript really got past the threshold of Peter's consciousness. The mulatto's thoughts still hovered about old Rose, and from that point spread to the whole system of colored service in the South. For Rose's case was typical. The wage of cooks in small Southern villages is a pittance—and what they can steal. The tragedy of the mothers of a whole race working for their board and thievings came over Peter with a rising grimness. And there was no public sentiment against such practice. It was accepted everywhere as natural and inevitable. The negresses were never prosecuted; no effort was made to regain the stolen goods. The employers realized that what they paid would not keep soul and body together; that it was steal or perish.

It was a fantastic truth that for any colored girl to hire into domestic service in Hooker's Bend was more or less entering an apprenticeship in peculation. What she could steal was the major portion of her wage, if two such anomolous terms may be used in conjunction.

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Yet, strange to say, the negro women of the village were quite honest in other matters. They paid their small debts. They took their mistresses' pocket-books to market and brought back the correct change. And if a mistress grew too indignant about something they had stolen, they would bring it back and say: "Here is a new one. I 'd rather buy you a new one than have you think I would take anything."

The whole system was the lees of slavery, and was surely the most demoralizing, the most grotesque method of hiring service in the whole civilized world. It was so absurd that its mere relation lapses into humor, that bane of black folk.

Such painful thoughts filled the gloomy library and harassed Peter in his copying. He took his work to the window and tried to concentrate upon it, but his mind kept playing away.

Indeed, it seemed to Peter that to sit in this old room and rewrite the wordy meanderings of the old gentleman's book was the very height of emptiness. How utterly futile, when all around him, on every hand, girls like Cissie Dildine were being indentured to corruption! And, as far as Peter knew, he was the only person in the South who saw it or felt it or cared anything at all about it.

When Cissie Dildine came to the surface of Peter's mind she remained there, whirling around and around in his chaotic thoughts. He began talking to her image, after a certain dramatic trick of his mind, and she began offering her environment as an excuse for what had come between them and estranged them. She stole, but she had been trained to steal. She was a thief, the victim of an immense immorality. The charm of Cissie, her queer, swift-working intuition, the candor of her confession, her voluptuousness—all came rushing down on Peter, harassing him with anger and love and desire. To copy any more script became impossible. He lost his place; he hardly knew what he was writing.

He flung aside the whole work, got to his feet with the imperative need of an athlete for the open. He started out of the room, but as an afterthought scribbled a nervous line, telling the captain he might not be back for dinner. Then he found his hat and coat and walked briskly around the piazza for the front gate.

The trees and shrubs were dripping, but the fog had almost cleared away, leaving only a haze in the air. A pale, level line cut across the scarp of the Big Hill. The sun shone with a peculiar soft light through the vapors of the morning.

As Peter passed out of the gate, the fancy came to him that he might very well be starting on his mission. It came with a sort of surprise. He wondered how other men had set about reforms. With unpremeditation? He wondered to whom Jesus of Nazareth preached his first sermon? The thought of that young Galilean, sensitive, compassionate, inexperienced, speaking to his first hearer filled Peter with a strange trembling tenderness. He looked about the familiar street of Hooker's Bend, the old trees over the pavement, the shabby village houses, and it all held a strangeness when thus juxtaposed to the thought of Nazareth nineteen hundred years before.

The mulatto started walking down the street with his footsteps quickened

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by a sense of the spiritual adventure upon which he was about to enter.

On the corner, against the blank south wall of Hobbett's store, Peter Siner saw the usual crowd of negroes warming themselves in the soft sunshine. They were slapping one another, scuffling, making feints with knives or stones, all to an accompaniment of bragging, profanity, and loud laughter. Their behavior was precisely that of adolescent white boys of fifteen or sixteen years of age.

Jim Pink Staggs was furnishing much amusement with an impromptu sleight-of-hand exhibition. The black audience clustered around Jim Pink. They exhibited not the least curiosity as to the mechanics of the tricks, but asked for more and still more, with the naïve delight of children in the mysterious.

Peter Siner walked down the street with his Messianic impulse strong upon him. He was in that stage of feeling toward his people where a man's emotions take the color of religion. Now, as he approached the crowd of negroes, he wondered what he could say, how he could transfer to them the ideas and the emotion that lifted up his own heart.

As he drew nearer, his concern mounted to anxiety. Indeed, what could he say? How could he present so grave a message? He was right among them now. One of the negroes jostled him by striking around his body at another negro. Peter stopped. His heart beat, and he had a queer sensation of being operated by some power outside of himself. Next moment he heard himself saying in fairly normal tones:

"Fellows, do you think we ought to be idling on the street corners like this? We ought to be at work, don't you think?"

The horse-play stopped at this amazing sentiment.

"Whuffo, Petuh?" asked a voice.

"Because the whole object of our race nowadays is to gain the respect of other races, and more particularly our own self-respect. We have n't it now. The only way to get it is to work, work, work."

"Ef you feel lak you had ought to go to wuk," suggested one astonished hearer, "you done got my p'mission, black boy, to hit yo' nachel gait to de fus job in sight."

Peter was hardly less surprised than his hearers at what he was saying. He paid no attention to the interruption.

"Fellows, it 's the only way our colored people can get on and make the most out of life. Persistent labor is the very breath of the soul, men; it—it is." Here Peter caught an intimation of the whole flow of energy through the universe, focusing in man and being transformed into mental and moral values. And it suddenly occurred to him that the real worth of any people was their efficiency in giving this flow of force moral and spiritual forms. That was the end of man; that is what is prefigured when a baby's hand reaches for the sun. But Peter considered his audience, and his thought stammered on his tongue. The Persimmon, with his protruding, half-asleep eyes, was saying,

"Ah don' know, Petuh, as I 's so pa'tick'lar 'bout makin' de mos' out'n dis worl'. You know de Bible say—it say,"—here the Persimmon's voice dropped a tone lower in unconscious imitation of negro preachers,—"la-ay

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not up yo' treas'uh on uth, whauh moss do corrup', an' thieves break thu *an'* steal."

Came a general nodding and agreement of soft, blurry voices.

"'At sho whut it say, black man."

"Sho do."

"Lawd God loves a niggah on a street co'nah same as He do uh millionaiuh in uh six-cylindah, Petuh."

"Sho do, black man; but He 's jes about de onlies' thing on uth 'at do."

"Well, I don' know," came a troubled rejoinder. "Thah 's de debil, ketchin' mo' niggahs nowadays dan he do white men, I 'fo' Gawd b'liebes."

"Well, dat 's because dey *is* so many mo' niggahs dan dey is white folks," put in a philosopher.

"Whut do you say 'bout dat, Brothah Petuh?" inquired the Persimmon, seriously.

None of this discussion was either derision or burlesque. None of the crowd had the slightest feeling that these questions were not just as practical and important as the suggestion that they all go to work.

When Peter realized how their ignorant and undisciplined thoughts flowed off into absurdities, and that they were entirely unaware of it, it brought a great depression to his heart. He held up a hand with an earnestness that caught their vagrant attention.

"Listen! Can't you see how much there is for us black folks to do, and what little we have done?"

"Sho is a lot to do; we admits dat," said Bluegum Frakes. "But what 's de use doin' hit ef we kin manage to shy roun' some uh dat wuck an' keep on libin' anyhow, specially wid wages so high?"

The question stopped Peter. Neither his own thoughts, or any book that he had ever read or any lecture that he had heard ever attempted to explain the enormous creative urge which is felt by every noble mind, and which, indeed, is shared to some extent by every human creature. Put to it like that, Siner concocted a sort of allegory, telling of a negro who was shiftless in the summer and suffered want in the winter, and applied it to the present high wage and to the low wage that was coming; but in his heart Peter knew such utilitarianism was not the true reason at all. Men do not weave tapestries to warm themselves, or build temples to keep the rain away.

The brown man passed on around the corner, out of the faint warmth of the sunshine and away from the empty and endless arguments which his coming had provoked among the negroes.

§ 5

The futile ending to his first adventure surprised Peter. He walked uncertainly up the business street of the village, hardly knowing where to turn next.

Cold weather had driven the merchants indoors, and the thoroughfare was quite deserted except for a few hogs rooting among the refuse heaps piled in front of the stores. It was not a pleasant sight, and it repelled Peter all the more because he was accustomed to the disinfected look of a Northern city. He walked up to the third door from the corner when a buzz of voices brought him to a standstill and finally persuaded him inside.

At the back end of a badly lighted store a circle of white men and boys had formed around an old-fashioned,

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egg-shaped stove. Near by, on some meal-bags, sat two negroes, one of whom wore a broad grin, the other, a funny, sheepish look.

The white men were teasing the latter negro about having gone to jail for selling a mortgaged cow. The men went about their fun-making leisurely, knowing quite well the negro could not get angry or make any retort or leave the store, all of these methods of self-defense being ruled out by custom.

"You must have forgot your cow was mortgaged, Bob."

"No-o-o, suh; I—I—I did n't fuh-git," drawling his vowels.

"Did n't you know you 'd get into trouble?"

"No-o-o-o, suh."

"Know it now, don't you?"

"Ye-e-h, suh."

"Have a good time in jail, Bob?"

"Ye-e-h, suh. Shot cra-a-aps nea'ly all de time tull de jailah broke hit up."

"Would n't he let you shoot any more?"

"No-o-o, suh; not aftah he won all ouah money." Here Bob flung up his head, poked out his lips like a bugle, and broke into a grotesque "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" It was such an absurd laugh, and Bob's tale had come to such an

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absurd dénouement, that the white men roared, and shuffled their feet on the flared base of the stove. Some spat in or near a box filled with sawdust, and betrayed other nervous signs of satisfaction. When a man so spat, he stopped laughing abruptly, straightened his face, and stared emptily at the rusty stove until further inquisition developed some other preposterous episode in Bob's jail career.

The merchant, looking up at one of these intermissions, saw Peter standing at his counter. He came out of the circle and asked Peter what he wanted. The mulatto bought a package of soda and went out.

The chill north wind smelled clean after the odors of the store. Peter stood with his package of soda, breathing deeply, looking up and down the street, wondering what to do next. Without much precision of purpose, he walked diagonally across the street, northward, toward a large, faded sign that read, "Killibrew's Grocery." A little later Peter entered a big, rather clean store, which smelled of spices, coffee, and a faint dash of decayed potatoes. Mr. Killibrew himself, a big, rotund man, with a round head of prematurely white hair, was visible in a little glass office at the end of his store. Even through the glazed partition Peter could see Mr. Killibrew smiling as he sat comfortably at his desk. Indeed, the grocer's chief asset was a really expansive friendliness and a pleasant, easily provoked laughter.

He was fifty-two years old, and had been in the grocery business since he was fifteen. He had never been to school at all, but had learned bookkeeping, business mathematics, salesmanship, and the wisdom of the market-place from his store, from other merchants, and from the drummers who came every week with their samples and their worldly wisdom. These drummers were, almost to a man, very sincere friends of Mr. Killibrew, and not infrequently they would write the grocer from the city, or send him telegrams, advising him to buy this or to unload that, according to the exigencies of the market. As a result of this he was very well off indeed, and all because he was a friendly, agreeable sort of man.

The grocer heard Peter enter and started to come out of his office, when Peter stopped him and asked if he might speak with him alone.

The white-haired man with the pink, good-natured face stood looking at Peter with rather a questioning, but pleasant, expression.

"Why, certainly, certainly." He turned back to the swivel-chair at his desk, seated himself, and twisted about on Peter as he entered. Mr. Killibrew did not offer Peter a seat,—that would have been an infraction of Hooker's Bend custom,—but he sat leaning back, evidently making up his mind to refuse Peter credit, which he fancied the mulatto would ask for, and yet do it pleasantly.

"I was wondering, Mr. Killibrew," began Peter, feeling his way along—"I was wondering if you would mind talking over a little matter with me. It 's considered a delicate subject, I believe, but I thought a frank talk would help."

During the natural pauses of this speech Mr. Killibrew kept up a genial series of nods and ejaculations.

"Certainly, Peter. I don't see why, Peter. I 'm sure it will help, Peter."

"I 'd like to talk frankly about the

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relations of our two races here in the South, in Hooker's Bend."

The grocer stopped his running accompaniment of affirmations and looked steadfastly at Peter. Presently, he seemed to solve some question and broke into a pleasant laugh.

"Now, Peter, if this is some political shenanigan, I must tell you I 'm a Democrat. Besides that, I don't care a straw about politics. I vote, and that 's all."

Peter put down the suspicion that he was on a political errand.

"Not that at all, Mr. Killibrew. It 's a question of the white race and the black race. The particular feature I am working on is the wages paid to cooks."

"I did n't know you were a cook?" interjected the grocer in surprise.

"I am not."

Mr. Killibrew looked at Peter, thought intensely for a few moments, and came to an unescapable conclusion.

"You don't mean you 've formed a cooks' union here in Hooker's Bend, Peter!" he cried, immensely amazed.

"Not at all. It 's this," clarified Peter. "It may seem trivial, but it illustrates the principal I 'm trying to get at, but does n't your cook carry away cold food?"

It required perhaps four seconds for the merchant to stop his speculations on what Peter had come for and adjust his mind to the question.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," he agreed, very much at sea. "I—I never caught up with her." He laughed a pleasant, puzzled laugh. "Of course she does n't come around and show me what she 's making off with. Why?"

"Well, it 's this. Would n't you prefer to give your cook a certain cash payment instead of having her taking uncertain amounts of your food-stuffs and wearing apparel?"

The merchant leaned forward in his chair.

"Did old Becky Davis send you to me with any such proposition as that, Peter?"

"No, not at all. But, Mr. Killibrew, would n't you like better and more trustworthy servants as cooks, as farm-hands, chauffeurs, stable-boys? You see, you and your children and your children's children are going to have to depend on negro labor, as far as we can see, to the end of time."

"We-e-ell, yes," admitted Mr. Killibrew, who was not accustomed to considering the end of time.

"Would n't it be better to have honest, self-respecting help to dishonest help?"

"Certainly."

"Then let 's think about cooks. How can one hope to rear an honest, self-respecting negro citizenry as long as the mothers of that race are compelled to resort to thievery to patch out an insufficient wage?"

"Why, I don't suppose niggers ever will be honest," admitted the grocer, very frankly. "You naturally don't trust a nigger. If you credit one for a dime, the next time he has any money he 'll go trade somewhere else." The grocer broke into his contagious laugh. "Do you know how I 've built up my business here, Peter? By never crediting a nigger." Mr. Killibrew continued his pleased chuckle. "Yes, I get the whole cash trade of the niggers in Hooker's Bend by never cheating one and never trusting one."

The grocer leaned back in his squeaking chair and looked out

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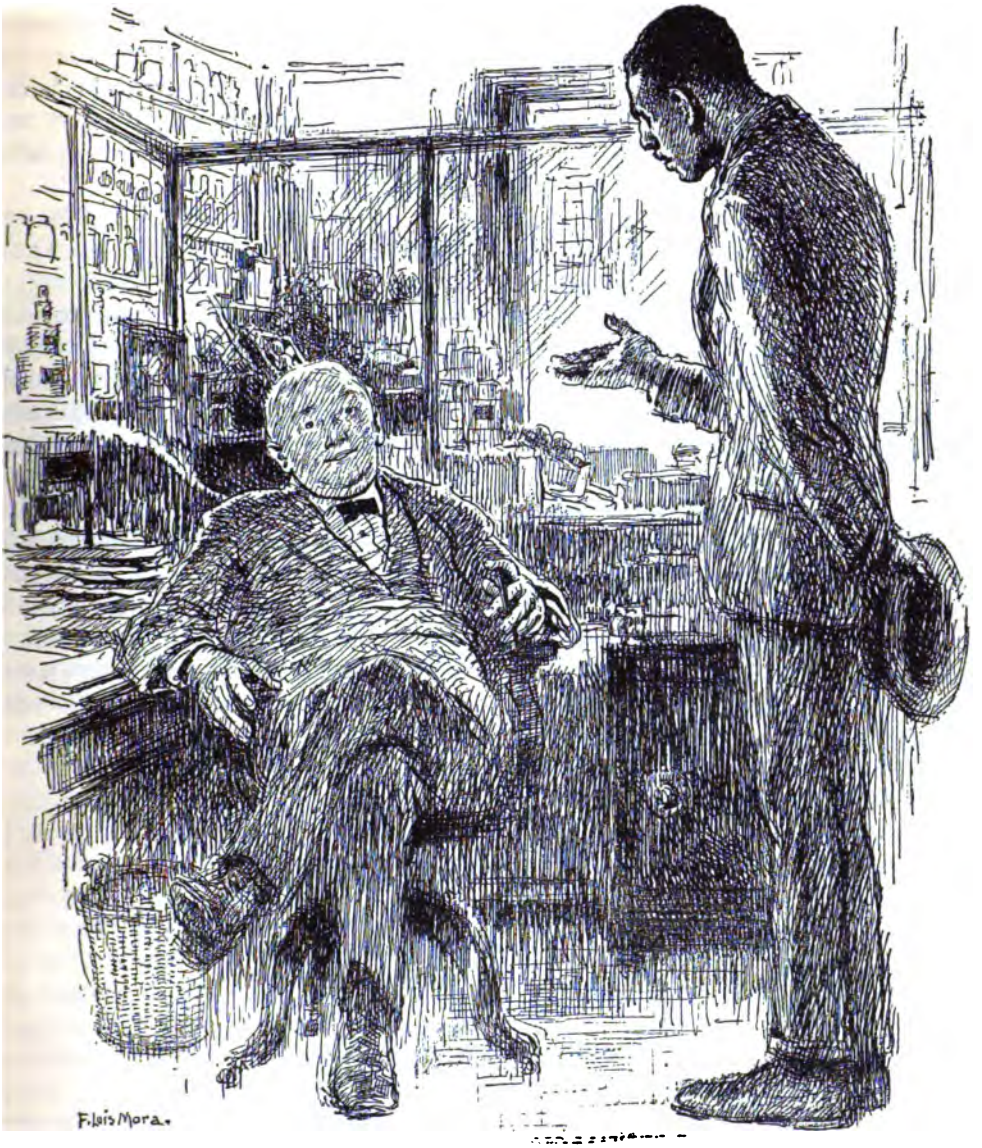

through the glass partition, over the brightly colored packages that lined his shelves from floor to ceiling. All that prosperity had come about through a policy of honesty and distrust. It was something to be proud of.

"Now, let me see," he proceeded, recurring pleasantly to what he recalled of Peter's original proposition, "Aunt Becky sent you here to tell me if I 'd raise her pay, she 'd stop stealin' and—and raise some honest children." Mr. Killibrew threw back his head and broke into loud, jelly-like laughter. "Why, don't you know, Peter, she 's an old liar. If I gave her a hundred a week, she 'd steal. And children! Why, the old humbug! She 's too old; she 's had her crop. And, besides all that, I don't mind

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what the old woman takes. It is n't much. She 's a good old darky, faithful as a dog." He arose from his swivel-chair briskly and floated Peter out before him.

"Tell her, if she wants a raise," he concluded heartily, "and can't pinch enough out of my kitchen and the two dollars I pay her—tell her to come to me, straight out, and I 'll give her more, and she can pinch more."

Mr. Killibrew moved down the aisle of his store between fragrant barrels and boxes, laughing mellowly at old Aunt Becky's ruse, as he saw it. As he turned Peter out, he invited him to come again when he needed anything in the grocery line. He showed no resentment.

And he was so pleasant, hearty, and sincere in his friendliness toward both Peter and old Aunt Becky that Peter, even amid the complete side-tracking and derailing of his mission, decided that if ever he did have occasion to purchase any groceries, he would do his trading at this market ruled by an absolute honesty with, and a complete distrust in, his race.

At the conclusion of the Killibrew interview Peter instinctively felt that he had just about touched the norm of Hooker's Bend. The village might contain men who would dive a little deeper into the race question with Peter; assuredly, there would be hundreds who would not dive so deep. Mr. Killibrew's attitude on the race question turned on how to hold the negro patronage of the village to his grocery. It was not an abstract question at all, but a concrete fact, which he had worked out to his own satisfaction. With Mr. Killibrew, with all Hooker's Bend, there was no negro question.

(The end of the sixth part of "Birthright")

The Old Sailor

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

A white cloud drifts to meet a sail at sea
  Come in from ports that one may yearn to know,
  And here beside the road a slanted tree
  Seems peering down on splendors tossed below.
Beneath the shade a deeper shadow stirs,
  A vagabond gives voice unto his dream,
  He says, "My ship had wider sails than hers;
  But see, still distant, how they strain and gleam."
Now in his rags as tattered as the sails,
  Blown in on rocks of some disastrous shore,
  He walks a road beside the sea and hails
The ships that left him strong of arm no more.
  At farms, a little inland, where he begs
  He blusters still and walks with seaman's legs.

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The Month in World Affairs

By Lothrop Stoddard

As Mr. Chesterton might put it, the "settlements" of the Washington conference are significant because they are not "settlements." They are admittedly tentative, with no pretense of permanence. Take the conference's outstanding accomplishment —the Four-Power Pacific Treaty of America, Great Britain, France, and Japan. Not only is it made for a limited period,—ten years,—but even within its lifetime it provides for readjustment by conference between the contracting parties. This illustrates the new method, the method of conference, so different from the old method of inflexible arrangements. The same spirit appears in the other achievements of the conference, such as the "naval holiday" and the readjustments in China. And there is a yet larger aspect. Mr. Hughes has clearly intimated that he regards the Washington conference as merely the first of a series of similar international gatherings. This assumption and this hope are shared by most of the world's statesmen. Already we are considering other conferences—an "Atlantic conference," a European economic conference, and the like. What a contrast all this is to the old method, the method of Westphalia, of Vienna, of Versailles, where statesmen and diplomats gathered in solemn conclave, evolved a "settlement," and proclaimed it the enduring charter of the nations!

The conference has, however, actually achieved tangible results of great importance. The four-power treaty is a beneficent instrument. It promises peace in the Pacific for the next decade. It supersedes the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and thereby removes the greatest potential source of misunderstanding between the English-speaking peoples. The modifications of the Chinese situation, though admittedly tentative, seem to be about all that that complex and dizzily changing situation will to-day bear. Lastly, the "naval holiday," however limited in scope, offers substantial relief to overburdened taxpayers, checks somewhat the armament rivalry, focuses world suspicion on imperialistic ambitions, and should allay war-talk. On the other side of the ledger, of course, must be placed matters of a more disappointing character.

The failures of the conference are due primarily to the European situation, which remains very bad. The social and economic recovery of Europe will be at best slow and difficult, and will not proceed with equal speed in all countries. Some parts of Europe, especially England, seem to be fairly convalescent; other parts are improving very slowly, if at all; while still other unhappy regions, like Austria, are sinking into ruin. The two outstanding features of contemporary European life are impoverishment

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and hostility. Europe is still a welter of rivalries, suspicions, and hatreds—hatreds between nations and hatreds within nations. The current disputes between England, France, and Italy, which I discussed last month, and which have since grown even more acute, are typical of Europe's morbid psychology.

§ 2

In viewing Europe, we must first of all make a sharp distinction between Great Britain and the Continent. From continental Europe England has always stood more or less apart. In times of supreme crisis England has intervened, and that decisively; but, the crisis once over, she has withdrawn from the Continent as rapidly as possible, resuming her traditional attitude of watchful detachment. This is what is now taking place. Having broken the menace of German domination of Europe, as she formerly broke the threatened dominations of France and Spain, England seeks to effect on the Continent an economic stability that will give her profitable markets and secure a political balance of power that will prevent the rise of a new military peril and leave her free to concentrate on domestic reconstruction and the development of her vast overseas empire.

Domestic reconstruction is an imperative necessity for England, dependent as she is for her very existence upon the profits of her manufactures, finance, and merchant marine. England's economic ill health is revealed by the industrial depression, prevalence of great strikes, wide-spread unemployment, and crushing taxation, which have afflicted her since the war. The situation has been still further complicated by the troubles in Ireland and by disturbances in other parts of the empire, notably Egypt and India. None-too-abundant resources have been diverted to unproductive military purposes. Nevertheless, the English are once more displaying those traditional qualities of common sense, compromise, and sound political instinct that have invariably brought Great Britain safely through the crises of her history. When, for instance, things looked almost hopeless, a brilliant stroke of statesmanship suddenly removed the Irish question from the barricade to the council-chamber, and thence in turn to the parliamentary forum. A feud which has festered for centuries seems really on the point of healing, and Ireland, it appears, is to take her place voluntarily in that political system which, formally known as the "British Empire," is in reality an association of kindred nations. With an "Irish free state" taking its place amicably beside the great self-governing "dominions,"—Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa,—the empire's most vexing political problem will be solved. As in Ireland, so in England itself affairs seem distinctly on the mend. England's domestic problems are many and serious, yet somehow or other her bitterest disputes usually stop short of bloodshed or revolution. The Englishman's sound political sense prevents his holding to any stubborn pride of opinion and leads him to compromise the very points on which a moment before he may have stoutly asserted that compromise was impossible. The eminently British trait of "muddling through" at the last moment has confounded many confident prophecies that England was "doomed."

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It is precisely in this common-sense moderation, even more than in material circumstances, that England to-day differs from the Continent. Materially, continental Europe has improved in spots during the last year. Except in chronically diseased areas like Bolshevik Russia and truncated Austria, Europe appears to be grappling hopefully with the problems of starvation, industrial paralysis, social disorder, and disease. But continental Europe is still in the grip of war psychology, with its morbid manifestations of fear, hatred, and preference for violent methods. Almost everywhere emotional and political considerations dominate economic considerations, the average European being apparently ready to stay poor himself if he can keep his detested neighbor poorer still. Armies are being demobilized, but there has been no corresponding demobilization of hatreds. Spiritual frontiers tower higher than political frontiers. Every country lives in relative isolation, more or less hostile to and suspicious of its neighbors.

§ 3

The most stable power of continental Europe is France. Victorious, possessing the most seasoned and efficient army in the world, economically almost self-sufficing, strengthened by the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, buttressed by a close alliance with Belgium, and counting several other actual or potential allies among the new states of eastern Europe, France is in some ways stronger than she has been since the first Napoleon. Nevertheless, France is uneasy. Frightfully bled and devastated by the late war and burdened with huge debts, France is haunted by the specter of a German *revanche*. In fact, many Frenchmen see safety only in the utter ruin of Germany, while certain imperialist elements, playing upon the popular fear and hatred, urge ambitious foreign policies which, if successful, would make France the militant master of Europe. But all this estranges England, seeking Europe's economic recovery and the establishment of a new political balance of power. Most Englishmen feel that a ruined Germany would spell a ruined Continent, which, by economic repercussion, would ultimately spell a ruined England as well. Also, Englishmen have not fought down a threatened German supremacy merely to see a French supremacy rise in its place. In addition, England and France are in sharp diplomatic opposition throughout the Near East. The Anglo-French Entente, though existing in form, is broken.

Italy, likewise, is drifting rapidly away from France. Quit of her old enemy, the Hapsburg empire of Austria-Hungary, Italy looks forth with ambitious eyes over the Mediterranean and the Balkans. This means that Italy, like England, wants a fairly strong Germany to redress the European balance and insure markets for Italy's expanding industries. As for France, Italy fears her possible European supremacy, and already encounters France or her friends, the Jugoslavs, wherever Italian ambitions extend. Accordingly, Italy moves toward England, while popular dislike of France shows itself in anti-French riots and insults to the French flag. In other words, the alliance of the three western European powers, forged by the German menace, has been loosened by victory over Germany.

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As for Germany, she presents a curious spectacle. Struggling up from the abyss of defeat, starvation, and revolution into which she was suddenly hurled four years ago, Germany has displayed extraordinary energy in quelling Bolshevik unrest, restoring social discipline, and repairing her industrial mechanism. Her foreign policy has consisted mainly in desperate attempts to avoid or mitigate the economic penalties of the Versailles treaty. In this, however, Germany has failed. Allied ultimatums have forced her to shoulder, substantially unaltered, the huge burdens of indemnity imposed upon her at Versailles, while her resources have been still further reduced by the assignment of the most valuable part of upper Silesia to Poland.

§ 4

Germany's present economic condition is, in fact, a sort of paradox. On the surface Germany seems almost prosperous. Her people are working hard, and her industrial life is intense. But this very intensity wears a hectic look. Germany's industrial recovery has been based largely on reckless inflation of currency and credit. Furthermore, the ultimate profits go not to enrich Germany, but to pay war-indemnities that virtually all Germans and many foreign economists declare too great to be borne. Hitherto the German people have been encouraged to work though hopes of reduced indemnities and other easings of the burdens imposed at Versailles; but as time passes and their hopes are not sensibly realized, there is growing danger of a sudden revulsion to despairing pessimism that would intensify the financial crisis which seems to be at hand. The precipitate fall of the German mark in foreign exchange is an ominous symptom of economic ill health. Some financial observers have gone so far as to predict inevitable national bankruptcy. This would imply a tremendous crash in German industry, and might spell foreign intervention, with its incalculable consequences.

§ 5

Beyond Germany lies the twilight zone of the "new Balkans." This vast belt of territory, lying between Germany and Russia, and stretching clear across Europe from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Ocean, is a mosaic of jarring peoples grouped politically into more than a dozen states. Most of these states are recent creations of the Versailles treaties. In 1914 eastern-central Europe was divided between three great military empires, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. Only in the extreme south, the Balkan Peninsula, was there a group of small independent states. The Great War revolutionized the situation. It blew up Austria-Hungary, mangled Germany, and disrupted Russia, and it is from the debris of this explosion that the new small-state zone has been created. Throughout the zone "Balkan" conditions prevail: that is to say, haunting fear of extinction combined with grandiose dreams of expansion; hatred and jealousy of neighbors; perpetual intrigues; and intolerant nationalism of ruling majorities, met by an equally stubborn nationalism of subject minorities. As some one has remarked of these new states, "Every one of them is an Ireland, and every Ireland has its Ulster."

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With such a hectic political atmosphere the life of the new Balkans promises to be as exciting as old Balkan life in its palmiest days. The new Balkans will certainly be the chief danger-zone of Europe, the happy hunting-ground of diplomats and concessionaires, the scene of startling political coups, the theater of dramatic turns of fortune. As yet all is in flux. Nothing is really settled. The one changeless thing in the Balkans seems to be the certainty of change.

This baker's dozen of young states vary greatly in size, population, and stability. Their mere listing shows the diversity of their prospects. Reading from south to north, the states of the new Balkans are: Greece, Albania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-slovakia, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland. To these may be added Turkey, the nominal possessor of Constantinople; and the Ukraine, a region of southern Russia at present oscillating between separatism and reabsorption into the Muscovite fold.

The most powerful of the New Balkan States are Jugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland, with populations of twelve, seventeen, twenty-four millions respectively. Close on their heels come Czecho-slovakia and Greece. Less powerful, yet far from negligible, are Bulgaria, Hungary, and Finland. Lastly, there is a class of weak states: Albania, Austria, and the Baltic trio—Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia. None of these weak sisters is a good international life-insurance risk. Albania is threatened with partition between Greece and Jugoslavia, though it may be saved from this fate by Italy, which dislikes Albania's foes. Austria does not even desire to live as an independent state, but longs to join Germany, and is prevented from doing so only by the resolute veto of France. The small Baltic states are in danger of being reabsorbed by Russia, desirous of regaining its western sea-frontage and of getting into direct touch with Germany. Realizing their danger, the Baltic provinces are drawing together and are looking toward their northern neighbor, Finland, which is similarly menaced by Russian imperialism. A Baltic federation of these four provinces is not unlikely, though their united strength could hardly withstand a Russian onslaught unless they obtained foreign aid.

The most significant diplomatic alinement which has thus far occurred in the new Balkans is the so-called "Little Entente," an alliance originally concluded between Jugoslavia and Czecho-slovakia, and since joined by Rumania. The Little Entente is frankly directed against Hungary, wholly unreconciled to its mutilation by the peace treaties and dreaming of revenge. The beneficiaries of Hungary's partition being not only Jugoslavia and Czecho-slovakia, but also Rumania, the latter joined the anti-Hungarian combination.

Rumania, however, has joined with distinct mental reservations. She dreads her allies' almost fanatical Panslavism. Both Jugoslavia and Czecho-slovakia pride themselves on being Slavism's twin outposts in central Europe, and look ultimately to Russia. However, Rumania is not a Slav, but a Latin land, a Latin island in a Slav ocean. And Rumania knows that a restored Russia will have a heavy reckoning to settle with her for the great province of Bessarabia,

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which Rumania seized after Russia's collapse into Bolshevism.

§ 6

Thus, on the Danube as on the Baltic, we come over against Russia, the vast, incalculable power, to-day riven with dissention and scourged by famine, yet possessed of inexhaustible natural and human resources. How Russia will evolve is still a mystery. Communism has not converted the peasants, the great majority of the population; it has not proved industrially successful, the output of Russia's factories being only a tithe of what it was in pre-revolutionary days. The communists themselves remain a small minority, numbering only some five or six hundred thousand out of a population totaling more than 150,000,000.

There is much discontent, just as there was under czarism, but this discontent remains dispersed and uncoördinated. Take the case of the Russian refugees. They are a vast host, estimated at from one to two millions, scattered all over the globe, and they include many men of superior abilities. Yet they are hopelessly divided among themselves. These refugees are of all political shades, from social revolutionaries scarcely less "Red" than the Bolsheviki, clear over to died-in-the-wool czarists, whose sole idea of government is the blackest reaction. The result is that the "émigrés" have never succeeded in getting together. And what is true of the émigrés is equally true of discontented elements at home. The Bolsheviki are thus confronted not by a united and determined opposition, but merely by a series of groups that cannot act as a unit and often scarcely know their own minds. In these circumstances the continued dictatorship of the small, but self-confident and rigidly disciplined, Bolshevist minority is not so strange as it superficially appears.

Another important element in the Russian situation is that the Bolshevik Government has lately been modifying its communist program by permitting various practices strangely like those prevailing in the "capitalist" world. For example, men are now allowed to trade on their own account, the result being a mushroom growth of stores and shops quite on the "bourgeois" model. Precisely what this portends is not yet certain. The Bolsheviki assert that these are merely temporary "concessions" to a transition period, which will be withdrawn when the moment has come for the establishment of pure communism. They point frankly to the fact that these concessions are all of an economic character; they state with equal frankness that no political concessions are contemplated, and they predict that by the continued pressure of their dictatorship the Russian people can be carried over into true communism within a relatively short period.

The Bolshevik rulers of Russia thus remain communist in theory, though they have ceased to be consistently communist in practice. Is this the beginning of an "evolution to the right"? The alacrity and enthusiasm with which the Russian public has availed itself of private trading, and the increased economic activity which has resulted, are worthy of note. If these first concessions are followed by greater industrial activity and heightened prosperity, will not Russian public opinion demand still further

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concessions of a similar character? And will the Bolshevik Government be in a position to refuse? To state positively that this will happen is as yet premature, but the situation in Russia will certainly bear careful watching.

This concludes our survey of contemporary Europe. Of course the European situation is intimately connected with conditions in western Asia, the regions known as the Near and Middle East. Here is another vast area that the Great War has thrown into a profound ferment, which has extended eastward to India and China, and westward throughout northern Africa. Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, northern Africa, central Asia, India; all these lands are to-day astir with unrest. The leaven of European ideas and methods which has been penetrating the Orient for the last half-century has quickened it to new activity. The huge block of the Mohammedan world, stretching from Morocco to China and from Turkestan to the Congo, seems to be entering upon a profound transformation whose results must affect all mankind. In subsequent issues we shall discuss these Eastern problems and consider their effect upon the West.

§ 7

For the moment let us return to Europe. Our survey has shown us how complex and critical is the European situation. The outstanding features of that situation are the threatened dissolution of the alliance between England, France, and Italy that has controlled Europe since the war, and the deepening rift between England and France. If these tendencies progress much further, we shall witness a re-grouping of the European nations on lines very different from those that were effected by the late war and which still formally subsist. This would of course imply many novel and far-reaching possibilities. To avoid this plunge into the unknown, the statesmen of the Western powers are striving to maintain their alliance, compose their differences, and agree upon a constructive program of common action.

All Europe is in an acute political transition. The war-time bases of the alliance between the three Western powers have been undermined with the waning of war-time issues and the appearance of new problems. If the alliance is to continue, it must be based upon new conditions; otherwise there will be no true cement to bind the contracting parties together in the bonds of mutual interest, the only real basis of enduring association. Will this happen? We do not know.

Certainly, the prime ministers of the three Western powers seem determined to maintain the alliance. Their success will depend upon their ability really to harmonize the divergent points of view of their respective peoples. Unless they do this, their "agreements" will be mere "scraps of paper" plastered over the widening cracks of a crumbling edifice. Cordial expressions of mutual esteem and reassuring pronouncements by statesmen that all is well may mean very little. We must in each instance scan the terms of their agreements to see how far these correspond with the needs and desires of their constituents.

The dissensions of the Western powers are, in a way, symbolic of the whole state of Europe. The dissensions that rend the political and

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economic life of Europe rend its social, cultural, and intellectual life as well.

Europe as a social and spiritual unity has almost ceased to exist. Until 1914 there was such a Europe. Despite the numerous differences that held its peoples apart, there were many factors that drew them together. Art, music, letters, inventions, ideas, and men alike passed easily across frontiers, and these friendly exchanges were being steadily intensified with increasing economic interdependence and growing ease of intercommunication.

How different is the situation to-day! The Great War and the Versailles peace (singular peace!) have combined to raise a host of barriers, physical and spiritual, political and economic, intellectual and cultural, between the nations and between the classes within the nations. The peoples of Europe are to-day in some respects more sundered from one another than they were centuries ago. Incredibly vexatious passport troubles and absurd customs inquisitions beset the luckless traveler; worthless paper currencies wall off states like mountain-ranges; while even after all difficulties are surmounted the stranger may find himself among men so hostile that sojourn among them becomes impossible. Americans who know only pre-war Europe can hardly conceive the Europe of to-day.

Obviously, no real recovery of Europe can take place while such conditions endure. If such conditions obtain much longer, Europe will sink into chronic poverty, decadence, and impotence. Fortunately, above the clamor of wrangling politicians and hate-crazed multitudes rise certain strong, clear voices of hope urging sanity, coöperation, and forgiveness, insisting that Europe needs not only diplomatic understandings and economic agreements, but even more a kindlier spirit and a saner state of mind.

In any discussion of European recovery we must not forget the rôle of the lesser states that are still known by their war-time title of "the neutrals." Those states—Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, and Spain—escaped both the material and spiritual ravages of the Great War, and are to-day exerting a moderating and constructive influence quite out of proportion to their size and resources. Their total population, however, is nearly fifty millions, ranking rather high in energy, intelligence, and general civilization. These "neutral" peoples are largely free from the jealousies and obsessions of the great powers, but they are vitally interested in averting fresh convulsions that would involve them with the rest of Europe in a common ruin. It is not impossible that "the neutrals" will be the saving counterpoise that will tip the balance in the right direction.

But, whatever may be in store, one thing is clear: if Europe is to be saved, Europe must save itself. This does not in the least imply that the rest of the world will, or can, stand aside and let Europe "stew in its own juice." Recovery must, however, start within Europe itself. It cannot be imposed from without.

Whether Europe will save itself remains to be seen. The omens are none too bright. But we need not be unduly pessimistic. The graver an illness, the slower the convalescence. The ground-swell of the greatest storm in human history cannot subside in a day.

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An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By Glenn Frank

The Research Magnificent

This issue of the magazine is enriched by three significant papers which blaze a trail toward a new and more realistic politics. I refer to Mr. Wiggam's analysis of the advice the biologist may give to the statesman, to Mr. Lippmann's tracing of the first steps toward an organized intelligence that may in time supersede the rule-of-thumb in public administration, and to Mr. Ireland's proposal of a society for the clinical study of government. I want to comment particularly upon Mr. Ireland's memorandum, which, in my judgment, contains one of the most constructive political suggestions that has been made in this country since the publication of "The Federalist."

Mr. Ireland proposes a non-governmental society, international in its membership, functioning through a research institute, having nothing whatever to do with propaganda, holding rigorously to the single task of making knowledge about government available to all who care to seek it. In this proposal Mr. Ireland has, I think, struck at the heart of our political problem, for the placing of politics upon a fact basis is fundamental to any intelligent adventure in domestic reform or world reconstruction.

The unpardonable sin of politics is the reluctance to find and the refusal to face facts. The reform that will make all other reforms possible is the substitution of reality for rhetoric in the politics of the future. American politics has never, either in policy or in procedure, rested upon a fact basis. At worst, our politics has been dominated by inherited opinion, uncritical emotion, irrational hatred of personalities, class interests, and the organized insincerities of campaign strategy; at best, by an idealism that has mistaken desires for facts, and gone recklessly into combat or conference without adequate knowledge of the facts and forces which inevitably condition the procedure of the moment and the policy of the future.

Our political campaigns are, in the main, factless affairs of emotional claptrap. We are captured by catchwords, ruled by snap judgments, and rifled by special interests, while the facts stand lonesomely about in the suburbs of our discussions. A Presidential campaign should be a veritable university course for the people in the domestic and international problems on the wise handling of which even our personal futures depend. That such is not the case is due, I think, to a pretty clear cause.

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In the first place, the average American politician is not a master of the facts of government and the problems with which government deals. The average American politician has neither the instincts nor the training of the scholar, and there is no existing organization that adequately serves him in the collection and analysis of the facts pertaining to the problems of government. Only the other day a member of the Senate asked me to suggest a person whom he might employ as a research assistant. This senator has access, of course, to the services of the Librarian of Congress, who will prepare for him bibliographies upon any subject under discussion by the Senate; but even this leaves the senator with the duty of wading through a mass of material that should have been worked over in advance by adepts in the business of analytics. We are asking the impossible of our senators and representatives when we ask them to collect, analyze, and master the facts on all the problems that confront government. They must have a new kind of assistance in research and analysis unless we are willing to allow the stump-speaker to continue to usurp the statesman's place. If we put at the service of our changing body of representatives the assistance of a constant body of researchers, we shall find the quality of campaign discussions rising.

In the second place, our politics are more emotional than intelligent because, as a people, we have never achieved a fundamental and continuous interest in politics. We evince sporadic and short-lived interest in this or that issue, but we are not politically minded in any sustained sense. I think this is partly because there has been no way for us to keep continuously informed about the facts of our complicated political problems. Everywhere we turn we are faced by the disastrous effects of uninformed politicians and an uninformed people. We read reams of information in our newspapers, our magazines, and our books, but it is scattered, it lacks correlation, it fails to create a cumulative and sustained interest in the whole grand adventure of the administration of our common life.

As a people, we are singularly blind to the importance of research on public problems save in times of crisis. As I have said again and again in these columns, we have never acquired the habit of preparing in advance for even the most predictable demands of the future. We prefer to improvise. In politics, we like to play by ear. We do our political thinking under the spell of the immediate. The result is that in the heat and hurry of a critical situation we devise some expedient, some sorry product of haste, which blocks progress for the next several generations.

I am inclined to think that Mr. Ireland is right in contending that a society for the scientific study of government should be non-governmental. The assembling of facts must not be subject to partizan tinkering. It is true, of course, that the establishment of research agencies by political parties is a great advance over the old régime of oratory and guesswork, and the politician will be wary of juggling his facts when he knows that the opposition party has a research agency as well. The fact remains, however, that the business of research, like Cæsar's wife, must be above suspicion, and its rightful place is outside the

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battle-ground of politics. We can never be wholly secure in depending upon agencies of research privately run for profit. Such agencies cannot be concerned in the larger problem of putting their facts at the disposal of the entire nation, and there are more ways to silence a private agency that has its living to make than a great institution supported by an international membership and by endowments, particularly by stringless endowments.

Then, too, we need a new and more scientific sort of research than has yet been applied in any wide-spread manner to the problems of government. Mr. Ireland, in his book on "Democracy and the Human Equation," has stated this matter plainly. He says:

> Here and there some devoted student has made a careful and exhaustive investigation of some phase of Government; but nearly all of this investigation has been historical rather than scientific, in the sense that it has been descriptive, qualitative, and positive, instead of analytical, quantitative, and comparative.

Here is the crux of our problem of uninformed politics. I am not trying to suggest that our political servants sit in a vacuum and spin theories out of their minds in utter disregard of all facts. I am trying only to say that the research upon which government now depends is rarely broad enough in its scope, rarely covers enough cases or enough ground to admit of wide comparisons. And only wide comparisons can give us sure guidance. Underpaid servants of government, constantly prodded by senators and representatives hungry for quick compilations of information that will enable them to prepare speeches in twenty-four hours and to secure quick partizan advantage will never give us the broad research we need. The "research magnificent" must be organized. We must divorce research from the exigencies of party politics, and bring together into an international society all the disinterested students of government. We need a league to enforce objectivity in the study of government, a league that prosecutes the search for truth regardless of what the search may reveal.

But, granted the existence and successful operation of such an international research body, throwing its results on the table with a take-it-or-leave-it air, how can we be sure that its results will be put to practical use? Will the partizan politician be any quicker to *use* such facts than he has been to *search* for them? A political party while in power is under no compulsion to search for the facts, because, as Mr. Ireland suggests, a party in power can enforce its opinion. The party out of power, however, is in a different position. It wants to unseat the party in power. As things are now, the party out of power can do little more than make charges which the party in power can deny with counter-assertions. If we had a non-partizan organization that had in hand the facts, the opposition party would always turn to it for its campaign ammunition, and fight with facts instead of charges. The result would be vastly educational. Then, too, the bulletins of such a society, going to a vast membership all over the world, would create, wherever a member lived, a little nucleus of political realism that would in time profoundly affect political thought. The indirect effect of the mere existence of the body of facts brought together by such

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a society upon the press, upon textbooks, and upon political discussion in general would be very great. In time many institutions, such as banks, exporting firms, insurance companies, and the like would turn to such an institution for a broader knowledge than they are able to secure from their own limited research organizations.

But how could such an institution establish faith in its impartiality? For instance, would labor trust its research into matters affecting the relations of labor and capital? This is not, I think, an insuperable difficulty. I can imagine such an institution setting two groups of investigators at work upon a problem, one group suggested or approved by labor, another approved by capital. When both groups had submitted the results of their independent investigations, the analysts of the institute could extract from the two reports all points on which the two commissions agreed; then a further analysis could be made of all points of difference due to the use of different or mutually misunderstood terminology, and agreements be reached upon such points; then by conference between the two commissions and by re-investigations, a solid body of agreed-upon facts could be determined. The result would, I believe, be far beyond anything we achieve now by our partizan, partial, group researches.

We must devise some such machinery for bringing our political representatives into contact with the facts of modern life or resign ourselves to the complete breakdown of representative government as we have known it in the past. Representative government was a relatively simple matter in earlier days when we were an agricultural people with a simple social order in which all men's interests were roughly the same, but to-day our social order is very complicated. When the north half of a State is industrial and the south half agricultural, we secure anything but representation when we elect a senator from some cross-roads town in the agricultural half. Unless there is a well thought out plan for putting that senator in touch with industrial facts, he may represent only half of his constituency. There is no wonder that we have been experimenting with all sorts of machinery for direct legislation that makes our senators and representatives not representatives, but mere delegates, mere phonograph records of every passing whim of the crowd. There is no wonder that we have listened with credulity and hope to the arguments of those who suggest that our legislatures should be made up of men who represent specifically our business, industrial, and professional interests. Unless we can effect a marriage between representative government and impartial research and analysis, we shall turn inevitably either to direct legislation, which means trying to run this vast country by New England town-meeting methods, or to that occupational representation that figures so largely in the soviet scheme, in guild socialism, and kindred new philosophies of government.

The time has come to organize the research magnificent. To propaganda in its behalf we may wisely commit ourselves, despite the fact that propaganda is the outstanding scourge of our time. This, however, will be a propaganda to end propaganda.

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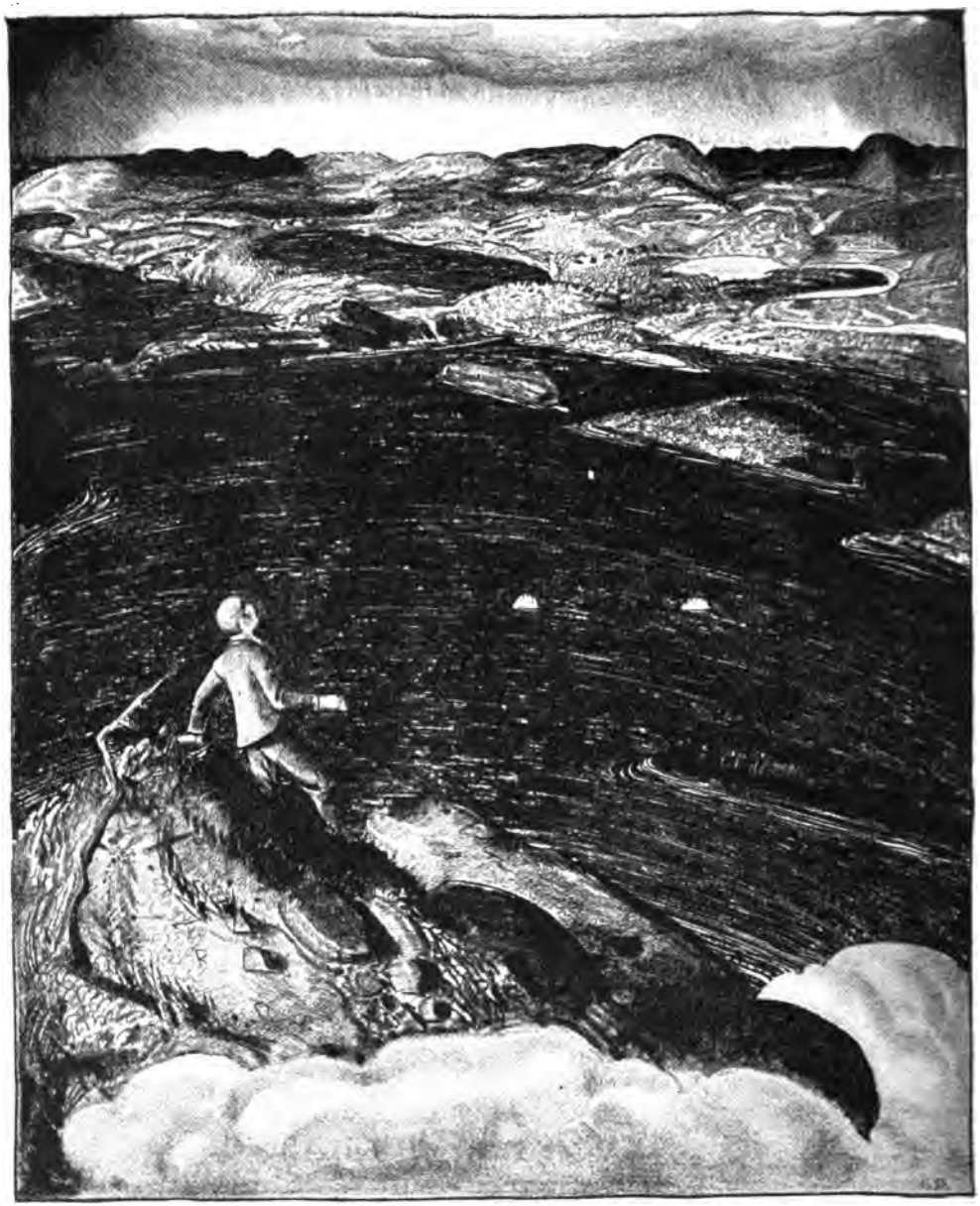

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Dancing Town

Being the First Part of "The Wind Bloweth"

By DONN BYRNE, *Author of* "MESSER MARCO POLO," *etc.*

Drawings by GEORGE BELLOWS

BECAUSE it was his fourteenth birthday they had allowed him a day off from school, his mother doubtfully, his uncles Alan and Robin with their understanding grin. And because there was none else for him to play with at hurling or foot-ball, the other children now droning in class over Cæsar's Gallic War, he had gone up the big glen. It was a very adventurous thing to go up the glen while other boys were droning their Latin like a bagpipe being inflated, while the red-bearded schoolmaster drowsed like a dog. First you went down the graveled path, past the greened sun-dial, then through the gate, then a half-mile or so along the road, green along the edges with the green of spring, and lined like fortifications with the May hawthorn, white, clean as air, with a fragrance like sustained music, a long rill of rolling white cloud. There was nothing in the world like the hawthorn. First it put out little bluish-green buds firm as elastic, and then came a myriad of white stars. And then the stars dropped, and the red haws came out, a tasteless bread-like fruit you shared with the birds, and the stone of it you could whip through your lips like a bullet . . .

He left the main road and turned into a loaning that came down the mountain-side, a thing that once might have been a road, if there had been any need for it, or energy to make it. But now it was only a wedge of common land bounded on both sides by a low stone wall. Inside one wall was a path, and inside the other a little rill, and betwixt the two of them were firm moss and stones. And here the moss was yellowish green and there red as blood. And the rill was edged with ferns and queer blue flowers whose names he did not know in English, and now the water just gurgled over the rounded stones, and now it dropped into a well where it was colorless and cold and fresh as the air itself, and oftentimes at the bottom of a pool like that would be a great green frog with eyes that popped like the schoolmaster's . . .

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And to the left of the loaning as he walked toward the mountain was a plantation of fir-trees, twenty acres or more, the property of the third cousin of his mother's brother-in-law, a melancholy, thin-handed man who lived on the Mediterranean—a Campbell, too, though one would never take him for an Ulster Scot, with his la-di-da ways and his Spanish lady. But the queer thing about the plantation was this, that within, a half-mile through the trees, was the ruins of a house, bare walls and bracken and a wee place where there were five graves, two of them children's. A strange thing the lonely graves. In summer the sun would shine through the clearing of the trees, and there was always a bird singing somewhere near. But it was a gey lonely place for five folk to lie there, at all times and seasons, and in the moonlight and in the sunlight, and when the rain dripped from the fir-trees. And all the company they had was the red fox slipping through the trees or the rabbit hopping like a child at play or the hare wide-eyed in the bracken . . . They must have been an unsociable folk in life to build a house in the woods, and they were an unsociable folk in death not to go to the common graveyard, where the dead folk were together, warm and kindly, lying gently as in their beds . . .

He turned now from the loaning to the mountain-side, passing through the heather on a little path the sheep made with their sharp cloven hoofs. In single file the sheep would go up the mountain-side, obedient as nuns, following the tinkle of the wether's bell, and they hunting a new pasture they would crop like rabbits. Now was a stunted ash, now a rowan-tree with its red berries,—*crann caorthainn* they call it in Gaidhlig,—and now was a holly bush would have red berries when all the bitter fruit of the rowan-tree was gone and the rolling sleets of winter came over Antrim like a shroud. . . . Everywhere about him now was the heather, the brown, the purple heather with the perfect little flower that people called bells, all shades of red it was, and not often you would come across a sprig of white heather, and white heather brought you luck, just as much luck as a four-leaved shamrock brought, and fairer, more gallant luck . . .

A very silent place a mountain was, wee Shane Campbell thought, not a lonely, but a silent, place. A lonely place was a place you might be afraid, as in a wood, but a mountain was only a place apart. Down in the fields were the big brooks, with the willow branches and great trout in the streams; and fat cattle would low with a foolish cry like a man would n't be all there, and come home in the evenings to be milked, satisfied and comfortable as a minister; wee calves shy as babies; donkeys with the Cross of Christ on their back; goats would butt you and you not looking; hens a-cackle, and cocks strutting like a militiaman and him back from the camp; quiet horses had the strength of twenty men, and scampering colts had legs on them like withes. Up here was nothing, but you never missed them.

The only thing to break the silence up here was the cry of an occasional bird, the plaintive call of the plover, the barking of an eagle, the note of the curlew, a whinny as of a horse of Lilliput, the strange noise a pheasant makes and it rising from the heather: *whir-r-r*, like a piece of elastic snapping.

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Barring these, you 'd hear nothing at all. And barring a mountainy man or woman, and they cutting turf, you 'd meet nothing unless it were the sheep.

You 'd never hear the sheep, and you coming; you 'd turn a wee bluff in the hill, and there they were looking, a long, solemn, grayish-white line, with aloof, cold eyes. You could never faze them. They 'd look at you cool as anything, and "What license have you to be here?" you 'd think they were saying. Very stupid, but unco dignified, the sheep.

But up to the top of the mountain, where wee Shane was going, you 'd find no sheep; too bare and rocky there. There 'd be nothing there but a passing bird. On the top of the mountain was a little dark lake into which you could n't see more than a foot, though they said the depth of it went down to the sea. There were no fish in it, people said, and that was a queer thing, water without fish in it, wee Shane thought, like a country without inhabitants. In the sea were a power of fish, and in the rivers were salmon, long and thick as a man, and pike with snouts and ominous teeth, and furry otters, about which there was great discussion as to whether they were fish or animal . . . And in the lake—Lochkewn, the Quiet Lake—were trout with red and gold and black speckles; and perch with spiked fins; and dark roach were easy to catch with a worm; and big gray bream were tasty as to bait, needing paste held by sheep's wool; and big eels would put a catch in your breath . . .

But in the lake on the mountain-top were no fish at all, and that was a strange thing . . .

There was another eery thing about the mountain, and a thing wee Shane was slightly afraid of. Oftentimes you 'd be sitting by that lake, and sunlight all around you, and you 'd turn to come down, and there 'd be a cloud beneath you, a cloud that rolled like soap-suds, that bound the mountain as by a ring, and the lonely call of a bird . . . and you 'd feel shut off from the kindly earth, as if you were on another planet maybe, or caught up into the air by some flying demon, and you knew the world was spinning like a ball through the treeless fields of space . . .

And what could a wee fellow do up there but sit quiet and cry and be terribly afraid? And your cry would be heard no more than the whinnying of the curlew . . . Or you might venture down through it, and that was more terrible still, for the strange host of the air had their domicile in the clouds, and there they held cruel congress, speaking in their speechless tongue, and out of the clouds they took shape and substance . . . their cold, malevolent eyes, their smoky antennæ of hands . . . and nothing to turn to for company, not even the moody badger or the unfriendly sheep . . . There was no going down. You must stay there by the lake, and even then the cloud might creep upward until it capped mountain and lake, and enveloped a wee fellow scared out of his wits . . .

Nevertheless, he was going to the top of that mountain, clouds or no clouds. For he had heard it said that the mirage of Portcausey was being seen again—The Devil's Troopers, and the *Oilean-gan-talamh-ar-bith*, the Isle of No Land At All, and the Swinging City, and they were to be seen in the blue heat haze over the sea from the Mountain of Fiona . . .

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And wee Shane was going to see it, clouds or no clouds, host or no host of the air . . .

§ 2

He had won half-ways up the mountain now, and from the brae of heather he could see the glen stretch like a furrow to the sea. The Irish Channel they called it on the maps in school, but *Struth na Maoile* it was to every one in the country-side, the waters of Moyle. Very green, very near, very gentle they seemed to-day, but often they roared like giants in frenzy, fanned to fury by the winds of the nine glens, as a bellows livens a fire. But to-day it was like a lake, so gentle . . . And there was purple Scotland, hardly, you 'd think, a stone's throw from the shore—the Mull of Cantyre, a resounding name, like a line in a poem. It was from Mull that Moyle came, *maol* in Gaidhlig, bald or bluff . . . a moyley was a cow without horns . . . The Lowlanders were coming into the Mull now, and the Highlanders being pushed north to Argyll, and westward to the islands, like Oran and Islay . . . He knew the Islay men, great rugged fishers with immense hands and their feet small as a girl's. They sang the saddest sea-chanty in the world:

'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's airde,
Dh' fheuch am faic mi fear a'bhata;
An tig thu'n aniugh, no'n tig thu amaireach,
'S mur tig thu idir, gur truagh a ta mi.

"From the highest hilltop I watched to see my boatman," went the sense of it. "Will you come to-day or will you come to-morrow? And if you never come—oh, God! help me!"

And there was a chorus to it that was like a keening for the dead:

Fhir a' bhata na horo eile! Fhir a' bhata na horo eile!
Fhir a' bhata na horo eile! Mo shoraidh slan leat, fhir a' bhata!

My heart's good-by to you, O man of the boat! . . .

But nearer than Islay was their own Raghery,—Rathlin Island the maps had it,—he could see now to the north. A strange little world of its own, with great caves where the wind howled like a starving wolf, and the black divers went into the water like a bullet . . . It was in the caves of Raghery that the Bruce took refuge, and it was there he saw the spider of Scots legend . . . Rathlin was queer and queer . . . There were many women with the second sight, it was told, and the men were very big, very shy, very gentle, except when the drink was in them, and then they would rage like the sea . . .

A strange, mystical water, the Moyle, to have two isles in it like Islay of the pipers and Raghery of the black caves . . . It was over Moyle that Columkill went in his little coracle to be a hermit in Iona, the gentlest saint that Ireland ever knew . . . And it was over the Moyle that Patrick came, landing whilst the Druids turned their cursing stones and could not prevail against him . . . And it was on the Moyle that the Children of Lir swam and they turned into three white swans, with their great white wings like sails and their black feet like sweeps . . . And in the night-time they sang a strange, sad music, and the echoes of it were still in the nine glens . . .

And northerly again were the pillars

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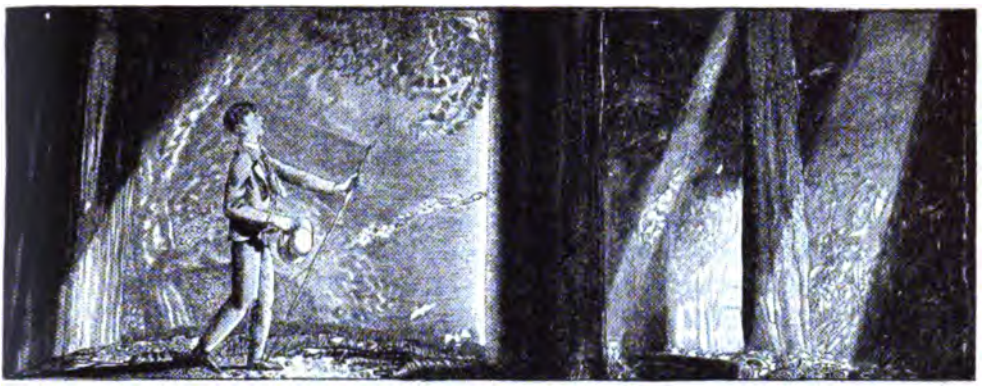

of the Giant's Causeway, blue-black against the sun . . . They were made so that Finn MacCool, the champion of the giants, could take a running jump over to Scotland and be going deer-hunting in the forests of Argyll. So the country folk said, but wee Shane thought different, knew different. The Druids had made it for their own occult designs, the Druids, that terrible, powerful clan with their magic batons, and their sinister cursing-stones, and their long, white, benevolent beards . . .

And there, green and well kept as a duke's garden, was the Royal Links of Portrush. And the Irish golfers said that it was harder than St. Andrew's in Scotland and better kept . . . There King James had played a game before he went down to the defeat of the Boyne Water . . .

"And if he golfed as well as he fought," Shane's Uncle Robin used laugh, "they s'ould never have let him tee up a ball on the course!"

Eigh! how wonderful it all was! wee Shane felt: Raghery and the waters of Moyle; Portrush and the Giant's Causeway; the nine glens with the purple heather, and the streams that sang as they cantered to the sea; the crowing grouse and the whinnying curlew, and the eagle barking on the cliffs; the trout that rose in the summer's evening, and the red berries of the rowan; the cold, clear lakes, and the braes where the blueberries grew . . . He could well understand the stories they told of Wolfe Tone, and the great rebel in the gardens of Versailles. Napoleon had found him weeping amid all that beauty.

"Don't be afraid, Monsieur Tone. I shall keep my word and send General Hoche to Ireland."

"It 's not that, sir; it 's not that." And Tone could not keep the tears back. "Och, County Antrim, it 's far I 'm from you now!"

§ 3

He had reached the cairn of round stones that marks the town land of Drimsleive, and was turning the brae when a voice called to him:

"Eh, wee fellow, is it mitching from school you are?"

An old woman in a plaid shawl was coming slowly down the hillside. He recognized her for Bridget Roe MacFarlane of Cushendhu, a cotter tenant of his Uncle Alan's.

"No, cummer," he told her; "I 'm not mitching. I got the day off."

"For God's sake! if it is n't wee

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Shane Campbell! And what are doing up the mountain, wee Shane?"

"Ah, just dandering."

"I was up mysel'," she went on, "to the top of it, because I heard tell there was a cure for sore eyes in the bit lake on the top. Not that I put much store in such cures, but there 's no use letting anything by. I got a pair of specs from a peddling man of Ballymena," said she, "but they don't seem to do me much good. I 'm queer and afeared about my eyes, hinny. It would be a hard thing for me to go blind and none about the wee bit house but mysel'."

"Ay! I should think it would be a terrible thing to be a dark person," wee Shane nodded.

"Och, it would n't be so bad if you were born that way, for you 'd know no different. And if you went blind and you young, there 's things you could take up to take the strain from your head like a man takes up piping. But when you 're old it 's gey hard. If you 're an old man itself, it 's not so bad, for there 'll always be a soft woman to take care of you. But if you 're an old cummer, without chick or child, it 's hard, *agra vig*. My little love, it 's hard."

"Maybe it 's in your head, Bridget Roe. My Uncle Robin says there 's a lot of sickness that 's just in your head."

"I trust to my God so, and maybe your Uncle Robin 's right, for there does be a lot in my head, and it going around like a spinning-wheel. I 'm a well ken't woman, wee Shane, too well ken't, and that 's the trouble. You 've no' heard because you 're too young and you would no' understand. I was away from here for twenty years," she said, "for more nor twenty. And I knew a power of men in my time, big men, were needful of me. And a power of trouble I raised, too, and it does be coming back to me and me in my old days . . . But you 'll be wanting to be getting on?"

"Och, no, Bridgeen Roe; there 's no hurry."

"It does me good to have a wee crack, the folk I see are so few . . . Ay! There was a power of trouble. There were two men killed themselves and families broken up all by reason of me. I meant no harm, wee Shane, but it happened, and it does be troubling me in my old days . . . And I sit there afeared by the peat fire, and when I 've thought too much on it, I get up and go to the half-door. And I look out on the Moyle, wee Shane, and I think: that 's been roaring since the first tick of time, and I see the stars so many of them, and the moon that never changed its shape or size, and it comes to me that nothing matters in the long run, that the killed men were no more nor caught trout, and the rent families no more nor birds' nests fallen from a tree . . . None of us are big enough that anything we do matters . . . And then another feeling comes on me, that God is around, and that He 'll be dreadful hard . . . And a wee bit of luck comes my way . . . The hens, maybe, are laying well, and there 's a high price on the eggs, and I think, sure He 's the Kindly Man, after all . . . But if my eyes leave me, Shane Beg, what will I do? . . Sure, I won't have the moon or the stars or the waters of Moyle to put things in their place . . . And there 'll be no luck about me, so as I 'll know Himself is the Unforgiving Man . . ."

"But some one will take care of you, Bridget Roe."

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"And who, *agra?* 'T is not in me to go to the poorhouse, and take charity like a cold potato . . . And my name is MacFarlane, wee Shane, and they 're a clan that fights till it dies, that never gives in . . . And it is n't to the big ones I knew I 'd be writing for help . . . Sure I see them now, what 's left alive of them, sitting by their firesides, figuring out their life, and tired with the puzzle of it; and then they 'll remember me for an instant, and a wee joy will come to them in the dim twilight. They 'll remember as you 'd remember an old song you had n't rightly got the air of . . . But you knew it was sweet, and there was a grand swing to it . . . Aye, they 'll remember me, and they looking into the heart of the fire . . . And you would n't have me write them now and tell them I 'm only an old *cailleach* in a cabin on the mountain-side, and my eyes, that they 'll remember, are dull like marbles . . . You would n't understand, wee Shane . . . But I 'm blethering too much about myself . . . And where is it you were going, my little jo? Where is it?"

"I heard tell the Dancers were to be seen from the mountain-top over the sea, and I thought maybe I 'd go up and gi'e them a look, cummer . . . just a look."

"So you would, wee Shane, so you would . . . You would n't be your father's son or your uncles' nephew if you were to let a marvel like that pass by . . . It 's after adventure you are, and you only four and ten years old . . . 'T is early you begin, the Campbells of Cosnamara . . ."

"But sure that is n't adventure, cummer, to be seeing the Dancers in the heat haze of the day . . . Adventures are robbers and fighting Indians and things like in Sir Walter Scott."

"Oh, sure everything 's adventure, hinny, every time you go looking for something queer and strange, and something with a fine shape and color to it. Adventure is n't in the quick fist and the nimble foot; it 's in the hungry heart and the itching mind. Is n't it myself that knows, that was a wild and wilful girl, and went out into the world for more nor twenty years, and came back the like of an old bitch fox, harried by hunting, and looking for and mindful of the burrow where she was thrown? . . As we 're made, we 're made, wee fellow; you 're either a salmon that hungers for the sea, or a cunning old trout that kens its own pool and is content . . . Adventures! Hech aye!"

"Well, I hope your eyes get better, cummer. I do so."

"I know you mean it, Shaneen Beg, and maybe your wish will help them, maybe it will."

"Well, I 'll be going on my way, Bridget Roe."

"And I 'll be finishing mines, wee Shane Campbell . . . And I hope to my God you 're better off at the end nor me—me that once talked to earls and barons, and now clucks to a wheen o' hens; me that once had my coach and pair, and now have only an ass with a creel o' turf; and no care of money once on me, and now all I have is my spinning-wheel, and the flax not what it used to be, but getting coarser . . . And my eyes going out, that were the delight of many . . . I hope you're better off nor me at the end of the hard and dusty road, wee Shane. I hope to my God so . . ."

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§ 4

He thought hard of what the cummer of Cushendhu had said about his family, and he on the last leg of the mountain. That he was his father's son puzzled him more than that he was his uncles' nephew, for there was little mention of his father in the house. At the dead man's name his prim Huguenot mother from Nantes would purse her mouth, and in her presence even his uncles were uncomfortable, those great, gallant men. All he knew was that his father, Colquitto Campbell, had been a great Gaelic poet, and that his father and mother had not quite been good friends. Once his Uncle Alan had stopped before a ballad-singer in Ballycastle when the man was striking up a tune:

"On the deck of this lonely ship to America bound,
A hush in my throat and a mist of tears in my eyes—"

His Uncle Alan had given the man a guinea.

"Why for did you give the singing man a golden piece, Uncle Alan?"

"For the sake of an old song, laddie, an old and sad song . . . A song your father made . . . It was like seeing his ghost . . ."

"But my father, Uncle Alan—"

"Your father was the heart of corn, wee Shane, for all they say against him . . . I never knew a higher, cleaner heart, but he was easy discourag't . . . Aye, easy thrown down and easy led away . . . I was fond of him . . . Am . . . always, and no matter . . . However . . . shall we go and see the racing boats, wee fellow? Hmm?"

And that was all he ever got from Uncle Alan. But he knew some of his father's songs that were sung in the country-side . . .

"Is truagh, a ghradh, gan me agas thu im Bla chliath!
No air an traigh bhain an ait nach robh duine riamh,
Seachd oidhche, seachd la, gan tomh, gan chadal, gan bhiadh,
Ach thusa bhi 'm ghraidh 's do lamh geal thomam gu fial!"

"Oh, God! my loved one, that you and I were in Dublin town! Or on a white strand, where no foot ever touched before. Day in, night in, without food or sleep, what mattered it? But you to be loving me and your white arm around me so generously!"

He could n't understand the song, though the lilt of the words captured him. What should people accept being without food or sleep? And what good was a white arm generously around one? However, that was love, and it was a mystery—and a terror . . . But that song could not have been to his mother. He could not imagine her being generous with even a white arm. And none would want to be with her on a strand without food or sleep; that he instinctively felt. She was a high, proud cliff, stern and proud and beautiful, and that song was a song of Maytime and the green rushes . . .

And other songs of his father's were sung: "Maidne Fhoghmhair—Autumn Mornings," and "In Uir-chill, an Chreagain—In the Green Graveyard of Creggan . . ."

A queer thing that all that should be left of his father was a chill silence and a song a man might raise at the rising of the moon . . .

Silent he was in his grave, dumb as a stone, and all his uncles were silent, too, barring the little smile at the cor-

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ners of their mouths, that was but the murmuring of the soul . . . There were paintings of them all and they young in the house, their high heads, their hawks' eyes, Alan and Alec and Robin and Mungo . . . And Mungo, too, was dead with Wellington in the Peninsula. He and three of his men were all left of the Antrim company. "Christ! have I lost this fight, too?" He laughed, and a French ball took him in the gullet. "Bugger that!" He coughed. "He might have got me in a cleaner place!" And that was the end of Mungo . . .

And Alec had gone with Sir John Franklin to the polar seas, and come back with the twisted grin. " 'T was a grand thing you did, Alec, to live through and come back from the wasted lands." "'T was a grand thing they did, to find the channel o' trade. But me, I went to find the north pole, with the white bear by the side of it, like you see in the story-books. And I never got within the length of Ireland o' 't! Trade, aye; but what 's trade to me? It 's a unco place, the world!"

His father he could imagine: "Poor Colquitto Campbell! He wanted to bark like an eagle, and he made a wee sweet sound, like a canary-bird! Ah, well, give the bottle the sunwise turn, man o' the house, and come closer to me, *a bheilin tana nan bpog*, o slender mouth of the kisses!" His father, wee Shane thought, must have worn the twisted grin, too.

He knew what the twisted grin meant. It meant defeat. He had seen it on his Uncle Alan's face when he lost the championship of Ireland on the golf links of Portrush. And that morning he had been so confident! "'T is the grand golf I 'll play the day, and the life tingling in my finger-tips!" And great golf he did play, with his ripping passionate shots, but a thirty-foot putt on the home green beat him. All through the match his face had been dour, but now came the outstretched hand and the smile at the corner of the mouth:

"Congratulations, sir! 'T is yourself has the grand eye for the hard putt on the tricky green!"

The wee grin meant that Alan had been beaten.

And Uncle Robin, too, the wisest and oldest of them all, who had been to Arabia and had been all through Europe and was Goethe's friend, he had the twisted grin of the beaten man. Only occasionally you could get past the grin of Uncle Robin, as he had gotten past it the day Uncle Robin had spoken of his brother, Shane's father. And sometimes when a great hush was on the mountains and the Moyle was silent, Uncle Robin would murmur a verse of his great poet friend's:

Über allen Gipfel
  Ist Ruh.
Auf allen Wipfel,
  Spueherst du
Kaum einen Hauch.
Die Voegelein schweigen in Walde
Warte nur, balde.
  Ruehest du auch!

The sharp u's and heavy gutturals were so like Gaidhlig, it seemed queer wee Shane could not understand the poem; but Uncle Robin translated it into Gaidhlig:

Os cionn na marbheanna
  Ta sith—

And the melody of it was like the plucking of a harper's strings. So much in so little, and every note counted, and the last line like a dim, quaint bar:

Beidh sith agad fein! "You will rest, too!"

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A queer thing, the men who were beaten and smiled. A queer thing the men who, beaten, were more gallant than the winners. A queer thing for the cummer of Cushendhu to say, she who was so wise now after the hot foolishness of youth, that he was his uncles' nephew and his father's son. A queer thing that. A queer, dark, and secret thing.

§ 5

The memory of his Uncle Robin stuck in his mind and he going up the mountain. His Uncle Robin knew all there was to be known in the world, the immense learned man. When he was spoken to of anything strange, he had always an explanation for it. When the mirage off Portrush was mentioned, he could talk at length of strange African mirages that the travelers see in the desert at the close of day, oases and palm-trees and minarets, so you would think you were near to a town or a green pasture and you miles and miles away. And there was a sight to be seen off Sicily that the ignorant Italian people thought was the work of Morgan le Fay. And in the Alps was a horror men spoke of and called the Spectre of the Brocken . . .

All these strange occurrences were as simple as the alphabet to Uncle Robin. He would explain it as a sight reflected on the cloud and thrown on a sea mist or a desert as on a screen, using difficult words, like "Refraction," and words from Euclid, like "angles." But Uncle Alan would object, Uncle Alan mistrusting difficult words and words from Euclid. Alan would raise his head from splicing a fishing-rod or cleaning the lock of a gun or polishing a snaffle:

"You were aye the one for explanations, Robin. Maybe you 've got an explanation for the gift?" By the gift Uncle Alan meant the second sight.

"Ah, sure; 't is only mind reading and sympathy."

"Oh, my God! Now listen, Robin. You ken when you dragged me from the horse show the last time we were in Dublin, to the library of the What-you-may-call-him—Archæological Society or so'thin'. You ken the book you showed me about Antrim, and what was seen off the cliffs one time. There was a great black arm in the air, and a hand to the wrist of it, and to the shoulder a crosspiece with a ring, like one end of an anchor. And that disappeared. And then immediately there showed a ship, with the masts and sails and tackles and men, and it sailed stern foremost and it sank stern foremost, all in the red sky. And then there was a fort with a castle on the top of it, and there were fire and smoke coming out of it, as if a grand fight was on. And the fort divided into two ships, that chased each other, and then sank. Then there was a chariot with two horses, and chasing that was a strange thing like a serpent, a snake's head at one end, and a bulk at the other like a snail's house. And it gained on the chariot and gave it a blow. And out of the chariot came a bull, and after it came a dog, and the bull and the dog fought as in a gaming-pit. And then suddenly all was clear, no cloud or mist or anything in the northern air. Am I right or amn't I? Was n't that in the book, Robin More?"

"It was."

"And now, Robin, my man, was n't that signed by respectable people: Mr. Allye, a minister, and a Lieutenant Dunsterville and a Lieutenant Dwine and Mr. Bates and twelve others, all

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of whom saw it near or around the time of the Boyne Water. Was n't it signed by the decent people?"

"It was."

"And what explanation have you got for that, you and your master of arts of Trinity College!"

"They were daft—gone in the head. Daft or drunk."

"My song! And maybe John was daft when he saw the vision of Patmos!"

"I would no' be surprised."

"Na, Robin More; you would not be surprised if you saw a trout that cantered or a horse that flew. You 'd have an explanation. You 're the queer hard man to live with, Robin, with your explanations."

Willie John Boyd, the servant boy, removed his cutty pipe and hazarded a suggestion.

"Queer things happened in the auld days."

"If there were queerer things nor you in the auld days," Alan laughed, "it must have been like a circus . . ."

But might n't they both be right? wee Shane thought, and he trudging up the mountain-side. His Uncle Alan knew an awful lot. There was none could coax a trout from a glass-clear pool with a dry fly like Alan Campbell. He knew the weather, when it would storm and when it would clear, and from what point the wind would blow to-morrow. He could nurse along the difficult flax and knew the lair of the otter and had a great eye for a hunting fox and a better eye for a horse than a Gipsy. Might there not be things in Nature, as he said, that none knew of? And might n't there be explanations for them, as Uncle Robin, who had read every book, claimed there were? Might n't they both be right, who thought each other wrong, and they arguing by the red fire, fighting and snarling like dogs and loving each other with the strange soft love of lovers when the trees are a-rustle and the moon high? . .

§ 6

He had thought to come up to the top of the mountain where the cairn was, and the dark and deepest lake, and to sit down in the heather and wait a half-hour maybe while the curlew called, and then have Dancing Town take form and color before his eyes, hold it until every detail was visible, and then fade gently out as twilight fades into night. He had thought to be prepared and receptive.

But suddenly it was upon him, in the air, over the waters of Moyle . . .

A sweep of fear ran over him, and he grew cold, so strange it was, so against Nature. Clear and high, as in some old print, and white and green, the town and shore came to him. The May afternoon was in it, hot and golden, but the town itself was in morning sunlight. A clutter of great houses and little houses, all white, a great church, and a squat dun fort, and about it and in it were green spaces and palm-trees that swayed to a ghostly breeze. And the green ran down to a white beach, and on the beach foamy waves curled like a man's beard. And in the air the town quivered and danced, as trees seem to dance on running water . . .

On one side was Ireland, and on one side was Scotland, and high in the air between them was Dancing Town . . .

No one was in the streets that wee Shane could see, and yet the town was

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lifeful, some tropical city where the green jalousies were closed in the heat of the midday sun, and where no one was on the streets, barring some unseen old beggar or peddling woman drowsing in the shade. The town was sleeping not with the sleep of Scotland, that is the sleep of dead majestic, melancholy kings, nor with the sleep of Ireland, that is tired and harassed and old. It was not lonely as sleeping lakes are where the bittern booms like a drum . . . It slept as a child sleeps, lips apart and chubby fingers curled, and happy . . . And all the time it quivered in the clear air . . .

In the morning, wee Shane thought, it woke to bright happiness, the green parrakeets chattered, the monkeys whistled, the lizards basked in the sun. And the generation of the town came out and gossiped and worked merrily, until the heat of the sun began to strike with the strokes of a mallet, and then they went into the cool, dark houses and slept as children sleep. And then came blue twilight, and lamps were lit in the green spaces, and into the odorous night would come the golden rounded women with the smiles like honey, and the graceful feline men . . . A woman's laughter, a man's song . . . And the moon rising on tropic seas, while a guitar hummed with a deep vibrant note . . . And the perfume of strange tropic trees . . .

But meantime the town danced in the clear air . . . And—

"It 's gone!" said wee Shane.

One moment it was there, and the next there were only Ireland and Scotland and the waters of Moyle, and a ship going drowsily for the Clyde.

And for a long time he waited, thinking Dancing Town might come again. But it did not come. The schooner off the Mull lay over, and the Moyle awoke. A breeze rambled up the mountain, and the heather tinkled its strange dry tinkle. And afar off a curlew called, and a grouse crowed in defiance.

The moment of magic was by, and wee Shane went down the mountain . . .

§ 7

As he went down the mountain he tried to puzzle out the why and wherefore of Dancing Town.

Of course there were things you could not explain, like the banshee; or the Naked Hangman, who strides through the valleys on midsummer's eve with his gallows under his arm; or the Death Coach, with its headless horses and its headless driver. There was no use bringing these matters up to Uncle Robin. Uncle Robin would only laugh and shout: "Havers, bairn! Wha 's been filling your wee head with nonsense?" But you could no more deny their existence than you could that of Apollyon, whom you read about in "Pilgrim's Progress," and who wandered up and down the world and to and fro in it; or of the fairies, whose sweet little piping many heard at night as they passed the forts of the little people; or of the tiny cobbling leprechawns, who knew where the Danes had hid their store of gold in crocks such as hold butter . . . Of these there was no explanation but the Act of God. And Uncle Robin was queer. He put no store in the Act of God.

Now, if it had been an angel he had seen in the high air, it would have been the Act—or the banshee, and her crooning and keening by the riverside, with

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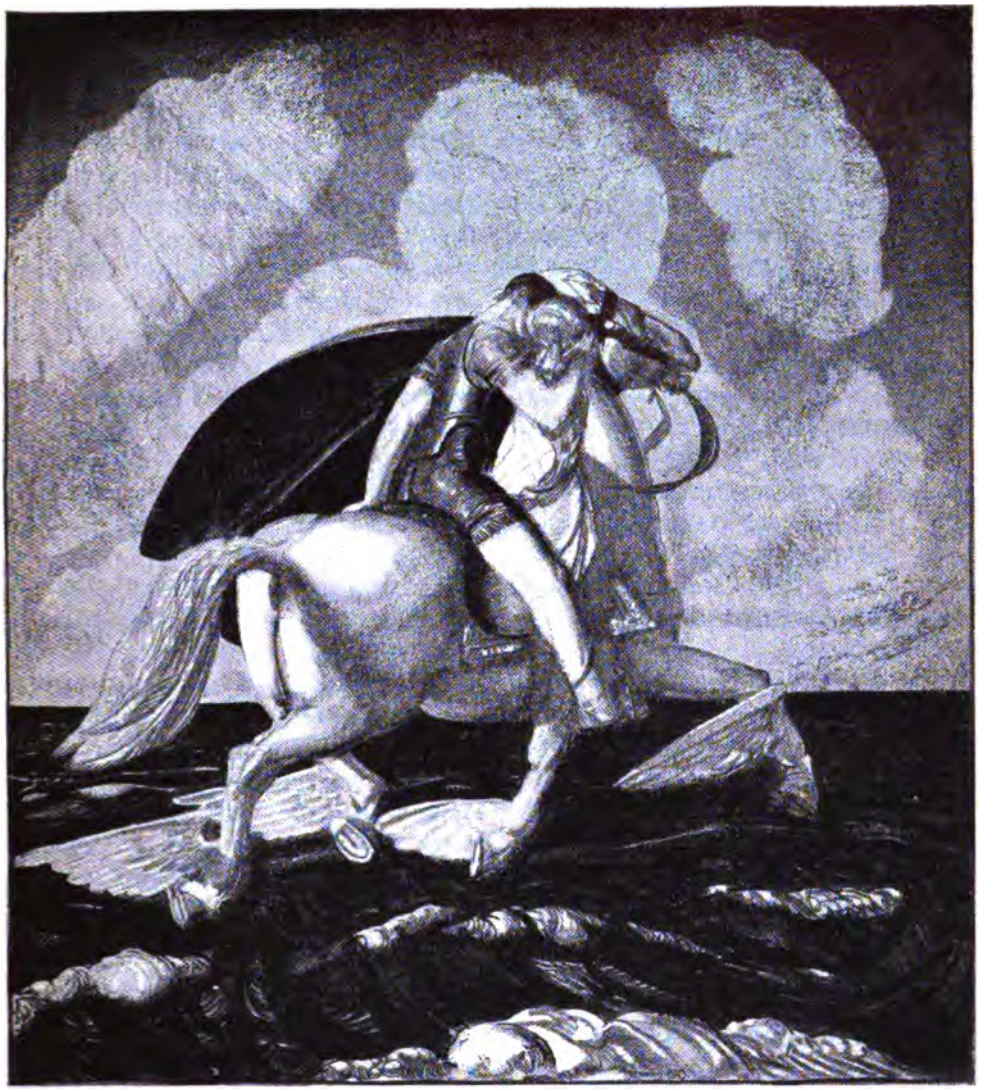

her white cloak, her red, burnished hair . . . But it was an island he had seen, a dancing town, with his own hard wee Scots-Irish eyes. And that was not an Act of God; it was a fact, and so outside his Uncle Alan's bailiwick and within his Uncle Robin's. His Uncle Robin would say it was the reflected image of some place in the world. Aye, he 'd take his Uncle Robin's word for that. But where was it? Surely, as yet, it was undiscovered. It had the quiet of a June evening, that land had, and a grand shimmering beauty . . . And if it was known where it was, would n't the mountainy folk be leaving their cabins, and the strong farmers their plowed lands, and the whining tinkers be hoofing the road for it? . . If it was known where that land was . . .

It occurred to him it must have been

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that land his father meant and he writing his poem of the Green Graveyard of Creggan. While he was sleeping under the weeping yew-trees the young queen had touched the sleeping poet on the shoulder.

"A shiolaigh charthannaigh," she said, "O kindly kinsman, *na caithteor thusa ins na nealtaibh*, let you not be thrown under the clouds of sorrow! *Acht einigh in do sheasamh*, but rise in your standing, *agas gluais liomsa siar 'sa' rod*, and travel with me westward in the road. *Go Tir Dheas na Meala*, to the shimmering land of honey where the foreigner has not the sway. And you will find pleasantry in white halls, persuading one to the strains of music . . ."

Surely his father, too, had seen Dancing Town!

And it was an old story that Oisin had found it, when he rode with the princess over the waves on a white horse whose hoofs never touched water, and he abode with her in *Tir nan Og*, in the Land of Them Who are Young, for a thousand years or more, until the great homesickness for Ireland took him, that takes the strongest, and he came for a visit on the white horse; but the girths of the saddle broke, and he fell to the ground, and the horse flew away. And he who had been strong and young and beautiful became old and bald and blind, and Patrick of the Bells and Crosses took him, and put him with the groaning penitents, who beat their breasts under the fear of hell . . . And he, who had known Tir Nan Og and the Silver Woman, was a drooling ancient with a wee lad to lead him . . . But that was just a winter's tale with no sense to it.

But there were other things in books that had the ring of truth to them. There was the voyage of Maeldun, who had set out in his coracle, and visited strange islands . . . The Island of Huge Ants was one, and wee Shane had seen in his geography book pictures of armadillos, and he shrewdly surmised that Maeldun had been to South America . . . And there was the Island of Red Hot Animals, but that was a poser. Still and all, the rhinoceros had armor like an old knight's, and that would surely get red hot under the suns of the equator. It would explain, too, why the rhinoceros favored the water, like a cow in July . . . Sure that was it: Maeldun had been to Africa. And Maeldun, too, had found the Fortunate Isle . . . Brendan, too, had known it. Was n't it in old charts—St. Brendan's Isle? He said he found it, and surely a saint of God would n't lie . . .

Och, it was there somewhere, but people were different from what they were in the ancient days. They did n't bother. If they had told his father about it, sure all Colquitto would have done was to call for pen and paper.

"Mo bhro'n air an fhairrge," he would have written: "My grief on the sea—how it comes between me and the land where my mind might be easy—" And then he 'd have lain back and chanted it. *"A vourneen*, did you ever in all your life hear a poem as good as my poem? Sure old Homer's jealous in the black clouds. Was there ever a Greek poet the equal of a Gaelic one? *Anois, teacht an Earraigh*—now the moment spring comes in, 't is I will hoist sail, *inneosad mo sheol* . . .

And Alan Donn might have started to find it, but at the first golf links he 'd stop, "to take the conceit out of the local people, and to give them something to talk of, and they old men," or

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to match his coursing greyhound against any dog in the world for a ten-pound note, or to deluther some red-cheeked likely woman . . .

And Uncle Robin might hear of it, and he 'd sit down and write a book, saying where it probably was, and how you might probably get there, and what the people were probably like, and whom they were probably descended from . . . And the book would be in all the libraries of the world, and people would be writing him telling him what a great head was on him, and he 'd mutter: "Nonsense! Nonsense! All nonsense!" and stroke his great red beard . . .

But would n't it be the funny thing, the queer and funny thing, if he himself, wee Shane Campbell, were to go out and discover that island, and to own it, and to have it marked in the maps and charts, "Wee Shane Campbell's Island," for all to read and see? . .

"Decent wee fellow, is it about here somewhere the house of the McFees?"

Shane had turned into the main road that ran along the sea-shore on the way homeward when the voice hailed him. It was a great black-bearded man, sitting on the ditch, holding his shoes in his hand. His face was tanned to mahogany, and in his ears were little gold rings. He wore clothes that were obviously new, obviously uncomfortable.

"If you keep on the road about a half-mile and then turn to the left, and keep on there until you come to a loaning near a well with a hawthorn-bush couching over it, and turn to the left down that loaning, you 'll come to it. It 's a wee thatched house, needing a coat o' whitewash. It 's got a byre with a slate roof, and a rowan-tree near it. You canna' miss it."

"Now is n't that the queer thing," the big man said, "me that thought I knew every art and part of this country, and that could find my way in the dark from Java Head to Poplar Parish, can't remember the place where I was born and reared? Forty years of traveling on the main ocean and thinking long for this place, and now when I come back I know no more about it than a fish does of dry land." He stood up painfully. "And me that thought I would come back leaping like a hare am now killed entirely with the great soreness of my feet."

"You 're not accustomed to walking, then, honest man?"

" 'Deed, and you may say I 'm not, decent wee fellow. I 'm a sailorman, and aboard ship there 's very little use for the feet. You 've got to be quick as a fish with the hands, and have great strength in the arms of you. And you must have toes to grip, and thighs to brace you against the heeling timbers. But to be walking somewhere for long, hitting the road with your feet like you 'd be hitting a wall with your head, it 's unnatural to a sailing man. A half a mile, did you say?"

"Honest man," said wee Shane, troubled, "are you looking for any one in the house of the McFees?"

"For a woman that bore me and put me to her breast. An old woman now, decent wee fellow."

"You 'll no' find her, honest man."

"She 's dead?"

"I saw her with the pennies on her eyes not two months gone."

"So my mother 's dead," said the big man. "So my mother 's dead. Ah, well, all her troubles are over. It 's forty years since I saw her, and she the strapping woman. And in forty years she must have had a power of trouble."

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"She looked unco peaceful, honest man."

"The dead are always peaceful, decent wee fellow. So my mother 's dead. Well, that alters things."

"You 'll be staying at home then, honest man?"

"I 'll be going back to sea, decent wee fellow. I had intended to stay at home and be with the old woman in her last days, the like of a pilot that brings a ship in, as you might say. But it would have been queer and hard. Herself, now, had no word of English?"

"Old Annapla McFee spoke only the Gaidhlig."

"And the Gaidhlig is gone from me, as the flower goes from the fruit-tree. And there could have been little conversation betwixt us, she remembering fairs and dances and patterns in the Gaidhlig, and me thinking of strange foreign ports in the English tongue. Poor company I 'd have been for an old woman and she making her last mooring. I 'd have meant well, but I 'd have been little assistance. Forty years between us—strange ports and deep soundings. Oh, we 'd have been making strange."

"Ah, maybe not, honest man."

"How could it have been any other way, decent wee lad? She 'd have been the strange, pitiful old cummer to me, who minded her the strapping woman, and I 'd have been a queer bearded man to her, who minded me only as a wee fellow, the terror of the glen. People change every day, and there 's a lot of change in forty years.

"And, besides, it would have been gey hard on me, wee lad. The grape and spade would be clumsy to my hands, there being no life to them after the swinging spars. And my fingers, used to splicing rope, would not have the touch for milking a cow. And I 'd feel lost, wee fellow, some day and me plowing a field, to see a fine ship on the waters, out of Glasgow port for the Plate maybe, and to think of it off the Brazils, and the pampero coming quick as a thrown knife, and me not aboard to help shorten sail or take a trick at the wheel. And it might have made me ugly toward the old woman. And I would n't have had that at all, at all . . . But she 's finished the voyage, poor cummer . . . And it 's a high ship and a capstan shanty for me again . . . And all 's well . . ."

"It 's a wonder, honest man, you would n't stay on land at peace and you forty years on the sea."

"Well, it 's a queer thing, decent wee fellow, but once you get the salt water in your blood you 're gone. A queer itching is in your veins. It 's like a disease. It is so. It spoils you for the fire on winter nights and for the hay-fields in the month o' June. And it puts a great bar between you and the folk o' the dry land, such as there is between a fighting man and a cowardly fellow. It 's the salt in the blood, I think; but you 'd have to ask a doctor about that.

"I 'm not saying it 's a good life. It 's a dog's life. It is so. And when you 're at sea you say: 'Was n't I the fool to ever leave dry land; and if I get back and get a job,' says you, 'you 'll never see me leave it again. It 's a wee farm for me,' you 'll say. And then somehow you 'll find yourself back aboard ship. And you 'll be off the Horn, up aloft, fighting a sail like you 'd fight a man for your life, or you 'll be in the horse latitudes, as they call them, and no breeze stirring, and not a damned thing to do but

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holystone decks, the like of an old pauper that does be scrubbing a poorhouse floor. And you say: 'Sure I 'd rather be a tinker traveling the roads, with his ass and cart and dog and woman, nor a galley slave to this bastard of a mate that has no more feeling for a poor sailorman nor a hound has for a rabbit. It 's a dog's life,' you say, 'and when we make port I 'm finished.'

"But you make port and you stay awhile, and you find that the woman you 've been thinking of as Queen of Sheba is no more nor a common drab. And the publican you thought of as the grand generous fellow has no more use for you and your bit silver gone. It 's a queer thing, but they on land think of nothing but money . . . And one day you think, and the woman beside you is pastier nor dough, and the man of the public house is no more nor a cheap trickster, and you 're listening to the conversation of the timid urban people, and the house you 're in is filthier nor a pig's sty . . . And you say: 'Is this me that minds the golden women of the islands, and they with red flowers in their hair? Is this me that fought side by side with good shipmates in Callao? Am I listening to the chatter of these mild people, me that 's heard grand stories in the forecastle of how this man was marooned in the Bahamas, and that man's leg was bit off by a crocodile, by God? Me, the hero that dowsed skysails, and they crackling like guns . . . Is this lousy room a place for me that 's used to a ship is clean as a cat from stem to stern?' . . And you stand up bravely, and you look the man of the public house square in the shifty eyes, and you say: 'Listen, bastard! Do you ken e'er a master wants a sailing man? A sailor as knows his trade, crafty in trouble, and a wildcat in danger, and as peaceful as a hare in the long grass?' And you 're off again on the old trade and the old road, where the next port is the best port, and the morrow is a braver day . . . So it 's so long, decent wee fellow! I 'm off on it again. It 's a dog's life, that 's what it is, the life of a sailing man. But you could n 't change. I suppose it 's the salt in the blood . . ."

"You 're off, honest man?"

"Aye, I 'm off, wee fellow. And thank you kindly for what you told me, and for telling me especially the old woman looked so peaceful and her with the pennies on her eyes."

"But are n't you going up to see the house?"

"I don't think I will, wee lad. I 've had a picture in my mind for forty years of the big house was in it, and the coolth of the well. And maybe it is n't so at all. I 'd rather not know the difference. I 'll keep my picture."

"But the house is yours," wee Shane urged him. "You 're not going to leave it as it is. Are n't you going to sell it and take the money?"

"Och, to hell with that! I 've no time," said the sailing man, and he limped painfully back down the road . . .

§ 8

His Uncle Robin had gone off to discuss with some Belfast crony the strange things he used discuss, like the origin of the Round Towers of Ireland or the cryptic dialect of the Gaelic Masons or whether the Scots came to Scotland from Ireland or to Ireland from Scotland, all very important for a member of the Royal Irish Academy. And his mother had gone off shopping to buy linen for the house at Cushen-

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dhu, poplin for dresses, delft from Holland for the kitchen, and glass from Waterford for the sideboard in the dining-room. And because he was to go to the boarding-school that night, and thereafter would be harsh discipline, and because his Uncle Robin had known he was on the point of crying, he had been allowed to wander around Belfast by himself for a few hours with a silver shilling in his pocket. And wee Shane had made for the quays . . .

The four of them had sat in a cold, precise room that morning, his Uncle Robin, his mother, wee Shane, and the principal, a fat, gray-eyed, insincere Southerner, with a belly like a Chinese god's, dewlaps like a hunting hound's, cold, stubby, and very clean hands, and a gown that gave him a grotesque dignity. And he had eyed wee Shane unctuously . . . And wee Shane did not like fat, unctuous men. He liked them lean and active, as glensmen are . . .

And the principal had spoken in stilted French to his mother, who had responded in French that cracked like a whip. And the principal had licked the ground before Uncle Robin. It was "Yes, Doctor Campbell!" And, "No, Doctor Campbell!" where the meanest glensman would have said "Aye, maybe you 're right, Robin More," or, "Na, na, you 're out there, Robin Campbell."

"The old hypocrite!" It was the only word wee Shane could describe the master by, a favorite word of his Uncle Alan's.

And in the corridors he had met some of the scholars, white-faced fellows; and the masters—they had mean eyes, like the eyes of badgers.

"I dinna want to go!" He blurted out on the quays of Belfast.

"Where dinna you want to go, wee laddie?" A black, curly-headed man with gray eyes and a laugh like a girl's stopped short. He had blue clothes and brass buttons and stepped lightly as a cat.

"I dinna want to go to school."

"Sure, all wee caddies go to school."

"I ken that. But I don't want to go to school with a bunch of whey-faced gets, and masters lean and mean as rats, and a principal puffed out like a setting hen."

"Oh, for God's sake! is that the way you feel about it? Laddie, you don't talk like a townsman. Where are you from?"

"I 'm from the Glens of Antrim. From Cushendhu."

"I 'm a Raghery man myself. *Tha an Gaidhlig agad?*

"*Tha, go direach!*"

"So you 've got the Gaidhlig, too? Who are your people, wee laddie?"

"I 'm a Campbell of Cushendhu."

"For God's sake! you 're no a relative of Alan Campbell's, wha sailed with Sir John Franklin for the pole?"

"I 'm his nephew."

"I 've sailed under your Uncle Alan. He 's the heart o' corn. And so they 're going to make a scholar out of you, like your Uncle Robin. Oh, well, oh, well. Would you like to come around with me and see the ships?"

"I 'd like fine to see the ships."

"You 'll see all manner of ships here. Square-riggers, fore-and-afters, hermaphrodites. You 'll see Indiamen and packets from Boston. You 'll see ships that do be going to Germany, and some for the Mediterranean ports. You 'll see a whaler that 's put in for repairs. You 'll see fighting ships. You 'll see fishers of the Dogger Banks, and boats that go to Newfoundland,

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where the cod do feed. All manner of sloops and schooners, barkantines and brigs, but the bonniest of them all lies off Carrickfergus."

"And who 's she, Raghery man?"

"The *Antrim Maid* is her nomination."

"And do you sail in her?"

"I sail in her, laddie. Sail and sail in her. Mines from truck to keelson she is, and I 'm master of her. Father and mother and brother to her, and husband, too. I 'm proud of her." The Rathliner laughed. "You may notice."

"And why for should n't you be? She must be the grand boat surely, man who sailed with my Uncle Alan . . ."

§ 9

"Raghery man, you who 've sailed the high seas and the low seas, did you ever put into an island that has great coolth to it and great sunshine, a town quiet as a mouse, a strip of sand like silver, the waves turning with a curl and chime? . ."

"Where did you hear tell of that island, wee laddie? Was it in the books you do be reading at school?"

"I saw it, and it dancing in the sun. From Slievenambanderg I saw it, and it over the waters of Moyle."

The Rathliner sat on a mooring bitt on the quay and filled his pipe.

"I ken that island," he said. "I ken it well."

"And what name is on it, Raghery man?"

"The name that 's on it is Fiddlers' Green."

"Were you ever there, Raghery man?" There was a sinking in wee Shane's heart.

"I was never there, laddie, never there. Oftentimes I thought I 'd raised it, but it was never there, wee laddie, never there. There 's men as says they 've been there, but I could hardly believe them, though there 's queer things past belief on the sea. There 's a sea called Sargasso, and if I told you half the things about it, you 'd think me daft. And there 's the ghosts of ships at sea, and that 's past thinking. And there 's the great serpent, that I 've seen with my own eyes . . .

"Aye, Fiddlers' Green! Where is it, and how do you get there? The sailormen would give all their years to know."

"Why for do they call it Fiddlers' Green?"

"It 's Fiddlers' Green, laddie, because it 's the place you come to at the cool of the day, when the bats are out, and the cummers put by their spinning. And there 's nou't there but sport and music. A lawn like a golf green, drink that is not ugly, women would wander with you on to the heather when the moon's rising, and never a thought in their mind of the money in your pocket, but their eyes melting at you, and they thinking you 're the champion hero of the world . . . And all the fiddlers fiddling the finest of dance music: hornpipes like 'The Birds among the Trees' and 'The Green Fields of America'; reels like 'The Swallow-tail Coat' and 'The Wind that Shakes the Barley'; slip-jigs would make a cripple agile as a hare . . . And you go asleep with no mate to wake you in a blow, but the sound of an old piper crooning to you as a cummer croons . . . And the birds will wake you with their douce singing . . . Aye, Fiddlers' Green . . ."

And they were silent for a minute in the soft Ulster sunshine.

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"Would you have any use for a lad like myself aboard your ship, Raghery man?"

"Och, sure, what would you do with the sea, wee fellow?"

"I ken it well already, Raghery man. And I 'm no clumsy in a boat. I can sail a sloop with any man. Close-hauled or full and by, I 'll keep her there. With the breeze biting her weather bow, I' ll hold her snout into it. Or with the wind behind me, I 'll ride her like you 'd canter a horse."

"I might take you to learn you seamanship and navigation, but you 'd be no use as a sailor, wee laddie, and it 's not for a Campbell to be a cabin-boy."

"Take me to learn the trade, then. Take me now."

"I 'd like fine, wee fellow, but I could n't do it. You might be cut out for a scholar for all you think you 're not. Or it might be a soldier you 're meant for. I could n't interfere with your life. It 's an unco responsibility, interfering with a destiny, a terrible thing . . ."

"Will you talk to my Uncle Robin? Will you?"

"Och, now, how could I talk to your Uncle Robin, him that 's written books, and is counted one of the seven learned men of Ireland? Sure, I would n't understand what he 'd be saying, and he 'd have no ear for a common sailing man. If it was your Uncle Alan, now . . ."

"There 's not a person in the world but has the ear of my Uncle Robin. And there 's none easier to talk to, not even the apple woman at the corner of the quay. Will you come with me and talk to him?"

"I could n't, laddie. Your Uncle Alan, now . . ."

"I 'll do the talking, then; but will you come?"

"Och, wee fellow, it would be foolish . . ."

"You would n't have me think hard of a man of Raghery?"

"No, I would n't have any one think hard of the folk of Raghery, so I suppose I 'll have to come. I don't know what your Uncle Robin will say to me for putting notions in your head. It 's awful foolish. But I 'll come . . ."

§ 10

"So there 'd never be the making of a scholar in me, Uncle Robin. A ship on the sea or a new strange person would be always more to me nor a book. I can read and write and figure; what more do I want? And, och, sir, the school would be a prison to me, the scholars droning and ink on their fingers, and the hard-faced masters at the desk. I 'd be woe for the outside, for the sunshine and the water and the bellying winds—"

His Uncle Robin tapped the window-pane of the club and thought hard. The Rathlin sailor stood by, puzzled.

"But, childeen asthore, sure you don't know now what you want. Your career, laddie! Think a bit! The church, for instance—"

"Och, Uncle Robin, is it me in the church that must say my prayers by my lee lone, so loath am I to let the people see what 's in me? I 'd be the queer minister, dumb as a fish—"

"You once had a notion for the army, laddie."

"So I had, sir, and fine I 'd like the uniforms and the swords and the horses, but I would n't have the heart to kill a man, and me never seeing him before. If a man did me a wrong, I 'd kill him quick as I 'd wash my hands,

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but never seeing him before, I could na, I just could na—"

"It 's a clean thing, the sea," the Raghery man ventured.

"He 's so very young," objected Uncle Robin.

"There 's nothing but that or the books for me, Uncle Robin. A sailor or a scholar—and I don't think I 'd make out well with the books."

"The books are n't all they 're cracked up to be, wee Shane. I 've written books myself, and who reads them but a wheen of graybeards, and they drowsing by the fire . . . Knowledge, laddie, I have that . . . And it is n't even wisdom. Knowledge is like dry twigs you collect with care to make a bit fire you can warm your shins at, and wisdom is the gift of God that 's like the blossom on the gorse . . . I 've searched books and taken out the marrow of dead men's brains, and after all, even all my knowledge may be wrong . . . Your father's name will be remembered as long as the Gaidhlig lasts, for songs that came to him as easily as a woman's kiss . . . And your Uncle Alan's footprints are near the pole . . . And Mungo is remembered forever because he died with a laugh . . . Not that I 'm saying anything against them, wee Shane; better men will never be seen . . . But Daniel Donelly's name is remembered because he beat Cooper in a fight, and songs were made about it . . . And I 'll be remembered only when some old librarian dusts a forgotten book . . . And I was supposed to be the wise pup o' the litter, with my books and my study . . . And all I have now is a troubled mind in my latter days . . . Aye, the books! . ."

"Shall I go to sea, sir?"

"Is it up to me? And how about your mother, laddie?"

"Oh, there 's little warmth within her for me, sir. She 's a bitter woman. She does na like my father's breed."

"Are you your father's breed through, wee caddie? Are you Campbell all? Here, gi' us a look at your face. Aye, the eyes, the nose, the proud throw to the head of you. I 'm afeared there 's little of your mother in you, laddie; afeared there 's none at all."

"I 'm no' ashamed o' my kind, sir."

"And you 're set on going to sea?"

"I 'd like it fine, sir."

"And if it does na turn out the way you thought it would, you 're not going to cry or turn sour?"

"I thought you knew me better nor that, Uncle Robin."

"I do." The big man laid his hand on the boy's shoulder and smiled at the shipmaster. "Take him, Raghery man!"

§ 11

Though all was wonder to wee Shane, there was so much of it that it flicked through his head like a dream: the hazy September afternoon; the long, lean vessel like a grayhound; the sails white as a swan's wing; the cordage that rattled like wood; the barefooted, bearded sailors; the town of Carrickfergus in the offing; the *lap-lap-lap* of water; the silent man at the wheel; the sudden transition of the friendly Raghery man into a firm, authoritative figure, quick as a cat, rapping out commands like a sergeant-major.

The town of Carrickfergus began to slip by as if drawn by horses. The mate ran up the ladder of the poop.

"Topsails, McCafferty!" the Raghery man ordered.

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"Topsails, sir."

A minute later there came the mate's voice from amidships:

"Sheet home the topsails—and put your backs into it!"

Patter of feet. An accordion began to whine like a tinker. Creak and strain. Faster lapping of water. A song raised in chorus:

"As I came a-tacking down Paradise Street—
Yo-ho! Blow the man down!
As I came a-tacking down Paradise Street—
Give us some time till we blow the man down!"

"A trim little bumboat I chanced for to meet!
Blow, bullies, blow the man down!
A trim little bumboat I chanced for to meet!
Give us some time till we blow the man down!"

"She was round in the counter and bluff in the bows!
Yo-ho! Blow the man down!
She was round in the counter and bluff in the bows!
Give us some time till we blow the man down.
Blow the man down!
Blow, bullies! Blow the man down!"

(The end of the first part of "The Wind Bloweth")

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An Unpublished Concord Journal

By FRANK SANBORN [*Edited by* GEORGE S. HELLMAN]

Frank Sanborn as a young man was in the confidence and association of the famous Concord group in which were Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Alcott, Hawthorne, Channing, and others. Journals were then the fashion. Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and others were, in almost daily entrances, making them the storehouses of their ideas. Young Sanborn as a senior at Harvard began in this journal, in 1854–55, to follow in their footsteps. The new and fascinating material in this journal we shall leave the reader to discover for himself. The portrait of Thoreau which accompanies the text is from the only known oil-painting of the Hermit of Walden, and has not before been reproduced.—G. S. H.

November 2, 1854. Suddenly I went to Concord by railroad, and getting to Mr. Emerson's house at 2 o' cl'k, found him just arrived at home from Keene. We sat by the dining-room fire and talked awhile—of Stonehenge and of new theories, of Bossuet and his book, of cones, etc. Speaking of pines, Mr. Emerson said Issac Porter offered to shew him on his Maine woodlands trees a thousand years old, for there is no limit to the life of trees; they die only by accident.

We walked out across the pasture to Walden Pond, and Mr. Emerson spoke of an Englishman, Cholmondely, who had lately come to Concord, a Preel man, a Puseyite, who had been to Australia and written a book called "Ultima Thule" thereupon.

"He is the son of a Shropshire squire, and is travelling during his nonage. He is better acquainted with things than most travelling Englishmen are; they are a *singularly verdant race.* The Englishman who stays at home and attends to what he knows is one of the *wisest* of men, but their travellers are most unobservant and self-complacent. I asked this man if he saw any difference between our autumn foliage and that of England. He said no, but all men who have eyes notice it at once; ours is tulips and carnations compared with theirs. So, too, he told me he went to hear a Mr. Parker in Boston; he thought him able, but was shocked at some of his doctrines. He began," said Mr. Emerson, "to talk to me about *original sin* and such things, but I said: 'I see you are speaking of something which had a meaning once, but has now grown obsolete. Those words once stood for something, and the world got good from them; but not now.'"

Just then we met the man himself, and Mr. Emerson invited him to dinner on Saturday.

November 20, 1854. Coming in from Agassiz's lecture, found Mr. Alcott in my room. Talked with him a few minutes and then took him to dinner. There we spoke of Agassiz and science. Mr. Alcott complained of naturalists that they *begin* with matter,—they should begin with spirit,—as in the "Vestiges" the author supposes

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man developed as a final product from inorganic matter. This is wrong. The Deity does not work in this way, *building* up man out of matter, but man is rather a link between God and matter. Matter is the *refuse* of spirit, the residuum not taken up and made pure spirit. It is like a swarm of bees. They are *conical*, like the arrangement of *things* and man. All the bees depend on the queen bee; so all *matter* depends on man.

"This which we are now engaged in," said Mr. Alcott, "is an instance of what I mean by the use of matter by spirit. Out of the food before us each selects what is needful for him, and rejects the rest. So spirit, selecting what is for its use, rejects the rest, and to *it* this refuse is matter." . . .

I spoke of A. T. Davis. Mr. Alcott said:

"He is a simple, earnest man, but to him matter is everything; spirit at its extreme limit is still matter. It is better to say boldly that we are not formed from matter, but that we ourselves form it, that the eye *creates* what it looks upon, the desires what they act upon, etc."

"This is nearer the truth," said I; but Mr. Alcott seemed to imply it was almost the *exact* truth. Turning to Baxter he said:

"We are waiting for you theologians to set forth this view, but you are slow to do it."

Baxter replied that the majority of men who listen to sermons would not understand a statement of this kind; "Shall we preach only to the few while the many go uncared for?"

"Can you ever preach to *many* at once?" said Mr. Alcott (not in these words), "and would you preach to the Irishman on the railroad, with his brain built of potatoes and such things? No, you must pass by Patrick and speak to men who are before him; they will hand it down until by and by Patrick will get it."

We all demurred a little to this. I said the greatest minds often found themselves equally appreciated by the high and the low. Baxter spoke of Christ's apostles, who were "Irishmen" in Mr. Alcott's signification.

"Not at all," said he. "Christ *made* them what they were, to be sure; but he had good timber to make them of; they were not really *common* men. It is not the distinctions of society that I speak of, but those in the nature of man."

Baxter spoke of Dr. Lothrop's congregation.

"They are a sort of human brutes," said Mr. Alcott, "and they say, like people, like preacher. How few there are who really *hear* a man!" he went on. "Those who do so must *dine* on him; you must *eat him up* to get the good of him. Christ's disciples did so. That is the meaning of transubstantiation, nothing else. So nowadays men *feed on* Mr. Parker; he is strong meat to them; and they go away only to come back with an appetite for more. 'That was good,' they say; 'we must have some more of that.' It is not so much so with Emerson; he is a finer food. A man who eats meat gets hungry sooner than I do; he has a *ravenous* appetite."

Coming up to my room, we spoke of S. Longfellow, so different from his brother, whom I spoke of as a little conceited. Mr. Alcott said he was genial and pleasing, and was disposed to think him not much conceited. Mrs. Longfellow he spoke of as a fine woman, with less of Boston than any

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of the Bostonians, a noble lady. I said I had heard of her as *cold*. Mr. Alcott said, "She belongs to the *Diana* side of things, and so has a right to be a little cold," but did not seem to think of her as I had fancied. . . .

Saturday, Nov. 25. I went to Mr. Alcott's a few minutes before one, and was met by him at the door. I sat with him a while in his study, and then we went down to dinner. . . . The dinner was without meat, but nice and inviting. "Abby" talked of Forrest, whom she had seen the night before; she was warm in his praise. Mr. Alcott spoke of Connecticut and clock-making. He was born in the town of Wolcott, the highest land in the State and the center of the clock-making trade. He spoke of its origin, its extent, and of his formerly working for Ferry. His business was putting the clocks together, and at this he worked a year. . . .

We talked about the "Dial." Mr. Alcott got his journal and showed me some memoranda of the "Symposium," or Transcendental Club, of his first acquaintance with Emerson, &c. He spoke of his school in the Masonic Temple, of its ultimate failure. I saw letters of Mr. Emerson about "Psyche," a book which Mr. Alcott talked of publishing, but was dissuaded by Mr. Emerson. He told me the names of most of the writers for the "Dial." He showed me also what he called "Tablets," extracts from his diaries, arranged in a certain order, under the signs of the zodiac. They consist of apothegms, short essays, and the like, and are designed for publication. In this connection Mr. Alcott told me Emerson's way of writing. He puts down in his commonplace-book whatever he thinks worthy, and in the fall, when he is preparing his lectures or when he is making up a book, he goes over this commonplace-book and notices what topic has been uppermost in his thought, and arranges his fragments with reference to that. This accounts for the want of formal method in his books. They are crystallizations.

Speaking of theology, Mr. Alcott said:

"A theology *infused* into you as in Emerson is better than one directly taught. The best men, when they teach theology, get harsh and narrow; the indirect way is the best.

Saturday, Dec. 2. A little past 3 I went to the Albion, expecting to meet Mr. Alcott. He was not there, but I found Emerson and John Dwight, H. Woodman and Cholmondely, the Englishman.

About a quarter to four I went for Mr. Alcott and found him with Kimball, of the last divinity class. He soon got ready and went down with me. We sat thus:

Alcott, Woodman
Emerson Cholmondely
Sanborn, Dwight.

. . . Woodman spoke of Everett as a "curse to American scholarship," and this led to a discussion of Everett's merits. I suggested Bancroft as one of our best American scholars. Mr. Emerson laughed, and spoke of his speech in New York the other day, his "Triune God," "arrogant Arius," "devout Athanasius," and the like. Bancroft, he said, is not a religious man. To which Dwight heartily assented. They thought this Trinitarianism assumed out of deference to New York sentiment, which is Presbyterian and Episcopalian.

"In conversation," Mr. Emerson

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said, "Bancroft will take any side and defend it skillfully; he is a soldier of fortune." He thought his speech at the Phi Beta dinner in Cambridge, where Lord Ashburton was present, was one of his best efforts. Quincy and Story had spoken, but rather stiffly and coldly; Bancroft warmed up the audience. He spoke of Bancroft's ostracism in Boston on account of his politics as an instance of Boston proscription. Soon after, Mr. Emerson rose to go to the depot, and the company broke up. I should have mentioned that soon after Mr. Alcott came the conversation turned on age. Dwight said it was something he could not reconcile himself to; he could not understand why youth was left behind. Emerson said much the same, adding, "This man here [Mr. Alcott] used to tell us what experience is every day disproving, that the beauty turned inward." Mr. Alcott made some answer which I do not remember.

"I have the trick," said Mr. Emerson, "of believing of every man whom I talk with as old as myself, so I warn you, young men." The point in question was Mr. Sumner's age. . . .

Leaving Mr. Alcott, I spoke to Cholmondely of his [Alcott's] early life. He wondered that a pedlar should have educated himself so and acquired such graceful manners. "They are the manners of a very great peer," said he.

Tuesday, Dec. 12. About 11 this morning came a knock at my door, and when I said, "Come in," in walked serene Mr. Alcott with his placid smile. He had come to invite Morton and myself to sup with him to-night, but as I was to wait here for George W., I could not go. Cholmondely and Woodman were to be there, he said, and hoped I would "break bread" with him. I was very sorry I could not. We went over to Morton's room (13 Mass.) and found him writing on Thoreau. This led me to talk about Thoreau, and Mr. Alcott spoke of him most happily.

"He is a *fine beast;* the brutes ought to choose him their king, so near does he live to nature and understand her so well. He is *older than civilisation,* and loves Homer because he is of Homer's time. In the parlor he is out of place, as a lion would be. He is outside of humanity; men he knows little about. What a naturalist he is! Agassiz and the rest might learn of him. It is a pity that he and Emerson live in the same age. Both are original, but they borrow from each other, living so near each other." . . .

Said Mr. Alcott: "Thoreau has seen the day from all points—and the night; he knows all about them.

"Whatever he does is from *fate;* he is as much under its control as the beasts are." Thoreau and Horace Greeley went to the *opera* together!

Saturday, Dec. 16. At a little past three I went to Mr. Alcott's to go with him to the Albion. He was alone, but said he would not then go; so I went alone. I found at the table a party thus arranged:

J. R. Lowell, Cholmondely, Morton
Woodman Sanborn
R. H. Dana, Emerson, Goddard.

Afterwards Mr. Alcott sat between Lowell and Woodman, and Dwight between Cholmondely and Norton. Goddard is a Cincinnati man who has come here to deliver lectures on art, Milton, and so forth.

My coming made them speak of Mr. Alcott, and something was said of his meeting Carlyle in England. Emerson

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HENRY DAVID THOREAU

From the only oil-portrait of the Hermit of Walden

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said it was a fault in Carlyle and Browning and the rest that they failed to appreciate Mr. Alcott. Carlyle walked with him through Piccadilly, the splendor of London, as I understand it, and said:

"Here, sir, this Piccadilly has existed for ages, and will continue to exist for ages after your *potato gospel* has gone to the dogs." Neither was Mr. Alcott pleased greatly with Carlyle.

Something led us to speak of Tennyson as compared with Browning. Lowell and Woodman thought Browning superior and tried to convince Mr. Emerson of it. They spoke of his dramatic power, which Tennyson, they said, had not at all, and Lowell spoke of "Saul" as giving good proof of this. Mr. Emerson demurred, and evidently thought Browning too one-sided and rough. I talked with Mr. Goddard about Shelley. He praised his lyric power, and said that the "Cenci" showed, too, a wonderful dramatic power. But he had no humor. I ranked him above Wordsworth. Mr. Goddard dissented, and spoke of the impossibility of comparing him with Byron, either. . . .

A little before five Goddard went to Waltham, where he was to lecture. A little after, Mr. Emerson also went, and Dwight having come in, we drew closer together about the nuts and apples and wine. I sat beside Dana and talked with him of Choate, whom he thinks the greatest genius and best logician at the American bar. He said he never uses a fallacy without knowing it, and never allows his opponent to use one without detecting it. I spoke of his meretricious oratory. Mr. Dana allowed that to some extent, but said the judges watched no one so closely as Mr. Choate, lest something in his argument should escape them. Under this display of rhetoric lay a masterly logic. Dana told a good story of Choate. In a case of fraud the other day, perpetrated, or planned at least, on the coast of Sumatra, Mr. Choate was examining a witness who was an accomplice with the principal. The witness was telling the argument used by that man to gain his coöperation, such as the distance from home, the difficulty of detection, &c. But there seemed to be something more. Choate insisted on knowing what it was. At last, said the witness: "Well if you must know," he said, "even if we were found out, we 'd get Choate to defend us, and we should get off, though they *found the money in our boots*." Mr. Choate was a good deal put down by this answer, being sensitive on that point. . . .

Wednesday, Dec. 20. Cholmondely came to Cambridge, and I met him at Mrs. Manning's. We went to the library, where I left him looking at Audubon's Birds. Met him again in Morton's room and went with him to prayers. Afterwards we talked an hour by Morton's blazing fire about life and men and England and America, and Mr. Cholmondely came out as I never had heard him before. It was worth while to listen to him, so much sense and modesty in all he said. He thought England's day of *empire* past. She must now make a state, a commonwealth, of herself; and he spoke finely of the institutions of England, and how they impede her progress. He is to give me a copy of his book on New Zealand, where he was a colonist. At Oxford he was a pupil of Clough, whom he likes much. The Liberal party in England he thinks little of: they temporize and make shifts.

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Thursday, 21. Met Cholmondely again in Morton's room and walked into town with him and Barker to hear Wendell Phillips. It was about sunset, and as we crossed the bridge the view was beautiful, in the west the sunset glow above the Brookline hills, with a few long, slender clouds lying just above the hilltops; in the east rose the city, topped by the state-house dome. Often as I have seen this prospect, it is always new and wonderful to me, and I have seldom seen it more lovely than to-night. . . .

We heard the great oration, truly great and worthy of the man. He advocated disunion as the only remedy for our present disastrous submission to the slave power. He went beyond his audience, beyond me, but I admire his honesty and boldness.

After the lecture I went with Morton and Cholmondely to Mr. Parker's, where we found Richard Hildreth and a few more. . . . It was hard upon eleven when we got to the Albion, where Mr. Cholmondely invited us to supper.

There we four sat and talked until midnight, and when the hour was past and the 22nd had begun, Morton gave the toast—"The Pilgrim Fathers." Mr. Cholmondely took it up, saying:

"Yes, and may the spirit which brought them here return again to England, and may we have a Commonwealth, if not as *great* as yours, at least as happy and well ordered!" We drank the toast with applause. . . .

Tuesday, Dec. 26, 1854. . . . I was in much doubt whether or no I should go to East Boston to hear Mr. Emerson, but I finally concluded to go, as I had long planned to do. I went with Bliss and T. W. Clark, and we heard a lecture on England. It was full of good things, but I thought not so fine as the lecture of last spring on poetry. It was the first time I had ever heard him before an audience. His manner and voice were much as in conversation, and his appearance was fine, as always. After the lecture I spoke with him, and on the boat he came and took me aside to make me a proposal for teaching in Concord. I got into his carriage and rode to the American House, where he lodged.

Sunday, Jan. 7, 1855. I walked in early with Morton and called on Mr. Alcott, who met me with his serene smile at his study door. He told me that he had got ready my set of the "Dial" except the two missing numbers V and XIV, and I am to call soon and take them. He told me also of his visiting Lowell yesterday, and hearing portions of his forthcoming lectures, which he says are very good. He explained also about his taking the magazine which he and Morton were looking at in Bartlett's shop yesterday, and laughed about his "stealing" in his old age. I found him reading a book by A. T. Barham, an English mystic who is still living and who has translated Grotius. . . .

Tuesday, Jan. 16, [1855]. Called this P. M. on Prof. Longfellow, where I stayed from five to eight-thirty. I found him alone in the parlor, where a wood-fire was burning in the ample fireplace. It was snowing outside, but within was bright and cheerful and elegant, among the books and pictures and busts in the great parlor. He asked me about Exeter and Andover, wishing to send his nephew somewhere to school. I told him what I knew of the two places, and hoped he would decide on Exeter; but he thought there

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might be too much freedom allowed there for a boy like his nephew. At six I rose to go, but he urged me to stay. I told him "young men were apt to *receive* more pleasure from their visits than they *gave*." He smiled, and said that feeling had prevented him from going to see Goethe when in Germany for the first time, for which he had always been sorry. He was accessible to strangers, particularly to Americans; but Mr. Longfellow thought he should have nothing to say to him, and so did not go.

He told me about his life at Bowdoin before he became professor here, and of his first seeing Mr. Emerson. It was on board the boat coming up from Portland. Mr. Longfellow had a letter to Emerson, and was saying so to a friend, who told him that the man himself was on board. They went across the deck and found Mr. Emerson sitting inside a coil of rope, with his hat pulled over his eyes. They talked of Carlyle, to whom Emerson gave Mr. Longfellow a letter, and said he had been sending him some American literature.

"I suppose you sent him Irving," said Mr. Longfellow.

"No," said Emerson; "he is only a word-catcher."

Mr. Longfellow found Emerson's letter a welcome introduction to Carlyle, who spoke in the warmest terms of him and his visit to them (C. & Mrs. C.) at Craigenputtock. . . .

At tea I saw Mrs. Longfellow, whom I admire very much. Afterwards we talked in the parlor about spiritualism and many other things, and at a little past eight I came away.

Saturday, March 10. Went to the Albion this afternoon at three-thirty, and found there this tableful

Goddard Dwight Fisher
J. R. Lowell Woodman
Ch. Lowell Sanborn Emerson Calvert.

Mr. Calvert (pronounced Colvert) is a Maryland man, a descendant of Lord Baltimore, and is lecturing in Boston on socialism. James Fisher is a bachelor fond of the arts, a friend of Ednah's. The rest have been mentioned before.

The conversation was divided into many strands. I sat next to Mr. Emerson and talked with him about the school in Concord which he wants me to take. I promised to take the matter into consideration, for to leave Cambridge now is contrary to my wishes, however glad I may be to get so fine a situation.

I am to hear further next week. When Mr. Emerson rose to go, I walked with him to Winthrop Place and from there to the depot. Coming back, I found Mr. Woodman and Lowell alone at the table. We sat and talked for some time about Mrs. Howe and Dr. Holmes, whom Lowell thought she had been too hard upon; also of Margaret Fuller and the "Fable for Critics." Lowell said he wrote the book in a week and sent it to a friend in N. Y. with no thought of publishing; but he was urged to let it go to press, and so things were in it which he was sorry for. One is that passage about Margaret Fuller, the "Miranda." Lowell said he was provoked to it not by what she had said of himself, but of Longfellow, whom she called a "dandy Pindar."

"Now, that is too bad, for Longfellow is a fine fellow and does not deserve that at all." . . .

This afternoon Mr. Lowell told me something about Page, the painter, of

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whom Browning had just been writing in the "Art Journal," and who is a great friend of Mr. Lowell; has painted him at twenty, and means to at forty and again at sixty. . . .

Wednesday, 28. Went to tea at Mr. Emerson's. Mr. Channing was there. He had been to walk with Mr. Emerson some miles away. I had been at his house the night before to talk about hiring his rooms, so his face was familiar to me. He is rather handsome, stout and ruddy like his father, Dr. Walter, but walks clumsily, and has a sulky look oftentimes. He walked with Edith, I noticed, and seemed to feel the cheerful influence of her flower-like beauty. After tea Mr. Emerson proposed to set Mr. Channing and me to read newspapers while he went up to the Town Hall to lecture; but we would not listen to it, and went along with him. The lecture was on "Beauty," and was the best I have yet heard from him. It was exceedingly fine, and I longed for more after it was done. Waiting in the hall, Mr. Emerson introduced me to Mr. Thoreau, but we did not talk long. I shall see much of him if I live at Mr. Channing's, as I think I shall do. I saw some of my pupils at the lecture and some of the parents. The school has been vexatious, but is getting better every day. There has been a sad want of thoroughness in it, and, then, it is a new business to me. Twenty pupils, including all Mr. Emerson's children. If I get well through this week, I shall be fortunate.

Wednesday, April 11, 1855. To-night we had a call from Mr. Thoreau, who came at eight and stayed till ten. He talked about a variety of things, about Latin and Greek, which he though ought to be studied, and about other things. In his tones and gestures he seemed to me to imitate Emerson, so that it was annoying to listen to him, though he said many good things. He looks, too, like Emerson, coarser, but with something of that serenity and sagacity which Emerson has. Thoreau looks eminently sagacious, like a sort of wise wild beast. He dresses plainly, wears a beard about his throat, and has a brown complexion.

Thursday evening, April 12. Called at Mr. Emerson's to ask about Pascal, Carlyle, etc. Mr. Emerson told me a great deal about Carlyle, his youth, marriage, and so forth. In college he said he was desponding and scornful, judging from letters which he had seen. After leaving the university, he and Edward Irving, the famous preacher, taught school at Kirkcaldy, two towns on the Frith of Forth in Fife, north of Edinburgh. They used to walk on the beach at evening, talking and gesticulating so as to attract attention, and are still remembered there for that cause. In the neighborhood lived Dr. Welch, a retired physician, rich for the country, with a daughter Jane. Both young men offered themselves to her, and she accepted Carlyle. The match was against the father's wishes, and the newly married couple were sent to live in a sort of disgrace at Craigenputtock, a lonely farm-house among the moors not far from Edinburgh. It was there that Emerson visited them in 1833, when, as Longfellow told me, his visit was to them "like that of an angel," for it was much to have such appreciation as this young American brought him from across the ocean. It was in 1835 that Longfellow visited them—they were then at Chelsea, near London—and Carlyle had just finished the first volume of the "French Revolution." He lent it to some friend for

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examination, and a few days after his friend told him it had accidentally fallen into the fire and was all destroyed. Carlyle felt the loss keenly, but he went to work and wrote it over again. In 1833 "Sartor Resartus" was published in "Frazer's Magazine," and Carlyle was almost unknown. Soon after he moved to England, and the death of some relative left Mrs. Carlyle some property. They have lived ever since near London, and Carlyle has scarcely ever been out of England. He has been a short time in France and in Holland; also, since he began his present work on Frederick the Great, he has been in Germany *for the first time*. All that surprising familiarity with German life and customs in "Sartor Resartus" was gathered from the journal of his brother John, who has translated Dante's "Inferno," and who lived in Germany for some years as physician to some English nobleman travelling there. Carlyle has many friends among the London gentry. Lord Ashburton takes him down every year for some weeks to his country seat, and many more are ready to do him all manner of services. He is a proud man, knows his own worth, and does not toady those above him in rank. He bows to a lord because he thinks a lord should have a bow, but nobody could possibly *pocket* the bow. He has no children and lives very plainly; keeps but one domestic. This, Mr. Emerson said, he should never have suspected, everything in the house was so well managed, but when he was coming away after staying there awhile in 1848, and wished to make some presents to the servants, he found it out. He asked the chambermaid where the cook was, and behold she was cook, chambermaid, table-girl, and all in one. Many more good things Mr. Emerson told me, and offered to read me his notes of the visit in 1833. Sometime I shall see them I trust.

Monday night, 16. To-night the Ripleys called, and a little past eight Mr. Emerson came in. He stayed perhaps an hour and talked of Pascal and philosophy and other things. Should I have believed three years ago, when I was in doubt and trouble at Exeter, that in so short a time I should be living here of all places in the world, and that this greatest and finest of all Americans would be making me an evening call? That I should be teaching his children, visiting his house, and drawing new lessons of life from his serene and simple dignity? Truly my life has been a strange one! But there was *one* who read my secret, and brought order of confusion. Does she still watch over and guide me as before? . . .

Friday, May 18. To-night Mr. Thoreau came in as I was reading Demosthenes, and we fell to talking about Greek, Latin, Milton, Wordsworth, Emerson, Ellery Channing, and other things. But first of all let me describe Thoreau, since I believe I have not yet done so. The first time I ever saw him was when he made a flying visit to my room in Cambridge last January, and left a book with me for Morton. Then I did not know him, and supposed it might be some book agent or expressman. Since I came here I have often seen him. He is a sort of pocket edition of Mr. Emerson, as far as outward appearance goes, in coarser binding and with woodcuts instead of the fine steel-engravings of Mr. Emerson. He is a little under size, with a huge Emersonian nose, bluish gray eyes, brown hair, and a ruddy, weather-beaten face

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which reminds one of that of some shrewd and honest animal, some retired philosophic woodchuck or magnanimous fox. He dresses very plainly, wears his collar turned over like Mr. Emerson, and often an old dress-coat, broad in the skirts, and by no means a fit. He walks about with a brisk rustic air, and never seems tired. He talks like Mr. Emerson and so spoils the good things which he says; for what in Mr. Emerson is charming, becomes ludicrous in Thoreau, because an imitation.

Tuesday, June 5, 1855. Called this evening at Mr. Emerson's, where I found Mr. Alcott, and I spent two hours there before the companionable fire in the dining-room alone with Mr. Alcott and Mr. Emerson. Mr. Emerson spoke of a letter from Carlyle which he had lately received and a portion of which he read. Carlyle speaks of "Balaklava" as showing how far astray the English have got, having now been off the right road for some two hundred years. Louis Napoleon, who has heretofore manifested the qualities of a house-breaker, is now called upon to display those of a hero. All that he says about the war is Carlyleish and good. As to Frederick the Great, whose life he is engaged on, he speaks very complainingly. The subject is a perplexing one, the stories incoherent, the books written about it dull and bad. "No man of genius ever looked on him with his eyes except Mirabeau twice for half an hour." On the whole, he says, he looks for a failure in his old age, when this book shall appear. Almost all the qualities that should assist him, he says, are gone—even hope. But he has obstinancy left, with which he will go on and finish the book. . . .

Saturday, Sept. 15, 1855. I omit all notice of many things which I would gladly have written here,—walks and talks with Mr. Emerson, and pleasant hours spent at his house,—for they should have been written down at the time, and were not, and I will not injure them now by recalling them so imperfectly as I should. Early in July I wrote my commencement oration, and read it to Mr. Emerson, who praised some and censored some. He came to hear me deliver it at Cambridge, but was just too late. From that time until the 25th of August I was absent from Concord. Since I returned I have often met Mr. Emerson either at his house or in the street, and the other night at Mr. Thoreau's, where there was a party. But my record to-day has to do with Mr. Channing and with Walden Pond. In the afternoon, as I was lying on the grass in the yard, reading "Maud," Mr. Channing came out, and I proposed to him to go to Walden and take a sail, to which he agreed. We went to the village, then to the house where the boat-key and oars were, and so on to the pond through the woods. Mr. Channing talked of Wilkinson, Henry James, and Swedenborg, advising me to read them. He did not like "Leaves of Grass"; thought it not original. "Mr. Emerson would praise it for six weeks, and then forget it; that was his fashion." The author would come to Concord; Mr. Emerson had written to him. His name is Whitman, and there are good reports of him; he is better looking than his picture.

When we got to the pond we first bathed, and I, taking the boat-key in my teeth, swam out to the boat, unlocked it, and paddled it to the landing-place, where we embarked.

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Haiti under American Occupation

By Ernest H. Gruening

Panorama of the island by C. B. Falls

For six years American armed forces have controlled the two small republics that share the Caribbean island that Columbus called Hispaniola, but which is now known by the original Indian name of Haiti, the "land of mountains." For the last two years report and rumor, filtering northward, have hinted that all was not well along the Artibonite and the Ozama, respective Potomacs of the republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo. There followed in due course one of those harmless political diversions in which we take delight, a congressional investigation.

Since the beauty and charm of the distant South Sea Islands have been captured and capitalized in fiction, in paint, and even in parody, the picturesque uniqueness that is Haiti leads one to wonder why the artists and poets have overlooked this treasure island of exotic charm that lies only four days from New York. It is not only an island of gorgeous color, where scented trade-winds play over orange and white beaches, but where, in a life that is warm, mellow, and gentle, stark tragedy and extravagant burlesque have mingled in the making of a chapter unique in the story of mankind.

It was on the steamer Haiti-bound that I gained a first-hand realization of the gulf that separates the Haitians from the Americans, who graciously assert that they are there to "big-brother" the Haitians. While chatting on the deck, several officers' wives learned that it was my first visit.

"You must come and see us," said one, with the friendly cordiality of Americans in remote corners of the globe. "We have great times there. Do you know any one in Haiti?"

I gave a name in reply. The name was nondescript.

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"Is he a Frenchman?" they asked.

"No; he is a Haitian."

An almost imperceptible raising of eyebrows, and the conversation lapsed. I gathered that it was unusual, not to say queer, to go to Haiti and know Haitians.

In Haiti I found the social line between Haitians and Americans rigidly drawn. When the military occupation took place in 1915, the Haitians, regardless of their feeling about the larger aspects of the invasion, extended to individual Americans a truly Haitian hospitality, inviting our naval officers into their homes and their clubs. Several months later, however, when the officers' wives arrived, these social relations ceased abruptly. The officers who had been generously fêted never again entered the homes they had visited, nor did their wives, who instead rebuffed the kindly advances of the Haitian women. Several other episodes caused American officers to be barred from the Haitian clubs, and, conversely, the newly created American club admitted no Haitians. During my stay in Haiti an American newspaper representative was requested by the management of the Hôtel Montagne not to receive Haitians except on the back porch. Complaints had been made by American officers who were guests in the hotel. Jim Crow had arrived in Haiti!

Despite this obvious social gulf and the evident resentment of the natives at the military control, the officers of the occupation publicly insist that the occupation loves the Haitians, who in turn love it, and that were it not for a small band of politicians, agitators, and malcontents who are stirring up their fellows, harmony would prevail.

A politician, an agitator, or a malcontent, I discovered, is any one opposed to the presence of the alien military, to martial law, to the overthrow of Haitian sovereignty, or to anything in any way adversely critical of things as they are. With this usually goes the further charge that these "agitators" are "living off the people." This charge rests on the assumption that any one holding public office is "living off the people," and that the majority of well-to-do Haitians are absentee landlords of plantations.

It happens that the greater portion of educated Haitians have at one time or other held some public post. The number that has more or less continuously held office and has no other profession is, however, inconsiderable. I do not see that any apology for the *vrai politicien* is needed. Is anything more natural than that a young man with a good education, having entered public service and having held impor-

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tant offices, should wait and hope for the return swing of the political pendulum? And if it is a foreign military occupation that has atrophied public life and rendered a return to his career impossible, to work to end this condition?

The charge of absentee landlordism is, I think, equally groundless. Most of the urban Haitians of means own plantations, often at distant points. These are worked by the peasants, sometimes without special direction, sometimes, when the estates are large, under an overseer. But in addition to having his habitation and a plot of land upon which he can raise, without burden of any kind, ample supplies for his personal needs, the peasant merely "goes halves" with his absentee owner on the crop, be it coffee, sugar, rice, fruit, or cotton. Since the administration of President Pétion, founder of the republic, the "law of the half" has been in effect. Always the peasant, first and foremost, gets sufficient for his own livelihood; the balance alone is divided with the absentee landlord. The peasant, moreover, retains his part in the arrangement as a vested right; a change of landlords in no wise affects him. Contrast this with the American wage system, the beginning of which is being experienced in Haiti. To-day, under "development" schemes, peasants whose families have cultivated and lived on their plot of ground for over a century find themselves dispossessed and forced to work for the daily wage offered by the new companies that are invading Haiti under the ægis of the American occupation.

My personal impression is that the love of the occupation for the Haitian peasant is the love for a great, potential, and docile labor supply, illiterate and easily imposed upon, and purchasable at a salary of a *gourde* a day, the *gourde* since the American occupation having been "stabilized" at twenty cents. It has been, though not recently, higher than the dollar.

In short, the dislike for the so-called politician seems to be a dislike for all that represents the militant or even the articulate spirit of Haitian culture. This is a bit difficult to understand when one remembers that Haitian culture is responsible for one of the most interesting episodes in history—an episode representing an outstanding contribution to human freedom. I am aware of the grave failures of the Haitian state, of its revolutions, of its graft, of tragic shortcomings, but I also recall certain other facts. Haiti started with no traditions or experience of self-government whatever. The tortured and debased slaves had to assume self-government in the

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midst of the wreckage wrought by fourteen years of desperate struggle for independence in which French, British, and Spanish armies, as well as their own armies, marched and countermarched, sacked and burned, for nearly half a generation. For nearly half a century scarcely a nation would recognize Haitian independence for fear of the effect on its own still enslaved blacks. Recognition by France was bought only at the price of a heavy indemnity for the property of Frenchmen destroyed in the war of independence, and the pressure of that debt burdened the Haitian state for decades. Haiti, by reason of its color and its French culture, has been totally isolated from sympathetic neighbors on the western hemisphere. It has not had even the advantage of Santo Domingo, which, by virtue of its cultural ties, can count on the active sympathy of all its sister Hispanic-American states. When one recalls all this, the mere persistence of the Haitian republic as a free and independent state for one hundred years seems an achievement indeed. Now, this has been the achievement of the Haitian cultivated classes.

Apart from the fundamental considerations involved in our going into Haiti, I believe that the subsequent failure to establish decent human contacts with the Haitian people, and particularly to cultivate the Haitian upper class, has been the gravest error.

The *belle société* of Port-au-Prince in intellectual quality, in charm, and in exquisite breeding compares favorably with the society of most of the world's capitals. Its life is leisurely and its spirit cosmopolitan, a *soupçon* of Paris transplanted to the tropics. Its inspiration has been French not merely by inheritance, but because of the continuous French contacts by which Haitian society renews its cultural Gallic strength. Having violently cast off the mother country politically, Haiti continues to nourish itself spiritually at her breast. Parisian education for the younger generation is the hope and pride of every Haitian family of means. That this practice has been interrupted, first by the war, then by the subsequent hard times for which Haitians blame the occupation more than the world-wide depression, is a cause of great sorrow to the families thus deprived, though in my judgment it is not an unmixed evil. What has in large part been the culture and charm of Haiti has at the same time been a fatal weakness. The eyes of the upper classes have been too much fixed on France. A new inward orientation, to use a word of which Haitians are intensely fond, will necessarily focus attention on their own educational system. In the interest

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of accuracy, however, it must be recorded that some extremely well educated Haitians have received their entire schooling at Port-au-Prince.

Another influence which has tended to draw the eyes of Haitians away from their own country and across the sea is the clergy, which, with the exception of one order of brothers and an occasional priest, is not native. Haiti is religiously a Catholic country, and the devoutness of the peasant is one of the visitor's earliest impressions. Rarely simple and exquisite is the grace with which the barefoot young country women on their daily journey to and from the urban market pause either to kneel or to stand in adoration, with hands extended, in front of the innumerable wayside statues of the Virgin. One of the most characteristically impressive events in Haiti is the four o'clock mass in the cathedral of Notre Dame de l'Assomption in Port-au-Prince, held purposely before daybreak to enable all those who hesitate to exhibit their poverty to worship when their rags will not be visible. The size of the four o'clock mass —it is axiomatic in Haiti—is an index of the country's poverty or prosperity. The cathedral has never been so crowded at that hour as it is these days.

Marital ties, too, bind the upper class Haitian to France. The whites of every nationality save those of America intermarry with the youth and beauty of Haitian society. In Haitian society one finds German, Dutch, English, and Scandinavian names, the names of those whom either the diplomatic or consular service or business originally brought to Haiti. Haitian society presents in consequence a great variety of types and colors. Blond and red hair are not unknown. Caucasian features with rich, brown skins are frequent, and many of the women are of extraordinary beauty, and of a vivacity that is quasi-Parisian. Haitian society is wholly of mixed blood. In the purely social gatherings at the Cercle Bellerue, the exclusive club of Port-au-Prince, it is the rare exception to see any one darker than a mulatto; and quadroons, octoroons, and even far more dilute combinations of African blood, for which the Haitians have special names up to the thirty-second degree, preponderate.

Even in this "officially black" country there are subtle color lines—lines not hard and fast, lines freely transgressed socially and politically, yet gently persistent. The maxim in Haitian high society, "not a backward step," expresses the ideal of the younger Haitians not to marry one of darker hue. This ideal is not adhered to by all, but in Haitian social circles mar-

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riages of quadroons with full-blooded negroes or with griffes, the offspring of a negro and a mulatto, rarely occur. On the other hand, marriage with one of the European colonists is considered highly desirable. These aspirations have now and then led to great personal tragedies.

There is another color line deeply rooted in Haitian history since the white slave-owners freed their colored offspring and created a middle class neither slave nor enfranchised. These freedmen steadily fought for increased rights and recognition, and thereby widened the gap between themselves and the black slave. In time these colored offspring of white slave-owners became themselves slaveholders. The dawn of Haitian freedom was signalized by Dessalines's bloody massacre of these mulattoes, many of whom represented the Tory element of the Haitian revolution. Politically, this rift between *les noirs* and *les jaunes* exists to-day, although it has been partly closed by the common disaster that has befallen the republic in the occupation. On the other hand, the belief is widespread among large classes of the blacks that it is the yellows who have betrayed and sold out the republic to the whites. These color complexes are a source of intestine weakness in the Haitian state, which will be revised, in the face of the "American menace," as the Haitians realize that their African blood is the greatest common denominator and that American race prejudice makes no distinction of shade.

In Santo Domingo, which is "officially white," the color-line is not so much a color-line as a hair-line. In nearly all tropical Hispanic states there is a strong admixture of colored blood, but in Santo Domingo it is near-general. The population of the Dominican country-side is uniformly negroid, though of lighter color than the Haitian, and in the cities a pure Caucasian type is the exception. While discrimination is unknown, and "a man 's a man," the political and intellectual leadership has largely gravitated into the hands of the whitest. The only distinction, which has become a matter of social pride, as being a Mayflower descendant in the United States, is the possession of straight hair. Nearly every one in Santo Domingo is dark, because of racial inheritance, the tanning by tropical sun, and centuries of racial intermingling. The color of the skin, therefore, is not an accurate index to the ethnic composition. Straight hair is prized because it is held to indicate

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in the case of darker skins the highly desirable Indian ancestry. The pure Indian type has, of course, become very rare.

Santo Domingo is a Spanish city. Its plaster dwellings are tinted in an amazing variety of pinks, oranges, lavenders, and yellows. The life of the Dominican family tends to the patio, or courtyard, around which the dwellings are built. In Haitian cities, however, family life tends outward, great doors and windows characterizing the private dwellings. There one walks without interruption from the street into offices and business establishments. Window-panes are not needed, and except in the president's palace are virtually unknown in Haiti. The schedule of the day differs also from that of temperate climes. One rises before dawn; never later than six o'clock. Most business is transacted in the early forenoon, beginning as early as seven. From noon until three o'clock the streets are deserted for lunch and the siesta. An hour or so of business may follow, and then the Haitian gentleman retires to his home, usually well up in the hills that rise from the business region, in the aristocratic Turgeau or Peu de Chose quarters, or farther back to the delightful suburb of Pétionville, twelve hundred feet above sea-level. From five until seven is calling and cocktail hour, Haitian cocktails and other beverages offering a variety and quality that even our pre-prohibition days could not match. Bedtime comes early in Haiti. An eight-thirty caller is likely to find the residence dark, its dwellers retired in keeping with a more or less spontaneous daylight saving, which is an advisable procedure except in Port-au-Prince, which is equipped with an electric-light system. Another pleasing variant of Port-au-Prince convenience is the substitution of small outdoor bathing-pools or tanks for the enamel tub in the house, and nothing is more delightful than to slip out at dawn, through a bower of orange- or grape-fruit-trees, into the cool waters of a concrete pool overshadowed by luxuriant, sweet-scented verdure.

Life in the Haitian microcosm is friendly and joyous, although, as I was often assured, dark and drab as compared with life before the occupation. In the afternoon there is bridge at the clubs, and in the early evening dancing to tunes familiar in American ballrooms, with one exception—the *mareingue*, the national dance, with its slow and dreamy cadence not unlike the waltz. The Haitians are superb dancers. In Haiti there is no "sit-

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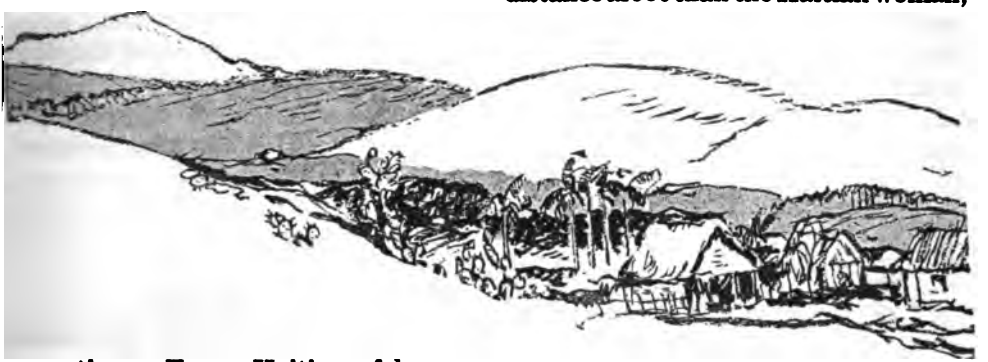
ting out" of dances by couples. The women sit together even between dances. As the music for the new dance begins, the men seek their partners, and at the end of the dance promptly reconduct them to their seats, the women, not the men, expressing their thanks.

In Haiti, never distant from the sea, sea-bathing has had surprisingly little vogue. This is due in part to the extremely warm temperature of the water, well over eighty degrees in December, which robs the ocean bath of stimulation, and also to the fear of various denizens of the deep, which add to the thrills, but scarcely to the comforts, of Caribbean sea-bathing. These latter difficulties are being overcome, however, by protecting certain areas with stakes placed closely enough together to exclude undesirable natatory companions. Horseback riding is, of course, more than a sport and a pastime. Every Haitian of low or high degree rides, the wretchedness of the roads making this form of locomotion the only one possible in large parts of the country. During the rainy season certain of the main highways are absolutely impassable; at all times they lead through fords where the water comes well over the hubs, and other stretches resemble only the dry bed of a mountain torrent, or lead through mud and sand that make the question of further progress a constant speculation. Were it not for the ubiquitous and good-natured country folk of thickly settled Haiti, even the present difficult travel would be impossible. Since, however, the signal of rear wheels spinning helplessly in foot-deep mud instantly brings an army of eager, rollicking young men and women to the side of the helpless motor-car, the danger of being forced to abandon it is negligible.

The good nature and the kindliness of the Haitian peasant is the most salient and self-evident of traits. The failure of the Americans in Haiti either to understand or to sympathize with the Haitians is inexcusable. They could have captured them with a smile.

I doubt that there is a being on earth who in a lifetime covers more distance afoot than the Haitian woman, although many of them, to be sure, ride their burros. For miles, not five or ten, but often twenty-five or more, these daughters of toil trek cityward in the early morning hours, leaving their little plantations often at one and two in the morning, reaching the city market at daybreak. After a few hours there, they return on their long home-



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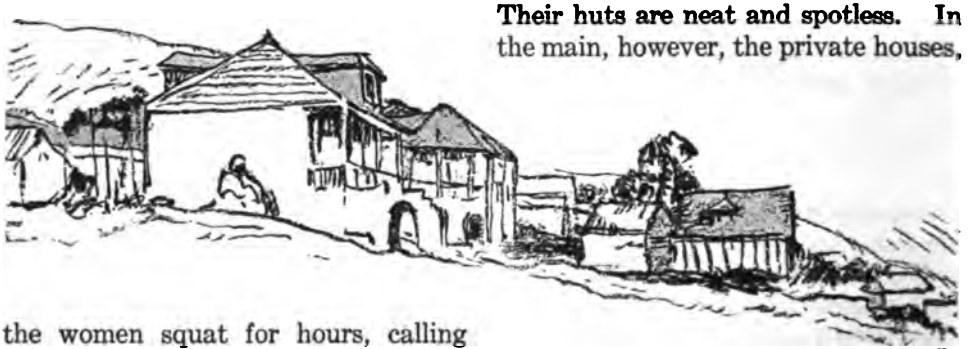
ward journey, mostly barefoot, or occasionally with a kind of loose slipper that it seems something of a feat to keep from losing. Their load, be it fruit, sugar-cane, coffee, rum, or other liquid, which they carry in calabash gourds, is invariably balanced on their heads with a skill that would seem to us an unusual bit of equilibration, but to them is second nature. Nothing exceeds the grace with which these lithe children of the soil swing along the Haitian highways in endless procession, covering mile after mile at a steady pace, their stride free and easy, their arms swinging rhythmically, their sometimes incredibly large loads swaying safely on their kerchief-covered heads. Interspersed with the pedestrians are the inevitable donkeys, Haiti's national animal, rarely ridden by their owners save on the return journey, but weighted instead with an almost concealing load of fodder grass or other produce. The open market, of which there is at least one in every hamlet and a dozen or more in the larger places, is the objective. Here



the women squat for hours, calling their wares in a musical creole chant, offering cocoanuts, mangos, plantains, sugar-cane, or home-made confections of sugar and nuts. Alligator-pears may be had in season for a cent apiece without bargaining, though the slightest haggling invariably produces a marked price reduction. Toward afternoon the markets begin to empty, though they are not wholly deserted at nightfall, when the charcoal braziers flickering among the crouching and moving forms infuse the scene with weird mystery.

Meanwhile the man works on his plantation. The story that the woman alone works is untrue. It is the man who does the arduous cane-cutting with his heavy machete, the Haitian's general tool, who climbs for the cocoanuts, who gathers the plantains or other fruits, who picks the coffee. In consequence, far fewer men than women are seen on the highways, a tendency that was markedly increased by the now notorious *corvée*, or forced road labor, with its incident cruelties, which precipitated the uprising of 1919, when the country was virtually at peace.

Another characteristic of the Haitian peasant is his personal cleanliness. Women, scrubbing their clothing along every brook at all hours of the day, are an inevitable part of the landscape. Their huts are neat and spotless. In the main, however, the private houses, even the more elaborate ones, while roomy and comfortable, lack individuality and beauty and are clearly tropical adaptations of French country villas. The peasant's *caille*, or hut, is perhaps the most characteristic

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example of pure Haitian creation, neat, solid, compact, of good proportions, and far more stable in appearance, with its well thatched roof, than the Dominican houses, which are constructed of palm-slats and loosely overlaid with palm-leaves.

But evident above all things are the extraordinary good nature and gentleness of the peasant. They no longer smile spontaneously at the white man as he drives by, their contacts have been altogether too bitter; but even now a smile, a kindly nod, or a greeting generally evokes an instant and hearty response. The contrast between the Haitian peasant woman whose donkey is frightened by a passing motor and the average American who feels his rights infringed by the speed or nearness of an automobile is complete. I never saw a Haitian peasant scowl or shake her fist or curse on such an occasion. Indeed, a slowing up, a smile, or a kind word brings in return a flashing smile or a ripple of musical laughter. Creole, a corruption of French, with most of its consonants eliminated, and oddly lilted by the peasants, is spoken song. It is almost intelligible to those who know French, which in turn is generally understood by the peasants, who themselves speak only creole. This language chasm has contributed to the great illiteracy in Haiti. Creole is not a written tongue, although Georges Sylvain, the Haitian poet whom the French Academy twice honored, has made a notable translation of La Fontaine's fables into creole, and more recently a creole dictionary has been published for the marines.

To-day Haiti is peaceful, commercially stagnant, and poignantly unhappy. After one hundred and twelve years of freedom, its people suddenly found their country invaded and conquered. For six years the rigors of martial law have held this little island in its grip. Martial law is martial law. It cannot be camouflaged into a tea-party or a benefit performance.

The black man in Haiti was not very successful in his experiment in self-government, but we Anglo-Saxons have always insisted that even imperfect self-government is preferable to more efficient imposed government. Then, too, Haiti was the experimental laboratory, the living workshop of the black race. Was n't the experiment worth safeguarding?

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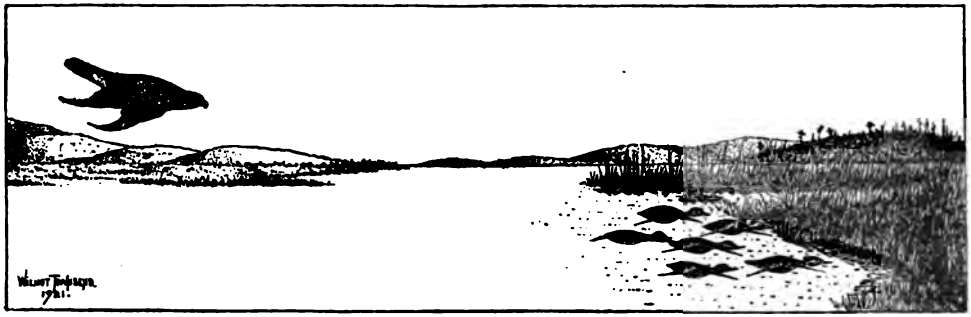

"Some People Say They are Married"

By Alma and Paul Ellerbe

Drawings by Wilmot Townsend

We met John Larrabee on Big Caribou Lake. He was almost as much a part of it as the rocks along its edges, or Wolf River, which drained it. His life flowed out of it, as the river did. In winter he cut its frozen waters into blocks and filled the ice-houses on its banks, and crisscrossed it on snow-shoes or in sleighs with deer-hunters from the city. In summer he fished in it and showed others where to fish and took people over it in his blue guide-boat or the old blunt-nosed motor-boat that he called a "putt-putt." For John was a guide.

He was in the blue guide-boat when we met him. We were eating our lunch on the little rocky headland that projects like a prow from the south end of Beaver Island. He came up suddenly out of the white September mist into a rift of blue water and asked if we were the people who had taken Three Stars Cottage for the winter. He wondered if we wanted some one to help us with the work. He knew a woman who was looking for a place.

He had a blue feather in his hat. He looked solidly and mildly debonair and a little timid. He had a pleasant, broad face. We liked him.

We said we were going to do our own work.

He had scarcely replied, "Well, I hope you did n't mind my asking you," when a tentacle of the mist licked out and obliterated him. It was like addressing the lake itself when we called back that we did n't mind.

At the end of two months we changed our minds. We did want some one to help us with the work. We asked about the man we had met on the lake.

"John Larrabee," said the hotel-keeper. "Had a blue feather in his hat, did n't he?" We nodded. He was old and leathery, with a faintly soured leathery spirit overlaid with meretricious kindliness. His name was Greene. "And the woman would be Mattie Rhodes." They always worked at the same places, he said; had ever since Greene came to Big Caribou fifteen years ago. He added casually, "Some people say they are married," but the look in his eyes was touched with craftiness.

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"Well, if they are, there can't be any doubt about it, can there?"

He spat carefully into the new fallen snow, and spoke with a calculated slowness that gave him a spurious air of thoughtfulness.

"I guess there 's considerable doubt, seeing as Mattie's husband 's still alive."

"They 've never been divorced?"

"Nope."

"Where is he?"

"Canady, last time I heard."

"Do you mean to say," we cornered him, "that the woman is a bigamist?"

He split open one of his dry, splintery laughs that had as little to do with mirth as cracking an almond-shell.

"I don't know anything but what I 'm telling you."

Just the same, he would have said a great deal more if already we had n't liked John better and left him.

But the story was n't Greene's, but the community's.

"If Mattie comes to work for you," said Mrs. Hutchins, the postmistress, "you 'll have John Larrabee on your hands. They always go together." She looked at us appraisingly as the possible future employers of her old friend—or was it enemy?—and added cautiously, "Some people say they 're married."

She told the story almost in Greene's words, exhibiting a naïve helplessness before its suggestion of criminality. Evidently it had assumed the fixity of outline of a legend.

It was beginning to interest us. We wondered what kind of Mattie a man like John would have. And we *did* need help. Even while we discussed it winter thrust a tentative finger across the Canadian border and closed the discussion with rigor. A remembered look in John's eyes made us fancy we 'd have no trouble with him. As for "having him on our hands," we felt competent to prevent that. But the thing that settled it was the fact that there was no one else.

The place that summer visitors knew as Big Caribou had ceased to exist on the first Monday in September; by October there had n't been a trace of it left; and this was November. The hotels and the far-scattered camps of the city people were dormant, like the forest. Despoiled of its leaves and its fluttery, deciduous people, the real life of the place crept out and took over its own again. We could name offhand those who remained. Each of them had his work; most of them had inherited it. All the life of the country, human and animal, was bedded down for the winter. We 'd be lucky if Mattie was an exception.

We wrote to her on the chance. Again a moral issue was swayed by the law of supply and demand.

She came the next day, and when we saw her our first sensation was one of mounting curiosity as to the nature of the bond that held her to the kind-eyed man we had seen sitting in the blue boat. She did not resemble the picture of a country vamp that the neighbors had drawn for us.

Mattie Rhodes was tall and stiff, immaculate, threadbare, and patched. She sat in her chair rigid and straight, partly because of an innate dignity and partly because, as we discovered later, it eased the pain in her back. She was saliently respectable. There was a clean, brave, straight look in her eyes, and the snap of life that matched a certain crackle in her speech. There was pain in her eyes, too, a lurking pain that you saw had its way with her

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whenever it chose. Carriage, eyes, speech, particularly a defiant tilt of the head, made you think of a human plant that drew its sustenance from a tough, twisted, hidden root of courage. She was immediately and strongly herself. We liked her from the jump, and in our minds we backed her against the neighbors.

Had she the strength for the work? Eagerly, she assured us that she had. Though she had never been well, she had been doing much harder work all her life. She was doing harder work now, in a dark, noisy house in the village, for five dollars a week. We were to pay her six if she came to us. She had told her employer that she was n't satisfied and wanted to leave.

"I 've been a froze'-to-death person this winter," she said, and glanced about her in a way that gave us a glimpse of Three Stars Cottage as it looked to her, a quiet, warmed, well lighted paradise.

She said at once that she liked to work in Big Caribou. She had been raised there.

There was n't much talk; we had to make all the openings, and she told only the things we wanted to know; but there was enough to give us a glimpse of the vast storehouse of her knowledge of the Big Caribou country —enough for a couple of fictionists, city people, too, in an eight-room house stuck like the horn of a unicorn on a bare wind-swept hill on the banks of a great black lake even then trembling on the verge of taking the veil of ice and snow until May. We engaged her, with never a word from either side about John.

He was away at the time, guiding a party on another lake. She had been in Three Stars a day or two before she began to build him up for us. She did it so well that when he came, two weeks after her arrival, we understood him better than if he had been living with us.

He stood at our door as stanch as a hemlock, on his snow-shoes, pack-basket on his back, fur cap on his head, old short pipe between his teeth, facing the stinging, level-flying snowflakes. Behind him, as for most of the days of his life, was the big frozen plain of the lake. He seemed an avatar of the Northern winter. On account of his presence it was suddenly in some subtle way less formidable and overwhelming, seemed more susceptible to human strength and human ingenuity.

If ever simple friendliness lay palpably on the face of a man, that man was John. There had never been a child on the banks of Big Caribou, Mattie Rhodes had said, who had n't liked him. And the way he had stood by her when her husband deserted her and she had two babies and was too ill to work! And his kindness to his shiftless brother and to old Granny Petersen! It was all in his face.

Mattie had written him, he said, that Three Stars would n't keep out the winter winds. Did n't we want him to tighten it up for us?

We did, acutely. We had tried to get some one else, but there was no one to be had.

When we said "Yes," we hoped it was n't the thin edge of the wedge; but it was.

He was at work within fifteen minutes. He went at it with the methodical seriousness of a north-country man who has acquired a vast respect for north-country winters from a lifetime of measuring his strength against them. It took him four days. Every

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day and all day the snow held on, riding the wind level and swift, and the mercury inched its way steadily downward. As we watched him we got the sobering beginnings of an understanding of the rules of the game of life as it was played in our new habitat.

On the fourth day we paid him for what he had done. He did n't want to take it. He had been glad to help us get settled and to make Mattie more comfortable. He had nothing particular to do. And, besides, he 'd been eating off us every day. He wanted to call it square without the money. Then he asked if he might keep his things in the two-room cabin up the hill in the back yard.

The idea was distasteful, but we rented Three Stars and all that went with it for ten dollars a month (there is nothing so dead as a summer resort in winter), and the cabin was empty and of no use to us, and we were ashamed to refuse.

That afternoon he put his things there. And that night, after he had gone off to the neighbor's he was staying with, we asked Mattie what he was going to do for the winter. She did n't know.

We thought we knew why he had n't followed the other unattached men of the region down the state road to the factory of the hardwood-dish company. We guessed that he needed as a kind of moral support the wind of Big Caribou in his face, the shadow of Mount Cawley at his back, became ineffectual when deprived of them; found every whiff of his old short pipe sweeter when he saw the huge white obelisk of the dish company's chimney take the morning sun away down the lake and told himself that it had n't got him yet. So we did n't ask her that.

But had n't he anywhere to go?

No; neither she nor John had had a home for fifteen years, since they both stayed with Mattie's Aunt Mel, after Uncle Free died and Mattie's husband had deserted her. Aunt Mel let John live there for doing the chores, and so 's to have a man about. Then the old woman went to stay with her daughter, and Mattie and John found themselves adrift. They had been working out ever since, anywhere they could find places. Together, Mattie said, when they could, so that John could help her with the hardest part of the work when she was n't well.

We had n't any adequate notion then of Mattie's plight. We did n't know what John's help meant to her. When she said, getting red, that John thought maybe we would n't mind if he *slept* in the little cabin, it was mostly instinct that kept us from refusing; for the suggestion was unexpected and there was no time for reasoning, and the real arguments on their side were unknown to us; instinct and an unwillingness to exercise adversely the power we suddenly found thrust into our hands.

Almost as a matter of course we said that John might live in the cabin, and when we were alone we told each other that this was a thing we did n't know enough about to direct; that would have to work itself out as it could.

There were four reasons why we were sorry to have John in the cabin. We disliked extremely the possibility of furthering an illicit relationship; we disliked the lack of stamina that kept him from asking himself for what he wanted; we disliked giving old Greene, Mrs. Hutchins, and the rest more food for gossip; and we disliked making it easy for John to feed himself [illegible] our kitchen.

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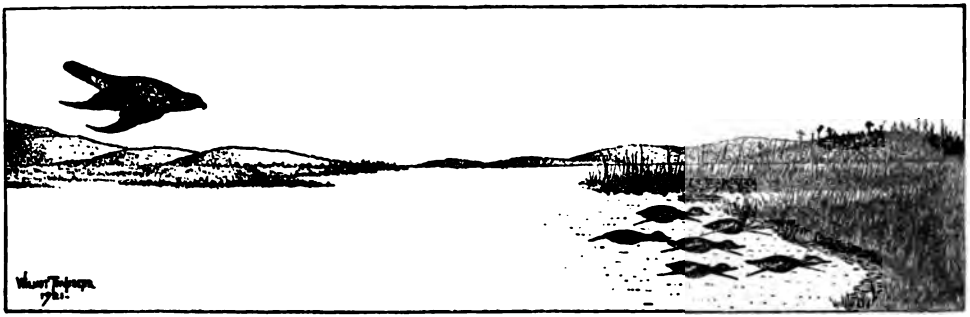

But the responsibility of the other course was too grave. We could part them, destroy their ingenuous plans, and send John out into the cold with a word. It was too easy. We were afraid to throw a monkey-wrench into machinery that we did n't understand. We 'd wait. We 'd have to deal with them as we ourselves found them to be, not as they looked to our neighbors.

Three of the points cleared themselves up at once, the fourth more slowly. It was some time before we fully understood the relationship of John and Mattie. But John did n't feed himself out of our larder, but was always ready to lend if we needed something from his. And there was, perhaps, less gossip, now that they were with us than there had been before. As the only city people remaining, members of a race apart, unapproachable and inimitable, our acceptance of them as friends as well as servants—for that 's what they became immediately—furnished a bulwark behind which they could rest for one winter at least in respectable, unattackable comfort. And John did lack stamina; we were right in that. There were things he habitually got out of life that he would n't have had without Mattie's help.

This was pointed up for us by the coming of the cat. She decided to move into Three Stars a few days after John had established himself in the cabin.

It was just after dark. The two of us were standing beside the huge glowing coal-stove in the dining-room, the day's work done, peace at our hearts. In the dim caverns of the study and the kitchen, opening out on each hand, the wood-stove and the range made a second glow and a third. Outside the steady *pitter-pat* of steely little flakes scratched drily at the storm-windows. Mattie, in a great peaked hood, had just come in from the well and set down her lantern. She took it up again at the sound of mewing and scratching. She opened the back door, and the cat came in, curved and splendid like a tiger in her thick silken outdoor coat, carrying her kitten in her mouth.

She belonged to the place. We had put out food for her since we rented it. We had n't known she had a kitten or much else about her, for she had never come near us before, preferring a wild, free life of her own in the edge of the forest, with a bed in the loft of the barn.

Now she walked into the middle of the dining-room and laid her kitten at our feet as credentials and said plainly:

"Here we are, living beings together in the midst of the winter, and *I* am a

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mother. I 've done my best, but I can't see this through without you."

We made her welcome.

In the midst of the ceremonies, through the kitchen window, we saw John's lantern come bobbing down the snow-trench he had dug himself from the cabin to the house, and suddenly it occurred to us that Mattie had brought him in as the cat had brought the kitten; that it was as hard for him to ask for the use of the cabin as it was for the wobbly legged kitten to walk the hundred snow-covered yards from the barn to the house and mew and scratch its way into our attention.

When he went back to his own house, the kitten was in the crook of his arm and the cat walked behind him. He had adopted them. Thereafter they spent their days with us and their nights with John; shared his bed, in fact.

And so the winter life of Three Stars began. We six living creatures, four people and two cats, drew together in what seemed to us the warm heart of a frozen and lifeless world, and were glad of one another's company.

It was n't possible to have John within hailing distance up the hill and not be friends with him. We took to inviting him to supper because it was pleasant to have him. And he liked to come. He liked having us call Mattie "Mrs. Rhodes," even did it himself, with a touch of shyness. The neighbors called her Mattie, and the summer people, Mattie or Aunt Mattie, disregarding and wounding a defiant youth that shone out of her impaired and stiffened body as flame out of a rusty lantern.

Mattie's touch with city people had come mostly from washing the clothes of the summer residents of Big Caribou hotels and working in the kitchens of the camps of millionaires. She and John did n't expect to eat at the table with us. But when we all drew up together, they liked having it that way as much better as we did. And John liked, too, our interest in Mattie's vivid and circumstantial accounts of the happenings of the Big Caribou country, and our response to her tough and gallant individualism. Our attitude toward her comported with his own, strengthened it. The neighborhood, kind in some respects, had been rather cruel in this. John unfolded in the warmth of our appreciation of Mattie.

He did n't talk much usually; just sat there quiet, friendly, and trustful. He made no effort, no faintest pretense, gave you nothing extrinsic. If you liked him, it was for himself. If you were kind to him, and, strangely enough, a great many people had r

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been, he showed you himself more and more, and did everything for you that he could without qualifications or reservations.

Just to help Mattie and to make us more confortable—that was his *raison d'être* that winter. He shoveled Ossas and Pelions of snow, and brought in all our fuel,—the flame of it roared skyward unceasingly for four icy months,—and turned the handle of Mattie's washing-machine, built the fires, took up the ashes, and held winter-locked Three Stars cozily in the curve of his good right arm, which was as strong as a hardwood maple-tree.

We employed him to buy stumpage wood for us in the forest, cut it, and bring it down in a bob-sled, saw and chop and stack it, and the sum we finally forced upon him, though half as much again as the sum he named, was still less than half the market price of the wood.

Our occasional invitations to supper crystallized into a standing invitation for three times a week. And every night after supper, whether he had eaten with us or not, we all gathered around the dining-room stove for a bit of talk, or the battered black piano to sing songs out of that corking old "Oxford Song-Book." Mattie and John thrilled with gratifying amazement at the speed of "The Elephant Battery," joined faintly at first and then with cumulative gusto in "Drink, Puppy, Drink!" and sang their very souls into "What a Fine Hunting Day!"

John took to spending his evenings with Mattie beside the big coal-stove. We expected and encouraged it. It kept us from bothering about Mattie, wondering if she was lonely. We made the dining-room hers, as the study was ours. It was the first time she had had a sitting-room of her own in twenty years.

We 'd read in the study, and Mattie and John would sit beside their own big lamp, and Mattie would knit and talk like the wind in the chimney, and John throw in a word or two and smoke.

Then at half-past eight John would knock the ashes out of his pipe and light his lantern. When the flame was burning steadily, he 'd slap his thigh, and the kitten, grown strong in no time, would jump upon it, climb up the front of his coat, and perch on his shoulder, rubbing against his cheek. Then he 'd take up his lantern and say, "Come on, old lady," and go off up the snow-trench to bed, the mother cat picking her way behind him with circumspection and dignity, tail aloft like an oriflamme.

Mattie did talk about her troubles, but she never stopped for them. She had n't the strength or the health for the work, but she did it perfectly. She complained of everything, and stanchly went about setting it right. She had rheumatism, an affection of the heart,—everything gave her "palpitations" or aggravated them,—something wrong with her lungs, and a serious stomach trouble; but she was absolutely game, and slugged her way through to the bitter end of every duty or fancied duty. She loved to get the most out of the difficulties she overcame. And why not? For many years it had been almost her only reward. There was something epic and creative in the way she rejoiced in the struggle. No coward soul was hers.

She ran a continued story in triple instalments daily, at breakfast, dinner, and supper. Mixed into it were all the news of the lake and the village and

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a kind of sturdy keep-goingness that won our respect. But like the "double double double beat of the thundering drum," the ground bass of it all was trouble, trouble, trouble.

She found the kitchen too dark, the ceilings too low, the heating stove to be of the most inconvenient pattern. The lamps were the wrong kind, the carpets were hopelessly dirty, the telephone worried her nearly to death by ringing so much and so indistinctly. The kitchen stove had a bad oven and did n't draw; the coal that we heated with burned too slowly; she hated the wind, and it was always blowing; she intensely disliked cold, and thought the thermometer about fifteen degrees below where it was. Before the lake froze she got nervous about every boat in sight when the wind was up. If she did n't recognize a car or a wagon or a guide-boat or a launch, she was deeply disturbed, and remembered its description for days and asked every one who came or telephoned until she identified it. She knew to a gnat's heel the faults of every inhabitant, past or present, of the shores of that lake, and had an insatiable thirst for the details of the several misfortunes referred to in the litany, which might, indeed, have been written for her. It was a pity she was n't an Episcopalian; that particular part of the service would have echoed satisfyingly into every corner of her soul.

However, she cooked excellently on the stove; she kept the lamps in a state of perfection to which we had not dreamed they could attain; she swept the carpets with her lame hands and stiff arms until she was the only one who still thought them dirty; she derived a solace and an active pleasure from the telephone that were astonishing; she learned the ways of the slow coal like a fireman and kept an even, comfortable fire in the big heating-stove night and day. And by virtue of her curiosity, which neither slumbered nor slept, she delivered direct to our table the raw tragedy and humor and humanity of Big Caribou as we could n't have got in any other way, and she ministered to the wants of the natives with a tireless patience and forgiveness in works by which we came to know her better than her words, and was always ready to do good to them that had used her despitefully.

She wasted nothing. She used scraps that we 'd have thrown away, in ways taught her by a lifetime of poverty. She enjoyed the sense of importance that came from telephoning all over that end of the county for maple-syrup, eggs, potatoes, pork. She got things for us much more cheaply than we had bought them, and they were better things. She routed around among our rented possessions and found cheerful, attractive hangings and covers, laundered and patched and put them in the places of the dark things in the dining-room and the study. She got a bed-cover and a bureau-set out of her own trunk, and fixed up the spare bedroom where nobody ever went just because she liked things nice. She made the old house to shine in every corner. She made and hung beside every stove-door a neat little pad to open it with, and washed them regularly. She sent John into the forest for balsam-boughs, and while we were out for a walk along the two snow-trenches that served for a road, with her twisted and aching hands she helped him transform those rather dingy rooms into sweet-smelling bowers of beauty.

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Out of the welter of her talk we began to get an American saga—the story of the life of Mattie Rhodes.

Her husband had left her for another woman. She had never been anything but desperately poor, and ill from the beginning. She had never tasted fried chicken. Chicken shrinks when it is fried. It is a way of cooking it too wasteful for the stratum from which she came, and in the summer camps where she and John had worked their employers habitually had food that the servants who prepared it did n't share. When an expensive birthday cake came to one of us as a present, she and John would n't eat any of it. They did n't want to acquire a taste for the kind of things they could n't have.

In childhood she never had butter, and usually no sugar. Her mother used to make a blueberry concoction in place of sweets, but there was no sugar in it. She told of an old guide who lived alone and had no money, and how he sent her a bread pudding, with almonds and apples and raisins in it, for a present when she was married. When the children had sap porridge for supper, they had nothing else. It was made of fresh maple sap, rich milk, flour, and eggs. Sometimes when they had no tea, they made a drink from bread-crusts.

For years Mattie had no money to buy corsets. She was so uncomfortable that she had to wrap some of her old worn-out underclothes about her body. When her teeth got so bad that they had to be pulled out,—all of them,—it was a matter of more than a year before her fourteen-year-old son could put by money enough to buy her a set of false ones. She went during that time without any. When she was a child, they never gave her a whole pencil during her two years of school. It was too valuable to lose. They cut it in two. We found why she would n't eat fish: in that grim, winter-gripped country her father was drowned. The ice held his body under for two days before they found him. Then she, as a little girl, was allowed to see him. The fish had eaten away parts of his face and the ends of his fingers.

Through her story, as *Sigurd* through the Volsunga Saga,—and this is written without a smile,—went mild-eyed, broad-faced, kindly John Larrabee, serving and defending in the only ways he knew. What was the bond that held him to her? Finally she told us.

In the old days when they had both lived at Aunt Mel's, John had been a drunkard. Mattie had seen her husband go the same road. She knew where it led. She had n't been able to stop him; he was n't that kind. But John was; and she had stopped John, shamed him out of it, lashed him out of it, plagued him out of it. And then she would n't turn him loose. She kept her hand tightly on him and would n't let him slip back. Year after year, with that indomitable courage that still tilted her head defiantly and snapped in her live blue eyes, she held him up when not another soul in the Big Caribou country cared a spruce-needle whether he was up or down.

And he 'd never forgotten. After she had sobered him, her crop had returned to her a hundredfold. When Aunt Mel closed her house, there was no other relative who could afford to have Mattie Rhodes. No one else asked her. She entered the only kind of work that was open to her, domestic service. There were times when her

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hands could n't wring out the clothes or her arms hold the stove-wood. And John, who never had the assertiveness to collect his full due in anything, who shrank from anybody's disapproval, and shunned conspicuousness as the city people shunned June flies, timid, bashful John did these things for her, with all his world to see.

In the words of the old negro spiritual, he 'd "been 'buked and he 'd been scorned" for it. Men had taunted him with it openly. He 'd earned for her, too, her share of contumely. He 'd been hurt and humiliated. He had no words to explain things away: he was as helpless there as an animal; but he 'd never wavered. Many things might happen to John Larrabee, but he 'd never desert Mattie Rhodes.

Was he a saint or a moron, this woodsman, hunter, trapper, boatman, guide, that he was willing to be seen by all Big Caribou with Mattie's apron-strings knotted into a big foolish bow about his neck solely for *her* sake? What did *he* get out of it, now that he had been sober for so many years and was sure of his ability to remain so? Just friendship? Some people said they were married. Why, we asked ourselves impatiently, did n't they legally kick Rhodes out of their lives and *get* married?

Suddenly, one day when the thermometer stood at thirty-eight below and the earth seemed shrinking into itself in the grip of the cold, the threads of the story of Mattie and John gathered themselves into a climax with that question for nucleus.

"My husband 's come back," Mattie said as we passed through the dining-room on our way down to the post-office to get the mail. "Everina 's been 'phoning me." Her voice was as empty and dry as the old powder-horn on the wall back of her. Everina was her sister, married for thirty years to Nip Tucker, a caretaker down the lake. "He told her to say he 'd quit drinking and wants to make a home for me."

We sat down, forgetting the mail.

Her fingers picked stiffly at bits of red wool in the lap of her black worsted skirt. She had been raveling out an old hood to make mittens for John. She gathered the scarlet bits suddenly into a ball, rose, and threw them into the stove. Standing, she told us briefly about Hiram Rhodes.

"Why I married him was because my folks was too poor to have me to home, and I was curing for a bad throat and could n't go out to work. He told 'em he 'd take care of me, see I got well.

"We lived with his mother till she died. She 'd had the dropsy and could n't do nothing but potter around. Old people's dirt always did seem worse to me 'n any other kind.

"But it was the meat more 'n the dirt I minded. He had a butcher-shop. Every night he brought in all that would have been too spoiled to sell the next day, and I had to cook it. Seemed like there never *was* a time the smell of it warn't all through the house. I smelled of it myself when I went out. But mebbe I would n't 'a' spleened against it so if I had n't 'a' been in a family way so much.

"He never did care nothing about me, not at any time. He never made of me like some husbands do." She meant, made much of her, petted her. "When the third baby warn't a month old, he went off with Allie Simmons. I was still in bed. The week before I 'd been so bad I 'd had watchers.

"He 's been with three other women since. Somehow or other folks keep

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writing me about them. He ain't ever sent me anything or written. He left his children to starve. There was times when they would 'a' starved if it had n't been for John.

"Now he 's got money. He 's contempulating buying the Gathaway house. He 's wore out and wants a place to die in, and he calls it making a home for me!"

She looked from one of us to the other. Her eyes seemed smitten and confused.

"Everina says he 's my lawful husband," she said painfully, "and I 'd ought to go back to him."

She did n't ask what we thought, but left us suddenly.

When we went on down the hill we met Hiram Rhodes on the store-side of the post-office.

His face was dead, vacant, drained. The sea of his vitality had dried up and gone, leaving only his tiresome, arid, unquenchable little ego. It blinked at us between thick, swollen lids that made his rheumy, slit-like eyes resemble little mouths on each side of his beak of a nose.

But the marks of prosperity were as thick over the man as the crows'-feet over his face.

"Must be he 's made a lot of money," said Mrs. Hutchins in an awed whisper. And the weight of that in Big Caribou was incalculable.

As we climbed back up our hill it seemed to rest on Mattie like the iron hand of Fate. And as for John, what headway could *he* make against it, his prospects for each summer what he could turn up on the spur of the season, for each winter semi-idleness so that he could help see Mattie through?

He looked miserable enough that afternoon as he brought in the wood and piled it six feet high beside the stove in the study, and then went up to his cabin to smoke his pipe and stare off over the frozen lake at the dish company's great, white, dominating chimney. He 'd let himself get marked with the stamp of those who sha'n't prevail.

Nevertheless, we remembered the other man's face and hoped—hoped that even yet Mattie would divorce her husband and marry John.

The question was settled that night. It was a terrible night. The thermometer had fallen to forty below. There was a baleful gleam in the moon's pale eye. The windows in the kitchen, unprotected by storm-windows, were solid sheets of ice-crystals. The very wind seemed frozen. The beams of the old house cracked like pistol-shots, and we knew the tall, straight maples were cracking, too, up behind us in the forest. It seemed miraculous that we sat there warm and snug.

There was never a sleigh on the road that night but Nip Tucker's. It is typical of the natives of Big Caribou that they do not use sleigh-bells. But we could hear Tucker shouting to his horses as they came up the hill. When we looked out and saw who it was, we shut the door between the study and the dining-room. Then we heard John get up and go off to his cabin.

We thought at first that Tucker was bringing Hiram Rhodes, but it was Everina in a big fur coat on the seat beside him. She had come to Three Stars only once before since Mattie had been with us. The terrific cold outside made us understand that this visit was a last appeal. It had to be brief on account of the horses.

Nip covered them carefully and

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came in with his wife with none of the noisy, spurious cheeriness of greeting that usually announced his arrival. In fact, he left everything to Everina, who began to speak at once. Her voice had the effect of springing out of the silence at her sister, of hanging on to her and worrying her as a dog worries a bear.

Everina Tucker was a big, warmly colored, soft-bodied woman, who occupied herself exclusively with her home and distrusted all other feminine types. Nip had always "had his jags," people said, but you 'd never have guessed it from the placid and unlined face of his wife. She was virtuous and proud in the possession of three married children, four in various stages of growing up, and a baby born within the year. This latest achievement had renewed her assurance and strengthened the foundations of her vantage-ground. She was the kind of woman from whom you somehow always expect and rarely get tolerance and understanding.

The voices of the sisters were sharp, high, hostile. Mattie's cut like the blade of John's ax. We felt that her eyes did n't look confused or smitten now. Nip joined for a lumbering moment or two, and she seemed to cut him cleanly out before he had got started. It was Mattie's voice that ended it all and ushered in an abrupt, declaratory silence, in the midst of which the Nip Tuckers departed.

When they had gone, she knocked on our door, and we went in to her.

"Her and Nip 's tooken him in," she said immediately. "They 've talked to everybody they know, and they all think I 'd ought to go back to him. They think I 'll end on the county—or on them! They say he 'd, anyhow, make a home for me."

Not even the Big Caribou people knew better than we did how desperately she needed a home. If she had left it to us, we are not sure that we could have urged her away from this or any other shelter.

"I would n't go back to *him*," she said finally, with a keener snap than usual in the blue of her eyes, an added defiance in the tilt of her head, and two flags of color on her high cheek-bones, "*no which way!* After all, there *is* a *Bible* law."

It was a curious way to put it. She rarely read the Bible, and knew little about it. What she meant was that there was a moral law for each person, and that the code she had struck off for herself precluded the possibility of return to her husband.

"And there 's another reason. No kind of happenstance 'll ever make me leave John alone by himself. Not now. He would n't know how to manage. No more 'n I would. It 'll always be 'John and Mattie' now. He ain't got any other women-folks. Where I 'm working is his only home. When I told 'em that," she went on quietly, "they showed me they was done with me."

This gave us our chance. At last we said what we had wanted to say for so long. We urged divorce and a marriage to John. She seemed to have expected it. As she approached this crux of the matter, her excitement waned. To our surprise, she found it like leaving rough open water for a placid bay.

"When we lived back to Aunt Mel's," she said, with a serenity distilled from years and years of pain, "John warn't fitten to marry. We did n't care about each other then, and we don't now—not in that way. I

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mistrust we lost our chance for that. We 've stayed together to help each other. But there ain't no reason why we should ever be married."

At last we saw the real Mattie. She was made of finer stuff than we had guessed.

We left her sitting there, looking undismayed down the unbelievably hard track ahead of her, gathered our six hot bricks from the top of the stove, and went to bed, full of respect for the power in the soul of Mattie Rhodes.

She was steering serene and straight by an "inly written chart" that was better than anything that we or the neighborhood had been able to offer her.

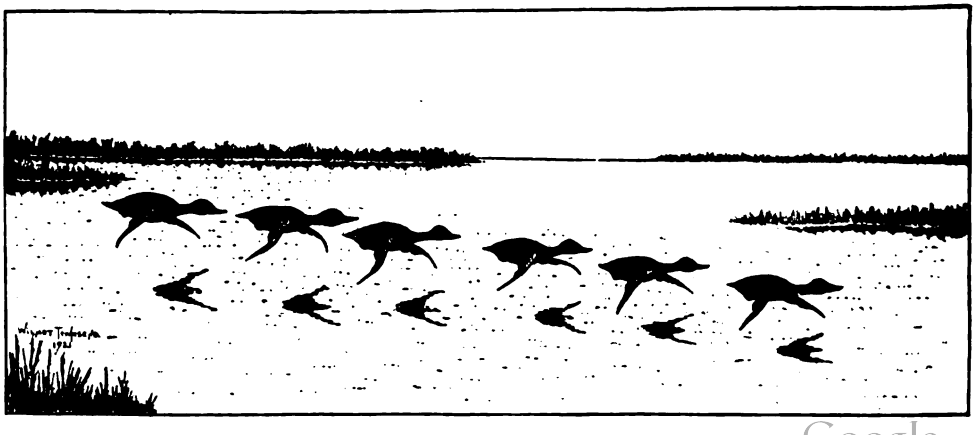
We had to return to the city sooner than we had expected. Never in Mattie's life had she had "a place to have company," and she had always longed for just that. We gave her the house for a month, an enormous thing to her, the event of a lifetime, at a cost of ten dollars, and the food and fuel that we had on hand, and we paid her a month's wages. She invited her daughter and a niece, an old girlhood friend, and a cousin of John's. They were to come by the train that took us away.

We left in one of the worst storms of the winter. None but a native could have faced it in the bob-sled in which John drove us the three miles to the village. If the horses had once stepped out of the road, we 'd never have made it. Mattie, ill, but undaunted, cowered with us under the robes among the hot bricks and straw in the bottom.

We had our last view of them from the windows of the train, distorted by the swirling snow, welcoming their guests, and waving us good-by from the station platform, before they started back for the peace of that old heated and provisioned house, the one month's peace, bought at a cost of ten dollars! We wished it could have lasted.

They were n't servants, peasants, members of another social stratum, though they had been ready to be, but friends and comrades, among the best we 've ever had.

We believe that what some people meant to imply was untrue. We do not think these two had ever been in love. It had got crowded out by illness and poverty and cold and strain. But for us another has been added to the roll of the world's great friendships. In our hearts we have set beside Jonathan and David, Artagnan and Aramis, Damon and Pythias, the obscure and humble names of John and Mattie.



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The DIVINE COMEDY

DRAWINGS FOR A DRAMATIC PRODUCTION BY NORMAN-BEL GEDDES

TEXT BY SHELDON CHENEY

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THERE is no more persistent complaint, or one more just, than that many of the rarest and most beautiful things in the world of painting and sculpture remain hidden from the main-traveled roads of the public in any contemporary period. Museums collect historically and safely, college courses in appreciation end when they reach the day before yesterday, dealers in art make their living by selling old masters. The living artist, even if he has creative genius far beyond the accepted workers of his time, is likely to gain only half-appreciation on this side of the grave.

There is one art—the theater—that might be expected, in the nature of its medium and the immediacy of its appeal, to escape any such limitation. But the indictment holds, at least in our American theater. It holds, indeed, to such an extent that no one can seriously contest the statement that probably two thirds of the finest things conceived by dramatists and stage artists never are brought before the larger public at all. For the most part, the really live art of the theater lies buried on library shelves, in the records of laboratory stages, and in the portfolios of "dreamers."

The statement brings up, of course, the whole complex question of permanent and esthetic values as against popular values and newspaper judgment. One need not accept the view that crowd appreciation means fine art, else we should have to agree that the art center of the world has suddenly shifted from a point somewhere in western Europe across the Atlantic and America to a strange sort of resting-place on our west coast, as is claimed somewhat insistently in Hollywood and its environs. Nor is it necessary to grant that inspiration resides in retreats entirely apart from every-day life. But granting that there is a bit of truth in both ideas, one might still defend the thesis that art in her finer raiments walks constantly among us unrecognized, in metropolis and province alike.

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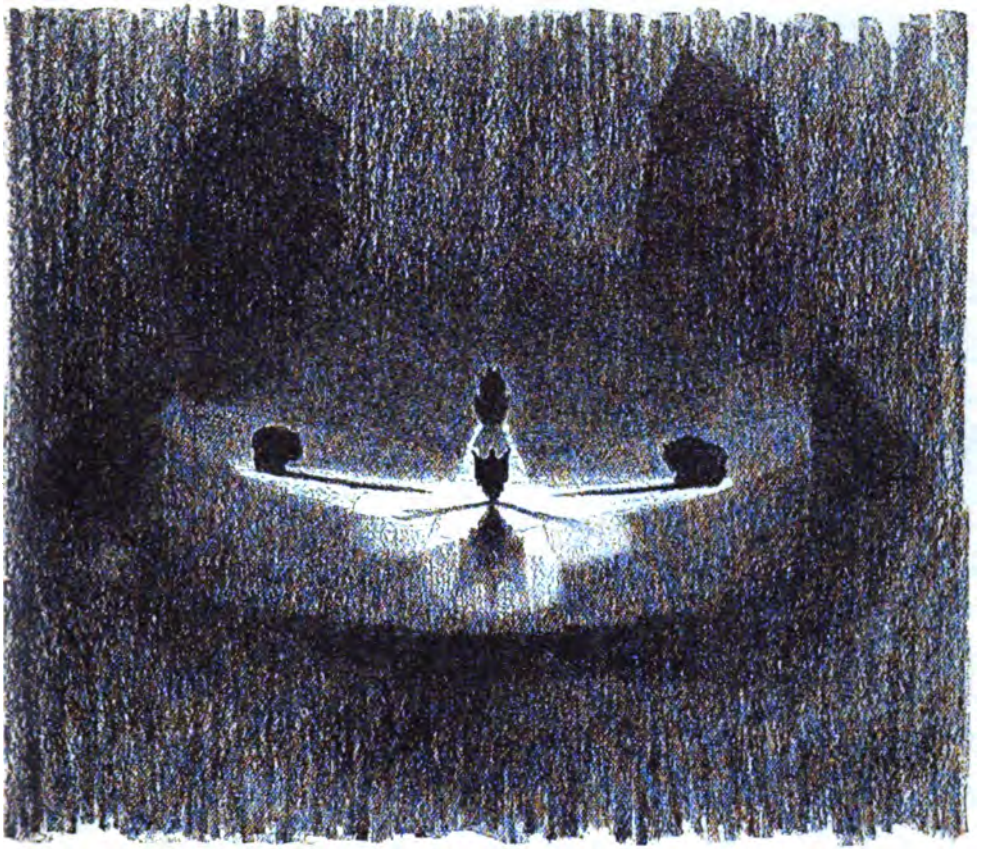

At the beginning of his search for infinity Dante is stopped by the three beasts

All this is by way of introducing the opinion that of the very numerous and varied plays that have come to the attention of American theater-goers this season, there is none that rivals in value the unpresented production of Dante's "Divine Comedy" as devised by Norman-Bel Geddes, and illustrated in the series of pictures herewith.

Understand, this Dante project is not merely the aloof, dreaming-artist sort of thing that can be called "precious" or "pretty, but impractical." Particularly it is not stage decoration substituted for drama, there being no scenery at all. To a remarkable degree it combines imaginativeness and practicality. One glance at the illustrations will indicate its visionary character. Not only does it try to pose in theatric form things that have never been so posed before, things dramatic and spiritual, but it presupposes an entirely new type of stage and theater, a structure absolutely independent of the picture-frame idea of the current traditional playhouse, and based on that plastic, unrealistic, purely theatric ideal that has grown up as part of the world-wide modern-art move-

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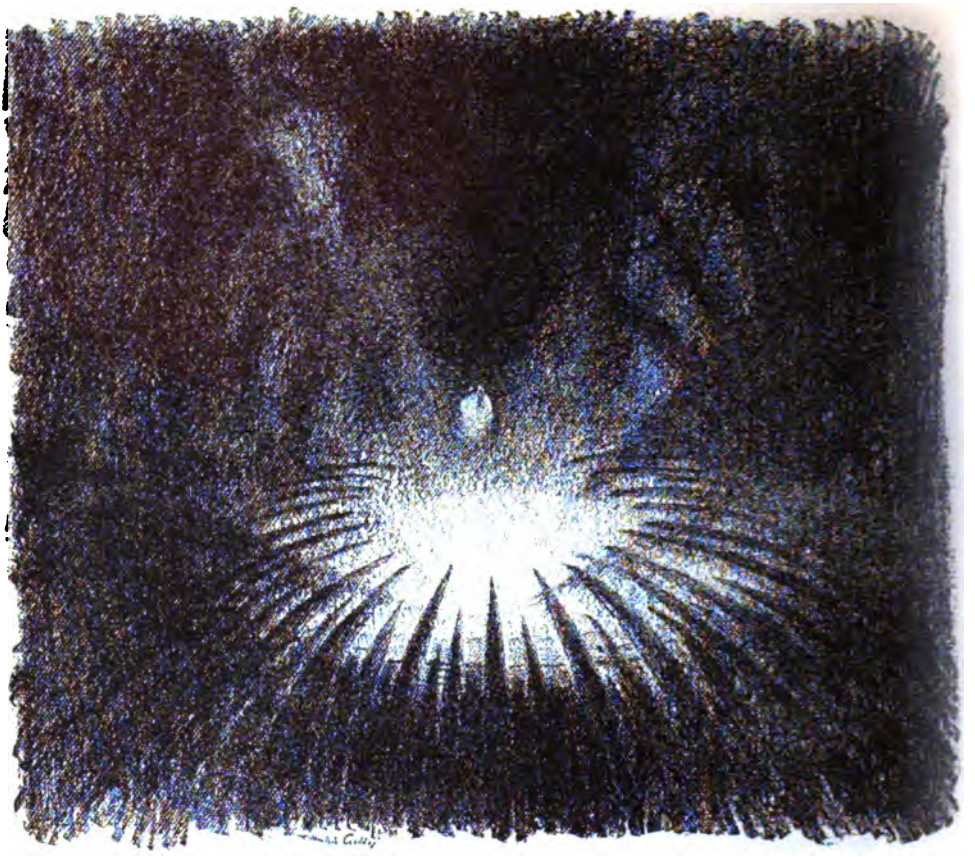

The earth opens, and in the sulphurous green of the inferno Dante and Vergil descend

ment. Yet the whole thing is designed and scaled to a particular existing building, and every detail of staging and lighting has been worked out to the last point. The project is built on the twin foundation posts of imagination and practical working knowledge of stage machinery.

Mr. Geddes conceived the play in connection with the world-wide celebration recently of the three hundredth anniversary of Dante's death. He conceived it as a huge drama of light, movement, and words, and desiring a place where an existing stage would not limit his vision, he planned it definitely for Madison Square Garden. His stage is designed as a curving hillside rising away from the audience, with a pit in the center. It would have the effect of a cascade of steps, with platforms at related intervals around a central crater. A pair of enormous plinths rises at the back, without recognizable shape at first, but capable of taking on more or less suggestive form as the action progresses through earth, hell, purgatory, and paradise.

All the general changes of scene are planned to be accomplished by changing

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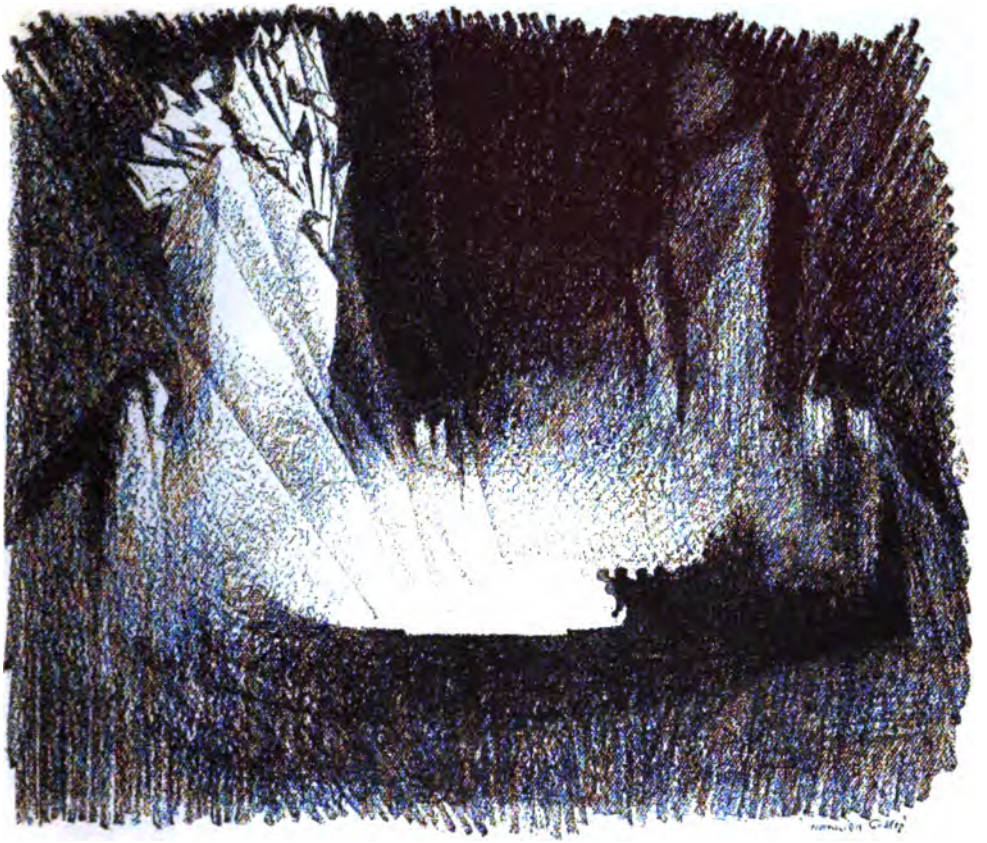

Above Dante and Vergil winged creatures in yellow light, and in the shadows the damned emerge

lights and by the massing of hundreds of actors. It is seldom that lighting has been called on to bear so much of the dramatic burden. From the time when the single figure of Dante is discovered mounting through the huge shadows toward the rim of the crater to the closing scene in all-enveloping white light, there is a planned progression of light controlled in color, direction, and intensity. To differentiate the three main divisions of the drama, all the lighting of the inferno scenes is from below, from within the crater; in the purgatory episode it comes apparently from beyond the stage; and during the paradise scenes it strikes from above. But the changes are, of course, imperceptible as such, just as the whole lighting scheme is planned to register as part of the dramatic whole and not merely as lighting.

Several of the illustrations indicate how the massing of the actors, together with the placing of single emphatic figures, contributes to the sense of changing design; so that the progression seems to embrace several different settings, when in reality there is only one. The beginning of movement is in the single

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Dante talks with the condemned souls across the orange-lit pit of hell

climbing figure; then there are meeting figures coming in from the corners of the design; and finally crowds throng the scene. At one time these masses may simply give the sense of a sea of figures, again they may be used for movement for its own sake, while again they may form the designed columns between which the chariot moves down toward Dante. In the progression from the single figure at the start to the full stage at the end, there is the same unfolding, the same building up in volume, that occurs in the progression of lighting from darkness to all-enveloping radiance.

If there is anything in the nature of decoration in the production, it is in the plinths at the back. These are designed as towering, shapeless masses, and through most of the play they are half lost or more in the darkness over the stage. But they emerge and are altered at times, so that they may suggest satanic wings, celestial wings, etc., the changes being accomplished by masses of actors appearing on platforms at various heights, carrying forms that give the desired outline.

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Circles of agonising souls and immense wavering shadows in a glare of crimson

A similar convention is observed in the costuming. Individual personality is, of course, rigidly excluded from the groups of massed figures, and the note of impersonality, of abstraction, is further accentuated by clothing the actors, for change of scene, not with costumes, but with shapes, designed merely to intensify the background feeling. Thus the designer virtually covers the human figure, much as the Greeks and Orientals depersonalized the faces of their actors in other times. The leading characters, however, wear a series of masks.

The only other device for change of atmosphere is a series of twenty immense gauzes, rising from each of the upper twenty steps, beyond the plinths, designed to be drawn up successively in the final episode in order to bring the action to the peak of light. This backing of huge gauzes, with a cyclorama behind, helps to achieve the sense of great distances and space that are notably rendered in the drawings.

The third element, sound, follows much the same progression as the lighting and movement. Out of the first silence the single voice of Dante is heard, the

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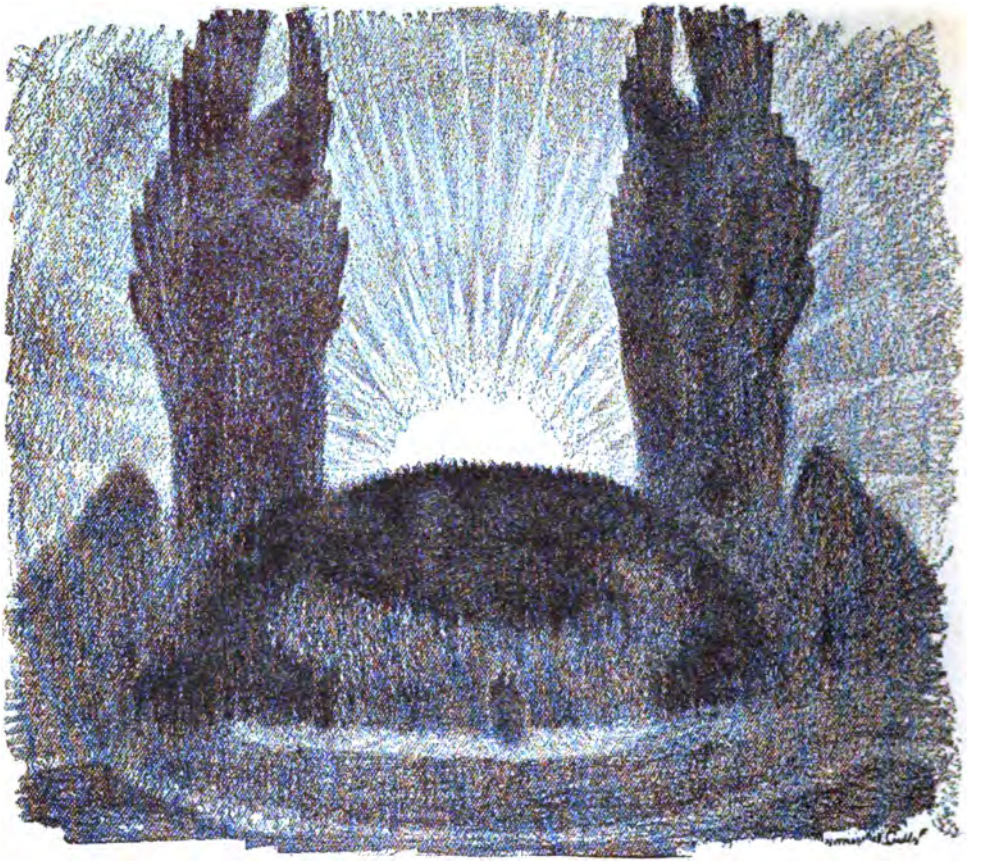

Purgatory in atmosphere of blue and violet. "Even the rocks seem to be angels"

lines building up gradually from that start. The music, too, begins as single sounds. From this beginning there is gradual progression to the full celestial chorus at the close. The speaking of the text in actual time covers perhaps half of the period of action. An orchestra of 150 is called for, with the brasses and drums in front, and the "echo orchestra" of strings behind, the stage. There will also be a hidden chorus of several hundred singing through a gigantic, concealed megaphone, which will produce an astonishing volume of sound. Many other unusual devices will be employed, such as steam whistles to aid the chorused shrieks of the damned, and great pipe-organs used to make the air throb without sound.

Any one knowing the legend of the "Divine Comedy" will be enabled to visualize the flow of action better by looking through the series of illustrations than by any description of mine. Geddes completed a remarkably long series of these drawings, nearly a score making up the sequence from which the reproductions are taken, and several times that many reaching only the dignity of

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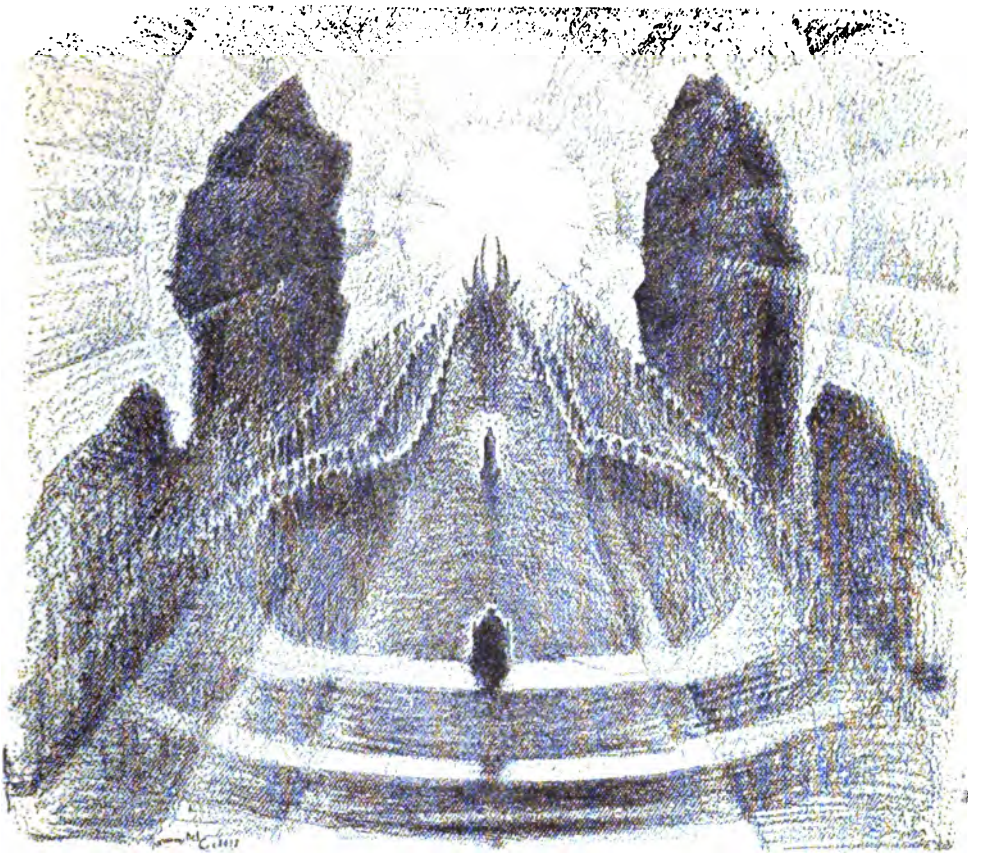

In a path of blue-white light Beatrice steps down from her chariot to meet Dante

sketches. A word should be said about the renderings as such, for they stand out as exceptional even in any showing of drawings by the very able group of decorators who now grace the American theater.

Geddes might be said to have no style of his own: every new series of stage designs is entirely predicated upon the demands of the drama in hand, the lighting problems involved, the form of the stage, etc. The well remembered series for "Pelléas and Mélisande" was as different from the later "Boudour" set as could be imagined, and this Dante series seems to be in an equally different vein, as if the designer of the earlier productions had entirely disappeared, and a new artist, with a differing conception of the theater and an entirely alien technic of rendering, had taken up an unrelated problem. But considered simply as drawings, as pictures, these are on a level that Geddes has seldom touched before, and certainly never sustained through a series.

Besides making the drawings and designing the stage, Geddes arranged the complete text and planned every technical detail of the production. The his-

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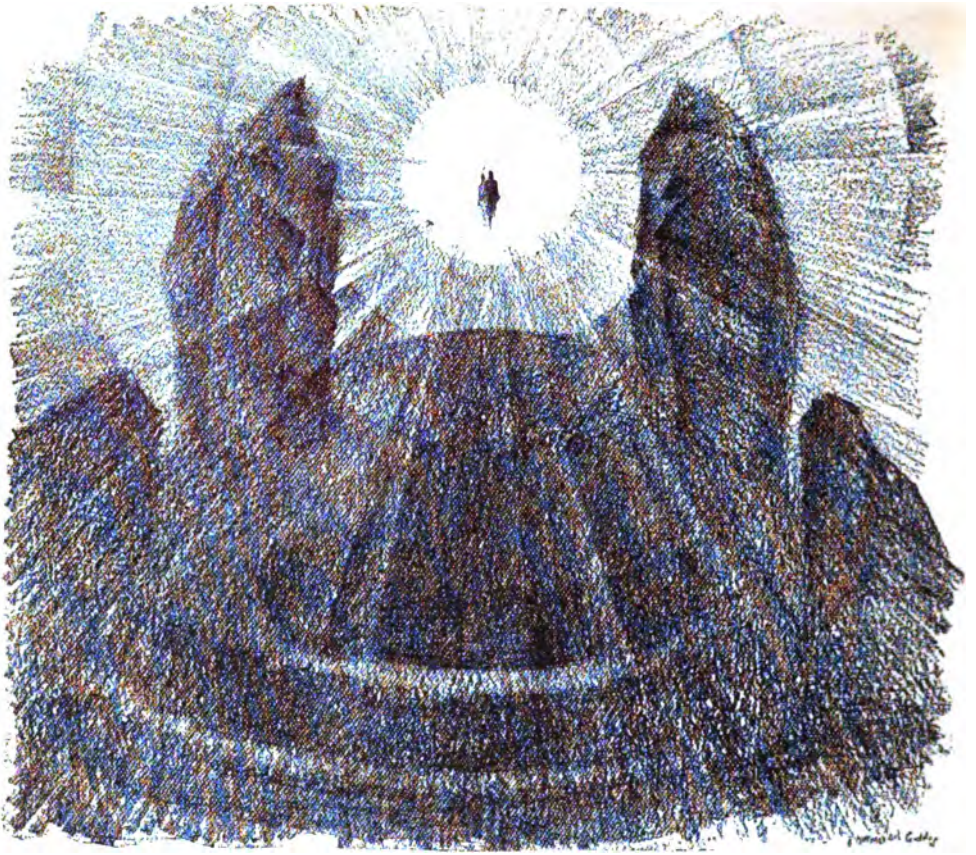

Beatrice and Dante ascend in blinding light from purgatory to heaven

tory of the project from that time is illuminating, if somewhat typically discouraging. It was submitted to those in charge of the Dante celebration, and negotiations progressed to the point where a presentation seemed assured on the scale conceived by the designer; indeed, a leading New York producer, the one best fitted to realize such a visionary scheme concretely on a stage, was engaged to produce it. But, as usual when a world artist is being honored, other considerations than art intervened, and ultimately the large Dante celebration fund was dispersed along channels dug closer to the usual fire-works-and-Chautauqua banalities. There is hope that it will still be produced.

But Geddes's drawings remain, and the fact remains that once more one of the younger decorators has come forward with a project revolutionary in spirit and method, instinct with a noble beauty, and yet geared to practical possibilities. It is one more indication, and the best of this season, that America is outgrowing its dependence upon Europe for what is imaginative, progressive, and inspiring in the theater.

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The Third House of Congress

By Theodore M. Knappen

While academic discussion of occupational representation in legislative bodies goes on, occupational control of governments is being achieved. In Russia the manual workers are in control. In the United States the farmers are in the saddle at the moment; to-morrow it may be organized labor or finance or industry. Everywhere legislation is the incidence of conflicting occupational interests. Sectional interests, on which territorial representation in legislative bodies is based, are giving place within most established nations to economic group interests.

In the United States it is no longer the North against the South or the East against the West, but each bread-earning pursuit for itself, regardless of region. Legislatures, it is true, are not yet composed of duly chosen group representatives, but they are the battle-ground of those interests. The latter are the real power, and legislators their creatures. Now one group, and to-morrow another, intimidates Congress, and legislation is a crazy-quilt expression of class conflicts. There is no balanced program of legislation, but merely the record in statutory enactments of the rise and fall of the political influences of occupational interests. We have a sort of government by occupational tyranny, which may yet give place to occupational democracy, wherein the group interests will govern in conference and by compromise through their duly elected representatives instead of by scrambles to wrest a sectionally elected Congress from one another, as at present. The constitutional form of government may be changed to effect this representation, or Congress may become such a rubber-stamp as the College of Electors, and we may get balanced occupational rule and representation without recording it in the organic law. Just as parties, and not the electors, choose Presidents, so an extra-legal parliament of business may make the law that Congress perfunctorily enacts.

In recent years the general and particular organization of the people of the country according to occupation or group interests has proceeded at such a pace as to cross-section the whole structure of the nation with intimate personal-interest affiliations that tend to subvert regional affiliations and interests of a traditional or sentimental nature. There are more than 5500 such groups in the United States. They, instead of political subdivisions, have become the real structural units of the nation. The resources of many of these organizations are sufficient to provide for annual expenditures mounting into the millions. Even the farmers have organizations with total incomes in excess of five million dollars, of which one association alone has about half a million annually for national promotional

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work. Instead of level dues, the revenues of some are a fixed percentage of the amount of business done by the members. The latter regard their associational contributions as important and necessary as advertising. Each concern fights its own battles for patronage, but the central organization directs the contest of group against group and for a larger place in the national sun. Concrete wars against clay, shingles against composite roofings, butter against oleomargarin, coal against oil.

So far has this new grouping progressed that the altruistically inclined deplore it as one of the chief obstacles to the attainment of the common good. It has had the effect, they complain, of making the people provincial and insular in an economic sense. Each small or large occupational group lives its life within the walls of its business interest, views every public problem from the point of view of that particular interest, and rarely seeks particular benefit from the promotion of the general good. Behind each trade grouping and the endless self-intensification of its promotional work are one or more trade journals, which constantly emphasize the group view of every industrial or political project that comes to the surface. These journals are the trade Bibles, and their readers find in them perennial encouragement of their selfish and narrow views. To-day a large portion of the population considers every public question from the point of view of the multitudinous group interests and without yielding in the least to sectional or general considerations. The steel manufacturer is for steel whether you find him in Colorado or in Pennsylvania, the stove man is first of all for stoves; and so it goes throughout the country, cutting across representation in Congress, which is considered by all the groups as nothing more than a national directorate of business.

But Congress continues to be elected by States and districts, and the occupational interests, often large in the aggregate, but weak by geographical sections, find themselves, according to their ideas, improperly represented in the national directorate.

§ 2

To overcome this situation of an industrial nation not wholly directed in the industrial interest, the group business interests have tended more and more to concern themselves with affecting congressmen after election than by means of elections. The perfection and number of their organizations, which have grown up without conscious thought of direct political action, have placed an effective instrumentality for this purpose in their hands. Not being able in any large way to send their own group representatives to Congress, they nevertheless send them to Washington. There have always been courtiers where there are courts and lobbyists where there are legislative lobbies. In former times the lobbyist at Washington was either a migratory bird, coming and going to work for or against measures affecting his special group interests; or, if resident, his attachments, like those of a lawyer, were transitory, his services as a professional manipulater of congressmen being at the disposal of the largest purse.

The old-time lobbyist was likely to be frankly the delegate of a single corporation, and his appearance was often as much in the open as his argu-

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ments were confidential and mercenary. The independent or professional lobbyist has not entirely disappeared even in these days, though he is apt to disguise himself as a lawyer (frequently a "lame-duck" congressman), with permanent offices in Washington, or as a publicity agent; and he experienced a lively recrudescence during the war, when billions were flowing where thousands had formerly trickled. The individual business ambassador in Washington nowadays is apt to be more concerned with the administrative than with the legislative side of government, with claims, with contracts, with income-tax negotiations, etc.

The real lobbyists of the time are the officers of the great national organizations, some industrial, some commercial, some professional, some scientific, some reformative, some religious, and some merely faddist, all of which have come to find that in some fundamental ways Washington is even more of a center of the non-political cohesions than New York or Chicago. Unconsciously responding to the workings of group interest in seeking their legislative or administrative ends, occupational associations are more and more making Washington the occupational as well as the political capital of the nation. About one hundred and fifty powerful national associations of one sort or another now have Washington offices, and in the case of perhaps fifty the office in the capital is also the national headquarters.

It is impossible to ascertain how many other associations are represented in Washington as clients of publicity and information agents, and by attorneys whose practice consists largely of representation of great corporation or group interests in their contacts with the National Government, but it is a very large number. Lynx-eyed watch is kept on every committee of Congress; every line of the Congressional Record is minutely scanned. At the slightest sign of danger or benefit there is a swift and silent mobilization of the legislative guards of business. Hopeless are the distant and unrepresented.

Business interests that are not regularly represented in Washington subscribe to informational services, which keep them minutely informed of everything that takes place in Washington that may in any way affect their affairs. Some of these services even undertake a sort of card system of government officials, after the manner of the system the German general staff had of French officers, in order that the business man who comes to Washington on some "deal" may be fully informed of the personal equation of the men with whom he has to transact his business.

Each Washington representation of a group, even though it be little more than self-elected, always speaks with an assumption of full authority for the whole group. The congressman is perpetually bombarded with petitions, solemn warnings, arguments, and menaces from these groups, which in the aggregate have at least a pretense of right to represent every commercial and industrial interest of the nation. As America exists for business above all things else, it is no wonder that the congressman believes that the voice of the delegates to Washington is the voice of the people. The people is a vague conception. There is none politically in the voteless district of Columbia, and the masses are far away

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from Washington; and as a national aggregate, as distinguished from a group, a people is inarticulate. The groups are articulate, vociferously so.

Take the Chamber of Commerce of the United States for example. It is the federation of the local chambers of commerce throughout the country. It undertakes to speak for the business community of the nation, and avowedly seeks nothing less than the national "integration of business." It issues frequent composites of national business opinion, obtained by questionnaires sent to its member bodies, which are put forth as the solemn and deliberate voice of that portentous thing, American business. It has its headquarters in Washington, and is about to erect a marble palace that will be a sort of federal capital of integrated business. It publishes a bright and readable magazine, "The Nation's Business," which is widely read. This powerful organization has only to push the button that closes the circuit of its ramifications, and forthwith American business, or something that sounds convincingly like American business, emits a terrifying roar of dissent or an unctuous purr of approval. Several thousand newspapers print the record of its expression, business men gravely consider it, and forthwith the telegraphs and the mails and the telephones bring back the approving echo to a congressman who is striving to represent his people if he can only find out what they want. Likewise the American Federation of Labor has its own capitol building in Washington, housing ceaseless activities that ever tend to concentrate the power—the favor and the menace—of organized labor in Congress. The farmers also are about to build one. These three executive domiciles will be more truly capitols to the three dominant groups of business, labor, and agriculture than the domed capitol that has long symbolized national unity and power.

§ 3

As Congress, in both chambers, really acts in committee and merely talks or approves in body, the group and special interest organizations have a tremendous advantage in active participation in legislation. Their trained secretaries or managers, their economists, their statisticians, their press agents, their lawyers, are masters of all things relating to their affairs. Each group knows everything about its own business, whereas the tired, hurried, and distracted congressmen usually know little of any one subject. When hearings preparatory to legislation are held by congressional committees, the ignorant members are confronted by experts in knowledge and experience, adepts by lifelong exercise in special pleading. Humbled by their manifest ignorance, the committeemen are too often inclined to consider the voice of the specialist as the voice of truth, if not of the people. Any citizen has a right to discuss his affairs as related to legislation with any congressman, and in these dialogues the trained representative of special interests shows to even greater advantage than before committees. Personal canvasses of the entire membership of Congress by these organizations are not uncommon, and there is many a member of the unchambered occupational third house of Congress who knows better than members of the recognized houses or newspaper correspondents what is the attitude

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of a majority of Congress on many of the important questions before it.

To manipulate legislation at Washington nowadays one does not waste time on personal appeals to members of Congress or in interviewing the nominal leaders of the House and the Senate. Rather he seeks out the legislative agents of a few powerful occupational groups, and if he can interest them, his work is accomplished. There is a distinct tendency for the representatives of apparently conflicting interests to adjust their differences and shape their programs among themselves instead of in Congress. The more this tendency develops, the more Congress becomes a rubber-stamp.

Rather curiously, it has remained for the long-unorganized and nebulous farming interest to be the first of the group interests to come into the open and round up and brand its representatives in Congress. The agricultural bloc, which now unquestionably dictates national legislation, is not the result of a spontaneous movement of congressmen, but is the direct creation of the farm organizations, particularly the American Farm Bureau Federation. These organizations rather bluntly told the representatives and senators from agricultural districts that they must work and vote for certain class legislation. The result is to-day that we have about one hundred representatives and twenty-five senators who are solidly for the agrarian legislative program, and frankly so. This bloc is large enough to get what it wants or create an impasse. Congress obeys or is held up. As there is no other large, coherent class group in Congress, the farmers are getting what they want with astonishing celerity from an indolent Congress. The tax and tariff bills may lag, but the farmers get through laws that restrict the packers and the grain exchanges, place the War Finance Corporation at their disposal, divert $25,000,000 more from the treasury to the land-loan banks, increase the rate of interest on government debentures for these banks, and at the same time shape taxation and tariff to their liking.

The farmers are now unblushingly demanding that Congress shall give them the unrestricted right to unite and combine in the sale of their products, the anti-trust laws to the contrary notwithstanding. This is a hard dose for the legislatively unorganized interests to swallow, and they are putting up a fight. But they want legislation of various sorts, which the farmers oppose; therefore there will presently be some sort of log-rolling trade.

So the farmers control, and for the time the real Capitol and the real White House are not at each end of Pennsylvania Avenue, but on the second floor of the Munsey office building, where Mr. Gray Silver, the legislative agent of the Farm Bureaus, has his offices. Little is done on Capitol Hill that is not first approved there, and it is the weekly conference of the bloc members with the farmers' agents that determines legislation, and not party caucuses, party leaders, or even the administration itself. There are forty million persons in the United States who are engaged in gainful occupations. Through the surreptitious entrance of occupational interests into legislative counsels the six-million group of farmers now dictates. The rest are relatively incon-

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sequential, because they have not yet been bold enough to choose or designate their congressmen and make them stand and deliver. Whether the farmers use their power for the general weal or not, the fact is that we have here occupational dictatorship.

§ 4

Long before a projected bit of legislation comes to a head, the interests affected know where every congressman stands, and take steps accordingly. I here use the word "interests" not in the offensive sense of something mysterious and powerfully inimical to the popular interest, bent upon extracting some substantial preference from Congress, but rather as being made up of all of us, according to our business associations. There is no corruption in all this, and very little secrecy. There is a bill before Congress, which reflects the fear of elected legislators of the growing power of the unofficial lawmakers, to require the members of the third house, the occupational representation house, to register themselves as lobbyists; but there would appear to be little need of formally registering men who frankly and proudly tag themselves.

The paid lobbyist of a single great coal corporation, or even of the United States Steel Corporation, would not get far in these days. A man would be ashamed to say that he was working as a lobbyist for a single corporation, but he takes pride in being a representative of the National Coal Association or the American Iron and Steel Institute or the Chemical Foundation or the Petroleum Institute or the Railway Executives. He would be ashamed to say that he was a paid lobbyist for Armour, but he is proud to represent the Institute of American Meat Packers. He does not work in the dark, at least not ostensibly. He proclaims himself for what he is. This is a business country; business is the people, and he as an authorized representative of business speaks to the formal legislative body the legislative will of the district of coal or the constituency of steel or the state of copper. Congressmen being chosen as representatives of so many political noses inclosed by imaginary boundary-lines are archaic, if not obsolete, in his view, when the noses necessarily have become industrial in an industrial community. Therefore the necessity of a third house, which represents actuality instead of tradition, as a means of guiding the two houses that must, in conformity to the Constitution, cast the deciding votes.

There is no conflict between this view and the frequent complaint of business men, jealous of their independence, that the Government is too much occupying itself with curbing and hobbling regulations and restrictions of business. On the contrary, if the coal-mine operators or the packers or the railways find themselves in the meshes of strangling laws, it simply means that other business has obtained control of the law-making agency and is using it to protect itself from what it esteems the encroachment of the penalized business in its own field. The repression of the packers means that the business of agriculture has been more successful than that of packing in advancing its interests through legislation, and is also a reaction from a time when the unorganized agricultural group was at the mercy of the packers. The rout of the Plumb plan for "demo-

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cratic operation" of the railways means that the business of owning the railways is more potent in Congress than the business of working on them. Business is in control of government now in a bushwhacking and guerilla way. Many independent bands overrun and harry the Government, but as yet they are without a common control.

Hence, although government has become economic, it is without a fixed policy, but oscillates like a weather-vane according to the group control of the day. At one moment organized labor is on top, at another time manufacturing, then agriculture, and so on. Business has not yet reached that stage of evolution of its power when the various occupational states that compose it have attained the point corresponding to the time in our political evolution when the thirteen colonies were willing to sacrifice some of their cherished powers and some of their commercial advantages for the general welfare of the federation.

Business men do not appear in great numbers in the House or the Senate, but industry finds a way to make the laws. The college of electors was designed to be a body of wise, elder statesmen who would confer without prejudice or passion, and in cool judgment select the most suitable supermen for President and Vice-President of the United States. In fact the electors are nothing but human tickets who count themselves according to the names of the candidates with which they are tagged, and thus give us the President and Vice-President chosen by popular vote, a state of affairs that would make Hamilton turn in his grave. The Supreme Court was intended to be severely and exclusively juridical, but it has turned out to be a supreme legislative body, it and not Congress being the interpreter of what Congress says.

§ 5

The British monarchy was, in fact, impotent long before historians perceived that Parliament was supreme. The old form survives its loss of potency, and "George Rex" is still stenciled on physical instrumentalities of the British Empire throughout the world, though the king and emperor as a person is merely a symbol, an heirloom of a forgotten age and system.

The British monarch as an executive had virtually ceased to be before our Revolution, but so powerful is appearance and form that our constitution-makers thought they were copying in republican form the balanced legislative, judicial, and executive functions of the British political system, though Parliament already had largely absorbed all three. Profound changes in the substance of institutions and morals have often come unpromoted and unheralded while the form and customs have remained unchanged. Such a submerged revolution may be going on now to meet the insistent requirements of a national life that has become industrial rather than political.

So far the third house is not united. The representatives of the groups that compose it have championed the particular causes of their groups and have fought against one another, with the result that some very powerful ones, such as the meat-packers and the coal-operators, have nothing to show for their intense and intensive activity in shaping legislation. It remains for

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business men, getting into government by a means unknown to the Constitution, to unite for the purpose of controlling government for the general welfare of the aggregate of the groups.

It is by no means impossible that they will yet endeavor to unite and, instead of quarreling with one another, seek to shape all legislation with an economic bearing for the common good. The regulation of the business of the country by the War Industries Board during the war was a lesson in the possibilities of the reconciliation of particular interests for the good of all. It opened the eyes of business men to the fact that the attainment of a common good is often of more value than that of a particular good. Mr. Baruch, as industrial dictator, showed them the huge interdependence of business, and gave them unforgotten lessons in group control and discipline. Now that business in some form is aggressive in directing Congress rather than in electing it, it is not inconceivable that it may recall its war experience, frankly declare that the Government is now economic, and strive to unite its forces in a great legislative committee that will become in a very real sense a third and dominating house. Something of that sort would now seem to be the only way out of a condition in which all legislation of economic importance merely represents victory or defeat for some special interests. To-day Congress seeks to legislate while being torn by a pack of ravening wolves, which consume it and one another. Indeed, the plight of Congress is that of the nation. So distracting and so destructive of the common good has become this bloodless war of the interests, each intent on its own objective, that Herbert Hoover was recently moved to say:

> During the last twenty-five years we have seen the extraordinary growth of great national associations, covering our entire country, representing the special economic interests of different classes, of the banks, the merchants, the employers, the workmen, the farmers. If these powerful national organizations are to expand their claims for special favor in the community into a great conflict, then the whole fabric of our national life has gone by the board. If, on the other hand, there is developed a practical step in coöperation between these great groups, we will have laid the foundation of a new economic era, we will have solved our economic ills of the last century in the only fashion that democracy can solve its troubles, by the initiative of the individual and by the sense of service to the country as a whole.

What does this mean if it is not a recognition of a present anarchic domination of the occupations and a plea for order through their union? And if this union of all the occupations, which in the end will mean an economic union of all of us, is once effected, it will, of course, be irresistible. Government as constituted will be an inanimate mechanism which the occupational groups may continue to use, though they will be the real government. In that event Congress may continue to be selected by a count of noses, geographically divided, but what it will do will be determined by business and not by politics. Laws will be for and of business, in the broadest sense,—agriculture, labor, manufacturers, the professions, commerce, transportation, mines,—and business, become the nation, will consciously direct its destinies.

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Feckless Maggie Ann

By Lorna Moon

Drawings by John R. Neill

I 'm sure it 's Shiny Dan. I can see the glint o' his flagon, and forby that, the *Bonnie Maggie Ann* came round the Windy Scaup five hours back. Even wi' a big catch he 'd be through by this time." Jeannie's Sally flung this back over her shoulder into the darkening room without any suggestion of expecting an answer, and continued to watch through the cottage window, carefully sheltering behind the geraniums lest the neighbors should even suspect that Shiny Dan's movements were of any interest to her. At her remark the click of steel needles from the arm-chair in the shadows stopped for a second and then went on again.

"Aye, it 's him, and he 's heading this way. Get out the griddle, Mither. I 'll be makin' scones when he comes. There 's nothing makes a lone man hanker for a woman like the sight o' her makin' scones."

The needles stopped, and a thin, bent figure hoisted itself and hobbled obediently toward the griddle without a word.

It was Jeannie, the mother of Jeannie's Sally. The neighbors held it against Jeannie's Sally that her mother spoke so little. They whispered the words "domineering limmer," and sometimes they called Jeannie "puir auld Jeannie," but not when Jeannie's Sally was around. They had to admit, although grudgingly, that no daughter in the whole fishing village of Rosarty kept her mother wearing better goffered mutches or brawer wincey petticoats than did Jeannie's Sally.

"Mither!"

It was a sharp cry of reproof. Jeannie, bracing herself with her head against the mantel to lift the griddle up to the crane, almost dropped the griddle into the glowing peats beneath as she guiltily drew back her head, with its snowy starched mutch, from the soot-stained mantel. She looked across at her angry daughter and faltered apologetically:

"I dinna think I 've spoiled it, lass. I aye forget." Then, justifying her carelessness in soiling her mutch, she added, "It 's no' easy to lift the griddle without leanin' a'gin' the mantel."

"Easier than to stand for hours gofferin' mutches, I 'm thinkin'."

Jeannie's Sally slammed the chimney on the oil-lamp she had been lighting as she tossed this taunt. The light steadied down, showing her round, high-cheek-boned, rosy face and smooth, black hair sedately parted in the middle. Her black eyes, glinting with anger, gave color to the neighbors' whispered "domineering." She was a bonnie enough lass, however, and buxom, and could mend nets better than any guidwife in Rosarty. And for gutting herring she was paid sixpence a day more than any ot'

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lass during herring season. But for all that she had turned six and thirty and had n't landed her man yet, although she 'd been setting her cap at Shiny Dan ever since his wife Maggie Ann died, twelve years back.

Before Shiny Dan had married her, they had called her "feckless Maggie Ann" in the herring yard, because she had n't the strength to wheel her barrel of herring aside when it was full, and had needed to call upon some man to help her. Jeannie's Sally had pointed out this failing of Maggie Ann's to Shiny Dan one day when showing off her own prowess with a full barrel. She expected him to laugh at "feckless Maggie Ann," as the other men did, and was sore puzzled to see him cross the yard and wheel Maggie Ann's barrel aside for her, and more than puzzled when day after day Dan made a point of moving Maggie Ann's barrels. Exasperated, Jeannie's Sally confided to her mother: "And he never knew the little snippet was on earth till I pointed out her fecklessness ti him; noo he 's dancin' round, waitin' on her hand and foot. He 'd be the laughing-stock o' the yard were it not that he 's over-broad in the shoulders to be laughed at."

And Jeannie's Sally was n't the only one who gasped amazed that winter when Danny, braw, strong fisherman that he was, owning his own boat, chose to "wed wi' a white-faced bit slip o' a lass like feckless Maggie Ann." Maggie Ann herself was astonished when Danny, wheeling her barrel aside at the end of the day, said with grave concern:

"Ye 're over-light for work like this, Maggie Ann, and I 'd be easier in my mind if ye 'd wed me. I 'm no' exactin'; I 'd mend the nets mysel'."

And Maggie Ann, wise with woman's wisdom, knew that this was love, and she raised her brown eyes, moist with the wonder of it, and cried:

"But how can ye love me, Danny? I 'm sae useless-like and dependent!"

"Maybe that 's why, lass," said Danny, speaking with more truth than he knew. "There are whiles ye mind me o' a birdie wi' its wing broken."

And the next herring season the gossips, prompted by Jeannie's Sally, told with shrugs and headshakes how Dan was up at four of a morning mending his nets, when any bairn could tell you that a man that stood his watch by the nets for forty-eight hours had sore need o' his sleepin' time. And what was a fisherman's wife for, they would like to know, if no' to mend the nets while her guidman was sleeping?

But, for all their tongue-wagging, Danny and Maggie Ann were foolishly happy. In the evenings she would sit on his knee, run caressing fingers over his ruddy, long-lipped face and through his upstanding thatch of wavy, black hair, and croon adoring nonsense into his ear at a time when any right-thinking guidwife would have had her needles clicking their way through a new jersey for her man.

Danny never abandoned himself to this love-making; a shamefaced reticence kept him pretending that he only tolerated it because such foolishness seemed to make her happy. But he never reproached her for the things she neglected while doing this. Sometimes, to try him, she would sit off in the chair at the opposite side of the fire, and fall to mending a shirt with great industry, watching him slyly the while.

He would glance across at her from

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time to time, surprised at this new aloofness; then he would noisily tap the ashes from his pipe to indicate that he had finished his smoke. Maggie Ann would continue to sew diligently, quite deaf, apparently, to the tapped invitation. Thinking she did n't hear, he would reach up groaningly to the mantel to put the pipe away, and settle back in his chair again with a loud "Ho hum!" But the needle would still flash back and forth in Maggie Ann's slim fingers. He would be forced to speech, and after deliberation he would say:

"The light 's kind o' dim to sew by, lass," but not for the life of him would he say, "Come and sit on my knee," which was what he was longing to say and what she was aching to hear.

And she would answer:

"It 's no' so dim, Danny," and go on sewing, although every nerve of her was urging to throw the sewing away and hurl herself into his arms.

"Are ye no' well, Maggie Ann?" he would add after fifteen minutes had passed. It was his next clumsy move to bring her to him.

"Aye, I 'm well, Danny," she would answer indifferently, but her heart was crying, "Ask me, ask me to come, Danny!"

Hearing only the indifference of her answer and not the cry of her soul, he sighed, and his rough-hewn face darkened unhappily. Her heart smote her. What did it matter that he was too proud to ask her? He wanted her in his arms, and she knew it. So, with all the sweet generosity of her nature, she would forbear to try him further. She would look across at him and say hesitatingly, as if she dare not ask it:

"Danny, could ye bear to have me on your knee?"

And, consummate actress that she was, she would pretend not to see the sudden glow that lighted his eyes at her request, and would continue to look at him tremulously as if fearing a refusal. Nor would she smile at the assumed coolness of his answer as he settled back to make a seat for her on his knee, saying:

"Aye, for a little while; but ye must na set store by sitting on my knee, lass. It 's no' dignified in a married woman."

But after she had buried her face in his blue-jerseyed shoulder she would smile that tender, amused maternal smile that wives smile only in secret.

His first and last words of reproach to her were over the flagon. They had been married six months when a tinker came up the Windy Scaup to Danny's cottage peddling tin flagons and Turkey-red twill. Danny was still at sea, and Maggie Ann had twelve shillings in the corner of her kist, for Danny was more generous with her than fishermen are wont to be. The red twill and the tin flagons were no temptation to Maggie Ann. She had seen both all her life, and owned flagons and to spare for all the milk Danny and she needed. But wrapped in oil-cloth and dangling from the end of the peddler's pole was the flagon that proved Maggie Ann's undoing. Such a flagon she had never seen, a fancy, ribbed flagon plated with copper.

"Is it no' bonnie?" she gasped as the wily peddler undid it temptingly.

"It 's the brawest flagon in the country-side," asserted the peddler, holding it up to let the sun glint on it, "an' it 's only five shillings." He placed it in Maggie Ann's hands, like a high priest conferring a blessing.

"Five shillings!"

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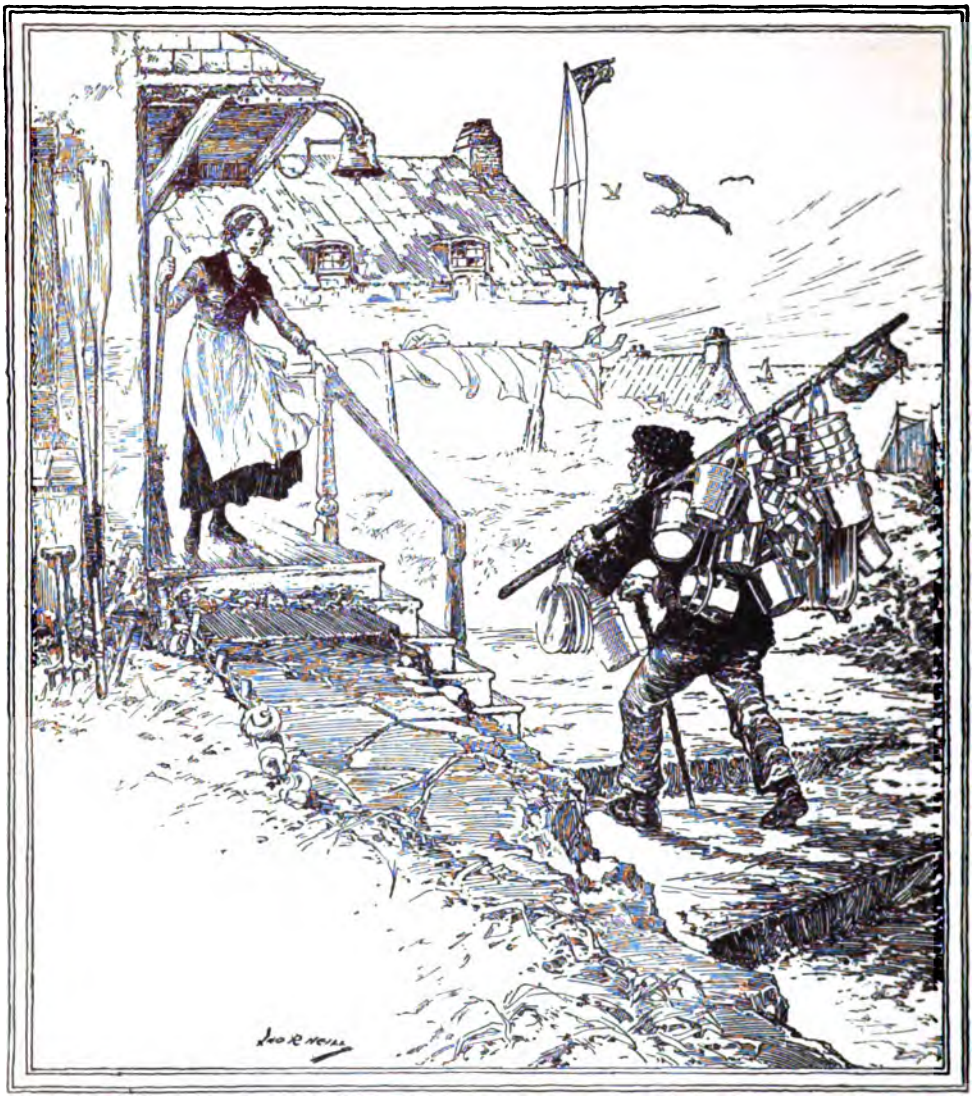

Maggie Ann handed it back. She never could pay five shillings for a flagon. Danny would think her daft.

"There 's no' anither like it," wheedled the peddler, using the age-old weapon against which no woman can fight. It is the mirage which tempts her when she buys a gem, it is her Waterloo when she buys a bonnet; and it works just as surely with a fisherman's wife when she buys a flagon. Satan used it in the garden when he showed Eve the apple. "There 's not another like it," he whispered, and Eve fell. And so Maggie Ann, true daughter of Eve, paid five shillings for the flagon for the same reason.

She spent hours placing it first on the mantel, then on the window-ledge, then on a nail by the fireside. It had a dozen settings before dusk, and in each one it seemed more desirable. By

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evening she was convinced that money had never been better spent, and when Danny came home, she showed him the flagon with pride.

It was the wrong time to show him the flagon; he was weary and spent with lack of sleep, and that night the *Bonnie Maggie Ann* had come home with empty nets. To her eager "Is it no' bonnie, Danny?" he answered soberly:

"How came ye by that, lass?"

"I bought it for five shillings frae Sandy the Peddler," she answered, her voice scarcely faltering on the price. Danny did n't answer. He turned away and, seating himself, pulled off his deep-sea boots and set them inside the fender to dry. Not yet understanding the quality of his silence, Maggie Ann approached him, the flagon in her hand; her delight in the ownership of it could not reach its full unless he shared it. So she urged, "Say ye think it 's bonnie, Danny."

He turned deliberately from her and sat looking into the fire.

"Danny!" It was a hurt cry of reproach, tinged with surprise that he could treat her so. He stirred unhappily in his chair. He was loath to hurt her, but remembering snatches of old rumors that Maggie Ann's mother had been "sorely extravagant wi' her man's siller," he knew that he must be firm with Maggie Ann; so there was a distant deliberation in his voice as he said:

"It takes a hantle o' herrin' to bring five shillings, Maggie Ann."

Had he lifted his deep-sea boot and struck her to the earth she could not have been more outraged. Criticism from him! Nay, all the world might call her feckless, all the world laugh and slight her, but he had made her his queen, and now he had torn the crown from her head, and stood ranged with the world to find fault in her. She stood staring at him as he sat with averted face, condemnation in every line of him. Then rose a blind agony of desire to hurt him as he had hurt her. Quivering with a passion that was too strong to be held in her frail body, she cried:

"I 'll never spend anither penny o' yer siller. And *this*—" she held the flagon out at arm's-length—"I 'll throw over the Scaup—and mysel' I 'll throw after it." She whipped round, and dashed out of the door.

Danny sat dazed. She was all too quick in speech and action for his slow-thinking mind. But as she passed the window, heading swiftly up the cliff-side, he sprang to his stockinged feet and rushed after her.

She reached the summit and swayed, wind-swept, at its perilous edge. As her arms went up to make the plunge, he caught and held her fiercely, his weather-beaten face pale and furrowed with new lines. Over her struggling, panting head he looked down at the seething death-trap of the Rumbling Gulch fifty feet below, and there was a new ferocity in the tightening of his arms as he turned back and silently carried her down the cliff. There was a new sternness in his face as he set her down on her feet at the fireside. He took the flagon from her hand and put it on the mantel. The color was returning to his face, but a forbidding wall of silence was settling about him.

Her anger spent, Maggie Ann's heart grew cold with fear that he loved her no more. She watched him set the flagon down, and hoped that he would turn and scold her, that he would beat her, anything, just so long as he would

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touch her. She felt miles away from him. She *must* have his arms about her, but she dared not go to him while he looked like that. If she were to make another dash for the door, he would seize her and hold her, and she would be able to feel the rough wool of his jersey against her face and inhale all the dear odors that were Danny. And she would feel his heart beat, even though it were beating angrily; still, she would be near it. If his arms were round her, she could make him come to her. But, no, she remembered the agony of his face on the Scaup. Better far that she should humble herself and crawl every bit of the way back to his heart than that she should bring that look back to his face again.

Almost like an old man he let himself down into the chair and sat looking into the fire, his hands still resting on the arms of the chair as if the effort of moving them were too much for him.

Maggie Ann, regarding him with growing remorse, fell on her knees by his side and laid her cheek supplicatingly upon his arm.

"Danny," she whispered—"Danny, I 'm sorry I bought the flagon."

"It 's no' that that 's hurtin' me, Maggie Ann."

She did n't need him to tell her that; she knew what was hurting him. But she liked to know that she could hurt him, and she liked more than all to know that she could hurt him most by saying that she would never spend money of his earning again. And she liked to hurt him still a little more by pretending that she did not know that this was what was hurting him now. Oh, she could be as compassionate as an angel and as tender as a dove; but she loved, and so she could be as cruel as any fiend in hell if by being cruel she could prove the depth of his love for her. So she let him suffer a little longer, and knelt by him, staring into the fire also and ticking off the minutes of his suffering, while he, in inarticulate agony, tried to understand why it hurt him so when Maggie Ann refused to spend his money.

She shifted the position of her cheek upon his arm a little, so that she could see his face; its heavy, dumb misery filmed her eyes.

"Danny,"—her voice was faint and penitent,—"I 'll spend yer siller, Danny."

Dan was silent, but the quality of the silence was changed. He brought his other hand up across his eyes as if shielding them from the fire, and his throat worked as if jerked from within.

"And ye 'll no'"—he paused, struggling for words—"ye 'll niver—run up the Scaup again, Maggie Ann?"

Something wet and warm fell on Maggie Ann's face; another drop followed it. Maggie Ann buried her face on his knees and cried: "Niver! niver, Danny! O Danny! Danny!"

His arms went round her shoulders protectively. She felt him feel for his kerchief and wipe his eyes, and heard him struggling to make his voice natural as he said:

"It 's queer how peat smoke makes my eyes water whiles."

"Aye, it 's queer," Maggie Ann agreed hysterically between laughter and tears. She crept into his arms and sobbed against his breast, while he told her that it was all right about the flagon, and wondered as he tried to comfort her why she took the scolding about the flagon so hard.

But she was weeping over Danny, over the poor, dumb love that could not express itself, and over the strange

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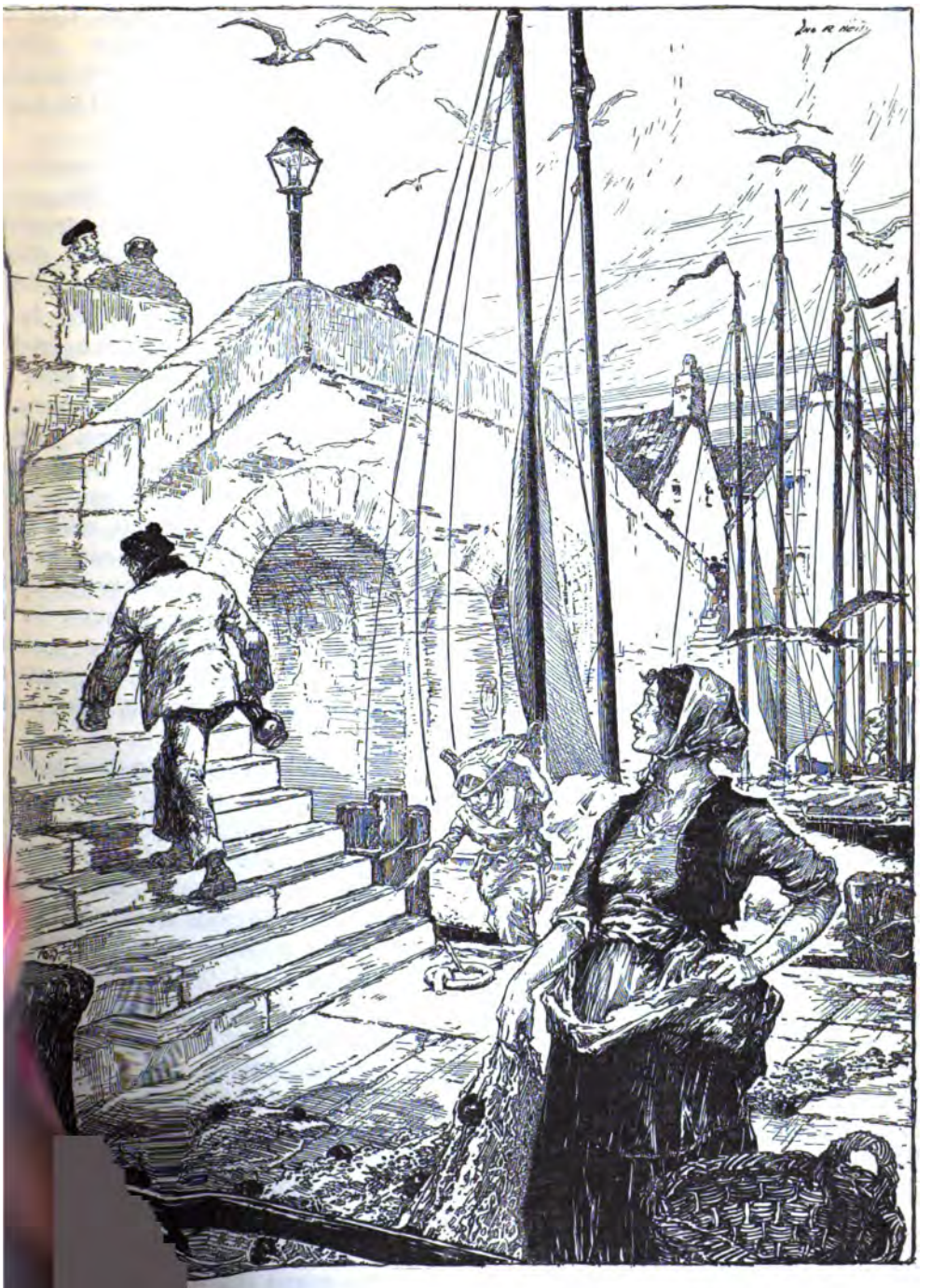

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pride that made him unwilling to admit his tears even to her.

And that should have ended the quarrel about the flagon; but next day there was the flagon, and there was Maggie Ann, and being a woman, she would never rest until Danny had said that it was a wise purchase and a most desirable and bonnie flagon. And Danny, being a lowland Scot and having a long upper lip, would never own it while he lived. So when he was leaving at sundown to go to sea, she ran a coaxing arm about his neck and said:

"Say it 's a bonnie flagon! Say ye like it, Danny!"

He stiffened in her embrace and answered:

"I think o' 't as I thought o' 't yesterday; it 's a useless geegaw and a senseless waste o' siller."

So she let him go to sea without a good-by kiss, and she would n't even lift her eyes from the ironing-table to watch him through the window as he went down the cliff to the harbor, and she told herself that if it killed her, she would n't go to the top of the Scaup to wave good-by as his boat went round the point.

Dan watched for her as his boat went slowly by, sure that she would relent and come to signal him good luck. He strained back to see as the distance widened, but no waving little form broke the outline of the cliff. Soon he was too far away to see, and as he gave up hope, he thought bitterly, "All this over a flagon!"

Maggie Ann, unable to hold out a moment longer, raced hot from her ironing up the wind-swept Scaup, and reached the point as the boat dipped out of sight. Too late! She screamed "Danny!" and the wind whipped the words from her lips and struck like a knife through her thin breast. She sank down, and beat the earth with futile hands, crying, "Why could he no' say it was bonnie?"

And in the night a thousand searing knives of pain darted through Maggie Ann's lungs. She gasped and strove to cry his name, but by daybreak she was still and cold. And still and cold was Danny in his sorrow when he looked upon her face, and silent as had been his love, so silent was his grief. He sat by her coffined form for hours, holding the flagon on his knees. By moonlight, when there was none to gape and wonder, he dug her grave at the top of the Windy Scaup, and he lowered her in his arms as the sun rose, and laid the first earth upon her gently, handful by handful, lest it hurt her. He dressed her grave with the shells she loved, and raised a cairn of stones, gathered by hand one by one, each one chosen for its beauty.

In the long lonely evenings he would polish the flagon to keep it bright; then he got to taking it with him when he went out. The flash of the sun on its shiny surface would signal his approach when he came along the turnpike. When questioned why he carried it he answered, "The glint o' 't 's company," and closed his silent mouth so forbiddingly that gossip forebore to question him further. But from then they nicknamed him "Shiny Dan."

Twelve years, and every night he was ashore Shiny Dan would sit on the cairn and smoke his evening pipe. He told himself that he sat there because it was a fine place to see the boats go round the Scaup. Twelve lonely years coming home to a bleak fireside; cheerless home-comings, with no waiting form on the doorstep; silent

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leave-takings, fastening the latch, with no looking back to say good-by; nothing on the Windy Scaup as his boat went by but the quiet cairn of stones: and all the while Jeannie's Sally waiting and anxious to change it.

He would ask her to-night. She was a bonnie lass, and buxom, and her house had a warm and cheery air. True, his arms did n't hanker to hold her as they hankered for Maggie Ann, but Jeannie's Sally had a "wee mither that was feckless and dependent; he 'd like to see her sitting cozy-like when he came in frae sea."

The light of Sally's cottage blinked in the distance. He strode toward it with quickening step, the flagon clinking against him cheerily as he walked.

In the cottage Jeannie's Sally was baking scones, while old Jeannie's needles clicked with new excitement. Shiny Dan was a heroic and romantic figure to old Jeannie. She hoped Sally would land him, but she secretly thought he was too good for her. Forgetting discretion, she spoke some part of her thoughts aloud.

"It 's a bonnie notion o' Shiny Dan's to carry the flagon."

"It 's a daft-like notion," snapped Jeannie's Sally, "and one I 'll wean him o' the day I face the minister wi' him."

Rushing on to her destruction, Jeannie chuckled:

"He 's no' over-anxious to face the minister, I 'm thinkin'."

Jeannie's Sally paused, amazed at such temerity from her mother; then ruthlessly she hurled her answer.

"He 'd be more anxious were it no' that the day he weds me he 'll have to house you."

It was a cruel lie, and Jeannie knew it was a lie, but it hurt, and she wilted in her chair. The needles stopped like the slow ebbing of a breath. Even Shiny Dan's brisk step on the threshold did n't liven them up again, and as soon as she had greeted him she crept brokenly to bed.

Jeannie's Sally, in a feigned fluster, apologized over being caught baking, and, wiping the flour from her rosy arms, begged Dan to be seated. He sighed appreciatively as he took the chair. The cheery blink of the peats under the fragrant griddle, the cozy red-and-white rag rugs on the floor, the glint of china and polished tinware on the dresser, and Jeannie's Sally flushed in her starched gown—Dan sighed again in blissful contemplation and said admiringly:

"It 's hame-like. A woman looks bonniest when she 's bakin'. It 's what I miss."

Jeannie's Sally, sensing the coming declaration, said nothing, but smiled across at Dan. Already her thoughts were on the Paisley shawl that Dan had given Maggie Ann as a wedding present; she wondered if the moths had got into it.

Dan sat wondering how to proceed. Perhaps it would be best to let her know that the season has been extra profitable, and then lead on from that and say that he would like to help her make a home for her mother. Or maybe he had better tell her that he was lonesome. No, she might wonder why it took him twelve years to find that out. In his dilemma of indecision Dan was moving the flagon nervously from one knee to the other. Jeannie's Sally saw this and was barely able to keep from seizing it from his hands. The flagon had been a constant irritation to her for twelve years. Without

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knowing anything about it, she sensed everything about it.

Dan cleared his throat loudly and began:

"I 've bought a half-share in the Mackenzie's boat, an' I 'm goin' to repaint the *Bonnie Maggie Ann.*"

"An' rename her, maybe?" asked Jeannie's Sally, unwisely.

"Na,"—a cold decision took the place of the uncertainty in Dan's voice,—"I 'll no' rename her. She was named for my wife, as you 'll mind."

"We 'd mind that better if ye 'd named her the *Feckless Maggie Ann.*" Jeannie's Sally could have bitten her own tongue before the words were well out of her mouth. The look on Dan's face told her that she had made a mistake, but it also added fire to her raging jealousy of Maggie Ann, and stole the last shred of caution she had left. So when Dan answered soberly:

"Maggie Ann was feckless, Sally; but she was unco bonnie forby," she sneered:

"There was nane thought her bonnie but yersel'—and nane but think ye daft that ye carry her flagon."

"I carry the flagon because it 's company," Dan answered stolidly, "and I 'm no' mindin' wha thinks me daft."

"Ye carry it because Maggie Ann set store by it, and ye sit on the cairn because she lies beside it." Jeannie's Sally was drunk with jealous rage that had fermented for years; too drunk to count the havoc she was making of her own hopes. Her voice rose in a strident torrent. "If it 's no' that, then throw her flagon in the peats and make an end o' 't."

Shiny Dan rose to his feet, the flagon in his hand, and said quietly:

"I 'll be steppin' up the Scaup, Sally; it 's gettin' late, and I hae nets to mend."

Jeannie's Sally watched him go and knew that she was powerless to change his love for Maggie Ann. As his footsteps died away, she cried in helpless anger:

"The white-faced, feckless little snippet!"

There was a fixed purpose in the tread of Shiny Dan as he headed past his own cottage up to the cairn on the Windy Scaup. He seated himself as a man that had come home safely and was glad. Setting the flagon between his feet, he took out his pipe and began to fill it slowly.

The starless dark night wrapped about him. No sight of passing boat broke the current of his thoughts. The light of his pipe glowed and ebbed with the rhythm of a heart-beat.

He felt again the slender fingers of Maggie Ann steal caressingly over his face and pause to outline his eyebrows before they crept up to twine themselves in his hair. He heard her croon adoringly over the curve of his ear and chuckle over the solemnity of his face. He felt again the coaxing circle of her arm about his neck and saw her eyes look up entreatingly in his as she urged, "Say ye think it 's bonnie, Danny!"

And in a voice husky and tender he whispered to the soul of Maggie Ann:

"It 's a bonnie flagon, lass, and better company than a naggin' woman."

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SEA MOODS and SEA MEN

Gravings on cardboard by John Sloan

Verse by Milton Raison

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THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

What does he know of the sea, this ancient man
  Who spent a scattered lifetime on her ships,
Who trod her ports, where fellowship began
  On hearty footing 'mid her sons, on sips
  Of liquor, and her daughter's painted lips?
What does he know of the sea,—the storms that lashed
  Their course of fury with a million whips,
And waves that slid beneath the rays and dashed
  Themselves to spume against the wind and hull?
Surely he must know unforgotten scenes
    When painter-skies mixed color in the sea.
  But when I see him seated, bent and dull,
Small, gleaming eyes upon the shoes he cleans
    For passengers, it stays a mystery.

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THE CHEATED MATE

The captain was so deadly drunk,
  He wanted to caress a wave,
And so they strapped him to his bunk
  And left him there to rave.

The mate, who wished the captain died,
  So his command the ship would be,
Thought that the captain, if untied,
  Would jump into the sea.

He loosed the cords that held him down.
  The captain, though, was crazy-strong,
And as he climbed the rail to drown,
  He took the mate along.

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THE LOOKOUT

He 'd been to sea for thirty years,
  And he was tired of tasting spray,
Carried by every wind that veers
  Through night and day.

This stuff that salted up his lips
  And even the marrow in his bone
Had wet the decks of all the ships
  He 'd ever known.

It quenched the sun and threatened stars,
  And filled his world with steady din.
What grander grave for weary tars?
  So he slipped in.

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PORTRAIT OF A SAILOR

Humped o'er the rail, eyes on the sea he stands,
A filling figure of a man whose hands
  Have never touched an object light enough
  To do it reverence; the sacred stuff
Of love, forbearance, faith, he never knew.
  And he is cruel in his sportive way,
And cunning in his mischief-making, too;
He has no further use of any day,
But takes it as it comes and lives it through.
  Grumbling at sea, carousing in a port,
  And so again—that circle 's his retort
To all the beauty molded out for him.
Strange his keen eyes should be so sadly dim!

What is the saving grace that made him loved,
Written about, and praised where 'er he roved?
Truly, I do not know, but seeing there,
  His figure by the rail, his eyes to sea,
His red face crinkled, and wind in his hair,
  I do not dare deny his majesty.

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Adventures of an Illustrator

IV—A King's Coronation

By Joseph Pennell

Drawing by the author made at the time

About six months after the funeral of Edward VII came a ring at my door-bell, and there was the assistant editor of "The Daily Chronicle" wanting to know if I would do the coronation of King George, the date of which was not fixed. He would get some big man to write it up. But, anyway, would I do it, and for them alone? After much parleying, it was arranged that, if I was in London, I would, provided I could see everything in the Abbey, go to the rehearsals, and attend the ceremony itself, having a seat in the organ-loft, so that my drawing could be made on the spot at the time and be historic. I bothered no more about it for months, and only a few venturesome papers bothered me, for the idea got abroad that I was an expensive luxury. I know nothing about this; all I know is that I am worth what I ask, and won't work unless I get what I want and the way I want it.

The months went on. I did not go away, but I cared less and less to be bothered with the affair, which seemed to grow more and more difficult, and no permission apparently could be obtained to get me into the Abbey. At the American embassy I heard that they were receiving a thousand applications a day for invitations, while, as far as I knew, they had none to bestow. The newspaper offices were flooded with applications from people ready to pay fabulous prices to write descriptive articles, but the editors were running round trying to get seats for themselves and their families. The entire American press, I was told, had three seats, with three thousand applications for them. I waited. One day came a card to view the Abbey, nearly ready for the ceremony.

I carried with me four large sheets of lithographic paper, my chalks, and a drawing-board, and when I got into the choir I found it filled with the artists of the universe. In the midst, behind a six-foot canvas, was Tuxen, the Danish court painter of Queen Alexandra; at his side the academic Bacon, doing, in a black skull cap, a six-inch sketch for the official British picture, and looking as if he was wound up, though I am sure, when the royal record was finished, it contained an accurate portrait of everybody in the place, and was so intensely correct that all the feeling of the function was gone. As was said of another of his official machines, you could hear the kodak click when you looked at it.

Every paper in the world was represented, and everybody was following round, like sheep, some one of the earl marshal's staff who was explaining just what the king would do, and the

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queen and the archbishop and the other royalties and envoys and excellencies and dignitaries, and where all of them were to stand. And every artist had a little note-book, which he took out of the pocket of his frock-coat and made dots in, on a ground plan. Scarcely any one made a sketch. They put down their top-hats to make the dots. Then they all stood in a line right in front of the altar, so as to get the king's face from a point of view from which they never would be allowed to see it. There are holes in the reredos, and my first idea was to get there, but for some reason I was not allowed. Abbey wanted to, also, but they would not let him, when he did Edward's coronation, and put him in a tomb, of which they raised the top a little, he told me. In the whole crowd of about one hundred artists there were only three who had any idea of making a record of the function in its bigness and grandeur. The method of the rest was to listen to statements from an official of the court as to where people would stand, where thrones would be, and what would be done, then go home and draw from models and photographs or out of their heads these things as they were told they were going to be. As a matter of fact, few of the people stood where they should, still fewer wore the robes they ought, no one did as we were told he would, and the daylight managed the whole affair in its own way. Of the hundred artists the only persons who did anything of any importance that day were Sir Benjamin Stone, a photographer, and the cinematograph people; but they are not artists.

As for the remaining three, E. J. Sullivan climbed into a tomb, but that was all he did in the Abbey. M. Gillot (for the French Government) got in the choir-stalls, in the seat, I believe, of the French envoy, but he was turned out of that at the ceremony; and I—well, I was as usual the only person who had any sense. As I have said, my conditions were that I should have a seat in the organ-loft, that I should attend all the rehearsals and the ceremony from the same seat. My scheme was to draw the scene as I saw it from the choir, as it was, as the people in the choir would see it, as the envoys who had the best places saw it, and not make more or less flattered portraits faked from photographs of the king and queen and half a dozen other people doing things they did not do.

So I climbed into the organ-loft. A lot of artists wanted to follow, but did not know the way, and in three hours I had the architecture sketched in. I did not touch the pavement or the galleries, for I had no idea what the people would be like or where they would stand or what they would do, and I did not care what the officials said.

A few days later we were admitted again. I finished the architecture, the exact size of "The Chronicle" page; then I sent to "The Chronicle" and demanded seats for the rehearsals. None came, but there was a rehearsal. I struck. There was despair. No drawings of the ceremony! They would be ruined. Well, I had not the imagination or the intention to do a thing I had not seen, and they could either keep their promise to get me seats for all the rest of the rehearsals and the ceremony, or get somebody else to do it. It was pointed out to me by the editor that no one except those actually engaged in the coronation ceremonies could be admitted. I pointed

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out to him that I was very much engaged and he was very much entangled and must do it; it was too late to get any one else. If you treat the authorities like this, they collapse, and a permit, a personal one, came for me one day from the earl marshal, admitting me to the triforium. Through ranks of saluting police and detectives I passed, seeing lords left standing outside and envoys turned away. I got into the triforium, for I know Westminster Abbey fairly well, but first I went to the organ-loft. I chose my place, but beside me was a regiment of drums, and I left the loft and took a seat in the gallery that had been built. There was only one mysterious other person in the corner, and there I stayed.

I came rather late for this rehearsal, the second, for it was in full swing. In the midst of the crossing were the two thrones, now in place. So I drew them as I saw them, for the seat I chose was on the same level as the organ-loft and at nearly the same angle. That was about all I did for an hour, for soon, from the coronation chair before the altar, came slowly to the throne, Mr. L——, the king's understudy, like the earl marshal, a devout Catholic. He was dressed in black, and, if possible, more solemn than usual. In his hands he held the scepter and the orb, or, rather, two sticks of lath. Pinned to the shoulders of his long black frock-coat was a sheet torn in strips about a foot wide and twenty feet long, borne by a dozen or more of the most awkward, clumsiest boys in Eton and Harrow jackets, Norfolk jackets, and black coats and gray trousers I have ever seen. They proved by their nervousness and the way they tripped and stumbled that they were real pages. Between times they sprawled over the throne. The procession was stage-managed by the earl marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk and the Garter king-at-arms. Now, if one did not know that the earl marshal was a duke, one might think he was an able-bodied, bandy-legged sailorman who wanted his hair and his whiskers cut, and on this occasion he wore gray trousers, spats, a short black jacket, and a coronet many sizes too big for him, and carried a wand when he did not carry his hands in his pockets. He began by wearing an ermine robe, which sailed away behind him; but after some one trod on the tail of it, and tore it off him, he threw it away. On the chairs of the north transept sat and talked some specimen dukes, earls, marquises, viscounts, and in the front row some Knights of the Garter. They had been selected to make their homage to their newly crowned king. There were a dwarf duke and Lord Rosebery and Earl Crewe and a man who looked like a farmer and Lord Curzon and a lot more without any character at all, or any lordly character. In front of them, and nearer the throne, were three great chairs. In one was a top-hat, which I soon found out belonged to the Duke of Connaught, who had got mixed up with other specimen royalties and British workmen who were finishing up.

"Now," said the earl marshal to the duke, when he had seated the understudy of the king on the throne and given him a sounding kiss on the forehead, "you must do your homage."

"But what do I do?" said the duke, plaintively.

"If your Grace will be good enough to take your coronet," said the Garter king-at-arms, "and—"

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"But I ain't got my coronet," interrupted the duke.

"Where is it?" said the earl marshal, severely.

"Home," said the duke, meekly.

"Here, take mine," said the earl marshal, and he pulled it off his head, and the duke took it by the big ball on top.

"Now what do I do?"

"Here, read your homage." He received a sort of card of the words.

"And now?" he asked when he had read it.

"Get down on your knees and then get up and go up the steps; kneel again and kiss the king," commanded the earl marshal.

"But I can't get down on my knees or I 'll never get up again."

"You 've got to," said the earl marshal.

But he did not, and when he kneeled at the ceremony, he tumbled over and had to be picked up. He bobbed at his king.

"And next?" said his Grace.

"Walk down backward from the throne," pleaded Garter king-at-arms.

"I won't," said the duke, and he did not, and turned his back on the king and stalked down.

"Here; here 's your coronet; thank you so much. Now what do I do?"

"You go home," said the earl marshal, and the duke took his hat and went, and I saw him no more that day.

Then it was the turn of the queen and her ladies and attendant duchesses to pass before the king and acknowledge him. But the procession did not please the earl marshal, and, after trying it twice, he made a speech to them. All I heard was the ending:

"Now, then, do it over, and, duchesses, hustle!"

I gave up the editor. I never bothered the author, I don't even remember who it was, but I think Sir Philip Gibbs, who was on "The Chronicle"—solemn Gibbs. After this I took matters in my own hands and got my permit extended, and, with difficulty, got in the next day, when dukes and ambassadors were excluded altogether. This rehearsal was with music and much more costume, and I began to get the figures in, for the rehearsal was in full dress. The clergy, the great officers of state, and the peers and peeresses were all there in their robes. No other artists save the three with royal and national commissions, were in the Abbey,—Tuxen, Bacon, Gillot,—and they were now placed in a tomb in the choir. Beneath the effigy on top one could see their heads and their easels and mighty little, I imagine, could they see.

Soon after the processional march for the entry of the king began, deafening me even where I sat. Then came the archbishops, the bishops and clergy,—they were all real,—the officers of state, the peers, the army, the navy, all real but the king and the queen. The first part of the rehearsal was the coronation in the Saxon chair. After the robing and unrobing had been done, the Archbishop of Canterbury approached with the crown. He took it in his hands, looked at it, turned to the Dean of Westminster, and said:

"This is n 't the crown. There are two."

"Where 's that other crown?" said the dean, and for five minutes it was looked for as though, like the regalia at Dublin, it had vanished, and there would n't now be any King of England after all. Bishops and vergers and dukes ran about, and finally found it,

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Coronation of King George and Queen Mary in Westminster Abbey

From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell

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and the archbishop, taking it, said: "With this crown I crown thee."

At this moment, according to custom, peers and peeresses should assume their coronets and the Abbey be bathed in glowing, gleaming, diamond light. Instead, the peers broke into a giggle and a grin,—what at I do not know,—but the archbishop, dropping the crown upon the momentary kingly head, strode toward them, remarking as he came:

"As the peers of the realm did not appear to be acquainted with this portion of the coronation service, I will read it to them." And he did, though it took fifteen minutes. At the end, he said, "Now put on your coronets."

They did, and he turned his back upon them and left them. Then came the triumphal, "Vivat! vivat! vivat, Georgius Rex!" shouted by the choir and the Westminster boys. Then sounded a bang from the baton of the conductor, Sir Frederick Bridge.

"Is that the way you cheer your king? Try it again! cheer!" They did; another bang.

"If you boys can't cheer better than that, I 'll go out in the street and hire some who can." Somewhere about here there was a sermon, but that was skipped. Then followed the homage, and Sir Frederick Bridge, though he did not know it, came and stood by me.

"Now," said he, "if I were stage-managing this show, it would be different.

"Now, look at that duke! Look at him!" said he, pointing with his baton and taking out his watch. The duke knelt,—he was a little old duke,—he mounted the steps of the throne, he knelt again, read his part, rose, kissed at his temporary sovereign, spread out his ermine robe, and stepped back right in to the middle of it. Slowly he toppled over, and if all the kings-at-arms and heralds had not been waiting for this to happen, there would have been one less duke present at the ceremony.

"He 's taken five minutes, not counting the fall," said Sir Frederick. "Five dukes, five earls, five marquises, and a lot more; that 's two hours, and all the while I 've got to keep my anthem going!" The next did his part in a minute.

"Well, that 's better," said Bridge. "I give 'em two minutes each, but even then it 's going to take hours for this act."

Meanwhile, gathered round the throne upon the steps, were the great officers of state, among them Kitchener, in his ermine, carrying a lath sword a boy would be ashamed of. Near him was Lord Roberts, though nearly hidden by him, also with ermine and toy sword. Kitchener, as erect as a guardsman, was glared at by the earl marshal, who stopped in front of him.

"You may know how to direct men, but you don't know how to direct yourself. Turn round the other way. Don't turn your back on your gracious sovereign."

The only other unrehearsed part that day, I remember, was when an earl stepped on a duke's robe and tore it off his back, and I thought from their looks there would be a tournament at least, and one marquis got so tired he sat down on the floor and took a nap, with his head against a pier. That day I got nearly all the figures in, for the gentlemen-at-arms, the yeomen, and all were there in costume, and the groups were staged by the real

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stage manager, Sir Schomberg MacDonell, and told, as he meant they should tell, against the deep blue carpet.

I felt now that all was right, though to keep me quiet I was given a second drawing after refusing three others; but even I could not be in Parliament Street, on the top of St. Martin's Church, and in Westminster Abbey at the same time on the same day. The entire British system of art education has produced only two or three illustrators, so they had to come to me. The gentleman who did the procession from the tower of St. Martin's Church turned his drawing in some days before it started.

The great day came. We were up at five. On such occasions London loses its head, the police become maudlin, and the authorities barricade the streets with huge gates to control crowds that never come. We were told by maps and plans just where we could and could not go. What I did was quietly to walk to the Abbey, carrying a foot-square card in my hand. So did all those who had not carriages or had not lost their heads. My entrance was through the cloisters and up the stairs to the triforium, just over where I had been all the time. This day I did not take my big drawing, for it was finished—all but the crowd of spectators. During the four rehearsals I had seen and drawn everything else, the only illustrator who did. Details of that crowd were what I wanted, and I got them in a sketch-book.

I found that all the ladies wore feathers, three small ones in their hair; that the Gentlemen of the Guard did not stand in the choir, as I was told they would and as they did at the rehearsals, while archbishops and bishops sat on the wooden benches. And, third, the real king and queen were there. Finally, my lithograph was finished entirely within a few hours of the end of the ceremony. Before I went up I found more friends, some in court dress, others in plumes or blue and gold, gorgeous and self-conscious. There was one little group of which I formed a part, disguised as gentlemen in top-hats and frock-coats; but we were so few as to be conspicuous. Through the cloisters, where we gathered, swept an endless procession of the most amazing costumes. Knights of the Garter in great Spanish hats, above which waved towering plumes, their blue velvet mantles gathered about them, most with chains and stars of other orders. Their under costume was white, and round their knees the golden garter. Their trains were borne by pages. Then came towering German Life Guards, all in white, with gold and silver helmets, the most striking figures there. Turks, bishops, generals, envoys, dons, judges, sailors, and ladies, ladies, ladies, every one in full dress, and in the most appropriate surroundings, the precincts of the Abbey. They rapidly passed to their seats, but were followed by an endless procession and, not waiting for the end, I made my way to my seat. Here I found myself among enemies and friends, and by Marie Corelli, in feathers and court dress. But in the triforium there was only a handful of people, my seat being right over where I had been working. Now I found how sensible I had been, and how lucky to have chosen this place. Of all the eight or ten thousand people in the Abbey, not four hundred, probably fewer, saw the ceremony. Only those on the angles of the galleries and the envoys and minister of state and the

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choir, could see it in its completeness and splendor. Those in the nave saw nothing but the processions entering and leaving; the Lords and Commons only saw the king and queen when crowned; the judges and great sailors and soldiers saw nothing at all. I do not know who were the people in the two bays, but they and I alone saw the coronation.

All the rehearsed parts which I have described, except the fall of the Duke of Connaught, were brought off.

The greater part and the most solemn part took place in the choir. Only once or twice did the king face his people, when presented by the heralds to the four corners of the earth, and when he walked to the throne; at all other times he turned his back on them. The ceremony, which lacked sunlight, lacked, too, a central figure. The king had no dignity, no majesty; he lacked every quality that made his father the central, the conspicuous figure in England. Amid all the pomp and ceremony he was the most undistinguished figure, the least kingly in it. The little Prince of Wales played his part immensely better. Never once did the king give the impression that he was a king. He looked more like a middle-class shopkeeper, trying on suits for a fancy-dress ball than a king.

There were gorgeous processions first, to bring the crowns and the regalia; then the arrival of the various visiting royalties and the envoys and the princes and princesses royal and, finally, the king and queen, heralded by trumpets and booming guns, who passed into Edward the Confessor's Chapel to be robed. Then came the presentation of the king and the demand of the herald if the people would accept him. Then the crowning, and then they undressed him to a red undershirt and, after they had cut a hole in his shirt and annointed him with oil, they dressed him up again, and he came and took his seat on the throne. Everything was as it should be, but the diamonds did not flash when the peers put on their coronets. It was all purple and ermine and ivory on deep blue in the ranks of peers and peeresses, court dresses and official robes, some of amazing color, crossed with ribbons, covered with stars, rows of decorations, and three small feathers in each lady's hair. But the sun did not shine or the diamonds glitter. It was dark, with only one or two fitful gleams. Other notes of color were among the envoys, and they were dominated by the Etheopian, black as night, in a green top-hat lined with red, and covered with pearls and strewn with diamonds, which he wore all the time. The rest of him was arrayed, as far as I could see, in cloth of gold. From his screaming splendor one gradually descended to an acquaintance, arrayed as a colonel of Italian infantry in blue representing San Martino, and Mr. John Hays Hammond in solemn United States black and white, a telling note in the discordant riot of color. The Indian princes, if they could have been seen, would have been superb, all gold and glitter; but they were hidden away down the nave, and hundreds of major-generals and hundreds of admirals made two big blocks of red and blue, lost in the shadows of the nave. Then the Archbishop of York preached in an utterly inaudible voice. We could walk about, luckily, for a time, for it was tiresome, though the poor actors could not, and could see only one another.

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Then came anthems and rejoicings, and finally the prayers, with their heavenly responses, too beautiful for words; then the homage, and the king let himself go and gave the Prince of Wales a sounding kiss. He could not have been less kingly and more sentimental. Then came more processions, under canopies, and benedictions. It went on for hours. I luckily had brought some lunch, and I believe there was lunch. Some one said so. There certainly was at Victoria's coronation, for Strachey talks of it coming out of a tomb, and for a while nobody paid much attention to what was going on. The Prince of Wales found out who made his coronet, and the Duke of Connaught cringed to everybody above him, and ignored the salutes of all his inferiors who passed his seat. But the Prince of Wales bobbed to everybody for about five hours. Then there came disrobing and a change of crowns, and at last the king and queen departed,—there were five hours of it,—and as the king stepped down from his throne he would have fallen over his footstool if some unsung Walter Raleigh had not snatched it out of the way. Then the princes and princesses left, and as they went, the peers carefully seized the prayer-books and programs, and, I heard, carried off their chairs, too. Finally we all got out. Still, one could not help thinking if there had been a panic, British aristocracy would have ceased to exist, and Lloyd George, too, for he and John Burns were there, though the latter had no means of distinguishing himself. In the Dean's Yard the sight was wonderful, with royal carriages, ducal coaches, ambassadorial equipages, the peers' coaches, the horses with colored trappings on their heads, their manes and tails platted with ribbons, the great gold, silver, white and blue coaches, the prompous drivers, the crowds of footmen hanging on behind, seen probably for the last time. And the mess of it! One lord could not find his coach, and when he did find it, he lost her ladyship, and when he found her, the coach had been moved on. Then it began to rain, and the want of dignity, combined with the carefulness of the British peer, shown forth. Coronets came off, and caps went on. A duchess and a vicountess, with robes and skirts up to their knees, disappeared up Victoria Street under an umbrella, heading a body of beefeaters. Lords from Chelsea went back on penny steamboats they chartered. Cinderella, after the ball, was nothing to it, and there was no end to it, either. Hardly a person save Sullivan and I—we stuck together—was not in costume. Finally we left. We had had enough; but still the Abbey was disgorging dukes, ambassadors, princesses, and envoys. The streets were solid with soldiers, with but a little space left in the middle. You bumped suddenly into a gorgeous thing.

"Look out, old man, you 'll tear me." It was an official you knew in private life. The streets were carpeted with newspapers and sandwich-bags, over which the royal carriages rustled. In a motley crowd only to be seen after a Quatr' Arts ball—only these costumes were real—we struggled up Parliament Street, and so home. A few hours later the drawing was finished, and it and Sullivan's appeared next day in "The Chronicle" and all the papers of Great Britain, and soon they got all over the world. That was illustrated daily journalism, a lost art.

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Birthright

A Novel in Seven Parts—Part VII

By T. S. Stribling

Drawings by F. Luis Mora

When Peter Siner started on his indefinite errand among the village stores he believed it would require much tact and diplomacy to discuss the race question without offense. To his surprise, no such precautions were necessary. All persons agreed at once that the South would be benefitted by a more trustworthy labor, that if the negroes were trustworthy they could be paid more; but they did not agree that if negroes were paid more they would become more trustworthy. The prevailing dictum among all the whites was found to be "A nigger 's a nigger."

As Peter came out into the shabby little street of Hooker's Bend a discouragement settled upon him. He felt as if he had come squarely against some blank stone wall that no amount of talking could budge. The black man would have to change his psychology or remain where he was, a creature of poverty, hovels, and dirt; but amid such surroundings he could not change his psychology.

The point of these unhappy conclusions somehow turned against Cissie Dildine. The mulatto became aware that his whole crusade had been undertaken in behalf of the octoroon. Everything that the merchants said against negroes became in the end accusations against Cissie in a sharp personal way. "A nigger was a nigger"; "A thief was a thief"; "She would n't quit stealing if I paid her a hundred a week."

It was all so hopeless, so unchangeable, that Peter walked down the bleak street unutterably depressed. There was nothing he could do. The situation was static. It seemed best that he should go away North and save his own skin. It was impossible to take Cissie with him. Perhaps in time he would come to forget her, and in so doing he would forget all the pauperism and pettinesses of all the black folk of the South, because through Cissie Peter saw the whole negro race. She was flexuous and passionate, kindly and loving, childish and naïvely wise; on occasion she could falsify and steal, and in the depth of her Peter sensed a profound capacity for fury and violence. For all her precise English, she was untamed, perhaps untamable.

Cissie was a far cry from the sort of woman Peter imagined he wanted for a mate; yet if he stayed on in Hooker's Bend, seeing her, desiring her, with her luxury mocking the loneliness of the old Renfrew manor, he knew that presently he would marry her. Already he had had his little irrational moments when it seemed to him that Cissie herself was quite fine

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and worthy and that her peculations were something foreign and did not pertain to her at all.

With this plan in mind, Peter set out down the street, intending to cross the Big Hill at the church, walk over to his mother's shack, and pack his few belongings preparatory to going away.

It was not a heroic retreat. A conversation which he had had with one of his college friends named Farquhar recurred to Peter. Farquhar had tried to persuade Peter to remain North and take a position in a system of garages out of Chicago.

"You can do nothing in the South, Siner," assured Farquhar; "your countrymen must stand on their own feet, just as you are doing."

Peter had argued the vast majority of the negroes had no chance, but Farquhar pressed the point that Peter himself disproved his own statement. At the time Peter felt there was an elench in the Illinoisan's logic, but he was not skilful enough to analyze it. Now the mulatto began to see that Farquhar was right.

Peter had an uneasy sense that this was exceedingly thin logic, a mere smoke screen behind which he meant to retreat back up North. He walked on down the poor village street, turning it over and over in his mind, affirming it positively to himself, after the manner of uneasy consciences.

§ 2

An unusual stir among the negroes on Hobbett's corner caught Peter's attention and broke into his chain of thought. Half a dozen negroes stood on the corner, staring down toward the white church. A black boy suddenly started running across the street, and disappeared among the stores on the other side. Peter caught glimpses of him among the wretched alleyways and vacant lots that lie east of Main Street. The boy was still running toward Nigger Town.

By this time Peter was just opposite the watchers on the corner. He lifted his voice and asked them the matter, but at the moment they began an excited talking, and no one heard him.

Jim Pink Staggs jerked off his fur cap, made a gesture, contorted his long, black face into a caricature of fright, and came loping across the street, looking back over his shoulder, mimicking a run for life. His mummery set his audience howling.

The buffoon would have collided with Peter, but the mulatto caught Jim Pink by the arm and shoulder, brought him to a halt, and at the same time helped him keep his feet.

To Peter's inquiry what was the matter, the black fellow whirled and blared out loudly, for the sake of his audience:

"'Fo' Gawd, niggah, I sho thought Mistah Bobbs had me!" and he writhed his face into an idiotic grimace.

The audience reeled about in their mirth, because with negroes, as with white persons, two thirds of humor is in the reputation, and Jim Pink was of prodigious repute.

Peter walked along with him patiently, because he knew that until they were out of ear-shot of the crowd there was no way of getting a sensible answer out of Jim Pink.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Thought I 'd step ovah tuh Niggah Town." Jim Pink's humorous air was still upon him.

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"What 's doing over there? What were the boys raising such a hullabaloo about?"

"Su'ch me."

"Why did that boy go running across like that?"

Jim Pink rolled his eyes on Peter with a peculiar look.

"Guess he mus' 'a' wanted tuh git on t' othuh side uv town."

Peter flattered the Punchinello by smiling a little.

"Come, Jim Pink, what do you know?" he asked.

The magician poked out his huge lips.

"Mistuh Bobbs tu'n across by de chu'ch, ovah de Big Hill. Da' 's always a ba-ad sign."

Peter's brief interest in the matter flickered out. Another arrest for some niggerish peccadillo. The history of Nigger Town was one long series of petty offenses, petty raids, and petty punishments. Peter would be glad to get well away from such a place.

"Think I 'll go North, Jim Pink," remarked Peter, to keep up a friendly conversation with his companion.

"Wha' chu gon' do up thauh?"

"Take a position in a system of garages."

"A position is a job wid a white colluh on it," defined the minstrel. "Whut you gon' do wid Cissie?"

Peter looked around at the foolish face.

"With Cissie—Cissie Dildine?"

"Uh huh."

"Why, what makes you think I 'm going to do anything with Cissie?"

"M-m, visitin' roun'." The fool flung his face into a grimace, and dropped it as one might shake out a sack.

Peter watched the contortion uneasily.

"What do you mean—visiting around?"

"Diff'nt folks go visitin' roun';
Some goes up an' some goes down."

Apparently Jim Pink had merely quoted a couple of words from a poem he knew. He stared at the green-black depth of the glade, which set in about half-way up the hill they were climbing.

"If this weathuh don' evah break," he observed sagely, "we sho am in fuh a dry spell."

Peter did not pursue the topic of the weather. He climbed the hill in silence, wondering just what the buffoon meant. He suspected he was hinting at Cissie's visit to his room. However, he did not dare ask any questions or press the point in any manner, lest he commit himself.

The minstrel had succeeded in making Peter's walk very uncomfortable, as somehow he always did. Peter went on thinking about the matter. If Jim Pink knew of Cissie's visit, all Nigger Town knew it. No woman's reputation, nobody's shame or misery or even life, would stand between Jim Pink and what he considered a joke. The buffoon was the cruelest thing in this world—a man who thought himself a wit.

Peter could imagine all the endless tweaks to Cissie's pride Nigger Town would give the octoroon. She had asked Peter to marry her and had been refused. She had humbled herself for naught. That was the very tar of shame. Peter knew that in the moral categories of Nigger Town Cissie would suffer more from such a rebuff than if she had lied, committed theft

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and adultery every day in the calendar. She had been refused marriage. All the folk-ways of Nigger Town were utterly topsyturvy. It was a crazy-house filled with the most grotesque moral measures.

It seemed to Peter as he entered the cedar-glade that he had lost all sympathy with this people from which he had sprung. He looked upon them as strange, incomprehensible beings, just as a man will forget his own childhood and look upon children as strange, incomprehensible little creatures. In the midst of his thoughts he heard himself saying to Jim Pink:

"I suppose it is as dusty as ever."

"Dustiah than evah," assured Jim Pink.

Apparently their conversation had recurred to the weather, after all.

§ 3

A chill silence encompassed the glade. The path the negroes followed wound this way and that among reddish boulders, between screens of intergrown cedars, and over a bronze mat of needles. Their steps were noiseless. The odor of the cedars and the temple-like stillness brought to Peter's mind the night of his mother's death. It seemed to Peter a long time since he had come running through the glade after a doctor, and yet, by a queer distortion of his sense of time, his mother's death and burial bulked in his past as if it had occurred yesterday.

There was no sound in the glade to disturb Peter's thoughts except a murmur of human voices from some of the innumerable privacies of the place, and the occasional chirp of a waxwing busy over clusters of cedar-balls.

It had been five weeks and a day since Caroline Siner had died. Five weeks and a day; his mother's death was drifting away into the mystery and oblivion of the past. Likewise twenty-five years of his own life were completed and gone.

A procession of sad, wistful thoughts trailed through Peter's brain: his mother, Ida May, and now Cissie. It seemed to Peter that all any woman had ever brought him was wistfulness and sadness. His mother had been jealous, and instead of the great happiness he had fancied, his home life with her had turned out a series of small perplexities and pains. Before that was Ida May, and now here was her younger sister. Peter wondered if any man ever reached the peace and happiness foreshadowed in his dream of a woman.

A voice calling his name checked Peter's stride mechanically, and caused him to look about with the slight bewilderment of a man aroused from a reverie.

At the first sound, however, Jim Pink became suddenly alert. He took three strides ahead of Peter, and as he went he whispered over his shoulder:

"Beat it, niggah! Beat it!"

The mulatto recognized one of Jim Pink's endless, stupid attempts at comedy. It would be precisely Jim Pink's idea of a jest to give Peter a little start. As the mulatto stood looking about among the cedars for the person who had called his name, it amazed him that Jim Pink could be so utterly inane; that he performed some buffoonery instantly, by reflex action as it were, upon the slightest provocation. It was almost a mania with Jim Pink; it verged on the pathological.

The clown, however, was pressing his joke. He was pretending great

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fear, and was shouting out in his loose minstrel voice:

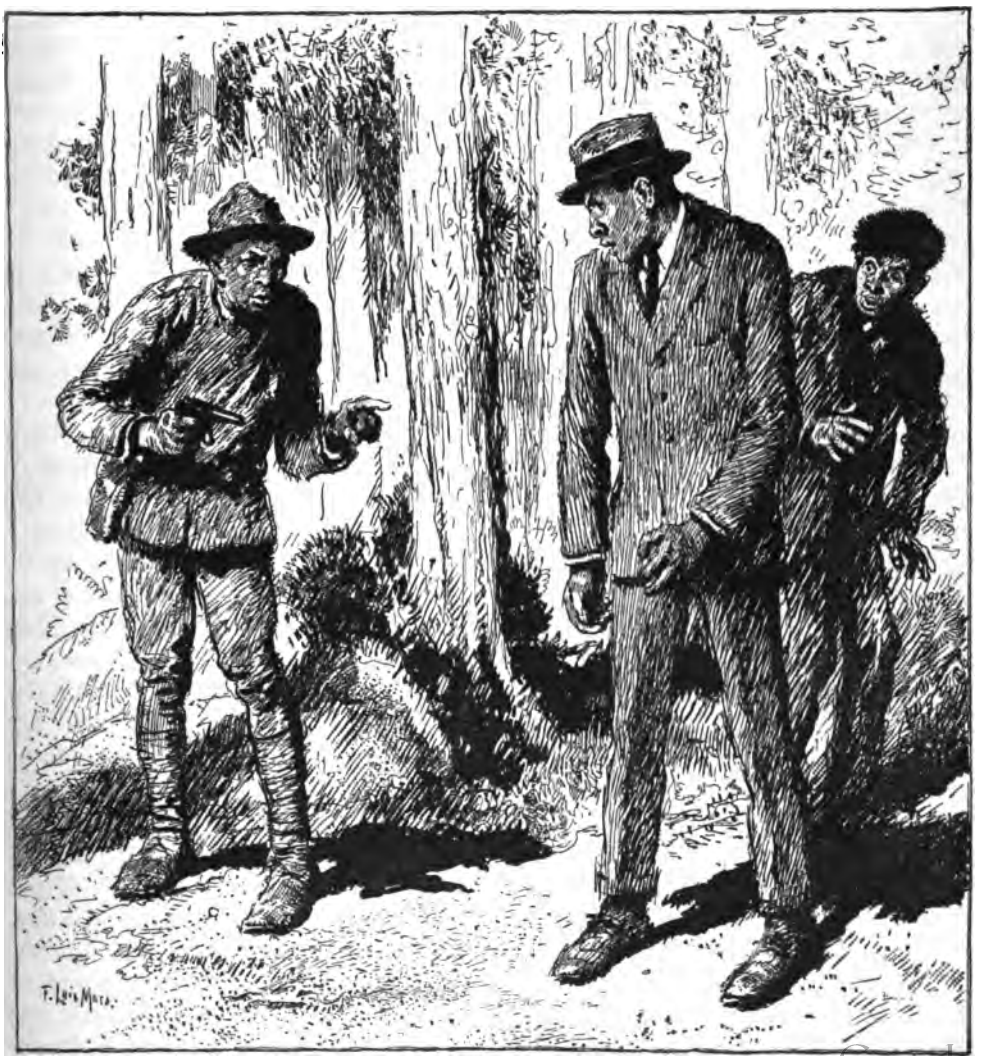
"Hey, don' shoot down dis way, black man, tull I makes my exit!"

And a voice, rich with contempt, called back:

"You need n't be skeered, you fool rabbit of a niggah!"

Peter turned with a qualm. Quite close to him, and in another direction from which he had been looking, stood Tump Pack. The ex-soldier looked the worse for wear after his jail sentence. His uniform was frayed, and over his face lay a grayish cast that marks negroes in bad condition. At his side, attached by a belt and an elaborate shoulder holster, hung a big army revolver, while on the greasy lapel of his jacket was pinned his military medal for exceptional bravery on the field of battle.

"Been lookin' fuh you fuh some time, Petuh," he stated grimly.



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Peter considered the formidable figure with a queer sensation. He tried to take Tump's visitation casually; he tried to maintain an air of ordinariness.

"Did n't know you were back."

"Yeh, I 's back."

"Have you—been looking for me?"

"Yeh."

"Did n't you know where I was staying?"

"Co'se I did; up 'mong de white folks. You know dey don' 'low no shootin' an' killin' 'mong de white folks." He drew his pistol from the holster with the address of an expert marksman.

Peter stood studying his assailant with a quickening pulse. The glade, the air, the sunshine, seemed suddenly drawn to a tension, likely to break into violent commotion. His abrupt danger brought Peter a feeling of lightness and power. A quiver went along his spine. His nostrils widened unconsciously as he calculated a leap and a blow at Tump's gun.

The soldier took a step backward, at the same time bringing the barrel to a ready.

"Naw yuh don't," he warned sharply. "You t'un roun' an' ma'ch on tuh Niggah Town."

"What for?" Peter still tried to be casual, but his voice held new overtones.

"Because, niggah, I means tuh drap you right on de Main Street uv Niggah Town, 'fo' all dem niggahs what 's been a-raggin' me 'bout you an' Cissie. I 's gwine show dem fool niggahs I don' take no fumdiddles off'n nobody."

"Tump," gasped Jim Pink in a husky voice, "you ought n't shoot Petuh; he mammy jes daid."

"'En she won' worry none. Tu'n roun', Petuh, an' when I says, 'Ma'ch,' you ma'ch." He leveled his pistol. "'Tention! Rat about face!—Ma'ch!"

Peter turned and moved off down the noiseless path, walking with the stiff gait of a man who at any instant expects a terrific blow from behind.

The mulatto walked twenty or more paces amid a confusion of self-protective impulses. He thought of whirling on Tump even at this late date. He thought of darting behind a cedar, but he knew the man behind him was an expert shot, and something fundamental in the brown man forbade him getting himself killed while running away. It was too undignified a death.

Presently he surprised himself by calling over his shoulder, as a sort of complaint:

"How came you with the pistol, Tump? Thought it was against the law to carry one."

"You kin ca'y 'em ef you don' keep 'em hid," explained the ex-soldier in a wooden voice. "Mistah Bobbs tol' me that when he guv my gun back."

The irony of the thing caught Peter, for the authorities to arrest Tump not because he was trying to kill Peter, but because he went about his first attempt in an illegal manner. For the first time in his life the mulatto felt that contempt for a white man's technicalities that flavors every negro's thoughts. Here for thirty days his life had been saved by a technical law of the white men; at the end of the thirty days, by another technical law, Tump was set at liberty and allowed to carry a weapon, in a certain way, to murder him. It was grotesque; it was absurd. It filled Peter with a sudden

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violent questioning of the whole white régime. His thoughts danced along in peculiar excitement.

At the turn of the hill the trio came in sight of the squalid semicircle of Nigger Town. Here and there from a tumbledown chimney a feather of pale wood smoke lifted into the chill sunshine. The sight of the houses brought Peter a sharp realization that his life would end in the curving street beneath him. A shock at the incomprehensible brevity of his life rushed over him. Just to that street, just as far as the curve, and his legs were swinging along, carrying him forward at even gait.

All at once he began talking, arguing. He tried to speak at an ordinary tempo, but his words kept edging on faster and faster.

"Tump, I 'm not going to marry Cissie Dildine."

"I know you ain't, Petuh."

"I mean, if you let me alone, I did n't mean to."

"I ain't gon' let you alone."

"Tump, we had already decided not to marry."

After a short pause Tump said in a slightly different tone:

"'Pears lak you don' haf tuh marry huh—comin' tuh yuh room."

A queer sinking came over the mulatto.

"Listen, Tump. I—we—in my room—we simply talked, that 's all. She came to tell me she was going away. I—I did n't harm her, Tump." Peter swallowed. He despaired of being believed.

But his defense only infuriated the soldier. He suddenly broke into violent profanity.

"Hot damn ye! shut yo' black mouf! Wha 'd I keer wha' che done! You weaned huh away f'om me. She won' speak tuh me! She won' look at me!" A sudden insanity of rage seized Tump. He poured on his victim every oath and obscenity he had raked out of the whole army.

Strangely enough, the gunman's outbreak brought a kind of relief to Peter Siner. It exonerated him. He was not suspected of wronging Cissie; or, rather, whether he had or had not wronged her made no difference to Tump. Peter's crime consisted in mere being, in existing where Cissie could see him and desire him rather than Tump. Why it calmed Peter to know that Tump held no dishonorable charge against him the mulatto himself could not have told. Tump's violence showed Peter the certainty of his own death, and somehow it washed away the hope and the thought of escape.

Half-way down the hill they entered the edge of Nigger Town. The smell of sties and stables came to them. Peter's thoughts moved here and there, like the eyes of a little child, glancing about as it is forced to leave a pleasure-ground.

Peter knew that Jim Pink, who now made a sorry figure in their rear, would one day give a buffoon's mimicry of this, his walk to death. He thought of Tump, who would have to serve a year or two in the Nashville Penitentiary, for the murder of negroes is seldom severely punished. He thought of Cissie. He was being murdered because Cissie desired him.

And then Peter remembered the single bit of wisdom that his whole life had taught him. It was this: no people can become civilized until the woman has the power of choice among the males that sue for her hand.

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The history of the white race shows the gradual increase of the woman's power of choice. Among the yellow races, where this power is curtailed, civilization is curtailed. It was this principle that exalted chivalry. Upon it the white man has reared all his fabric.

So deeply ingrained is it that almost every novel written by white men revolves about some woman's choice of her mate being thwarted by power or pride or wealth, but in every instance the rightness of the woman's choice is finally justified. The burden of every song is love, true love, enduring love, a woman's true and enduring love.

And in his moment of clairvoyance Peter saw that these songs and stories were profoundly true. Against a woman's selectiveness no other social force may count.

That was why his own race was weak and hopeless and helpless. The males of his people were devoid of any such sentiment or self-repression. They were men of the jungle, creatures of tusk and claw and loin. This very act of violence against his person condemned his whole race.

These thoughts brought the mulatto an unspeakable sadness not only for his own particular death, but that this idea, this great redeeming truth, which burned so brightly in his brain, would in another moment flicker out, unrevealed, and be no more.

§ 4

The coughing and rattling of some old motor-car as it rounded the Nigger Town curve delayed Tump Pack's act of violence. Instinctively, the three men waited for the machine to pass before Peter walked out into the road. Next moment it appeared around the turn, moving slowly through the dust and spreading a veritable fog behind it.

All three negroes recognized the first glimpse of the hood and top, for there are only three or four cars in Hooker's Bend, and these are as well known as the faces of their owners. This particular motor belonged to Constable Bobbs, and next moment the trio saw the ponderous body of the officer at the wheel, and by his side sat a woman. As the machine clacked toward them Peter felt a certain surprise to see that it was Cissie Dildine.

The constable in the car scrutinized the black men by the roadside in a very peculiar way. As he came near, he leaned across Cissie and almost eclipsed the girl. He eyed the trio with his perpetual menace of a grin on his broad, red face. His right hand, lying across Cissie's lap, held a revolver. When closest he shouted above the clangor of his engine:

"Now, none o' that, boys! None o' that! You 'll prob'ly hit the gal if you shoot, an' I 'll pick you off lak three black skunks."

He brandished his revolver at them, but the gesture was barely seen, and instantly concealed by the cloud of dust following the motor. Next moment it enveloped the negroes and hid them even from one another.

It was only after Peter was lost in the dust-cloud that the mulatto really divined what was meant by Cissie's strange appearance with the constable, her chalky face, her frightened, black eyes. The significance of the scene grew in his mind. He stood with eyes screwed to slits staring into the apricot-colored dust in the direction of the vanishing noise.

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Presently Tump Pack's form outlined itself in the yellow obscurity, groping toward Peter. He still held his pistol, but it swung at his side. He called Peter's name in the strained voice of a man struggling not to cough:

"Petuh—is Mistah Bobbs done—'rested Cissie?"

Peter could hardly talk himself.

"Don't know. Looks like it."

The two negroes stared at each other through the dust.

"Fo' Gawd's sake! Cissie 'rested!" Tump began to cough. Then he wheezed:

"Mine an' yo' little deal 's off, Petuh. You got to he'p git huh out." Here he fell into a violent fit of coughing, and started groping his way to the edge of the dust-cloud.

In the rush of the moment the swift change in Peter's situation appeared only natural. He followed Tump, so distressed by the dust and disturbed by Cissie that he hardly thought of his peculiar position. The dust pinched the upper part of his throat, stung his nose. Tears trickled from his eyes, and he pressed his finger against his upper lip, trying not to sneeze. He was still struggling against the sneeze when Tump recovered his speech.

"Wh-whut you guess she done, Petuh? She don' shoot craps nuh bootlaig nuh—" He fell to coughing.

Peter got out a handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"Let 's go—to the Dildine house," he said.

The two moved hurriedly through the thinning cloud, and presently came to breathable air, where they could see the houses around them.

"I know she done somp'm; I know she done somp'm," chanted Tump, with the melancholy cadence of his race. He shook his dusty head. "You ain't nevuh been in jail, is you, black man?"

Peter said he had not.

"Lawd! it ain't no place fuh a woman," declared Tump. "You dunno nothin' 'bout it, black man. It sho ain't no place fuh a woman."

A notion of an iron cage floated before Peter's mind. The two negroes trudged on through the crescent side by side, their steps raising a little trail of dust in the air behind them. Their faces and clothes were of a uniform dust color. Streaks of mud marked the runnels of their tears down their cheeks.

The two colored men walked up the little path of the Dildine place, knocked, and waited on the steps for the little skirmish of observation from behinds the blinds. None came. The worst had befallen the house; there was nothing to guard. The door opened as soon as an inmate could reach it, and Vannie Dildine, Cissie's mother, stood before them.

The quadroon's eyes were red, and her face had the moist, slightly swollen appearance that comes of protracted weeping. She looked so frail and miserable that Peter instinctively stepped inside and took her arm to assist her in the mere physical effort of standing.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Dildine?" he asked in a shocked tone. "What 's happened to Cissie?"

Vannie began weeping again with a faint gasping and a racking of her flat chest.

"It 's—it 's—O-o-oh, Petuh!" She put an arm about him and began weeping against him. He soothed

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her, patted her shoulder, at the same time staring at the side of her head, wondering what could have dealt her this blow.

Presently she steadied herself and began explaining in feeble little phrases, sandwiched between sobs and gasps:

"She—tuk a brooch. Kep'—kep' layin' it roun' in—h-huh way, th-that young Sam Arkwright did,—a-an' fin'ly she—she tuk hit. N-nen, when he seen he h-had huh, he said sh-sh-she 'd haf to d-do wh-what he said, aw he 'd sen' huh tuh-tuh ja-a-il!" Vannie sobbed drearily for a few moments on Peter's breast. "Sh-she did fuh uh while; nen sh-she broke off wid h-him, anyhow, an'—an' he swo' out a wa'nt an' sont huh tuh jail!" The mother sobbed without comfort, and finally added, "Sh-she done in a delicate fix now, an' 'at jail gon' be a gloomy place fuh Cissie."

The three negroes stood motionless in the dusty hallway, motionless save for the racking of Vannie's sobs.

Tump Pack stirred himself.

"Well, we got ta git huh out." His words trailed off. He stood wrinkling his half inch of brow. "Ah wondah would dey exchange prisonahs; wondah ef I could go up an' su've out Cissie's tu'm."

"O Tump," gasped the woman, "ef you only could!"

"Ah 'll step an' see, Miss Vannie. At sho ain't no place fuh uh nice gal lak Cissie." Tump turned on his mission, evidently intending to walk to Jonesboro and offer himself in the place of the prisoner.

Peter supported Vannie back into the poor living-room, and placed her in the old rocking-chair before the empty hearth. There was where he had sat the evening Cissie had made her painful confession to him. Only now did he realize the whole of what Cissie was trying to confess.

§ 5

Peter Siner overtook Tump Pack a little way down the crescent opposite the Berry shack. The thoroughfare was deserted, because the weather was cold and the scantily clad children were indoors. However, from every shack came sound of laughing and romping, and now and then a youngster darted through the cold from one hut to another.

It seemed to Peter Siner only a little while since he and Ida May were skittering through wintry weather from one fire to another, with Cissie, a wailing, wet-nosed little spoil-sport, trailing after them. And then, with a wheeling of the years, they were scattered everywhere.

As the negroes passed the Berry shack, Nan Berry came out with an old shawl around her bristling spikes. She stopped the two men and drew them to her gate with a gesture.

"Whauh you gwine?"

"Jonesbuh."

"What you gon' do 'bout po-o-o' Cissie?"

"Gon' see ef the sheriff won' take me 'stid o' Cissie."

"Tha' 's right," said Nan, nodding solemnly. "I hopes he will. You is mo' used to it, Tump."

"Yeh, an' 'at jail sho ain't no place fuh a nice gal lak Cissie."

"Sho ain't," agreed Nan.

Peter interrupted to say he was sure the sheriff would not exchange.

The hopes of his listeners fell.

"Weh-ul," dragged out Nan, with a long face, "of co'se now it 's lak dis—ef Cissie' gon' tuh stay in dat ja-ul,

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she 's gon' need some mo' clo's cep'n what she 's got on—specially lak she is."

Tump stared down the swing of the crescent.

"'Fo' Gawd, dis sho don' seem lak hits right tuh me," he said.

Nan let herself out of the rickety gate. "You niggahs wait heah tull I runs up to Miss Vannie's an' git some of Cissie's clo's fuh you to tote to huh."

Tump objected.

"Jail ain't no place fuh clean clo'es. She jes bettah su've out huh tu'm lak she is, an' wash up when she gits thu."

"You fool niggah," snapped Nan, "she kain't su've out huh tu'm lak she is!"

"Da' 's so," said Tump.

The three stood silent, Nan and Tump lost in blankness, trying to think of something to do for Cissie. Finally Nan said:

"I heah she done commit gran' la'ceny, an' they gon' sen' huh to de pen."

"What is gran' la'ceny?" asked Tump.

"It 's takin' mo' at one time 'an de white folks 'speck you tuh take," defined the woman. "Well, I 'll go git huh clo'es." She hurried off up the crescent.

Peter and Tump waited in the Berry shack for Nan's return. Outside, the Berry shack was the usual clapboarded roof, weather-stained structure; inside, it was dark, windowless, and strong with the odor of black folk. Some children were playing around the hearth, roasting chestnuts. Their elders sat in a circle of decrepit chairs. It was so dark that when Peter first entered he could not make out the little group, but he soon recognized their voices: Parson Ranson, Wince Washington, Jerry Dillihay, and all of the Berry family.

They were talking of Cissie, of course. They hoped Cissie would n't really be sent to the penitentiary, that the white folks would let her out in time for her to have her child at home. Parson Ranson thought it would be bad luck for a child to be born in jail.

Wince Washington, who had been in jail a number of times, suggested that they bail Cissie out by signing their names to a paper. He had been set free by this means once or twice.

Sally, Nan's little sister, observed tartly that if Cissie had n't acted so, she would n't have been in jail.

"Don' speak lak dat of dem as in trouble, Sally," reproved old Parson Ranson, solemnly; "anybody can say 'if.'"

"Sho am de troof," agreed Jerry Dillihay.

"Sho am, black man." The conversation drifted into the endless moralizing of their race, but it held no criticism or condemnation of Cissie. From the tone of the negroes one would have thought some impersonal disaster had overtaken her. Every one was planning how to help Cissie, how to make her present state more endurable. They were the black folk, the unfortunate of the earth, and the pride of righteousness is only to the well placed and the untempted.

Presently Nan came back with a bundle of Cissie's clothes. Tump took the bundle of dainty lingerie, the intimate garments of the woman he loved, and set forth on his quixotic errand. He tied it to his shoulder-holster and set out. Peter went a

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little of the way with him. It was almost dusk when they started. The chill of approaching night stung the men's faces. As they walked past the footpath that led over the Big Hill, three pistol-shots from the glade announced that the boot-leggers had opened business for the night.

Tump paused and shivered. He said it was a cold night. He thought he would like to get a kick of "white mule" to put a little heart in him. It was a long walk to Jonesboro. He hesitated a moment, then turned off the road around the crescent for the path through the glade.

A thought to dissuade Tump from drinking the fiery "singlings" of the moonshiners crossed Peter's mind, but he put it aside. Tump was a habitué of the glade. All the physiological arguments upon which Peter could base an argument were far beyond the ex-soldier's comprehension. So Tump turned off through the dark trees. Peter watched him until all he could see was the white blur of Cissie's underwear swinging against his holster.

§ 6

After Tump's disappearance, Peter stood for several minutes thinking. His brief crusade into Nigger Town had ended in a situation far outside of his volition. That morning he had started out with some vague idea of taking Nigger Town in his hands and molding it in accordance with his white ideas; but Nigger Town had taken Peter into its hands, had threatened his life, had administered to him profound mental and moral shocks, and now had dropped him, like some bit of waste, with his face set over the Big Hill for white town.

As Peter stood there it seemed to him there was something symbolic in his attitude. He was no longer of the black world; he was of the white. He did not understand his people; they eluded him.

He belonged to the white world; not to the village across the hill, but to the North. Nothing now prevented him from going North and taking the position with Farquhar. Cissie Dildine was impossible for him now. Nigger Town was immovable, at least for him. He was no Washington to lead his people to a loftier plane. In fact, Peter began to suspect that he was no leader at all. He saw now that his initial success with the Sons and Daughters of Benevolence had been effected merely by the aura of his college training. After his first misstep he had never rehabilitated himself. He perhaps had a dash of the artistic in him, and the power to mold ideas often confuses itself subjectively with the power to mold human beings. In reality he did not even understand the people he assumed to mold. A suspicion came to him that under the given conditions their ways were more rational than his own.

As for Cissie Dildine, his duty by the girl, his queer protective passion for her—all that was surely past now. After her lapse from all decency there was no reason why he should spend another thought on her. He would go north to Chicago.

The last of the twilight was fading in swift, visible gradations of light. The cedars, the shacks, and the hill faded in pulse-beats of darkness. Above the Big Hill the last umber of day smoldered against a green-blue infinity. Here and there a star pricked the dome with a wintry brilliance.

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Then, somehow, the thought of Cissie looking out on that chilly sky through iron bars tightened Peter's throat. He caught himself up sharply for his emotion. He began a vague defense of the white man's laws on grounds as cold and impersonal as the winter evening. Laws, customs, and conventions were for the strengthening of men, to seed the select, to winnow the weak. It was white logic, applied firmly, like a white man. But somehow the stars multiplied and kept Cissie's image before Peter—a cold, frightened girl, harassed with coming motherhood, peering at those chill, distant lights out of the blackness of a jail.

The mulatto decided to spend the night at his mother's shack. He would do his packing, and be ready for the down-river boat in the morning. He found his way to his own gate in the darkness. He lifted it around, entered, and walked to his door. When he tried to open it, he found some one had bored holes through the shutter and the jamb and had wired it shut.

Peter struck a match to see just what had been done. The flame displayed a small sheet tacked on the door. He spent two matches investigating it. It was a notice of levy, posted by the constable in an action of debt brought against the estate of Caroline Siner by Henry Hooker. The owner of the estate and the public in general were warned against removing anything whatsoever from the premises under penalty exacted by the law governing such offenses. Then Peter untwisted the wire and entered.

Peter searched about on the inside and found the tiny brass night lamp which his mother always had used. The larger glass-bowled lamp was gone. The interior of the hut was clammy from cold and foul from long lack of airing. In the corner his mother's old four-poster loomed in the shadows, but he could see some of its covers had been taken. He passed into the kitchen with a notion of building a fire, but one of the lids of the old step-stove was gone. The greater part of the pans and kettles had disappeared, but the pretty old Dutch sugar-bowl remained on a bare, paper-covered shelf. Negro-like, whatever person or persons had ransacked Peter's home considered the sugar-bowl too fine to take. Or they may have thought that Peter would want this bowl for a keepsake, and with that queer compassion that permeates a negro's worst moments they allowed it to remain. And Peter knew if he raised an outcry about his losses, much of it would be surreptitiously restored, or perhaps his neighbors would bring back his things and say they had found them. They would help him as best they could, just as any one in the crescent would help Cissie as best they could, and would receive her back as one of them when she and her baby were finally released from jail.

They were a queer, queer people. They were a people who would never get on well and do well. They lacked the steel-like edge that the white man achieves. By virtue of his hardness, a white man makes his very laws and virtues instruments to crush and mulct his fellow-man; but negroes are so softened by untoward streaks of sympathy that they lose the very uses of their crimes.

The depression of the whole day settled upon Peter with the deepening night. He held his poor light above

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his head and picked his way to his own room. After the magnificence of the Renfrew manor, it had contracted to a grimy little box lined with yellowed papers. His books were still intact, but Henry Hooker would get them as part payment on the Dillihay place, which Henry owned. On his little table still lay the pile of old examination papers, lists of incoherent questions which somebody somewhere imagined formed a test of human ability to meet and answer the mysterious searchings of life.

Peter was familiar with the books; many of the questions he had learned by rote, but the night and the crescent, and the thought of a pregnant girl caged in the blackness of a jail filled his soul with a great melancholy query to which he could find no answer.

§ 7

Two voices talking, interrupting each other with ejaculations, after the fashion of negroes under excitement, aroused Peter Siner from his sleep. He caught the words: "He did! Tump did! The jailah did! 'Fo' God! black man, whut 's Cissie doin'?"

Overtones of shock, even of horror, in the two voices brought Peter wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. He sat up suddenly in his bed, remained perfectly still, listening with his mouth open. The voices, however, were passing. The words became indistinct, then relapsed into that bubbling monotone of human voices at a distance, and presently ceased.

These fragmentary phrases, however, feathered with consternation, filled Peter with vague premonitions. He whirled his legs out of bed and began drawing on his clothes. When he was up and into the crescent, however, nobody was in sight. He stood breathing the chill, damp air, blinking his eyes. Lack of his cold bath made him feel chill and lethargic. He wriggled his shoulders and considered going back, after all, and having his splash. Just then he saw the Persimmon coming around the crescent. Peter called to the roustabout and asked about Tump Pack.

The Persimmon looked at Peter with his half-asleep, protruding eyeballs.

"Don' you know 'bout Tump Pack already, Mistuh Sinuh?"

"No." Peter was astonished at the formality of the "Mr. Siner."

"Then is you 'spectin' somp'm 'bout him?"

"Why, no, but I was asleep in there a moment ago, and somebody came along talking about Tump and Cissie. They—they are n't married, are they?"

"Oh, no-o-o, no-o-o, no-o-o-o-o." The Persimmon waggled his bullet head slowly from side to side. "I he'ad Tump got into a li'l' trouble wid de jailah las' night."

"Serious?"

"I dunno." The Persimmon closed one of his protruding yellow eyes. "Owin' to whut you call se'ius; maybe whut I call se'ius would n't be se'ius to you a' tall; nen maybe whut you call se'ius would be ve'y insince'ius to Tump." The roustabout's philosophy, which consisted in a monotonous recasting of a given proposition, trickled on and on in the cold wind. After a while it fizzled out to nothing at all, and the Persimmon asked in a queer manner:

"Did you give Tump some women's clo'es, Petuh?"

It was such an odd question that at first Peter was at loss; then he recalled

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Nan Berry's despatching Cissie some underwear. He explained this to the Persimmon, and tacked on a curious, "Why?"

"Oh, nuthin'; nuthin' 't all. Evuh'body say you a mighty long-haided niggah. Jim Pink he tell us 'bout Tump Pack ma'chin' you roun' wid a gun. I sho don' want you evah git mad at me, Mistuh Sinuh. Man wid a gun, an' you tu'n yo' long haid on him an' blow him uhway wid a wad uv women's clo'es. I sho don' want you evuh cross yo' fingahs at me, Mistuh Sinuh."

Peter stared at the grotesque, bullet-headed roustabout.

"Persimmon," he said uneasily, "what in the world are you talking about?"

The Persimmon smiled a sickly, white-toothed smile.

"Jim Pink say yo' aidjucation is a flivvuh. I say, 'Jim Pink, no niggah don' go off an' study fo' yeahs in college what'n he comes back an' kin th'ow some kin' uv a hoodoo oveh us fool niggahs what ain't got no brains.' Now Tump wid a gun, an' you wid jes awdina'y women's clo'es! 'Fo' Gawd, aidjucation is a great thing; sho is a great thing." The Persimmon gave Peter an apprehensive wink and moved on.

There was no use trying to extract information from the Persimmon unless he was minded to give it. His talk would merely become vaguer and vaguer. Peter watched him go, then turned and attempted to throw the whole matter off his mind by assuming a certain brisk Northern mood. He must pack, get ready for the down-river gasolene-launch. The doings of Tump Pack and Cissie Dildine were, after all, nothing to him.

He started inside, when the levy notice on the door again met his eyes. He paused, read it over once more, and decided that he must go over the hill to the Planter's bank and get Henry Hooker's permission to remove certain small personal belongings that he wanted to take with him.

The mere clear-cut decision to go invigorated Peter. Some of the energy that always filled him during his college days in Boston seemed to come to him now from the mere thought of the North. Soon he would be in the midst of it, moving briskly, talking to wide-awake men to whom a slightly unusual English word would not form a stumbling-block to conversation. He set out down the crescent and across the Big Hill at a swinging stride. He was glad to get away.

Beyond the white church on the other side of the hill he heard a motor coming in on the Jonesboro road. Presently he saw a battered car moving around the long swing of the pike spewing a trail of dust down the wind. Its clacking became prodigious.

The mulatto was just entering that indefinite stretch of thoroughfare where a country road becomes a village street when there came a wail of brakes behind him and he looked around.

It was Dawson Bobbs's car. The fat man now slowed up not far from the mulatto and called to him.

"Yes, sir," said Peter.

Dawson bobbed his fat head backward and upward in a signal for Peter to approach. It held the casualness of one certain to be obeyed.

Although Peter had done no crime, nor had even harbored a criminal intention, a trickle of apprehension

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went through him at Bobbs's nod. He recalled Jim Pink's saying that it was bad luck to see the constable. He walked up to the shuddering motor and stood about three feet from the running-board.

The officer bit on a sliver of toothpick that he held in his thin lips.

"Accident up Jonesboro las' night, Peter."

"What was it, Mr. Bobbs?"

"Tump Pack got killed."

Peter continued looking fixedly at Mr. Bobbs's broad, red face. The dusty road beneath him seemed to give a little dip. He repeated the information emptily, trying to orient himself to this sudden change in his whole mental horizon.

The officer was looking at Peter fixedly with his chill slits of eyes.

"Yeh; trying to make a jail delivery."

The two men continued looking at each other, one from the road, the other from the motor. The flow of Peter's thoughts seemed to divide. The greater part was occupied with Tump Pack. Peter could vision the formidable ex-soldier lying dead in Jonesboro jail, with his little congressional medal on his breast. Some lighter portion of his mind flicked about here and there on trivial things. He observed a little hole rusted in the running-board of the motor. He noticed that the officer's eyes were just the same chilly, washed blue as the winter sky above his head. He remembered a tale that before electrocution became a law in Tennessee, the county sheriff's nerve failed him at a hanging, and the constable, Dawson Bobbs, had sprung the drop. There was something terrible about the fat man. He would do anything, absolutely anything, that came to his hands in the way of legal sewage.

In the midst of these thoughts Peter heard himself saying.

"He—was trying to get Cissie out?"

"Yep."

"He—must have been drunk."

"Oh, yeh."

Mr. Bobbs sat studying the mulatto. As he studied him he said slowly:

"Some of 'em say he was disguised as a woman. Others say he had some women's clothes along ready to put on. Now me and the sheriff knowed Tump Pack purty well, Peter, and we knowed that nigger never in the worl' would uh thought up sich a plan by hisself."

He sat looking at Peter so interrogatively that the mulatto began, in a strained, earnest voice, telling the constable precisely what had happened in regard to the clothes.

Mr. Bobbs sat listening impassively, moving his toothpick up and down from one side to the other of his small, thin-lipped mouth. At last he nodded.

"Well, I guess that 's about the way of it. I did n't exactly understand the women's clothes business,—dam' fool disguise,—but we figured it might pop into the head of a' edjucated nigger." He sucked his teeth, reflectively. "Peter," he said at last, "seems to me, if I was you, I 'd drift on away from this town. The niggers around here ain't strong for you now; some say you 're a hoodoo; some say this an' some that. The white folks don't exactly like you trying to get up a cooks' union. It 's your right to do that if you want to, of course, but this is a mighty small city to have unions and things. The fact is, it ain't big enough place for a nigger of yore ability, Peter. I b'lieve, if I was you,

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I 'd jes drift on some'ers else." The officer tipped up his toothpick so that it lifted his upper lip in a little v-shaped opening and exposed a strong, yellowish tooth. At the moment his machine started slowly forward. It gave him the appearance of accidentally rolling off while immersed in deep thought.

§ 8

The death of Tump Pack moved Peter with a sense of strange pathos. He always remembered Tump tramping away through the night to carry Cissie some underclothes and, if possible, to take her place in jail. At the foundation of Tump's being lay a faithfulness and devotion to Cissie that reached the heights of a dog's. And yet, had Tump married Cissie, he might have deserted her, he would probably have beaten her, and he most certainly would have betrayed her many, many times. It was inexplicable.

Now that Tump was dead, the mantle of his fidelity somehow seemed to fall on Peter. For some reason Peter felt that he should assume Tump's place as Cissie Dildine's husband and protector. Had Tump lived, Peter might have gone North in peace, if not in happiness. Now such a journey, without Cissie, had become impossible. He had a feeling that it would not be right.

As for the disgrace of marrying such a woman as Cissie Dildine, Peter slowly gave that idea up. The "worthinesses" and "disgraces" implicit in Harvard atmosphere, which Peter had spent four years of his life imbibing, slowly melted away in the air of Nigger Town. What was honorable there, what was disgraceful there, somehow changed its color here.

By virtue of this change Peter felt intuitively that Cissie Dildine was neither disgraced by her arrest nor soiled by her physical condition. Somehow she seemed just as "nice" a girl, just as "good" a girl, as ever she was before. Moreover, every other darky in Nigger Town held these same instinctive beliefs. Had it not been for that, Peter would have thought it was his passion pleading for the girl, justifying itself by a grotesque morality, as passions often do. But this was not the correct solution. The sentiment was enigmatic. Peter puzzled over it time and time again as he waited in Hooker's Bend for the outcome of Cissie's trial.

The octoroon's imprisonment came to an end on the third day after Tump's death. Sam Arkwright's parents had not known of their son's legal proceedings, and Mr. Arkwright immediately quashed the warrant, and hushed up the unfortunate matter as best he could. Young Sam was suddenly sent away from home to college as the best step in the circumstances. And so the wishes of the adolescent in the cedar-glade came queerly to pass, even if Peter did withold any grave, mature advice on the subject which he may have possessed.

Naturally, there was much mirth among the men of Hooker's Bend and much virulence among the women over the peculiar conditions under which young Sam made his pilgrimage in pursuit of wisdom and morals and the right conduct of life. And life, being problematic and uncertain as it is, and prone to wind about in the strangest way, no one may say with certitude that young Sam did not make a promising start.

Certainly, over the affair the

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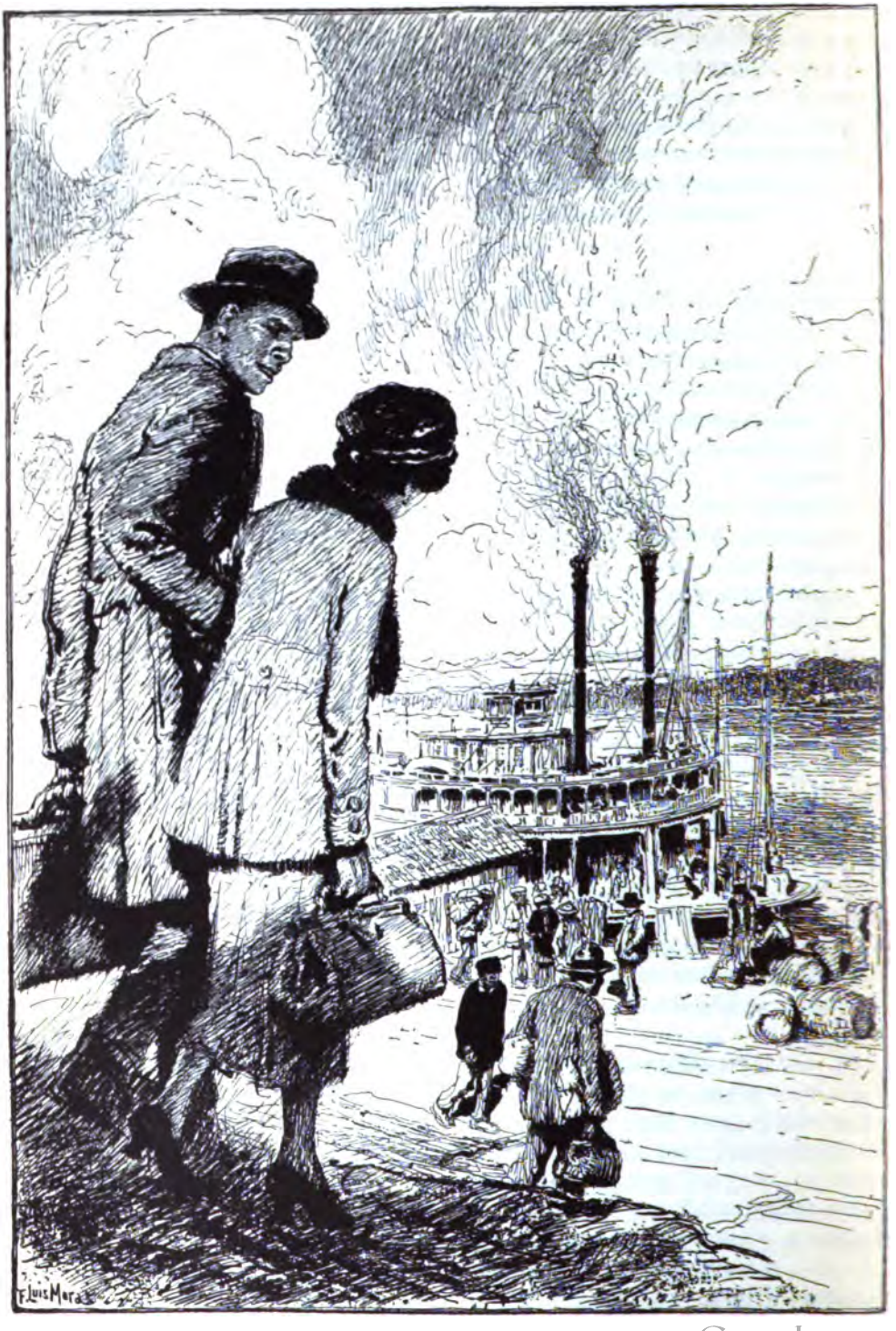

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Knights of the Round Table launched many a quip and jest, but that simply proved the fineness of their sentiments toward a certain delicate human relation which forms mankind's single awful approach to the creative and the holy.

Tump Pack became almost a mythical figure in Nigger Town. Jim Pink Staggs composed a saga relating the soldier's exploits in France, his assault on the jail to liberate Cissie, and his death.

In his songs—and Jim Pink had composed a good many—the minstrel instinctively avoided humor. He always improvised his songs to the sobbing of a guitar, and they were as invariably sad as the poetry of adolescents. It was called "Tump Pack's Lament." The negroes of Hooker's Bend learned it from Jim Pink, and with them it drifted up and down the three great American rivers, and now it is sung by the roustabouts, stevedores, and underlings of our strange black American world.

This song commemorating Tump Pack's bravery and faithfulness to his love may very well take the place of the congressional medal which, unfortunately, was lost on the night the soldier was killed. Between the two, there is little doubt that the accolade of fame bestowed in the buffoon's simple melody is more vital and enduring than that accorded by special act of the Congress of the United States of America.

When Cissie Dildine returned from jail, she and her mother Vannie arranged the Dildine-Siner wedding as nearly according to white standards in similar circumstances as they could conceive. They agreed that it should be a simple, quiet home wedding. However, as every soul in Nigger Town, a number of colored friends in Jonesboro, and a contingent from the up-river villages meant to attend, it became necessary to hold the service in the church.

The officiating minister was not Parson Ranson after all, but a Reverend Cleotus Haidus, the presiding elder of that circuit of the Afro-American Methodist Church, whose duties happened to call him to Hooker's Bend that day. So, notwithstanding Cissie's efforts at simplicity, the wedding, after all, was resolved into an affair.

Once, in one of her moments of clairvoyance, Cissie said to Peter:

"Our trouble is, Peter, we are trying to mix what I have learned in Nashville and what you have learned in Boston with what we both feel in Hooker's Bend. I—I 'm almost ashamed to say it, but I don't really feel sad and plaintive at all, Peter. I feel glad, gloriously glad. Oh, my dear, dear Peter!" and she flung her arms around Peter's neck and held him with all her might against her ripening bosom.

To Cissie her theft, her jail sentence, her pregnancy, were nothing more than if she had taken a sip of water. However, with the imitativeness of her race and the histrionic ability of her sex, she appeared pensive and subdued during the elaborate double ring ceremony performed by the Reverend Cleotus Haidus. Nobody in the packed church knew how tremendously Cissie's heart was beating except Peter, who held her hand.

The ethical engine that Peter had patiently builded in Harvard almost ceased to function in this weird morality of Nigger Town. Whether

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he were doing right or doing wrong, Peter could not determine. He lost all his moorings. At times he felt himself walking according to the ethnological law, which is the Harvard way of saying walking according to the will of God; but at other times he felt party to some unpardonable obscenity. So deeply was he disturbed that out of the dregs of his mind floated up old bits of the Scriptures that he was unaware of possessing: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." And Peter wondered if he were not in that way.

The bridal couple embarked for Cairo on the *Red Cloud*, a packet in the Dubuque, Ohio, and Tennessee River trade. Peter and Cissie were not allowed to walk up the main stairway into the passenger's cabin, but were required to pick their way along the boiler-deck, through the stench of freight, lumber, live stock, and sleeping roustabouts. Then they went through the heat and steam of the engine-room up a small companionway that led through the toilet, on to the rear guard of the main deck, and thence back to a little cuddy behind the main salon called the chambermaid's cabin.

The chambermaid's cabin was filled with the perpetual odor of hot soapsuds, soiled laundry, and the broader smell of steam and the boat's machinery. The little place trembled night and day, for the steamer's engines were just beneath them, and immediately behind them thundered the great stern-wheel of the packet. A single square window in the end of the chambermaid's cabin looked out on the wheel, but at all times, except when the wind was blowing from just the right quarter, this window was deluged with a veritable Niagara of water. The continual shake of the cabin, the creak of the rudder-beam working to and fro, the watery thunder of the wheel, and the solemn rumble of the engines made conversation impossible until the travelers grew accustomed to the noises. Still, Cissie found it pleasant. She liked to sit and look out into the main salon, with its interminable gilded scrolls extending away up the long cabin, a suave perspective. She liked to watch the white passengers dine—the white napery, the bouquets, the endless tables all filled with diners; some swathed in napkins from chin to waistband, others less completely protected. It gave Cissie a certain tang of triumph to smile at the swathed ones and to think that she knew better than that.

At night a negro string-band played for the white excursionists to dance, and Cissie would sit, with glowing eyes, clenching Peter's hand, every fiber of her asway to the music, and it seemed as if her heart would go mad. All these inhibitions, all this spreading before her of forbidden joys, did not daunt her delight. She reveled in them by propinquity.

The chambermaid was a Mrs. Antolia Higgman, a strong, full-bodied *café-au-lait* negress. She was a very sensible woman, and during her work on the boat she had picked up a Northern accent and a number of little mannerisms from the Chicago and St. Louis excursionists, who made ten-day round trips from Dubuque to Florence, Alabama, and return. When Mrs. Higgman was not running errands for the women passengers, she was working at her perpetual laundering.

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At first Peter was a little uneasy as to how Mrs. Higgman would treat Cissie, but she turned out a good-hearted woman, and did everything she could to make the young wife comfortable. It soon became clear that Mrs. Higgman knew the whole situation, for one day she said to Cissie in her odd dialect, burred with Yankeeish "r's" and "ing's":

"These river-r towns, Mrs. Siner-r, are jest like one big village, with the river-r for its Main Street. I know ever-r'thang that goes on, through the cabin boys an' cooks, an'—an'—you cer-rtainly ar-re a dear-r, Mrs. Siner-r," and thereupon, quite unexpectedly, she kissed Cissie.

So on about the second day down the river Cissie dropped her saddened manner and became frankly, freely, and riotously happy. After the fashion of village negresses, she insisted on helping Mrs. Higgman with her work, and, incidentally, she cultivated Mrs. Higgman's Northern accent. When the chambermaid was out on her errands and Cissie found a moment alone with Peter, she would tweak his ear or pull his cheek and provoke him to kiss her. Indeed, it was all the hot, shuddering little laundry-room could do to contain the gay and bubbling Cissie.

Peter thought and thought, resignedly now, but persistently, how this strange happiness that belonged to them both could be. He was content, yet he felt he ought not to be content. He thought there must be something base in himself, yet he felt that he was not. He drank the wine of his honeymoon marveling.

On the morning before the *Red Cloud* entered the port of Cairo Mrs. Higgman was out of the cabin, and Peter stood at the square window of the little cabin, with his arm about Cissie's waist, looking out to the rear of the steamer. A strong east wind blew the spray away from the glass, and Peter could see the huge wheel covered with a waterfall thundering beneath him. Back of the wheel stretched a long row of even waves and troughs. Every seventh or eighth wave tumbled over on itself in a swash of foam. These flashing stern waves strung far up the river. On each side of the great waterway stretched the flat shores of Kentucky and Ohio. Here and there over the broad, clay-colored water moved other boats—towboats, a string of government auto-barges, a snag-boat, another packet.

Peter gave up his question. The curves of Cissie's form in his arm held a sweetness and a restfulness that her maidenhood had never promised. He felt so deeply sure of his happiness that it seemed strange to him that he could not aline his emotions and his mind.

As Peter stood staring up the Ohio River, it occurred to him that perhaps, in some queer way, the morals of black folk were not the morals of white folk; perhaps the laws that bound one race were not the laws that bound the other. It might be that white anathemas were black blessings. Peter thought along this line peacefully for several minutes.

And finally he concluded that, after all, morals and conventions, right and wrong, are merely those precepts that a race had practised and found good in its evolution. Morals are the training rules that keep a people fit. It might very well be that one moral régime is applicable to one race, and quite another to another.

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The single object of all morals is racial welfare, the racial integrity, the breeding of strong children to perpetuate the species. If the black race possess a more exuberant vitality than some other race, then the black would not be forced to practise so severe a vital economy as some less virile folk. Racial morals are simply a question of having and spending within safety limits.

Peter knew that for years white men had held a prejudice against marrying widows. This is utterly without grounds except for one reason—the first born of a woman is the lustiest. Among the still weaker Aryans of India the widows burn themselves. Among certain South Sea Islanders only the first born may live and mate; all other children are slain. Among nearly every white race marriage lines are strictly drawn, and the tendency is to have few children to a family, to conserve the precious vital impulse. So strong is this feeling of birth control that today nearly all American white women are ashamed of large families. This shame is the beginning of a convention; the convention may harden into a cult, a law, or a religion.

And here is the amazing part of morals. Morals are always directed toward one particular race, but the individual members of that race always feel that their brand of morals does and should apply to all the peoples of the earth; so one has the spectacle of nations sending out missionaries and battle-ships to teach and enforce their particular folk-ways. Another queer thing is that whereas the end of morals is designed solely for the betterment of the race, and is entirely regardless of the person, to the conscience of the person morals are always translated as something that binds him personally, that will shame him or honor him personally not only for the brief span of this worldly life, but through an eternity to come. To him, his particular code, surrounded by all the sanctions of custom, law, and religion, appears earth-embracing, hell-deep, and heaven-piercing, and any human creature who follows any other code appears fatally wicked, utterly shameless, and ineluctably lost.

And yet there is no such thing as absolute morals. Morals are as transitory as the sheen on a blackbird's wing; they change perpetually with the necessities of the race. Any people with an abounding vitality will naturally practise customs which a less vital people must shun.

Morals are nothing more than the engines controlling the stream of energy that propel a race on its course. All engines are not alike, nor are all races bound for the same port.

Here Peter Siner made the amazing discovery that although he had spent four years in Harvard, he had come out, just as he went in, a negro.

A great joy came over Peter. He took Cissie whole-heartedly in his arms and kissed again and again the deep crimson of her lips. His brain and his heart were together at last. As he stood looking out the window, pressing Cissie to him, he wondered, when he reached Chicago, if he could ever make Farquhar understand.

(The end of "Birthright")

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The Economic Prospect in Europe

By ALFRED E. ZIMMERN, *Author of* "THE GREEK COMMONWEALTH," *etc.*

EUROPE is sick, and the experts are busy with remedies for her healing. Conference and consortium, deflation and disarmament, an imposed customs union and a disguised protectorate, are among the proffered prescriptions. Some of her advisers, notably those from Great Britain and the United States, who have strong reasons of their own for desiring rapidly to increase Europe's buying power, see the whole Continent sinking into disintegration, and bid us despair of all but the most drastic remedies.

Others, nearer to the scene, like the signatories of the Porto Rosa agreements, or more level-headed, like Mr. Hoover, who grasped and set out the economic facts with all their implications of human suffering, three years ago, when the rulers of Great Britain and America were blind to them, have won through to a relative optimism and bid us recognize, to quote from the recent report of the United States section of the Inter-American High Commission, of which Mr. Hoover is chairman, that "Europe has made great progress in agricultural, industrial, social and political stability since the war."

At such a moment it may be helpful to stand back for a while from the scene and to attempt to secure a general view of the situation. What is the nature of the problem with which the statesmen of Europe and America are confronted? What are the limits within which, whether by conference or otherwise, they can modify the economic situation? And what are the hopes and the dangers involved in concerted operations thus set on foot? It is the object of this article to attempt a brief answer to these questions.

The present distresses of Europe, which have disorganized the commercial life of the whole world, and not least of North America, are not due primarily to this or that act of statesmanship or course of policy since the armistice; still less to any of the peace treaties. They are due primarily to the war. All wars are economically disastrous, and increasingly so in proportion to their length. But it was neither the length of the recent war nor the large area which it covered nor the number of combatants engaged that has caused its consequences to be so catastrophic to the European peoples. It is the character of its strategy. The war was not a contest between two similarly equipped belligerents. It was a contest between land-power and sea-power. It was a siege—a siege in which the besiegers won. And the condition of a besieged area, on the morrow of defeat, is economic exhaustion.

Europe is an industrial continent. Her normal output of food-stuffs leaves one hundred million of her population unprovided for. The deficiency was met by imports from overseas, paid for out of the profits of trade and industry. Thus the siege, by cutting off central Europe from its overseas connections,

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upset the whole economy of the Continent, and the armistice found the blockaded area, a region extending from the occupied district of France to the Baltic republics and Constantinople, not only strictly rationed in respect to foodstuffs, but, what was far worse, denuded of the industrial raw materials needed to recuperate her economic life, and of the credit power needed to secure them.

The issue of the war has proved once and for all that the world is now industrially interdependent, in that no single block of the earth's surface, if it is to maintain a civilized standard of life, to say nothing of an efficient system of defense, can dispense with materials drawn from all quarters of the globe; with the cotton of America and Egypt, the rubber of the tropics, the nickel of Canada, the copra of West Africa, the nitrates of Chile, and the jute of India. The growth of industrialism has made the world a single great society, and any action, such as the late war, which cuts off and isolates any one part of it, causes the severed member to wither. Berlin-Bagdad, boomed in 1915 as a great new land empire, independent of sea-power, the realm of a twentieth-century German Alexander or Napoleon, was soon discovered to be a prison-house in which men lacked the civilized facilities for working, for traveling, for eating, and even for washing. Many a German housewife who listened obediently in the old days to Prussian dreams of conquest knows today that soap depends on sea-power. This revelation of the potentialities of sea-power in modern industrial society opens up large issues of policy.

§ 2

These issues should be understood, and their implications realized, by the English-speaking peoples, for they include a formidable increase in their power as against that of other nations, and therefore also in their international responsibilities. In the realm of strategy the war has already spelled the doom of the idea of naval supremacy by any one power, for such a power, however wisely and pacifically exercised, now that it has been shown what it involves, will not be tolerated by a world of self-respecting sovereign states. It is indeed fortunate for humanity that sea-going peoples have a manly regard for independence and little aptitude for tyranny. Otherwise the world might find itself at the mercy of a fit of naval Napoleonism.

Here, however, we are concerned not with strategy, but with economics. If the siege left Europe exhausted and impoverished, and, as regards a large part of her industrial population, unemployed, how should she extricate herself from her difficulties and once more return to normalcy?

Clear thinkers in 1918 and even before 1918 were in no doubt as to an answer. Hostilities once ended, the wise course, so they argued, was for the besiegers, or rather for the whole outside world, to help to get the besieged population back to work.

If the great schism produced by the war in the world's society was to be reknit, if the life-blood of commerce was once more to pulsate freely through the arteries of the world, steps must be taken to promote the re-stocking of Europe, even at the cost of large credit operations. And the natural organization to undertake this was the much-advertised League of Nations. For it was not a task for this or that nation, still less for those of the besiegers, who were themselves exhausted by the

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struggle. It was a job for the world as a whole, which had profited by the vindication of free government.

The means for carrying out an international scheme of European reconstruction did not require to be improvised. The means existed ready to hand in the Allied Maritime Transport Council. All that the new-born league would have needed would have been to take them over, for the organization devised by the besiegers for the more efficient surveillance of the beseiged area had of necessity included positive agencies which lent themselves to the purpose of reconstruction. The rationing of imports, the control of shipping-space, the selection and apportionment of commodities, in a word, the policy summed up in the phrase, "no cake until all have bread," had already been in operation for some time in the case of the neutral countries bordering the blockaded area. All that was needed was to apply to Germany and the other post-war governments of central and east-central Europe the machinery which had already proved its efficiency in the case of the Scandinavian states, Holland, and Switzerland.

The task was not attempted. The statesmen who might and should have taken the lead failed to rise to the opportunity. The league was a brand-new creation which must not be soiled by taking over tasks and adopting a technic already worked on by others, while the British premier, keener in his sense of an emergency than his American colleague, had turned his vision elsewhere and was organizing an election. Thus it was that, despite a timid effort made by the Italians, and in the face of preparations made by the men who had their hands on the machinery of the blockade, the morrow of the siege, and the succeeding weeks and months, found no scheme of European reconstruction set on foot either by the besieging governments as a whole or by any one among them. Europe was left to get back to work as best she could. Encouragement and facilities for those who could have made best use of them, still less (what would have seemed a sacred duty) immediate aid to the French and Belgian populations who had the ill fortune to dwell on the battle-line of the world's freedom were not given; only charity to the hindmost. They could not have been left to die unheeded; yet charity, thus dispensed, after months of neglect of positive measures, was ill calculated to attract the interest or to spur the activities of those upon whom, in default of the governments, the main burden for the reconstruction of Europe was now to rest—*the capitalists.*

§ 3

The Allied Powers consider that the restoration of the international commerce of Europe, as well as the development of the resources of all countries, is necessary to increase the amount of productive labor and lessen the suffering endured by the European peoples. A common effort by the most powerful States is necessary to render to the European system its vitality which is now paralysed. This effort ought to be applied to the suppression of all obstacles in the way of commerce. It ought to be applied also to granting large credits to the most feeble countries and to the coöperation of all for the restoration of normal production.

So runs the text of the resolution, telegraphed from Cannes on January 6, by which the European states (and, it was hoped, "the most powerful states"

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outside Europe, also) were summoned to a conference at Genoa. What would such a summons have meant in January, 1919? And what does it mean to-day?

In 1919 the first clause in the summons, "the restoration of the international commerce of Europe," would have meant *concerted provision of raw material.* It would have involved the maintenance, for a brief transition period and with the necessary adaptations, of the interallied system of control over raw materials, and its extension, linked with a scheme of reparation to the populations of the invaded regions, to all the European states.

In 1919 the second clause, "a common effort by the most powerful states," would have meant *concerted provision of credits.* It would have involved the working out of a credit scheme which would have enabled the new democratic governments of central Europe, then fighting for their lives against Bolshevism and anarchy, to provide work and hope for their peoples. It would have dried up the morass of unemployment which drove thousands of decent citizens desperate and led some of the new governments, in self-defense, to dress their unemployed in uniforms and to inculcate an intolerant nationalism as an antidote to revolution.

In 1919 the third clause, "The suppression of all obstacles in the way of commerce," would have meant *concerted provision for freedom of commercial intercourse.* It would have involved not indeed the suppression of all European custom-houses or the refusal of fiscal freedom to the newly liberated states, but at least a coöperative spirit and plan in European fiscal policy. It would have prevented the orgy of unneighborliness which resulted in the Danube valley and elsewhere from the fact that every state was thrown upon its own devices and left to help itself as best it could, with the result that it had to mobilize what bargaining power it possessed in its own natural resources.

§ 4

Very different is the situation in 1922. In the first place, the new governments, then precariously established and working with improvised and necessarily inefficient staffs, are now firmly established. In 1919 there were twelve new administrations in the blockaded area with whom the Allies had to deal—in Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Poland, Rumania, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland. There is no one of these who might not at that time have been willing to accept some limitation upon its sovereignty in order to extricate itself from its immediate difficulties and to assure its survival and the survival of the cause it represented. Commercial conventions, providing if not for the free-trade union advocated by Mr. Keynes, at least for a common European policy in transport and other questions during the transition period, could have been evolved without undue difficulty.

But now the position has changed. The red cloud in the East has ceased to terrify. Conditions have solidified. Men's minds, no longer confused and distraught by the rush of events, have had time to become accustomed to the new frontiers. They are realizing that the map of the treaties has come to stay. Those who used to gibe at the

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impossible shape of Czecho-Slovakia are remembering the far more grotesque conformation of the old Austria, which weathered many storms; and those who predicted a speedy fourth partition of Poland are realizing that in Poland, as in Ireland, the twentieth century is not the eighteenth.

Moreover, a spirit of dignity and self-respect has been developed which is likely to resent anything savoring of dictation by the Western powers. Its most significant manifestation, the Little Entente of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania, represents a movement of emancipation from the tutelage of London and Paris, and the transformation of what used to be a mere provincial slogan, "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples," into something more nearly resembling a Monroe Doctrine. British and American writers who still talk comprehensively of "Europe" and "the Continent" should realize that, in Europe as in the United States, a process of regional crystallization is taking place, and that the great east-central area, extending from the Baltic to the Adriatic and the Black Sea, consisting of the Western Slav peoples and their non-Teutonic neighbors, intends to speak with a voice of its own. It is at this moment the most vigorous, the most forward-looking, the most American portion of the Old World.

In the second plan, the work that could have been undertaken in 1919 by governmental agencies, whether national or international, has now been undertaken, piecemeal, but yet not ineffectively, by means of private capital. The Europe which the Big Three abandoned in 1919 was like a vast undeveloped area, a Morocco or a Mesopotamia, awaiting the irrigation of investment. And in Europe, as in Asia and in Africa, the demand brought the supply, and concession-hunters, some of them clothed in Y. M. C. A. uniforms, others more decorously clad, flocked to the pickings.

Through transactions which individually were not recorded in the daily papers, but the cumulative effect of which has been steadily making itself felt, raw material and coal have found their way to the empty factories, good leather belting has replaced the shoddy substitute put in during the siege, transport facilities have been repaired, extended, and in part revolutionized, and the productive machine has once more been set in motion. The result is that President Harding, addressing a gathering of American farmers, can point to great European waterway schemes as an example and a stimulus for the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence project, and that the figures recently published by the League of Nations show an unemployment rate for the summer of 1921 in Germany of 2.2 per cent., compared with 13 per cent. for Great Britain and 26 per cent. for Sweden. "You reduced us to beggary and left us to die," remarked an Austrian business man bitterly to the present writer at Vienna last August, "but we have a shot left in our locker yet. He laughs last who laughs longest. Wait and see who it is that the war has ruined!"

The Genoa Conference was not then devised, as such a conference might have been devised in 1919, to promote the economic reconstruction of the besieged area, but to rescue the besiegers themselves from the plight in which their short-sightedness has involved them. The peoples of central and east-central Europe are now working and selling instead of idling or begging or

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fighting; but they are not buying, or, rather, they are not buying where they used to buy, from the old workshops of the West. The two million unemployed in Great Britain represent the shrinkage of Great Britain's once profitable European market. Can she recover it, and with it her old predominant commercial position, or are we face to face with a permanent change in the current of the world's commerce, and must British manufacturers and workmen confront the prospect of permanent reductions in the volume of business and in the margin available for salaries and wages, together with a wholesale emigration? This is the terrible problem, the problem of what Lord Derby has well called the devastated area from Liverpool to Manchester and beyond, that haunts the politician who deliberately rejected the healing policies of a Lincoln in 1919. The same problem, though on a lesser scale, owing to the size of her internal market, is also facing the United States.

§ 5

There are two answers to this problem. The first is currency; the second is national service. It is with the first alone that an international conference held at this date can deal.

No one of the states of continental Europe, we are told, is balancing its budget. How, then, are they meeting their expenses? By the aid of the printing-press. Some of them, like Germany, Austria, and Poland, are printing paper money on a huge scale; others, such as Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, have attempted to set limits to the process. But the cumulative effect is undeniable. The public finances and the currencies of continental Europe are in inextricable confusion.

But this does not mean that the countries themselves are in confusion or unable to do business with countries of stabler and less debased currency. The internal effect of paper money is to levy a tribute, for the benefit of the government, on all who possess such money or securities quoted in terms of it. In other words, it taxes the *ventier*, or stock-holder, so to speak, automatically clipping piece after piece off every dollar that he possesses in the bank. To those whose money is stagnant, particularly to the old, the retired, to widows and other women with small incomes, the process, if carried as far as it has been carried in some countries, means nothing less than ruin. The dollar in the bank is reduced to a minute fraction of a cent. But to those who turn over their money rapidly and have the power, by bargaining or price-fixing, to adjust their earnings to its real value, inflation is not ruinous, but merely inconvenient, and the inconvenience arises more from the rapid oscillations of the national currency than from its actual decline in value. Central and east-central European countries are doing a large export business, so large that special anti-dumping legislation has been enacted against it in Great Britain, and they are doing it in terms of the currency of the countries to which the goods are sent, in dollars or sterling as the case may be. The same practice was followed by merchants in Central and South America in similar circumstances in times past.

But if their citizens can do good business and can undersell their Western competitors, it is obvious that the governments themselves cannot continue indefinitely to meet their obligations in this dangerously convenient

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manner. Some way must ultimately be found of disposing of this vast accumulation of paper-money and of putting the public finances of the European states once more on a sound basis. This is eminently a subject for a general European discussion, although not necessarily at what Lord Grey has called a "lime-light" conference; nor are precedents wanting in the history of France and of North and South America for its solution. But such a solution, however desirable both for Europe and for general world stability, will not restore to Great Britain and America the European markets they have lost; for the competition to which they are exposed is due to more deep-lying causes than a mere cheapening through inflation of the cost of production among their rivals. It is due to the strength of the spirit of national industrial service. To understand the full significance of this, a few words of retrospect are needed.

§ 6

For the last three or four generations, unmistakably since the eighteen-seventies, intermittently since 1848, the predominant "progressive" force in European politics has been the socialist movement. It was a movement of town workmen protesting against the unfreedom and inhumanity of the growing industrial system, and its most resounding slogan was "the class-war"—the war between the wage-earning class, "the proletariat," and the "bourgeois," or stock-holder, who owned the instruments and capital resources of production. It taught men to despise the appeal of nationality and patriotism, to recognize their common interest with "wage-slaves" in all parts of the world, and to look forward with Messianic hope to a revolution which would sweep away the oppressors and establish the proletariat in the seat of power.

The war has given European socialism its death-blow. Events, which seemed for a brief period to be leading it to victory, have destroyed the authority which it exercised over the mind of the common man. The debacle is due to a variety of causes. The war itself involved an immense resurgence of the civic obligation, the traditional patriotism, latent in all classes, not least in the working class. Then, as the struggle proceeded, government control more and more superseded the well worn and much abused system of private management; and face to face with bureaucracy, the worker, always a conservative at heart, began to think more closely over the implications of socialization. Then, after an intolerable strain, came "the revolution," bringing with it not only in Russia, but in Germany, in Austria, and in Hungary, governments manned by socialists.

But they brought neither freedom nor happiness. They were, in fact, tied hand and foot by their dependence on oversea resources, and the "comrades" from abroad showed no disposition to help them. Help came at length, as has been described, through the despised machinery of capitalism, but it was help not to this or that class, but to employer and worker in a common need. Out of that common need is springing a common creed. Democratic, industrial thinkers in a Europe in which the *ventier* is prostrate and the relations of social classes have been transformed, are going back behind Karl Marx and his "class struggle" to the great liberal prophet Maz-

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zini, and finding in his gospel of industry as a coöperation in national service an inspiration for the life of their newly liberated communities.

This is a spirit against which the narrow, self-regarding routine of the older industrial peoples, for all their inherited skill, will compete in vain. What is needed in Great Britain and America to meet the industrial nationalism of the new democracies on equal terms is not subsidies to exporters or vast new syndicates, still less anti-dumping laws, but a return to the spirit of the Rochdale pioneers.

§ 7

This new spirit of economic nationalism is fed from a source which constitutes one of the chief dangers involved in the Genoa Conference project—the fear of domination by what the conference summons describes as "the most powerful states." The wheels of industry have been set revolving in central and east-central Europe largely by means of foreign capital. But that capital and the men behind it are not loved either by business men or workmen in the lands they invade, and the continuance of their power and, it need not be said, any attempt to extend it either through the control of national utilities or in the field of politics will lead to movements of national dignity and self-respect similar to that which in France, for a lesser cause, overthrew the Briand cabinet.

Europe from the Rhine to the Danube may have needed the irrigation of investment, but it is not a Mesopotamia, and Western bankers and captains of industry cannot hope to bestride it with majestic port and with exhortations to standardization and efficiency devised primarily in their own interest. This is the danger latent —sometimes indeed, to the student of manners, only too little latent—in proposals for syndicates and consortiums. Unless such schemes are devised with a scrupulous regard for the national independence of the democratic states concerned (Russia must, in this connection, be left out of account), they will not only fail, but they will stir up feelings of resentment that may retard necessary reforms. The new republics in Europe do not intend to be half-slave and half-free, politically independent, but economically subservient to Western interests. As matters are developing, it is not improbable that the faith and fervor that have been abundantly poured out on the socialist movement will be transferred to the struggle against a European Wall Street. If so, and if the big interests take up the challenge, there can be no doubt as to the outcome, for the peoples of Europe have not shaken off Prussian militarism in order to let themselves be enmeshed in the more insidious empire of Big Business. And the peoples of America and Great Britain who have given of their best to make the world safe for democracy will be wise to watch with jealous eye the waking of the "International Finance Corporation" and other similar projected experiments, and to insure that their governments lend it no support which tends directly or indirectly to undermine the new-won liberties of Europe.

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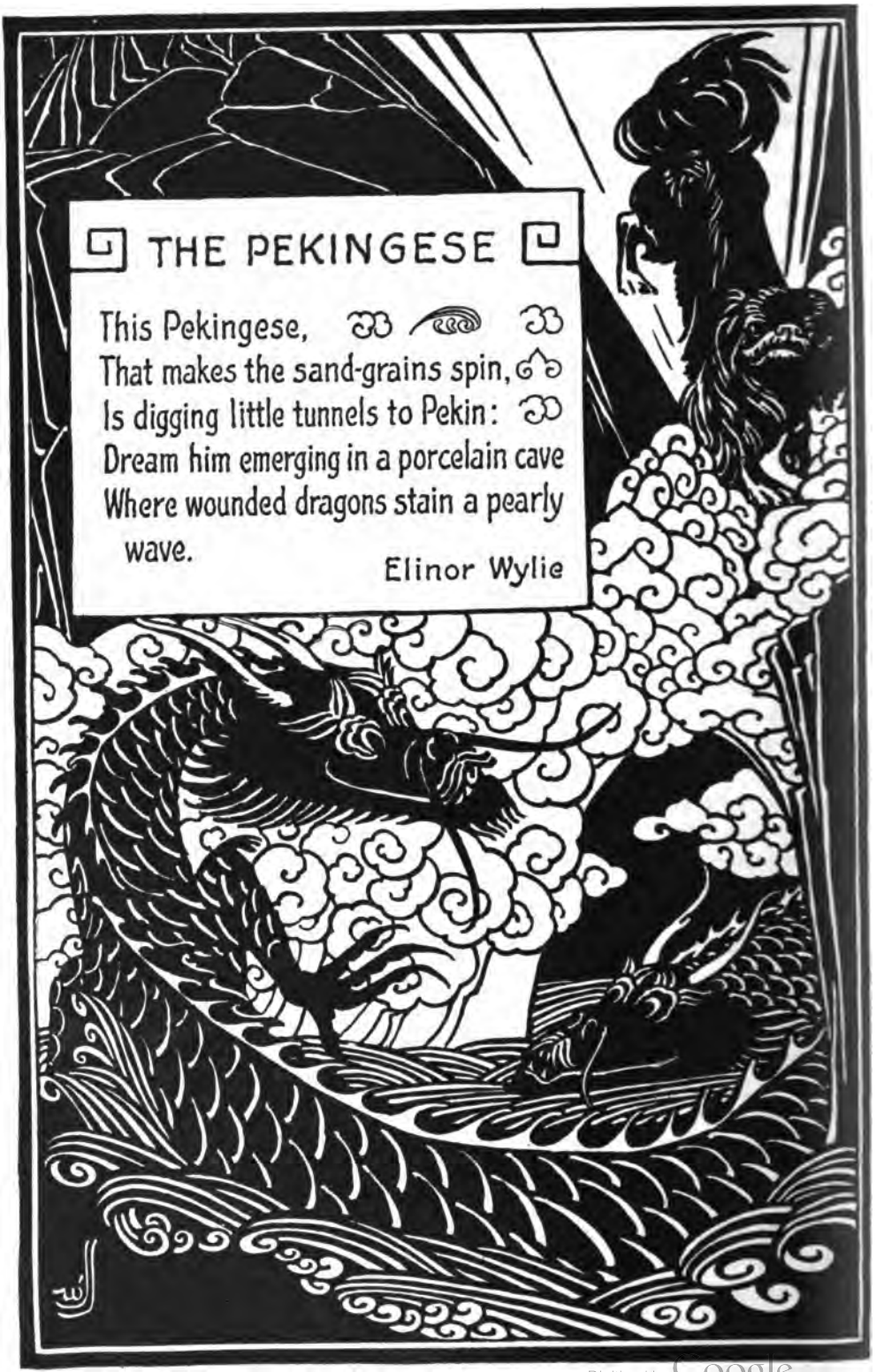

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French and English Railroads

By Edward Hungerford

I went to Europe to see what Europe could teach us in the matter of railroad administration. The one thing that impressed me most was the regional arrangement of railroads in France, the way England is undertaking to learn from France in this matter, and its implications for American railroading.

In England, where the railroad as we know it to-day was born, the conditions of its infancy were much the same as in the United States. In continental Europe, however, the creation, location, and expansion of railroad systems have been dictated by military needs and strategy. But despite the fact that European railways in their needs and their opportunities are different from ours, there is much that American railroaders might learn from Europe.

Central and eastern Europe, still in transportation chaos, gave little or nothing to one who wished to see their railways under normal conditions. But in England, in France, in Spain, and in Italy the railways were functioning effectively, when one considered the great burden recently put upon them. Spain and Italy, however, may be dismissed from this study. Neither the density of population nor the traffic conditions of those countries makes their transport problems of great suggestive value to the United States.

The area of France is about equal to that of the five great industrial States reaching from New York to Chicago—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. This portion of the United States contains about thirty-five millions of people; France about forty millions. Yet France has approximately twice the railroad mileage. The French have covered their area pretty evenly with their rail transport. We have not. In these five industrial States of ours there is in many cases gross duplication and excess of plant, usually due to overstimulated competition, and in other instances territories are inadequately provided with railroad facilities.

England, like the United States, built her transport plant to meet the exigencies of actual conditions from year to year. Add to this her great irregularity of conformation, the fact that London, her traffic hub, is nowhere near the center of the congested area, but is in the southeastern corner of it, and the fact that her other great cities, seaports, and inland industrial centers are scattered here, there, and everywhere as the chance fortune of long centuries dictated, and are separated by high ridges of mountainous hills, and you have a transport problem that would bewilder the wisest traffic experts were they commissioned to devise an entirely new railway system for the country.

Of course no such wise or scientific scheme of planning England's railways

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was ever possible. Like *Topsy*, they "just growed." About twenty years ago, when the last of the trunk-lines forced its way into London, the competitive development of the English railway system was virtually ended. The strategy of thrusting a new line here, of building a connection there, of piercing into this town or that, to get the business away from the other road, then became history.

Yet this clumsy competitive system of building railways has not given England a really adequate rail-transport plant. Great industrial regions, like those around London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, or Sheffield, and her coal districts, are oft-times more than adequately provided with railways. But there are regions of the small island—to traverse its extreme length one goes a distance roughly equal to that from New York to Buffalo—that are not even to-day adequately provided with rail transport. These districts are, it is true, rather thin picking. The competitive system has passed them by. The more competitive system puts railroads where profits are easiest and biggest; it does not plan comprehensively for meeting adequately the public need.

§ 2

In France the development of the railroad proceeded far more slowly. From the beginning the French Government saw to it that French railways were planned primarily to meet military necessities, it is true, but also to serve its peace-time purposes. If government action at first retarded railroad construction, it also resulted in giving France the best national plan of rail transport in the world. In 1842, thirteen years after the beginnings of railway development in England, a statute was passed determining the direction the principal French railway lines should take, with the result that the uneconomical duplication of the rail systems of both the United States and England was almost entirely avoided. Within the next three or four years definite beginnings were made in the regional allotment of the land to the seven railway systems, or *réseaux*, which have continued to the present with only one or two important changes.

In contrast to England and Scotland, France presents an almost ideal field of the primary planner of railroad lines. If Paris, the commercial and social hub of France, is not in the precise center of the republic, it is at least near enough to permit the devising of a railway plan in which most of the chief lines form roughly the spokes of a great wheel radiating out from that city as a hub. Five of the regional systems of France—the *Nord*, the *Est*, the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean, the Paris-Orleans, and the *Etat*—operate these great spokes.

Until a little more than a decade ago the government railway,—the *Etat*,—had been the least important of all the French properties. Its lines, reaching down chiefly into the rather poor districts of the Vendée and the Charente, were also distinctly unprofitable. In 1908 Georges Clemenceau succeeded in extending the beneficent influence of the state to the almost equally unfortunate *Ouest* system. Since then the State Railway of France has become distinctly important geographically and politically, but not particularly so in any other way. Its annual deficit has never been overcome.

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At the present moment, however, all French railways are operating at a loss, variously figured at from a million francs a day upward. Since the beginning of the Great War a total deficit of something considerably over a billion dollars has been achieved. But the dividends of the privately owned and operated roads are guaranteed by the Government, under special legislation that dates as far back as 1857. In the early days of the war, when even the formerly profitable *Nord*, *Est*, and P. L. M. began to run heavy deficits, special legislation for the maintenance of dividends was hurried through the Government to insure the continued interest in the proper operation of the essential lines of rail transport. The taxpayer paid the difference. Wages increased 327 per cent. in six years. Due chiefly to France's very literal interpretation of her new eight-hour law, railroad staffs increased from 355,000 to nearly 500,000, or about forty-one per cent. And despite an increase of twenty-five per cent. in freight and passenger rates,—latterly increased to seventy or eighty per cent. for passenger and 140 per cent. for freight,—the operating ratio of her railways swung from fifty-seven per cent. in 1913 to the ridiculous and impossible figure of 125 per cent. in 1920.

In my opinion it is the simple and economic placing of the railway lines that has enabled the French transportation system to withstand the terrific burdens placed upon it in the last seven years.

§ 3

We have likened the main lines of the *Nord*, the *Est*, the P. L. M., the Paris-Orleans, and the *Etat* to the spokes of a great wheel, with Paris as the hub. Outside of these five greatest regions there lie two others, the *Midi* and the recently acquired lines of Alsace-Lorraine. The first of these serves the important territory just north of the Pyrenees; the second, the territory of Alsace-Lorraine. The ultimate operating plan of the lines in Alsace and in Lorraine has not, at the moment of writing, been determined. These lines may be between the *Est* and the P. L. M., but it is more than likely that they will continue to be operated as a separate system. France long ago saw the viciousness of bringing too large a railway property under a single operating direction.

The French plan is, therefore, almost perfectly regional. The only important exceptions are the long arm of the Paris-Orleans going at right angles to the parent stem up into the heart of the *Etat* territory (to Nantes and to Brest), and the rather roundabout line of the *Etat* from Paris to Bordeaux, the chief external point of the Orleans system.

Here, then, is regional railway operation brought almost to completeness, with competition all but eliminated. Competition, of course, is never completely eliminated. If the Paris-Orleans no longer reached Nantes, or the *Etat*, Bordeaux; if every mile of rail were brought under a single autocratic head, the competition of her unified railway with those outside the republic would remain; and within France the natural competition of rival towns for the traffic of Paris would remain. East would compete with West, and North with South. But it is possible to remove the manifestly unintelligent aspects

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and the obvious extravagances of competition in transport. We can cease to regard the motor-truck, the inland-waterway barge, the interurban trolley, and the steam railroad train as competitors, and begin to see that both public service and private profit are enhanced by an intelligent correlation of all these. We can begin by regarding the railroads, at least, as a single efficient one of these agents, and not a lot of quarreling small boys dissipating their energy in trivial disputes.

The division of French railways into seven carefully correlated operating units is for the purpose of proper supervision only. But even in a regional scheme there must be an effective centralization of functions, notably financing, traffic solicitation and control, and the staff study of advanced operating methods of every sort.

In the standardization of operating methods and practices much has been done in France. The *Etat*, the *Midi*, the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean, and the Alsace-Lorraine already have formed for this purpose an organization with the rather formidable title of "L' Office Central d'Etudes du Matériel de Chemins de Fer." This organization is divided into four departments, one in charge of tests, one of locomotive design, a third of car design, and a fourth to handle railway electrification.

Progress already has been made in drawing up plans for various types of standard locomotives. A study has also been made of standard designs for freight-cars of special types, such as tank-cars, steel-cars, and the like. Some very interesting tests have been made of refrigerator-cars for the movement of fish and fruits. Incidentally, it may be said that prior to the coming of the Great War there was little or no refrigerator-car movement in France or anywhere else in Europe, and this despite the remarkable advances made in the United States in this form of traffic for at least a dozen or fifteen years before. To move safely certain low-test materials for the manufacture of military explosives across tropic seas it was necessary for one or two French manufacturers to produce ships equipped with elaborate refrigerating devices. The technical knowledge which these men gained in the manufacture of ice-making machinery they are now prepared to turn to good account in the production of refrigerator-cars, for the rapid development of France's wonderful new territory south of the Mediterranean promises a growing area sufficient to produce plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables not only for her cities, but for those of a large part of the rest of western Europe as well.

Perhaps the most interesting work yet done by this central office, however, has been in the development of electricity as a practicable working power for their lines. As yet they have lagged in this work. The *Etat* operates a dozen miles of electric standard railway between Paris and Versailles, the comparatively new Paris terminal of the Paris-Orleans has electric operation for perhaps another dozen miles outside of the Gare d'Orsay. There are a few isolated electric high-speed lines here and there across the face of the land. In these things the French move slowly, but they generally move pretty thoroughly. They have developed a very suggestive plan for the

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electrification of at least one third of their entire railway mileage.

As a beginning, a bill was passed in May, 1921, authorizing a company to develop the vast potentialities of the Rhone water-power. It is estimated that this enterprise alone will save France six millions of tons of coal a year, a considerable factor in a country which does not in an average year consume much over sixty million tons.

The new scheme will mean the immediate construction of eighteen great power-houses along the upper reaches of the river, with a total development of 1,100,000 horse-power. The chief users of this huge supply of clean and inexhaustible power will be the city of Paris, and the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway. It is proposed to electrify all the rail lines in the huge quadrilateral between Bellegarde, Lyons, Marseilles, and Vintimille.

In the opinion of distinguished French engineers this single enterprise will be far the greatest, from an economic point of view, ever undertaken in France. Yet it is only the beginning. The Paris-Orleans has also ambitious plans, under which it expects to bring water-generated electric energy to more than half of its 3250 miles of line. The Midi, running for miles along the bases of the Pyrenees, has abundant opportunities for this cheap motive power.

Yet important as this economic venture will prove for France, it is secondary to the wisdom long ago displayed in the planning of the sensible arrangement of her regional railways. France started right, and is to-day reaping the benefit of her wise start. To-morrow, when her other economic conditions have been readjusted, she will reap a far greater benefit. The largest achievements of her regional plan are still in the future.

§ 4

England has long since seen in the French solution of the extravagant luxury of railway duplication her own salvation. It is probable that, but for the war, the Englishman would still be enjoying the wasteful luxury of the excess service which his extravagant competitive system, very much like our own, had given him for many years.

To meet the burden placed upon her railways by the war, England put them under governmental control at the outset, and their services, aside from military ones, were cut to the bone. Such luxuries as three trains to the hour in each direction between Liverpool and Manchester were immediately abolished. Under a coöperative plan the trains between those two great English cities were placed in a triple alternation, which gave virtually the same headway between them, but with an operation of a little less than one third the former number of trains. The passenger was merely asked to show enough ordinary intelligence to study time-tables and find from which three passenger terminals his train of a given hour would start.

The astonishing feature of the entire thing was the lack of complaint from the traveling public that followed this wholesale reduction of train service. Everywhere throughout England it was the same.

England has learned a lesson from this, and will never go back to the old extravagances of unbridled transport competition and duplication. Since the signing of the armistice, her railway services, both passenger and

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freight, have been increased, but nowhere near the point that they had reached in 1913. Fine frills, like the running of fast non-stop expresses between London and the ocean landing at Fishguard, in South Wales, to cite a single instance out of many, have been abandoned. The enforced economies following the war, and the increase in the cost of labor, of fuel, and of raw material, do not encourage frills. The demand for sweeping permanent economies resulted in the passage of the important Railways Act by Parliament in August, 1921.

To bring fifty-four almost entirely competitive railways into four almost non-competitive ones and to insure a governmental control of rates and other charges sufficient to bring the constituent roads a rate of return equal to that which they were receiving in 1913—here in brief is the chief purpose of the Railways Act.

I cannot here go into the intimate details of the regional arrangement involved in this Railways Act. Its details would be interesting only to the expert, anyway. It is enough to say that four railways were created out of fifty-four, or 24,500 miles of line as compared with the 29,000 miles of French railway. The groupings have taken the names of the Southern, the Northeastern, the Eastern, and East Scottish, the Western and the Northwestern, Midland, and West Scottish groups respectively. The smaller and comparatively unimportant lines of the country fall easily into some one of these four great regions. Some of the many details of the actual working out of the English situation are vital to us because they are details that we shall be compelled to face in the remaking of our own national railroad structure. The Railways Act, after outlining rather precisely the geography of the regional groupings, sets up an amalgamation tribunal consisting of three commissioners, who will approve and confirm the amalgamation schemes submitted to them. This tribunal is to be a court of record and is to have an official seal. Its decisions are subject to a review by the Court of Appeal, whose decision is to be final unless it gives leave to carry it up to the House of Lords.

It is expected that the work of this tribunal will be finished early in 1923, so that the new groups may begin active operations upon July 1 of that year.

It is not possible in the limits of a single article to go into all of the valuable suggestions English railway operation offers to Americans. It would be interesting to tell of the development of electrification upon the standard lines, of the work of the distinguished American electrical engineers who have been busy for some time devising a scheme for the operation of every mile of English railway by electric power, of the simplification and economy of terminal operations, and of the facility of small goods-wagons for short-haul traffic. Interesting as all these would be, the single matter of her regional development holds, I think, the most valuable suggestion for us.

France has proved almost beyond doubt the value of the regional system; England now falls in line. The United States will be next in turn. The possibilities of the regional plan as the basis of a reorganization of American railroads, the greatest of immediate economies, I shall discuss next month in the last of these articles.

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Spanish Sketches by Ernest D. Roth

These quick drawings by Mr. Roth, although only preliminary sketches from life for his etching work, show much of the exquisite delicacy of line and patient fidelity of the artist's hand—delicacy and fidelity that gain immensely in the richer medium of needle and copper, though both in drawing and etching there are amazing sureness and vitality, strong suggestion of color and hot sunshine and transparent shadow, and always lasting charm. Mr. Roth has recently returned from Spain, and his new work is proving even finer than his well known Italian scenes.

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Cuenca, perched high on the table-lands of central Spain

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The cliff-dwellers of Cuenca

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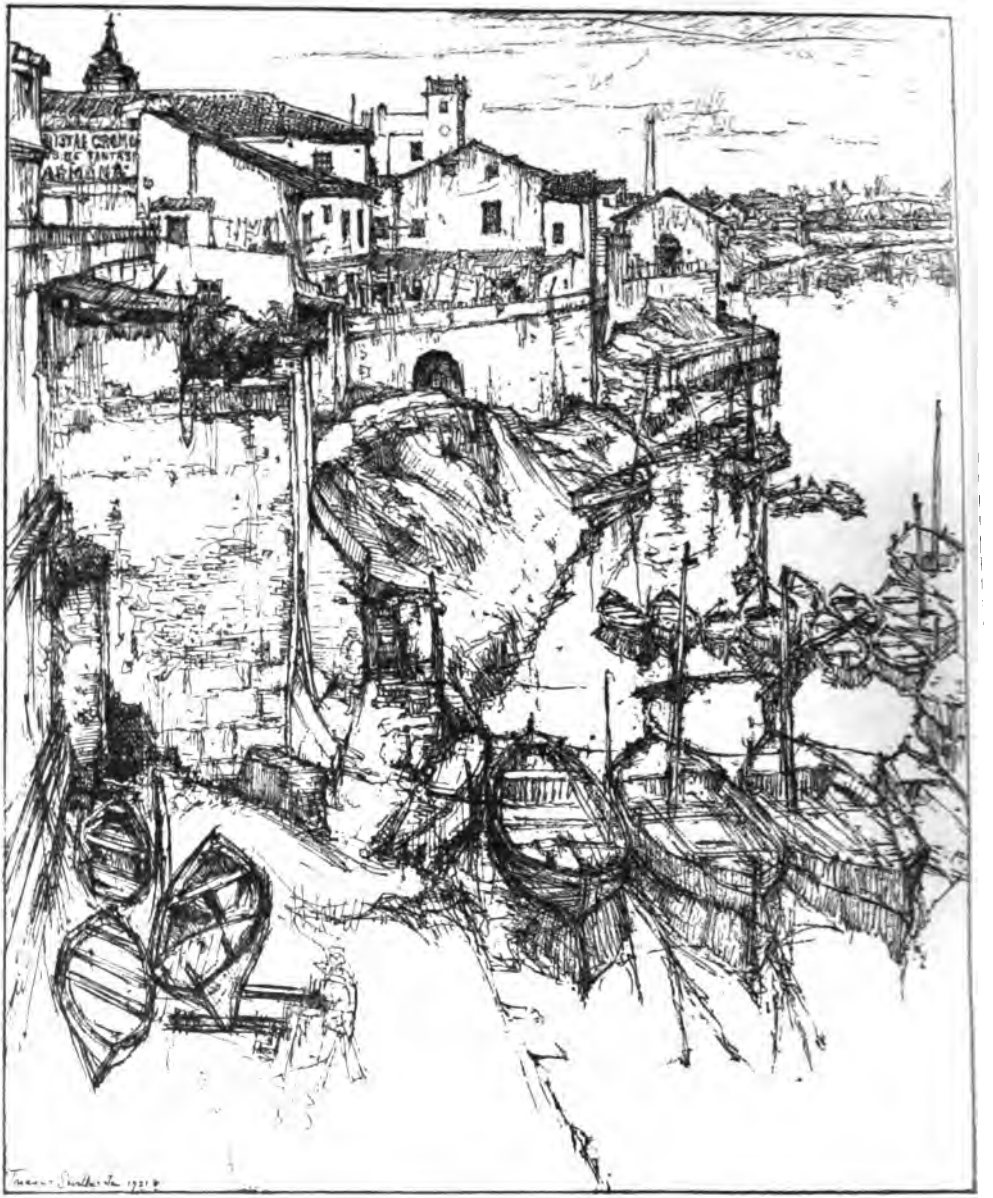

Triana, on the Guadalquivir, a suburb of Seville

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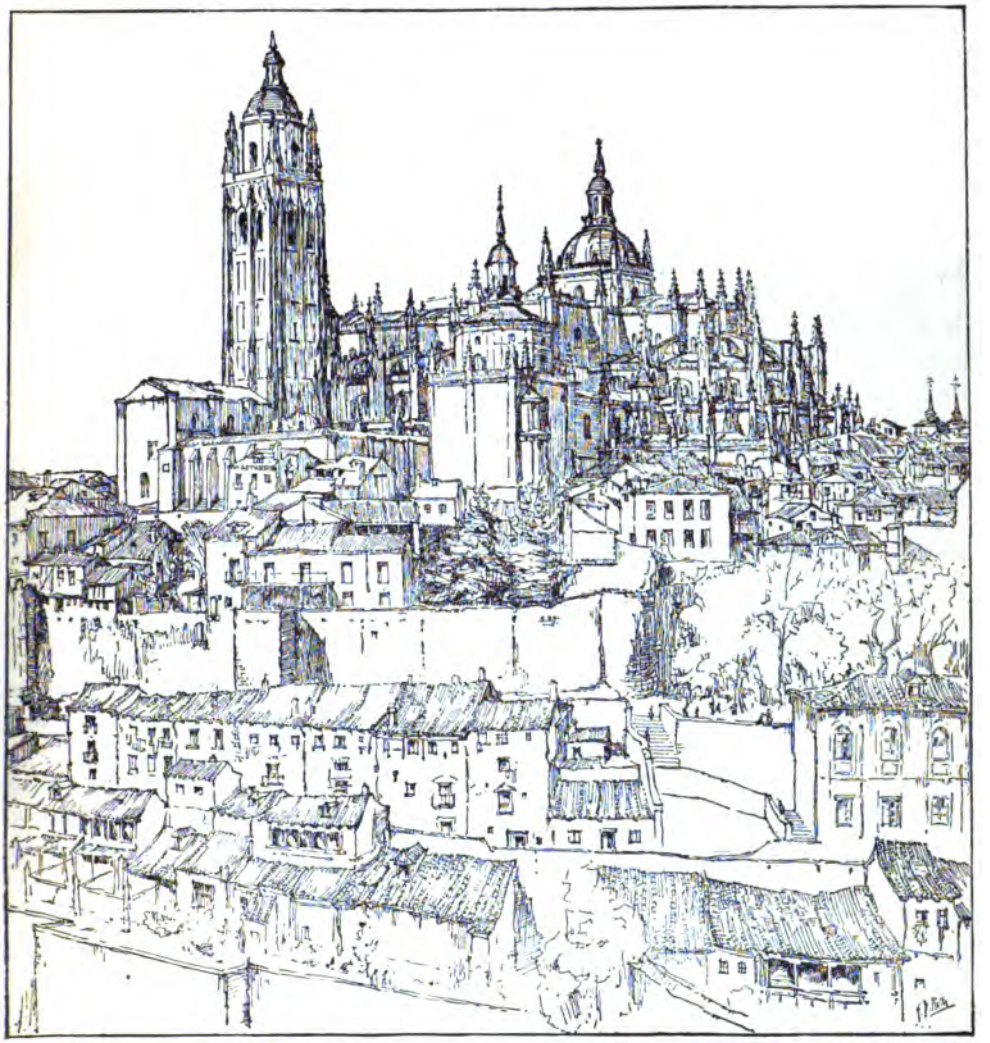

Stately Seville—city and cathedral

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Some American Impressions

By B. Seebohm Rowntree

For two months I have gone about the United States, visiting its industrial cities. I wanted to learn at first hand how America was dealing with its labor problems, to discover the differences between American and English methods of business administration.

Now, what is the impression of American industry left on the mind of an English business man after such a visit? First and foremost, that America still remains the land of opportunity. American industry is still in process of birth and growth. It is not yet "set" in scope, in form, or in function. A sense of growth, vigorous and feverish, forces itself upon one. The whole people seem on the march. No one means to stop where he is. I saw this restless urge even in the poorest immigrant parts of American cities.

The immigrant from central or eastern Europe, often a downtrodden, oppressed soul, does not live long on the East Side of New York, where he first finds shelter. That is only a perch where he roosts and rests for a time after his long flight across the ocean.

The East Side of New York is the slum district, but it does not have the atmosphere of hopelessness that hovers over the slums of London. I went through its poorest streets and saw dreary and dirty tenements, but the people were different from those in the slums of our English city. Why is this? It is because almost every one there is "on the move." Although some of the immigrants may always live there, their children will almost certainly move. If their descendants stay in New York City, the first generation will probably move to the Bronx, eight miles away, and the next generation, perhaps, live on Fifth Avenue. Even in the poorest streets of New York one does not find the slum psychology or the resignation to slum conditions that one finds in Europe. This facility with which men in the United States may move from a lower to a higher social class is the sociological factor which most constantly impresses a visitor from the Old World.

But however high he may ultimately rise, the immigrant from central or near-eastern Europe must start at the bottom of the industrial ladder in America. I was everywhere impressed by the fact that it is the first generation of immigrants and the negroes who do all the heavy unskilled work in America. The American-born men and women seem willing to do only the better jobs. The immigrant seems content to do the dirty work, knowing that his children will be better off than he is.

I sensed something rather pathetic in this advancement of the American-born child of the immigrant above the station occupied by his parent. Very

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often the immigrant never learns to speak English, and his children, taught it in the fine American schools, are inclined to look down on their ignorant parents, who cannot speak the language of the country that has adopted them. But despite this element of pathos, everywhere in immigrant circles there is the spirit of people on the march. If they see no prospect of entering the promised land themselves, they are determined that their children shall enter it.

And, now, what of this promised land? Is the average workman in American better off than the workman in England?

Generally speaking there is, as I have said, a clear line of demarcation between the American-born workman and the adult immigrant. But there is an exception. The Britisher who emigrates to America is not classed with the immigrant from eastern Europe. He enters at once, or very shortly, into the same class as the American. We must differentiate, therefore, between the British and other immigrants, remembering that the purely unskilled work is done by negroes and non-English speaking immigrants, and the better work only by Americans and English-speaking immigrants.

§ 2

Now, in the field of social statistics there are few things more difficult than to compare accurately the "real" wages in two countries. By "real" wages I mean the relative purchasing power represented by the money wages. And if it is always difficult to make such comparisons, it is doubly difficult, nay, it is well-nigh impossible at a time like the present, when wages and prices are changing as rapidly as April weather.

These difficulties are further complicated by the extraordinary differences in wage rates in districts not far apart, differences which are due not to economic causes, but to the lack of organization among American workmen.

A national minimum wage, such as we get in a great number of industries in Great Britain through the trade boards and trade-union action, would certainly be impossible in a country as vast as the United States. But district rates, covering, say, a State, would be possible. In point of fact, however, they do not exist save in a few highly organized industries. Wages vary from factory to factory and still more from town to town. Where wages are low, one may be pretty certain that the bulk of the workers concerned are newly arrived immigrants who do not yet know the industrial ropes; and even so, their wage is probably an advance on what they got at home in Poland or Lithuania or Greece. I do not think that the unskilled worker in America is better off than he is in England. Although he earns a little more, the added cost of living, which is substantially higher in America, overcomes the difference in wage. This is especially true of rents, which are enormously higher, and average possibly twice as high as they do in England.

But though the British unskilled laborer would probably not improve his position if he exchanged his lot for that of an unskilled laborer in America, this is not true of the eastern European or the Italian. They are better off in America than at home, even though they continue to be un-

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skilled workers. The Britishers must find advancement by becoming something more than unskilled workers, and it is here that America affords opportunities which are denied at home. If a man has "push" and "go" in him, he will soon rise from the ranks of the unskilled. He will probably become the tender of a semi-automatic machine, or he may enter on one of numberless semi-skilled jobs, and from this point of comparative vantage he can work his way up. As an industry expands or the number of employees in a factory increases, the places at the bottom are always likely to be filled by the foreign immigrant, and thus the Britisher's position tends to become progressively better. It is the great opportunities which the expanding industry of America offers rather than the scale of the real wages that render the position of the American workmen better on the whole than that of the workers in Great Britain.

The skilled worker in America certainly is somewhat better off, apart from his chances of advancement. Even allowing for the difference in the cost of living, there still remains a margin in his favor. This often finds expression in his ability to own a motor-car, usually a Ford, or a "flivver," as one calls it in America. It certainly astonished me to hear that in every factory an appreciable number of rank-and-file workers owned their own Fords. America has partly solved the problem of raising the standard of comfort of her workers, but this still remains one of the urgent domestic problems that awaits solution in England.

Of course, America has one great advantage over England in that it is still a comparatively new country. She is to a certain extent living on the capital which Nature has provided with a bounteous hand. She has fertile corn-lands, vast natural forests, thick seams of excellent coal, oil-fields, natural gas, water-power, silver, copper, iron. All these she is exploiting, often wastefully. One day she will perhaps regret her spendthrift youth.

§ 3

But if the great natural advantages of America are rapidly decreasing, she possesses another great asset in her vast home market, which makes economical mass production easy, and makes possible the establishment of highly organized and closely supervised sales and distribution organizations.

Besides this, I think that the American employer is, on the whole, a better administrator than the Englishman; he is more alert, more critical of his methods, and quicker to adopt improvements.

"You see those machines?" said a large employer to me one day as he pointed to a vast room of costly and highly complicated machinery. "They cost four million dollars. I am going to scrap them. I have discovered a new machine which will do the work ten per cent. cheaper. My competitors are going to die on that ten per cent."

In many of the factories I visited I was struck by the excellent research work which was being undertaken. In one factory particularly, whose products are world-renowned, I found an elaborate research laboratory, staffed by the ablest men that money could buy. These men were not only

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engaged in overcoming immediate technical difficulties, but were making elaborate investigations into abstract scientific questions that were only remotely related to more practical problems.

"I dare say," said the scientist in charge of the department, as he explained what certain of his staff were doing, "that it may take these men several years to solve the problem they are working on, but it is worth it. Work such as theirs enables us to conduct our manufacturing processes on a sure basis of scientific knowledge instead of by rule of thumb."

Perhaps the most striking example I saw of the systematic application of science to manufacture was the organization that a group of lamp-manufacturers had established at Cleveland to discover methods for perfecting the manufacture of electric lamps. As we entered the grounds, with their broad gravel drives and well kept lawns and flower-beds, we felt as though we were entering the precincts of some splendid old college. Here were laboratories where problems in pure science were being worked out; here was an admistrative block; here a shop where experimental machines were being constructed; and here a factory where they were being operated under close observation until they were passed as perfect, when the details were sent out to all the manufacturers in the group. Altogether fifteen hundred people were engaged in this establishment, and of course much of the work turned out was sold. As I came away, I felt that no country that is not determined to make the widest possible use of science can long hope to compete with America.

In the motor-car industry a large group of manufacturers have agreed to pool their patents. I discussed this policy with one of them, and when I expressed surprise at its adoption, he explained why he thought it sound.

"I have," he said, "taken out about fifty patents, and in return for throwing these into the common pool I secure the right to use hundreds of patents taken out by other manufacturers. This is good business for me and equally good for the others."

To the English employer American industry seems to be characterized by the rashness of youth. It is more intrepid than British industry. While an Englishman is carefully calculating the pros and cons of a scheme, the American rushes into it, if it appears to be promising, and probably makes a huge success or a huge failure. He seems willing to take very big risks. Perhaps it might be well for some of us in England to be inoculated with a strain of the American dash and boldness; but, on the other hand, I think that some American employers might advantageously be inoculated with a little of our caution.

Despite this rashness, I believe that the science of business administration has been more thoroughly studied in America than in England, and more thought and more care have been given to advantages of different methods of organization. I think this is in no small degree responsible for the high efficiency of many American factories, where every man knows what he has to do, and where there is no "muddling through." This same care is used in ascertaining the best method of performing each process. I came across factories where the directors were spending enormous sums of money in time-studying every job

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performed, and estimating just how long it should take, and the best method of accomplishing it. There is no doubt that this, together with the extensive use of cost systems, enables the employer to pay higher wages without increasing the cost of manufacture.

§ 4

Now let me turn from a comparison of the methods of British and American employers to compare the American and the British workman. Is the higher wage level in America due in part to the action of the workers? I think that, undoubtedly, it is. In America the workman is more ambitious; as an immigrant he is anxious to make good in the new country. He has not embarked on the great adventure for nothing, and this ambition, which is characteristic not only of the new-comer, but of every one, leads to greater adaptability on the part of the worker. He is willing to work hard as long as he is well paid for it. He is more of an individualist than the British worker, and is disinclined to check his own progress in order to make things easier for the weaker members of his class or trade. Thus it is unusual for all the men following one trade in a factory to be paid a flat rate. Men are paid according to their ability; but if there is no maximum rate, neither is there a minimum. I think the struggle is keener for the worker in America than it is in England. The prizes are larger and there are more of them; but they must be fought for, and often the fighting is done without gloves. The American workman is not more skilled than the British; indeed, if a difference exists, it is probably the other way about, though the American leads in output. There is no doubt that the fact that the restriction of output is less practised by the American than by the British workman is one reason why wages are higher.

Another difference between the American and the English workman is his attitude toward the trade-union. In America the unions are numerically weak, and it is probable that the total number of trade-unionists is not more than four or five million as compared with the eight million in Great Britain. In proportion to the total population, there are about five times as many trade-unionists in Great Britain as in America. Employers in America, save in a few industries, are fighting these unions with all their power. They believe that the trade-unionist movement has throttled industrial progress in Europe, and are determined that it shall not gain a firm foothold in America. They are quite willing, they say, to negotiate with their own men, but they refuse absolutely to have any dealings with the trade-union secretary, or walking delegate, as he is called in America. They regard such men as dangerous agitators, stirring up trouble in the factories, men whose chief object is to live in affluence on the subscriptions paid by the workers.

Now, I cannot help thinking that American employers are adopting a wrong attitude to the unions, just as the British employer did thirty or forty years ago, and they will have to pay for their mistake by years of labor unrest. They feel that as long as they are willing to negotiate with their own workers they are doing all that can be reasonably expected of them, and that no walking delegate can possibly

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speak for their men so well as the men can speak for themselves. Moreover, they claim that if agreements are made with outsiders, it makes it impossible to establish close personal relations with the employees in their own factories.

These views are partly accounted for by the fact that in scarcely any industries are there agreements dealing with wages and working conditions which cover a whole industry. Each employer expects to make a bargain covering his own employees only, with only remote reference to the action of other employees in the same industry.

I admit that probably most of the trade-unions in America are badly led, though there are striking exceptions. But, on account of the attitude of the employers, the workers naturally put their fighting men in charge of the unions. The whole psychology of the situation is a war psychology, and reason finds but small place in it. I am confident that the employers cannot permanently refuse to recognize the right of all workers to combine in such unions as they may decide on, and to be represented in trade negotiations by their chosen representatives.

If the employers would frankly accept this situation, the workers would very soon withdraw their fighting leaders and replace them with diplomats, men with whom employers could negotiate. At first conferences would be marked by a considerable amount of suspicion, each party bargaining frankly for his own side and very often taking short views, but this would gradually give way to mutual respect and confidence. It would soon be recognized that no policy is desirable which is opposed to the permanent welfare of the industry, and that efficiency and a high production per unit of capital and labor are in the interest of all. A number of the more progressive employers in the United States have already accepted these views; indeed, the friendly relations referred to have already been established in a number of individual cases, though probably ninety per cent. of the employers in the United States are frankly and definitely "ag'in' the unions." They think they can establish friendly relations with the workers independent of the trade-union movement. Time alone will show. Meanwhile they are fighting them, and I am backing the unions.

In looking to the future, certain factors must be borne in mind. First, the position of the unions will be greatly strengthened by the restriction of immigration now in force. As long as the employers had an unlimited stream of ignorant immigrants at their disposal, they could break almost any union. But now the stream is being forcibly dried up, and the relative potential strength of the unions is steadily growing. The unions will have to contend with difficulties unknown in Great Britain—the heterogeneous mixture of races, the restlessness of the workers, the huge size of the country, and the strong individualism, which make a national trade-union movement almost impossible. But though these conditions will modify the development of the movement, I am confident that they will not stop it. The present policy of the employers will only lengthen the period of quarreling, and postpone the era of coöperation between employers and organized labor.

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The Month in World Affairs

By LOTHROP STODDARD

The Anglo-French Rivalry—Cheap Labor Threatens Japan—Rural *versus* Urban Russia—Things Worth Watching.

THE sudden fall of Premier Briand and the accession to power of the Nationalist leader Poincaré gave a dramatic turn to the course of Anglo-French relations. I have already discussed some of the outstanding points of difference between England and France in both Europe and the Near East, and I have stated that Anglo-French relations are likely to form the most significant aspect of Old-World politics for some time to come. We must remember, however, that the present conflicts of French and English foreign policy are due not merely to the post-war situation, but also to far older traditions and tendencies and to national points of view stretching back for centuries.

To elderly diplomats with good memories and a touch of cynicism the volleys of verbal brickbats now hurtling across the channel are amusingly reminiscent of their youthful days and mean not so much a novelty as a "return to normal." The destruction of German power has revived that older scene of a Europe rent by Anglo-French rivalry somewhat as it was in the days of Napoleon or in the time of Louis XIV.

The tableau is not precisely the same. History never really repeats itself, but history does produce situations sufficiently similar to rouse like passions and to stimulate traditional points of view.

That is what is happening to-day in France and England. A glance at that older Europe before the rise of German power will help us to appreciate how it determined the national spirit of France and England and planted the seeds of the present differences between these two peoples.

We are apt to forget the profound transformation that occurred in Europe during the decade culminating in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. During that decade both Germany and Italy ceased to be the impotent groups of petty states which they had been for centuries, and became powerful united nations. The Franco-Prussian War capped the climax of this development by making united Germany the leading power on the continent of Europe.

But this was precisely the position which France had held for over two hundred years. In the first half of the seventeenth century Germany had torn herself to pieces in the Thirty Years War, while Spain simultaneously collapsed. These two events automatically made France the mistress of the Continent. And she was well fitted to play the rôle. At that time France was the richest, the most civilized, and the most populous coun-

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try in Europe, with a strong government able to mobilize efficiently all these resources for national ends. The outcome was the "Age of Louis XIV," when France thought of herself, and was generally recognized as, the leading power in Europe.

Intoxicated by her greatness, France grasped not merely at Continental supremacy but at world dominion. Only one power stood in her path—England. At that time England was a relatively poor country, with a much smaller population; but England was none the less powerful and ambitious, and had no mind to acquiesce in French supremacy. The result was a long series of Anglo-French wars that lasted well over a hundred years, ending only with the downfall of Napoleon in 1815. In these wars France tried to do just what Germany did in 1914: she tried to conquer the Continent and to destroy English sea-power at one and the same stroke. The stroke miscarried. Compelled to divide her forces, France was defeated by alliances of England and the other European powers.

Though the French attempt at world dominion was foiled, it was foiled in a different way from Germany's. Germany's bid ended in a double collapse of both her land and sea-power after only four years. France's defeat, on the other hand, was stretched over two centuries. After the fall of Napoleon, France could no longer menace England on the sea; but France still remained the leading power on the Continent until 1870.

Now, these two stressful centuries produced profound effects upon both French and English national consciousness. In the first place, they implanted deep in French hearts the idea of *la grande nation*. Despite repeated defeats and despite the rise of England, Germany, and Italy in population, in wealth, and in power, Frenchmen continued to regard their native land as intrinsically the greatest European nation. In the second place, Frenchmen and Englishmen came to regard one another as hereditary enemies. This attitude persisted through the nineteenth century. Although the two nations have not actually fought each other since Waterloo, they came within an ace of doing so on at least three occasions, the last being in the year 1898, when French and English colonial ambitions clashed at Fashoda, on the upper Nile, and called forth a British ultimatum to which France was obliged to bow.

Then ensued a sudden transformation. Germany's ambitions were startlingly unveiled, and the old rivals patched up their quarrels and made common cause against the new power that menaced them both. By the year 1904 the Anglo-French Entente Cordiale was firmly established, and resulted in the united front against Germany in 1914.

A decade of diplomatic agreement and four years of comradeship in arms could not, however, entirely blot out the memory of two centuries of conflict, nor could the Anglo-French understanding of 1904 eliminate numerous points of friction centering in Africa and scattered all over the world. However firm the common determination to oppose German ambitions, there was a tacit recognition that, if the German menace was ever disposed of, the old disputes would come on the carpet once more. This undercurrent of feeling is well illustrated by an article by a British publicist in the

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London "Fortnightly Review" of April, 1913. Discussing rival English and French ambitions in Syria, which are not, as many think, purely an after-war product, but one of long standing, this British writer stated:

> The Entente with France is too unnatural to remain cordial very long; at any rate, fidelity is incompatible with French frivolity, and Syrian questions may soon suffice to reproduce the sort of hysteria which sprang from the swamps of Fashoda. Once eliminate German aspirations, and the old healthy rivalries between good-natured Albion and perfidious Gaul may be satisfactorily resumed. I say satisfactorily, for history has never hesitated about colonial issues between England and France. Pondicherry, the Heights of Abraham, the dual control of Egypt, indicate the results of any possible rivalries in Asiatic Turkey.

These lines certainly have a prophetic ring when we listen to the bitter recriminations which are to-day being exchanged by Frenchmen and Englishmen over those very regions. They illuminate and emphasize the wide differences between the two nations, which, obscured by a common peril, only remained latent and, under present conditions have again emerged.

Syria, of course, is only one of many points where French and English foreign policies and national points of view clash. This clash of French and English points of view is true not merely of particular regions, but of the world as a whole. Take the French and English attitudes toward the future of Europe. They are startlingly different. Frenchmen, with their emotional background of *la grande nation*, are likely to see a Europe once more dominated by France. For multitudes of Frenchmen the decades between 1870 and 1914 were merely an unnatural interlude, what one French writer has termed "the Prussian accident." Only a year or so ago the present French premier, M. Poincaré, stated that France was naturally entitled to the leadership of the Continent, and that this leadership she intended to retain. Despite all disclaimers by French diplomats and publicists for foreign consumption, it seems to me that this is precisely what French policy has aimed at ever since the war. Possessing unquestionably the best army in the world, France has been attempting to buttress her military strength by a network of diplomatic alliances, beginning with Belgium and extending eastward to include Poland, Czecho-slovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania. Lastly, France has been perfecting her plans for raising vast armies of Africans and Asiatics from her existing colonial empire for use in Europe, while at the same time endeavoring to found a new colonial empire in the Near East, centering in Syria.

All this is intolerable to England not merely for political reasons, but for economic reasons as well. On the political side, a French supremacy over the Continent would violate one of the traditional axioms of British foreign policy, which has always sought a "balance of power" on the Continent. To prevent such a Continental supremacy, England fought Philip II of Spain, Louis XIV and Napoleon of France, and William II of Germany, and the sacrifices which England made in the late war are the best proof that she has not fought down a threatened German supremacy merely to see a French supremacy rise in its place.

Yet even this is only half the story.

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French statesmen may be able to think mainly in terms of politics; British statesmen must consider economic matters of equally vital concern. This is because France is economically almost self-sufficient, while England depends for her very life on industry and commerce. Here is a complication that did not exist during the earlier rivalries between the two nations. Down to the close of the Napoleonic wars England was still a self-feeding country, the majority of the population being devoted to agriculture and kindred pursuits. But during the ensuing century the "Industrial Revolution," which affected all Europe, produced in England its greatest results, so that England became a vast factory and market, highly specialized and absolutely dependent upon foreign trade. In the year 1911, in England and Wales, more than 28,000,000 persons lived under urban conditions, while fewer than 8,000,000 persons lived in the country. The relative percentages of urban and rural population were thus seventy-eight per cent. urban as against twenty-two per cent. rural. In Scotland the ratio was virtually identical, it being seventy-five per cent. urban and twenty-five per cent. rural.

Far different is the condition of France. Unlike Great Britain, France has maintained a balance between industry and agriculture, between town and country. In 1911 the French urban population was 17,500,000, the rural population 22,000,000. Under normal conditions, then, France is still able to feed herself. French foreign trade is also very different in character from British foreign trade. British exports are largely composed of staple manufactures that have to meet the competition of other industrial nations. French exports, on the other hand, are largely luxuries and semi-luxuries, the products of French skill and taste with which other nations cannot effectively compete. Furthermore, France's vast colonial empire is surrounded by high tariff walls which give an effective preference to French exports and French capital.

For all these reasons France, despite much suffering, might be able to survive a prolonged economic collapse of the rest of the Continent, whereas England would be almost certainly ruined, because continental Europe, taken as a whole, is England's chief market. For example, before the war Germany was England's best customer. In the year 1913 Germany took 40,000,000 pounds worth of British exports, not counting British colonial and foreign-transhipped products, which totaled another 20,000,000 pounds. In 1920 Germany took only 21,000,000 pounds worth of British exports. Furthermore, last year the situation became much worse, British foreign trade decreasing nearly fifty per cent. below that of 1920. England is today in a very critical industrial situation, which might easily lead to a catastrophe. It has been estimated by some British economists that even a few years' continuance of present conditions might force 20,000,000 Englishmen to emigrate or starve.

Thus economic and political reasons alike impel British statesmanship to seek a politically stable and economically prosperous continental Europe in the shortest possible time, and most Englishmen have made up their minds that the chief obstacle to the attainment of these aims is the foreign policy of France. In English eyes the suc-

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cess of French policy would menace both British political security and economic existence.

Now, when the British lion gets such ideas into his head he becomes a very ugly-tempered beast. Already his growls are filling the air. When Mr. H. G. Wells wrote that France was getting ready to fight England, the editor of his London paper called him to task. But the ink was scarcely dry on his offending article when British statesmen began reading France lectures that, though more politely phrased, contained unmistakable warnings. The speeches of Lord Curzon and Mr. Balfour, and the verbal clashes between Lord Lee and the French Admiral de Bon at Washington, were the most sensational tidbits offered the diplomatic world in many a day. Meanwhile British public opinion of all shades is getting more and more aroused. Imperialists and Laborites join in condemning France and in calling on British statesmanship to clear up an intolerable situation.

Let us make no mistake about it: if Anglo-French relations keep on as they have been going for the last three years, Great Britain is going to send France some sort of ultimatum. This ultimatum would probably not be public, because British statesmanship is too clever not to give France the chance to "save her face." And of course it may never come to that, because France may modify her policy and thus avert a crisis. However, assuming that a crisis does come, one thing can be confidently predicted: *there will be no war, because France cannot fight Great Britain with any hope of success.* Not only is France no match for the British Empire, but French foreign policy since 1918 has alienated almost every nation in continental Europe. In Italy France has become so unpopular that the sight of a French uniform is enough to raise a riot. In Russia all parties from Bolsheviki to czarist reactionaries unite in hating the French. In Germany the gall and bitterness formerly showered on a multitude of foes are to-day reserved for the *Erbfeinde*—the "hereditary enemies" to the west. To the south lies Spain, exceedingly sore over French policy in Morocco and now engaged in a tariff war with France. Even Switzerland has been offended by France's abolition of the "free-trade zones" near Geneva. Belgium and Poland seem to be about the only European countries which are genuinely Francophile.

To be sure, even a diplomatic breach between England and France would probably throw Europe into something very like chaos. That is a trump-card which the French Foreign Office has played recently with good effect. But the card is a dangerous one. If matters get sufficiently tense, England may call the bluff, while by taking such an attitude France will forfeit sympathies everywhere and will stand in perilous isolation.

Of course well informed Frenchmen are becoming increasingly aware of all this and are frankly alarmed at the outlook. Their influence may well succeed in averting a crisis and in extricating France from the bad position in which she has entangled herself. Still, multitudes of Frenchmen are blinded by the psychology of *la grande nation*, notably the members of the *bloc national*, who form a majority of the French parliament. The present French parliament, elected shortly after the close of the war, represents

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popular passions which there is good reason to believe have since then somewhat cooled. Nevertheless, this "victory parliament" remains the legal mouthpiece of the French nation, and has enthusiastically supported Premier Poincaré, who has consistently professed an extreme Nationalism. Of course M. Poincaré sings lower as premier than he did from the side-lines, yet it will be hard for him entirely to eat his former words, and harder still for his Nationalist followers to adopt a policy markedly at variance with their political professions.

Such are the main points in contemporary Anglo-French relations. It is a thorny problem, with many dangerous possibilities. The fundamental fact to remember is that it is not a mere flurry of the moment, but rather a problem the roots of which run throughout the world and strike deep into the past.

CHEAP LABOR THREATENS JAPAN

American manufacturers are voicing grave concern at the invasion of our home market by European goods produced by labor paid in depreciated currencies that, measured by international exchange, amount to almost nothing. It is interesting to note that similar concern is beginning to be shown in Japan, a land where wages have hitherto stood at levels far beneath the American scale. A Tokio paper recently compared the wages paid machinists in that city with the wages paid to German machinists in the Krupp steel works. This paper found that Tokio machinists were receiving as much as ten yen (five dollars) per day; whereas the wages paid at Krupps, reckoned at the present exchange-rate, was only about half that amount. Furthermore, the paper pointed out that Japanese wages seemed to be rising, while German wages, owing to the precipitous decline of the mark, might fall to a still lower level. According to this Japanese paper, the effects of these wage-differences were already visible in Eastern markets, for, it went on to state, "European goods, produced more cheaply than those of Japan, are crowding our wares from the market in China, the East Indies, and elsewhere."

Of course the extremely low wage-levels in central Europe are largely the result of abnormal financial conditions and will probably not be lasting. Meanwhile, however, it will be an amusing irony of fate to hear Oriental business men uttering slogans like, "Ruined by Western cheap labor!"

RURAL *versus* URBAN RUSSIA

Economists and sociologists alike assure us that the disruption of Europe's industrial life caused by the war will result in an at least partial reversal of the process begun by the Industrial Revolution which urbanized large parts of Europe. The reports of the census taken in 1920 by the Soviet Government show that in Russia at least this predicted decline of the urban population is already rapidly under way. The last general census of Russia was taken in the year 1897. The census of 1920 has not yet been completely tabulated, but results have been published for twenty-five provinces, embracing most of European Russia. Everywhere the story is the same: the rural districts have generally increased in population, while the

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towns have tended to decline. Of 180 cities and towns reported, thirty show a decrease of more than half their population. Most striking is the case of Petrograd, the former Russian capital. In 1915 the population of Petrograd was estimated at 2,318,000 souls. To-day it contains little more than 1,000,000. Even Moscow, despite the fact that it is now the capital of Russia, has sharply declined. In 1915 Moscow's population was estimated at about 1,800,000; to-day it is less than 1,200,000. So rapid is the decline of urban population in Russia that if it should long continue, many once-flourishing towns and cities will become deserted ruins and will live only in memory.

THINGS WORTH WATCHING

Our transition world is full of just such points of interest—situations which promise to develop rapidly in both local importance and general significance. Let me here point out a few of the matters which my readers may profitably keep in mind while reading the newspapers.

In central Europe, particularly Germany, the abnormal economic situation is producing its inevitable fruits. Wild speculation, starvation wages, strikes, riots, and the like are symptoms of the feverish state of economic life. The Genoa Conference was projected to grapple with these and kindred problems.

The Irish political situation remains extremely complex, with many troublous possibilities. In addition to the traditional political elements, there are factors of social unrest which should not be disregarded.

The Near East continues to be a center of acute disturbance. The Turco-Greek conflict has not been settled; England and France are in bitter opposition; Syria, though pinned down by French bayonets, is sullenly rebellious; Palestine is the scene of intense racial and religious animosities between Jews, Moslems, and Christians; Egypt is on the verge of rebellion.

In the Middle East there is the chronic storm-center of India. The situation is very serious and shows no signs of improvement.

South American politics remain clouded by the interminable Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia. We must realize that, should war break out between these nations, it would be very likely to spread all over South America. The South American states tend to fall into two groups, just as the European states did before the Great War.

Atlas

By J. BLANDING SLOAN

Back down among
The dry, brown leaves,
I feel like Atlas.
He probably
Only stood upon his head
And cried, "I hold the earth."

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An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By Glenn Frank

Democracy at the Cross-roads

American democracy is about to enter a new phase. Since the founding of this republic we have spent most of our political energy in the *extension* of democracy; our next adventure must be in the *development* of democracy. At first only certain classes of men voted, but in time all men were accorded the vote; and, then, after a long contest, suffrage was extended to women. The achievement of women suffrage marked the end of the quantitative extension of democracy in the United States, a period that has had much in common with the pioneer conquest of the continent. The westward march of the pioneers was a rather reckless affair, in which little attention was paid to the niceties, efficiencies, and economies of a civilized social order. Little attention was paid to a wise conservation of resources for the benefit of succeeding generations. Many things that were virtues in the pioneer period have become vices in the present period. Pioneers are for conquest, not for administration. But when the last frontier was reached, the adventurous pioneer spirit had to retrace its steps, undertake the intensive cultivation of the land it had conquered, and consider how it might conserve the resources that had been ruthlessly raped.

In democracy we have likewise reached the end of the quantitative period; during the next twenty-five years we must undertake the qualitative development of democracy. The pioneers of democracy, like all pioneers, have been very intolerant of opposition. Democracy has been a sort of secular religion. Few men have seen fit to court the charge of reaction by making a basic attack upon democracy. But all periods of intensive development must begin with a fearlessly truthful examination of the problems in hand. Before we can make headway in the development of democracy, we must subject democracy itself to a critical examination. We can already see the beginnings of a fresh critique of democracy. Men who doubt its soundness are daring to come into the open. This is a hopeful sign.

One of the most picturesque critics of democracy to-day is the Right Rev. W. R. Inge, dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His "Outspoken Essays," the second edition of which has recently come from the press, is representative of the sort of criticism of which we may expect to see more and more in the future. From this volume one may extract a pointed indictment of democracy on the following six points:

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First, that in ordinary times democracy does not bring the best men to the top. Dean Inge brings to his side such men as John Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Sir James Stephen, Sir Henry Maine, Lecky, and others in the assertion that "the people have for the most part neither the will nor the power to find out the best men to lead them." He contends that as more people have come to participate in the selection of officials, the intellectual quality of officials has decreased; and that it is invariably necessary for democracy to abdicate in the face of a crisis.

Second, that democracy is a ready victim to shibboleths and catchwords, that the art of the politician is the art of finding some "fascinating formula" which, repeated often enough, dominates the mind of the crowd and renders it immune to facts and arguments.

Third, that democracy is given not only to rash iconoclasm, but to obstinate conservatism and obstructiveness; that when the popular emotions are aroused, democracy is an easy prey to reckless revolution; but that when the popular emotions are not aroused, the masses are in the habit of clinging to old abuses from the mere force of tradition.

Fourth, that democracy easily degenerates into a vexatious and inquisitive tyranny—a tyranny that is doubly dangerous and doubly difficult to punish because it is the anonymous tyranny of mob opinion. You can assassinate a tyrant if he be a king or a dictator, but you cannot assassinate the tyranny of a wide-spread and anonymous public opinion. This tyranny of democracy expresses itself in two ways: first, by hounding the exceptional man who is not content to be the average man either in ideas or in action; second, by constant interference with the legislature and with the executive.

Fifth, that democracy is an easy prey of anarchy, that there is not much integrating force in democracy, that democracy is a disintegrating force which dissolves a community into individuals and collects them again into mobs; that democracy is particularly powerless in the face of the organized demands of militant groups or sections. Democracy, he insists, has been able to control the demands of militant groups or sections only by temporarily substituting for democracy a different form of government.

Sixth, that the ethical standards of democracy are lower than the ethical standards of the educated classes, that democracy puts generosity above justice, sympathy above truth, love above chastity, and a pliant disposition above rigid honesty.

These six points do not, of course, complete the indictment of democracy that has been felt, if not stated, by many alert modern minds. There are a hundred and one aspects of democracy on which the biologist and psychologist have illuminating things to say, but these six points are enough to suggest the sort of searching critique of democracy we need to guide us in the transition from the period of quantitative democracy into a period of qualitative democracy.

All this leads to two suggestions which we may set down in passing. The first is that we need some modern Tocqueville to write a new and sweeping study of democracy in America, some new Bryce to make a fresh examination of the American commonwealth. The author of this new study

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must be able to touch the imagination of the controlling and directing intelligence of the country, and free from a narrow personal thesis to which he will bend all facts. The new Tocqueville may not be a person, but a group, and, in that event, the symposium or collaboration must be dominated by creative imagination, sustained passion for reality, and a sense of synthesis beyond anything shown in recent efforts in this field.

I looked with high hope to the publication of "Civilization in the United States," an inquiry by thirty Americans under the editorship of Mr. Harold E. Stearns. I thought it might prove the text-book of our adventure toward qualitative democracy. I do not want to appear to dismiss this volume as an unimportant bit of work. But, important and stimulating as it is, it falls far short of the creative and authoritative study we need at this moment. Despite the many elements of notability in this volume, it is in too many respects a product of the smart-aleck school of contemporary American literature. I am not suggesting that we need a solemn, pontifical study. It may well be that the fresh critique of democracy we need should begin with a satirical study. But I do not feel that this volume meets even the challenge of good satire. All great satire has in it the feel of serious and sustained moral purpose. The great satirist does not moralize, but he is moved by a genuine moral passion. He is never guilty of the aloof superiority and conscious cuteness that characterize the attitude and writing of many of the younger critics of American civilization. The study of American democracy that we need just now will not be written by men who sniff at America, and while writing their criticisms clutch at sailing schedules in an eager impatience to get away from "dear, crude America" to the haven of "civilized" Europe. The next great critique of American democracy will be written by a man who loves America, and when we read his book we will discover that love is not blind, but has an eagle eye for the faults of the loved. His book will deal with the deep-going causes. It will satirize the incidental follies of American life only by way of illuminating these deep-going causes. The author will write not simply as a pathologist analyzing the nature of the social, political, and industrial diseases of America, but as a physician whose diagnosis suggests methods of treatment. It is this element that I miss in "Civilization in the United States." Nevertheless, we should be grateful for this volume. I wish it might be read at least by every statesman, teacher, clergyman, and editor in the United States. The thirty men and women who have written this volume have performed the valuable function of a sort of corporate gadfly to the self-satisfaction and short-sightedness of America. The chief significance of the book, however, is that it suggests the need of a fresh, fearless, and fundamental critique of American democracy. By such criticism alone will we be able to turn democracy from a catchword into a way of life.

The second suggestion to which the earlier paragraphs of this paper give rise is that the six indictments of democracy which they contain are six arguments in favor of the proposal which I discussed last month in these columns, namely, Mr. Alleyne Ireland's proposal calling for an in-

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ternational society for the scientific study of comparative government—an international society functioning through a research institute that will study the operation of governments throughout the world in a clinical fashion, putting the results of its research and analysis at the disposal of all who care to use them. I am impressed by the fact that, however devoted to the theory of democracy a person may be, he is compelled to admit the soundness of all six of these indictments. To many minds an admission of the soundness of these indictments might suggest the unsoundness of democracy itself. I do not think that this necessarily follows. True as these indictments are, they prove not so much the unsoundness of democracy, as the unsoundness of our administration of democracy. Nearly every one of these indictments points back to one root cause of our difficulties, namely, that politics does not rest upon a fact basis. When we effect a union between politics and governmental research, we shall find, I think, more and more of our best men coming to the top, men who are now averse to taking part in the lawless scramble of prejudice and passion that constitutes our politics. When politics rests upon facts, the demagogue and the rhetorician will find it increasingly difficult to hold their own. When politics rests upon a fact basis, it will be more difficult to save the country with shibboleths and catchwords; our democracy will be less given to rash iconoclasm, less given to experiment with every untried theory that may be alluringly phrased, less given to that obstinate conservatism which operates easily when it is not obliged to answer the challenging logic of facts. When politics rests upon a fact basis democracy will be less likely to become a vexatious and inquisitive tyranny; the exceptional man will have more nearly a fighting chance; and the popular interference with legislatures and the executive will be more intelligent, if not less insistent.

In addition, an invasion of facts into our democracy will, I believe, lift the ethical standards of democracy. It will be more difficult to put generosity above justice, sympathy above truth, and pliant disposition above rigid honesty when the facts before us show to what the emotions of generosity, sympathy, and pliancy and honesty may lead.

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